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**A JOURNEY THROUGH  
LITERARY TRANSLATION**

**1<sup>st</sup> book**

**BADIIY TARJIMA OLAMIGA  
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Mazkur risola Tarjima nazariyasi va amaliyoti kafedrası a‘zolari tomonidan e‘lon qilingan ilmiy maqolalari hamda ilova tariqasida Sharq mumtoz adabiyoti namoyondalari Alisher Navoiy, Bobur, Lutfiy, Umar Xayyom ruboiylarining ingliz tiliga qilingan tarjimalari, hozirgi o‘zbek adabiyoti vakillaridan Said Ahmad, O‘tkir Hoshimov hikoyalarning tarjimalari hamda jahon adabiyoti vakili Emili Dikkinsonning she‘riy namunalarning o‘zbek tiliga qilingan tarjimalari yig‘ilgandir. Risola boshida yosh izlanuvchilarning maqolalari ketma-ketlikda joylashtirilib, unga ilova tariqasida nasriy tarjimalar: asliyat hikoyalari va tarjima variantlari berilib ketilgan. Keyingi qismda she‘riy tarjimalar o‘rin olgan bo‘lib, avvalo mumtoz she‘riyat namunalari ketma-ketlikda joylanib, oxirida ingliz tilidan o‘zbek tiliga qilingan she‘riy tarjimalar o‘rin olgan.

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*Ushbu risola Alisher Navoiy nomidagi Toshkent davlat o‘zbek tili va adabiyoti universiteti Uslubiy kengashining 2023-yil 28-avgustdagi 1-sonli yig‘ilishi qaroriga asosan nashrga tavsiya etilgan.*

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## KIRISH

Har qanday badiiy asar o‘ziga xos ta’sir kuchiga ega. Milliy adabiyot o‘z sarhadlarida emas, balki boshqa xalqlar adabiyotiga ham ta’sir o‘tkazib, o‘z izini qoldira oladigan, ya’ni kommunikativ muloqotni ta’minlaydigan vositadir. Adabiyotlar o‘zaro muloqotga kirishganda biri ikkinchisining rivojiga, boyishiga xizmat qiladi. Adabiyotlararo o‘zaro ta’sirning yorqin ifodasi tarjimachilik sohasida ko‘rinadi. Tarjima vositasida adabiyotlararo o‘zaro muloqotni ta’minlash bugun jahonda globallashuv jarayonlari keskinlashib borayotgan bir davrda, ayniqsa, o‘zbek tarjimonlari oldiga muhim vazifalarni qo‘yayotir. O‘zbek adabiyoti qadim tarixga va o‘zining jahon badiiyati xazinasiga munosib ulush bo‘lib qo‘shilishiga arzirli noyob namunalariga ega. Zamonaviy o‘zbek adabiyoti ham o‘zining bugungi yutuqlari bilan Sharq-u G‘arb mintaqalarida o‘z muxlislarini topishiga shak-shubha yo‘q.

Ma’lumki, o‘zbek tiliga xorijiy yozuvchi va shoirlarning ko‘plab asarlari tarjima qilingan va qilinmoqda. Ingliz adiblarining ijodlarini bevosita tarjima qilish yo‘nalishida katta tajriba to‘planib, muayyan maktablar shakllanmoqda. Biroq, G‘arb tillaridan bevosita o‘zbek tiliga yoki aksincha, o‘zbek tilidan to‘g‘ridan to‘g‘ri G‘arb tillariga tarjima qilish jarayonlari nihoyatda sust kechmoqda. Nazarimizda, o‘zbek tilidan Yevropa va Sharq tillariga tarjima qilish ishlarini har tomonlama rag‘batlantirish, ko‘z ochgan tarjimalarning chuqur tahlilini muntazam amalga oshirib borish, boshlovchi tarjimonlarga badiiy tarjima nazariyasi asoslarini o‘rgatish, ular uchun yo‘l-yo‘riq va tavsiyalar ishlab chiqish dolzarb vazifadir. Zero, O‘zbekiston mustaqillikka erishgandan so‘ng o‘tgan davr mobaynida o‘zbek adabiyoti namunalarini bevosita chet tillarga tarjima qilish orqali xalqimizning boy ma’naviy merosini xorijiy ellarda targ‘ib etish, uning badiiy yuksak, chukur insonparvarlik g‘oyalari bilan sug‘orilgan adabiyoti bilan jahon xalqlarini oshno etish masalasi davlat siyosati darajasiga ko‘tarilmoqda.

Birinchi prezidentimiz Islom Karimovning “Yuksak ma’naviyat yengilmas kuch” asarida bu masalaga alohida to‘xtalgani yurtimizda badiiy tarjima ishlarini yanada jonlantirish, bevosita o‘zbek tilidan

chet tillarga mumtoz va zamonaviy adabiyot namunalarini tarjima qilish ishlarini yangi bosqichga ko'tarishga bo'lgan jiddiy e'tibor ifodasidir. Bu, o'z navbatida, o'zbek tarjimonlari va noshirlari oldiga bir qancha mas'uliyatli vazifalarni amalga oshirish talabini qo'yadi.

Bu albatta badiiy tafakkur va ijodiy qobiliyatga ega, o'zbek adabiyotining nazm, nasr va drama janrlarida mashq qilib yurgan iqtidorli talabalar tanlab olishni va ularga adabiyot nazariyasi hamda tarjima ilmi bo'yicha saboqlar berilishini talab qiladi. Bundan tashqari yosh tarjimonlar faoliyatini rag'batlantirish va amalga oshirilgan tarjima ishlarini ommalashtirish maqsadida yosh ijodkorlarning tarjima namunalarini nashr ettirish maqsadga muvofiqdir.

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## Tarjima jarayonida ekvivalentlikning aks etishi

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Tarjima muloqotning o'ziga xos turi - tillararo muloqotdir. Tarjimaning maqsadi manba tilidagi matnni maqsadli tildagi matnga aylantirishdir. Tarjimada mazmuni, ya'ni xabarning barcha ma'nolari bilan havola ma'nosi va barcha hissiy va stilistik ma'nolari bilan shakli tarjimada imkon qadar to'liq aks ettirilishi kerak. Mazmun nisbatan buzilmagan bo'lsa-da, shakl, ya'ni asl nusxaning lisoniy belgilari barcha darajadagi strukturaviy tafovutlar tufayli o'z o'rnini egallashi yoki boshqa belgilar bilan almashtirilishi mumkin. Bunday almashtirishlar tabiiy hodisa, chunki ular tarjimada ekvivalentlikka erishishga qaratilgan.

Tarjimada muqobil ekvivalent topish "Kundalik aloqa vositasi bo'lgan tilga nisbatan badiiy adabiyot tili – deb yozadi Fyodorov, - bu so'z ustalari tomonidan qayta ishlangan tildir". [1; 24] Badiiy asarni tarjima qilish uchun tilning lug'at boyligi, ya'ni sinonim va omonimlar, kasb-hunar atamaları, shevaga xos, eskirgan va vulgar so'zlar, erkalash va kichraytirish, qochiriq, maqol, matal va iboralarni hamda so'zlarning musiqiyliги-yu, ohangdorligini, ko'p ma'noliligini, tilning talaffuz me'yorlarini, mubolag'a va kichraytirish xususiyatlari, hazil mutoyiba shakllarini bilish zarur. Badiiy tarjimini ilmiy tavsiflash shundan iboratki, bunda so'zni so'z bilan emas, balki ma'noni ma'no bilan, obrazni obraz bilan, yumorni-yumor bilan berish muhim ahamiyatga egadir. Badiiy tarjimaning boshqa turdagi tarjimalardan farqi shundaki, so'z, jumla yoki butun bir asarni to'g'ri o'girish kifoya emas. Bunda tarjimon ham san'atkor bo'lishi lozim. Me'yor tushunchasiga kelsak, o'zbek va ingliz adabiy tili va badiiy asarlarida me'yoriy ko'rinishlar, nutq jarayonida me'yorning buzilishi va ularni tuzatish yo'llari, o'zbek va ingliz tillarining hozirgi me'yoriy holati tilning madaniylik mezoni ekanligidir. Me'yor - jamiyat a'zolari tomonidan qabul qilingan, ma'qullangan va ularga tushunarli bo'lgan til birliklarining nutq jarayonida qo'llanish holati va imkoniyatidir.

Tarjima jarayonida ikki til birliklarining tarjimaviy, lug'aviy uyg'unligi emas, balki matndagi funktsional, kommunikativ mosligi muhimdir. Agar bu funktsionallik va kommunikativlikka e'tibor berilmay tarjimon tomonidan asliyatdagi birlikning lug'aviy ma'nosi berilsa, tarjima tilida so'z ifodalagan stilistik va kommunikativ ma'no buziladi. [1; 36]

Ikki tildagi ekvivalent matnlar semantik jihatdan bir xil belgilar va grammatik tuzilmalardan iborat bo'lishi shart emas va ekvivalentlikni o'ziga xoslik bilan aralashtirib yubormaslik kerak. [7; 53]

Ma'lumki, har qanday tarjima muayyan darajada ijodiy ish hisoblanadi. Badiiy asarlar tarjimasi esa alohida yondashuvni talab etishi, mahorat va san'atkorlikni taqozo qilishi jihatidan san'at iqlimidir. Buni o'zbek tarjimashunoslik fanining darg'asi G'aybulla Salomov shunday asoslaydi: "Tarjima jarayonining mohiyati asl nusxada aks etgan shakl bilan mazmunning birligini, yaxlitligini saqlash uchun boshqa tildan muqobil vositalar qidirib topishdan iborat. Bundan tashqari, asl nusxa mazmunini boshqa tilda berishning mavjud bir nechta imkoniyatlari orasida eng muqobil va muvofiq variantini tanlash ham adekvat tarjimaning asosiy talablaridan biri hisoblanadi. Bu tarjimondan adabiy mahoratni talab etadi. Bunday tarjima san'at darajasidagi tarjima asar sirasiga kiradi" [2; 27]

Zahiriddin Muhammad Boburning "Boburnoma" asarida ham, uning ingliz tiliga qilingan tarjimalarida ham ekvivalentlik hodisasini ko'plab uchratamiz. Asl matnning o'zida ko'plab frazeologik birliklar asar tadbilida uning ma'nolari keltiriladi, tarjimalarida esa turli ko'rinishlarda tarjima qilinganini guvohi bo'lamiz.

Misol uchun "*mulozamatida bo'lmoq*" (*xizmatida bo'lmoq*) iborasini tahlil qilsak: **A:** O'g'ul Haydar mirzo edi. Otasini o'zbek o'lturgandin so'ng kelib, mening *mulozamatimda* uch-to'rt yil *bo'ldi*, so'ngra ijozat tilab, Koshg'arga xon qoshig'a bordi [4; 39].

**T:** O'g'li Haydar mirzo edi. Otasini o'zbeklar o'ldirgandan so'ng kelib, mening xizmatimda uch-to'rt yil turib, so'ngra ijozat so'rab, Koshg'arga xon qoshig'a ketdi [5; 35]. Tarjima variantlarini J.Leyden va V.Erskinda esa quyidagicha ko'rishimiz mumkin: "She

had a son, Haider Mirza, who, after his father was slain by the Uzbeks, **entered my service** and remained in it three or four years; he took leave of me and went to Kashghar to the khan; but as ...” [12,13]. S.Beverij qilgan tarjimada asl matn quyidagicha tarjima qilingan: “Khub-nigar’s son was Haidar Mirza. He **was in my service** for three or four years after the Auzbegs slew his father, then (918 AH.-1512 AD) asked leave to go to Kashghar to the presence of Sl. Sa’id Khan” [22]. Asliyati misoli V.Tekston tarjimasida quyidagicha berilgan: “Khub-Nigar’s son was named Haidar Mirza. After his father was killed by the Uzbeks, he came and **joined my retinue** for three or four years. Later he requested permission to go to the khan in Kashghar” [6; 15].

Ko‘rinib turibdiki, asl matndagi mulozamatida bo‘lmoq birligi uch xil tarjimada uch xil ekvivalent iboralar orqali tarjima qilingan. Ya’ni birinchi tarjimada “**xizmatiga kirmoq**” birligi olingan bo‘lsa, keyingi tarjimada “**xizmatida bo‘lmoq**” birligi tanlangan. V.Tekston tarjimasida esa, “**hamrohiga qo‘shilmoq**” frazeologik birligi olingan.

Xulosa sifatida shu ta’kidlash joizki, har bir tarjimon asliy monand, haqiqiy, badiiy estetik jihatdan tarjimaga erishish uchun ekvivalent tarjima masalalarini o‘rganishi va rivojlantirish lozim va asliyatga yaqin adabiyotlarni chet tilida ko‘plan o‘qib, o‘ganishni talab etadi. Ekvivalentlikni aks ettirish uchun tarjimon bilim, ko‘nikma va tajribalarga ega bo‘lishi lozim, shundagina badiiy tarjima adabiyoti durdonalari tarjimalari yanada ko‘payadi va tarjima usullar ham boyib boradi.

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## **EKVIVALENTLIK DINAMIKASI “BOBURNOMA” ASARINING INGLIZCHA TARJIMASI TALQINIDA**

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### **Abstrakt**

Ushbu maqola badiiy asarda ekvivalentlikning qo‘llanilish dinamikasini “Boburnoma” asarining inglizcha Vilyer Tekston tarjimasida o‘rganishga bag‘ishlanadi. Tarjimashunoslik sohasida asliyat tilidagi so‘zning tarjima jarayonida boshqa so‘z va so‘z birikmalari ma’nolarining bir biri bilan yoki uning ekvivalenti orqali almashinib qo‘llanilishi ekvivalentlik dinamikasini yuzaga keltiradi.

**Kalit so‘zlar:** *badiiy asar, ekvivalentlik, adekvatlik, dinamika, chastota, asliyat matni, mumtoz adabiyot, mulozamat qilmoq.*

### **Abstract**

This article is devoted to the study of the dynamics of the use of equivalence in an art work based on the English translation of “Baburname” by Wheeler Thackston. In the field of translation studies, the use of a word in the original language in the translation process with the meanings of other words and word combinations interchangeably with each other or through its equivalent creates the dynamics of equivalence.

**Key words:** *art work, equivalence, adequacy, dynamics, frequency, original text, classic literature, to remain.*

Ko‘plab olimlar tomonidan ekvivalentlik va adekvatlik terminlari ba’zan sinonim, ba’zan esa ma’no jihatidan tarjimashunoslikning ikki omilini anglatadigan tayanch tushunchalar sifatida ishlatiladi. Masalan, R.Levitskiyning “Funksional adekvat



tarjimaning prinsiplari haqida”<sup>1</sup> nomli maqolasida ekvivalentlik va adekvatlik terminlarini sinonim sifatida, D.J.Ketfordning ekvivalent tarjima – adekvat tarjima deb qo‘llashi, Komissarov uni aksincha, bu ikki tushunchani bir biriga qarama qarshi qo‘yib, adekvat tarjimaning ma’no qamrovi kengroqligini ta’kidlaydilar. Ekvivalent bir birining ma’nosini to‘liq qoplaydigan, tarjimada o‘rnini bosuvchi yoki bo‘lmasi so‘z almashtirish deb ham atash mumkin. Lekin har qachon ham tarjimada ekvivalentni topish oson kechmaydi.

Badiiy asarda ekvivalentlikning qo‘llanish chastotasi haqida so‘z yuritishdan avval, chastota tushunchasiga biroz to‘xtalib o‘tishni maqsadga muvofiq bildik. Zero, chastota ekvivalentlik dinamikasi bilan bog‘liqdir.

**Chastota** 1) fizikada – davriy tebranishning miqdoriy ifodasi; tebranish sikllari sonining u o‘tadigan vaqtga nisbati. Ch. v (texnikada f) tebranish davri T ga teskari kattalik. 2) ehtimollar nazariyasida – biror hodisaning ro‘y berishi sonining tajribalar umumiy soniga nisbati<sup>2</sup> tushuniladi.

Bundan ko‘rinib turibdiki, chastota so‘zi biror hodisaning ro‘y berish yoki almashinish davri va tezligi ekan. Tarjimashunoslikda esa asliyatdagi so‘zning tarjima jarayonida boshqa so‘z va so‘z birikmalari ma’nolarining bir biri bilan yoki uning ekvivalenti orqali almashinib qo‘llanilishi tushuniladi. Ushbu qo‘llash so‘zning tarjimada dinamik holati, ya’ni uning o‘sib borishi nazarda tutiladi.

Misol uchun mumtoz adabiyot namunasidan biri bo‘lgan “Boburnoma”dagi *mulozamat qilmoq* so‘z birikmasining ma’no tovlanishi va uning chastotasini ko‘rib chiqadigan bo‘lsak, ular quyidagicha tasvirlanadi:

Asliyatda *mulozamat qilmoq*, ya’ni *xizmat qilmoq*, *ta’zim qilmoq*, *uchrashgani kelmoq*, *borib kormoq*, *yo‘qlab bormoq*, *iltifot ko‘rsatmoq*, *salomlashmoq*, *hol-ahvol so‘rash uchun bormoq*, *tiz cho‘kmoq*, *bosh egib bormoq* ma’nolarida muallif tomonidan qo‘llanadi. *Mulozamat qilmoq* “Boburnoma”ning Viller Tekstonning inglizcha tarjimasida quyidagicha tarjima qilinadi.

1. to take service - *xizmat qilmoq*

<sup>1</sup> Левицкий Р. “О принципе функциональной адекватности перевода”. – Москва. 1984.

<sup>2</sup> <https://uz.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chastota>

2. to remain in service - xizmatida qolmoq yoki xizmat qilmoq;
3. to pay someone's homage - yo'qlab bormoq, ko'rgani bormoq;
4. to pay someone's respects – izzat-ikrom ko'rsatmoq;
5. to enter someone's service - birovning xizmatiga kirmoq;
6. to be in service - xizmatda bo'lish;
7. to join retinue – mulozimlik qilish, xizmatiga kirish yoki qo'shilish;
8. to go to - ... ga bormoq
9. to wait on somebody - kutmoq;
10. to remain someone's retinue - birovning mulozamatida, xizmatida qolish;
11. to remain in employment - ish joyida qolish;
12. to serve somebody - kimgadir xizmat qilish;
13. to present someone service - birovga xizmat ko'rsatish;
14. to choose to submit – ixtiyorida bo'lmoq;
15. to form a nearer – yonida bolmoq;
16. to entertain in service – yaxshi (kongil ochib, yayrab) xizmat qilmoq;
17. to elect for someone's service - birovning xizmatiga saylanish
18. to wait upon somebody – mulozamat qilmoq, ya'ni kutmoq;
19. to do somebody obeisance - kimgadir ta'zim qilmoq;
20. to render homage - hurmat ko'rsatish, tazim bajo keltirish;
21. to have a visit - tashrif buyurmoq;
22. to attach retinue - mulozimlarni biriktirish;
23. to make obeisance - ta'zim qilmoq;
24. to tender somebody's allegiance - birovning sodiqligini bildirmoq
25. to pay someone's court – saroyda xizmat qilmoq;
26. to go on, to immediate service - davom etmoq, darhol xizmatga kirishmoq;
27. to pay assiduous – minnatdor bo'lmoq;
28. to receive favour - iltifot qilish;
29. to treat favour - yaxshilik bilan muomala qilish;
30. to serve ruling - hukmronlikka xizmat qilish;
31. to pay somebody's compliments - birovga iltifot ko'rsatish;

32. to make somebody's submission - kimgadir bo'ysunish;
33. to tender somebody's submission - kimningdir topshirig'ini bajarmoq;
34. to tender of service, on matters of business - biznes masalalari bo'yicha xizmat ko'rsatish;
35. to tender someone's obedience - kimgadir itoatkorlik (bilan xizmat) qilmoq;
36. to bring an offering – peshkashlar (sovg'a-salom) keltirmoq
37. to be introduced to somebody - kimgadir tanishtirmoq;
38. to grant favors – ne'matlar bermoq;
39. to offer somebody duty - birovga xizmat qilishni taklif qilish;
40. to join somebody's army - birovning armiyasiga qo'shilmq;
41. to pay sincere homage – chin dildan yoqlab bormoq;
42. to remain in waiting – intizor bolib kutib qolmoq;
43. to remain in attendance on somebody – biror kimsaga g'amxo'rlik qilmoq;
44. to come in with felicity – yaxshi niyat bilan kelmoq;
45. to be ennobled by paying allegiance – sadoqat bilan xizmat qilib, olijanob bo'lmoq;
46. to repent himself – afsuslanmoq, achinmoq;
47. to enroll in service - xizmatga kirish;
48. to offer somebody's allegiance - kimgadir sodiqlik bilan xizmat qilish taklifini bermoq;
49. to kneel in fealty – sadoqat bilan tiz cho'kmoq;
50. to demand - talab qilmoq;
51. to tender somebody's duty - birovning xizmatini bajarish;
52. to offer to submit - xizmatni taklif qilish, bo'ysunish;
53. to commit to service - xizmat qilish majburiyatini olish;
54. to submit – bo'ysunmoq;
55. to enter into service - xizmatga kirish;
56. to acknowledge someone - kimnidir tan olmoq;
57. to swear fealty to somebody – qasamyod qilmoq;
58. to remain in waiting- kutib qolmoq;
59. to pay a courtesy call - xushmuomalalik (zodogonlarcha) bilan murojaat qilmoq;

60. to return back to somebody – avvalgi xizmat qilgan joyga yana qaytmoq;

61. to make to kneel - tiz cho‘ktirmoq;

62. to be to patch up – vaziyatni yumshatmoq;

63. to pay a call- bir (rov kirib) ko‘rib o‘tmoq;

64. to receive forms of politeness - xushmuomalalikni qabul qilmoq;

65. to have a visit - tashrif buyurmoq;

66. to become attached to someone’s retinue – biror kimsaga xizmat qilishga bog‘lanib qolmoq;

67. to present a horse - ot taqdim etmoq (iltifot).

Yuqorida *mulozamat* qilmoq leksik-semantik maydoniga kiruvchi 67 ta so‘z birikmasi va frazeologik birikmalar topildi. Shulardan 18 tasi frazeologik birlik sirasiga kirsas, qolganlari so‘z birikmasi bo‘lib kelgan. Quyidagi frazeologik birliklardan bir nechasini tahlil qilishga harakat qilamiz.

*To pay someone’s homage* frazeologik birligi Macmillan lug‘atida<sup>3</sup> - birovni juda hurmat qilish va hayratga solishni ko‘rsatadigan biror narsa aytish yoki qilish deb izohlanadi. “Boburnoma” da ham *mulozamatning iltifot qilmoq* ma’nosida 80 o‘rinda qo‘llangan. Ammo bosqichma-bosqich qilingan tarjimalarda asliyat matnida kelgan *iltifot qilmoq* ma’nosidagi *mulozamat qilmoq* so‘z birikmasining tarjimalarida *to pay homage* iborasi tarjimonlar turli o‘rinlarda qo‘llangani ko‘rinadi. Asardan bir misol keltiraylik:

*Dushanba kuni Askariy ham ushbu yurtta kelib, mulozamat qildi. Bu kelganlar bori Gangning sharqiy tarafidan kelib edilar.* – Dushanba kuni Askariy ham shu joyga kelib, **iltifot ko‘rsatdi**. Ularning hammasi Gangning sharqiy tarafidan kelgan edilar [266].

Ushbu misol S.Beverij tarjimasida quyidagicha berilgan:

*(Feb. 28<sup>th</sup>) On Monday (19<sup>th</sup>) ‘Askari also waited on me. They all came from other side of Gang (Ganges) [651] - (28-fevral) – Dushanba kuni (19 da) ‘Askariy ham kelib meni kutdi. Ularning hammasi Gangning (Ganga) narigi tarafidan kelgan edilar.*

V.Tekston esa yuqoridagi asliyat matnini quyidagi shaklda yoritib bergan:

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<sup>3</sup> <https://www.macmillandictionary.com/dictionary/british/pay-tribute-homage-to-someone>

*On Monday, Askari came and **paid homage**. They had all approached from the eastern side of the Ganges [438]* - Dushanba kuni Askariy kelib **ta'zim qildi (iltifot ko'rsatdi)**. Ularning barchasi Gang daryosining sharqiy tomonidan yaqinlashib kelgan edilar.

Yuqorida berilgan asliyat matni va uning ikki xil tarjimalarini tahlil qilganda, barcha tarjimalarda ma'noni to'g'ri, tushunarli yetkazib berishga harakat qilingan. Birinchi qilingan tarjimada tarjimonimiz *to wait on someone* birikmasidan foydalangan. Bu tarjimada ham ma'no anglashiladi ammo asliyatda berilgan so'zga to'liq ekvivalent bo'la olmaydi. Lekin biz ko'rib chiqayotgan *to pay someone's homage* iborasini Viller Tekston bergan asliyat matnida qo'llagan va *iltifot ko'rsatmoq* so'z birikmasiga ekvivalent bo'la oladi deb hisoblaymiz.

Yana boshqa bir misolni ko'rib chiqsak: *Odina kuni oyning o'n to'qquzida ma'jun yeb, bir necha maxsuslar bila "Xilvatxona"da o'lturib edim, Mullo Muhammad muzahhib oxshomig'akim, shanba kechasi bo'lg'ay, kelib **mulozamat qildi** [247].* – Oyning o'n to'qqizinchisida, juma kuni ma'jun yeb, bir necha yaqin odamlarim bilan "Xilvatxona"da o'tirgan edim. Mullo Muhammad muzahhib kechqurun, ya'ni shanba kechasi kelib **mulozamat qildi** [261].

Asliyat misolini tarjimada S. Beverij shunday tasvirlab bergan: *(Dec. 31<sup>st</sup>) On Friday the 19<sup>th</sup> of the month I had eaten ma'jun and was sitting with a special few in the private house, when Mulla Mazhab who had arrived late, that is to say, in the night of Saturday, came and **waited on me** [637]* – (31-dekabr) Oyning 19 - kuni juma kuni ma'jun yeb, xususiy uyda maxsus bir necha kishi bilan o'tirgan edim, kech, ya'ni shanbaga o'tar kechasi kelgan Mulla Mazhab kelib, **meni kutdi**.

Tekston tarjimasida esa quyidagicha berilgan: *On Friday the nineteenth [January 1, 1529], I had some ma'jun and was sitting in my private quarters with a select few that evening, that is, the eve of Saturday, when Mulla Muhammad Muzahhib came and **paid homage** [430]* - O'n to'qqizinchi juma kuni [1529-yil 1-yanvar] bir oz ma'jun iste'mol qildim va o'sha oqshom, ya'ni shanba arafasida, Mulla Muhammad Muzahhib kelib **ta'zim qildi**.

Berilgan tarjimalardan ko‘rinib turibdiki, ikki tarjimonning ham tarjima uslubi mavjud. Ikkisi o‘z yo‘nalishida asliyat matnini yetkazib berishga harakat qilishgan. Biz ko‘rib chiqayotgan *mulozamat qilmoq* birikmasining *iltifot* ma’nosidagi shaklini tarjimada ma’nosidan uzoqlashmay tarjima qilingan.

Mulozamat qilmoqning tarjimalari: *to wait on someone* – kimnidir kutmoq; *to pay homage* - ta’zim qilmoq yoki yo‘qlab bormoq kabi tarjima qilingan. Avvalgi tarjimada asliyatga yaqin bo‘lgan hurmat ma’nosidagi kutmoq shaklidan foydalanilgan bo‘lsa, keyingi tarjimon ham hurmat shaklida qo‘llanadigan ta’zim qilmoq iborasini ishlatgan. Biz ko‘rib chiqayotgan iltifot ko‘rsatmoq shakllari ma’no jihatidan to‘g‘ri ifodalangan.

Ammo shunga qaramay, asliyat matnda berilgan atoqli otlar, joy nomlari hamda ba’zi tarixiy so‘zlar asar tarjimalarida turlicha berilgani o‘quvchini be’etibor qoldirmaydi, albatta. Misol uchun yuqorida berilgan misoldagi *muzahhib* ya’ni zarhallovchi so‘zi ikki tarjimada turlicha berilganini ko‘rishimiz mumkin. Birinchi tarjimada *Mazhab* bo‘lib atoqli otga aylangan, ikkichisida esa *Muzahhib* ya’ni transliteratsiya shaklida berilgan. Ikki tarjimon ham bu so‘zni avval o‘zlari tushunib, ma’nosini izohlab ingliz o‘quvchisiga to‘g‘ri yetkazib berishganida maqsadga muvofiq bo‘lar edi. Shuningdek, Muhammad ismi birinchi tarjimada tushib qolgan va keyingi V.Tekston tarjimasida esa Muhammad ko‘rinishida berilgan.

Endi *iltifot ko‘rsatmoq* so‘z birikmasining *xizmat qilmoq* ma’nosida qo‘llangan shaklini ko‘rib chiqsak. Xizmat qilmoq ma’nosida ham ko‘plab turli frazeologik birlik va so‘z birikmalari qo‘llangan. Masalan, *to remain in, to pay respect, to be in service, to join retinue, to take service, to go service, to wait on, to enter service, to pay homage, to serve, to elect for service, to do obeisance, to render homage, to become attach to retinue, to make obeisance, to go on* kabi ko‘rinishlarda tarjimada aks etgan. Xizmat qilmoq birikmasi tarjimada *to serve* shaklidan *to make obeisance* kabi frazeologik birliklargacha turli qo‘llanilish chastotasini vujudga keltirganini ko‘rishimiz mumkin. Bunda so‘z, ibora va frazeologik birlik ma’no va kontekstga qarab o‘zgarib borgan. Shulardan biri *to serve ruling - hukmdor bo‘lib xizmat qilish* birikmasidir. Ushbu

soʻz birikmasini Susana Beverij tarjimasida boshqacharoq qoʻllanganini koʻramiz. Avvalo, kelgan misolni asli va tabdili hamda Beverij tarjimasini shuningdek V. Tekstonda qay koʻrinishda berilganini koʻrib chiqamiz.

*Soʻngra kelganlardinkim, Shoh Ismoil Iroq va Ozarbayjonga mutasarrif boʻlgʻonda, andin Xuroson kelib edilar, bir Abdulboqiy mirzo edi, Temurbek naslidindur, Mironshohiydur. Burundin bularning nasli ul viloyatlargʻa borib, saltanat doiyasini boshlaridin chiqarib, ul podshohlarga **mulozamat qilib**, rioyat topa kelgandurlar.* – Keyinroq kelganlardan biri – Shoh Ismoil Iroq va Ozarbayjonni egallaganida u yerdan Xurosonga kelgan Abdulboqiy mirzo edi, Temurbek naslidandir, Mironshohning avlodidan. Burundan bularning nasli u viloyatlarga borib, saltanat orzusidan voz kechib, u podshohlarga **mulozamat qilib**, eʻtibor topib kelgandirlar.

Susana Beverij yuqoridagi matnni mana bunday tarjima qilgan: *Of course who came into Khurasan after Shah Ismaʻil took Iraq and Azarbaijan (cica 906 AH. –1500 AD.) one was Abdul-baqi Mirza of Timur Begʻs line. He was a Miran-shahi whose ancestors will have gone long before into those parts, put thought of sovereignty out of their heads, **served those ruling there**, and from them have received favour. That Timur Usman who was the great, trusted beg of Yaʻqub Beg (White-sheep Turkman) and who had once even thought of sending against Khurasan the mass of men he had gathered to himself, must have been this Abduʻl-baqi Mirzaʻs paternal-uncle.* – Albatta, Shoh Ismoil Iroq va Ozarbayjonni qoʻlga kiritgandan soʻng (hijriy 906–1500-yillar) Xurosonga kelganlardan biri Temur bekning avlodidan boʻlgan Abdulboqi Mirzo Mironshoh avlodidan, ota-bobolari oʻsha hududlarga borib, hukmronlik oʻyinlaridan uzoq, u yerda hukmronlik qilganlarga xizmat qilgan va ulardan iltifot olgan. Yaʻqub bekning (Oq qoʻyli turkman) ulugʻ, ishonchli begi boʻlgan va oʻzi uchun yigʻilgan koʻp odamlarni Xurosonga yuborishni ham oʻylab koʻrgan oʻsha Temur Usmon, shekilli, mana shu Abdulloh boʻlsa kerak, boqi Mirzoning amakisi.

Asliyat misoli va biz koʻrib chiqayotgan soʻz birikmasining tarjimasini V. Tekstonda tarjima variantida qanday koʻrinishda kelganinini ham koʻrib chiqaylik: *Abdul-Baqi Mirza, a descendant*

*of Temur Beg's through Miranshah, was one of those who came to Khurasan later, after Shah Isma'il had taken control of Iraq and Azerbaijan. Formely Miranshah's descendants went to that territory and, having gotten their pretense to the throne out of their heads, entered the service of the kings there and attained honor* – Keyinchalik, Shoh Ismoil Iroq va Ozarbayjonni egallab olgandan keyin Xurosonga kelganlardan biri Mironshoh orqali Temur begim avlodidan bo'lgan Abdulboqi Mirzo edi. Ilgari Mironshoh avlodlari o'sha hududga borib, taxtga da'vogarliklarini boshlaridan olib tashlab, u yerda podshohlar xizmatiga kirib, obro'-e'tibor qozonganlar.

Biz ko'rib chiqayotgan *mulozamat qilmoq* birikmasining *xizmat qilmoq* ma'nosidagi shakli yuqorida berilgan misol tarjimalarida ma'no jihatidan mos ekvivalent bo'la oladi. Lekin biz *hukmdor bo'lib xizmat qilmoq* so'z birikmasini tanlagan ekanmiz, ushbu birikma S.Beverij tarjimasida ishlatilgan. Bu so'z birikmasi inglizcha tarjimada *served those ruling there* ko'rinishida aks etgan. Tarjima jarayonida tarjimon kontekstdan kelib chiqib yondashishga harakat qilgan, u tanlagan so'z birikmasi ham ma'no va mazmuni ochib berishga xizmat qilgan va asliyatdagi so'zning ekvivalenti bo'la oladi. Asliyat matnidagi xizmat qilmoq iborasini keyingi tarjimon ham to'liq yetkazib berishga harakat qilgan. V.Tekston *xizmat qilmoq* so'z birikmasini *to enter the service* birikmasini qo'llagan va albatta ushbu birikma ham ekvivalent bo'la oladi. Shuningdek, ikki tarjimada Amir Temur, Mironshoh, Abdulboqiy kabi atoqli otlarning turlicha qo'llangani ham e'tibordan chetda qolmaydi.

Xulosa sifatida shuni aytish mumkinki, biz yuqorida badiiy asar tarjimasida ekvivalentlikning qo'llanilish chastotasini qanday va qay holatda ishlatilishini, uning ma'nolari kengayib, mulozamat qilmoqning dinamikasi, ya'ni osib borishida ko'rib chiqdik. Badiiy asarlarda asliyatda qo'llangan bir so'z, so'z birikmasi yoki frazeologik birliklar uning tarjimasida turli joyda, kontekstga qarab turlicha tarjima variantlaridan foydalanilar ekan. Misol uchun biz yuqorida ko'rib chiqqan mulozamat qilmoq fe'lining turlicha ma'nolarda qo'llanilgan 67 ta ekvivalent bo'la oladigan so'z birikma va frazeologik birliklarining ishlatilish dinamikasini tadqiq



etdik. Lekin mulozamat qilmoq fe'li turli o'rinlarda turlicha ma'nolarda ishlatilgani bois eng ko'p foydalanilgan variant *to pay homage* frazeologik birlik sifatida mos ekvivalent bo'lsa, *to serve* fe'li ham barcha o'rinlarda ekvivalent bo'la oldi. Shuningdek, biz mulozamat qilmoq fe'lining iltifot ko'rsatmoq va xizmat qilmoq ma'nolarida qo'llangan misollarni ko'rib chiqdik. Aslyat matnida berilgan misollar va ularning ikki xil tarjimon tomonidan qilingan variantlarini tahlil qilar ekanmiz, so'z, so'z birikmasi va iboralar o'z o'rnida mahorat bilan tarjima qilingan. Boburning so'z ummoni naqadar cheksiz va nihoyatda mazmunliki, bir so'zning o'zi turli o'rinlarda turlicha ma'nolarda mahorat bilan, tasviriy ifodalar yordamida voqea yoki hodisa, hatto shaxslar tasviri ham juda chiroyli yoritib berilgan. Lekin ba'zi tarjimalarda tasviriy ifodalar bilan berilgan mazmun soddaroq, faqat ma'nosini o'zinigina berib ketilgan jihatlarni ham ochdik. Shunday bo'lishiga qaramay tarjimonlar yuksak did bilan yozilgan memuar asarni o'z uslublarida qayta yaratishga harakat qilishgan.

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## SHE'RIY MATN TARJIMASINING O'ZIGA XOS XUSUSIYATLARI

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**Annotatsiya.** Ushbu maqolada she'riy tarjimaning murakkab jihatlari, shoir she'riy matnga yuklagan ma'noni tarjimada to'raligicha yetkazib berish, shu bilan birga asliyat matnidagi qofiya, vazn va ohang kabi unsurlarni tarjimada saqlash kabi muammolar haqida so'z yuritiladi. Bundan tashqari maqolada o'zbek va ingliz she'riyatining asosiy xususiyatlari haqida ham ma'lumot berilgan.

**Abstract.** This article talks about the complex aspects of poetic translation, the problems of fully conveying the meaning that the poet assigned to the poetic text in the translation, and at the same time preserving the elements of the original text such as rhyme, meter and tone in the translation. In addition, the article also provides information about the main features of Uzbek and English poetry.

**Kalit so'zlar.** Qofiya, vazn, ohang, uslub, kontekst, so'z tanlash, sintaksis, sillabik, metrik, sillabo-tonik, tonik.

**Keywords.** Rhyme, meter, tone, style, context, word choice, syntax, syllabic, metric, syllabic-tonic, tonic.

She'riy tarjima asrlar davomida filologlar, shoirlar, she'rshunos olimlar, she'riy tarjima masalalari bilan maxsus shug'ullangan mutaxassislar diqqat markazida bo'lib kelgan. She'riy tarjima nasriy tarjimadan ko'p jihatdan farq qilsa-da, ular o'rtasida mushtaraklik mavjud. Ular tillararo poetik yoki she'riy kommunikatsiyagaxizmat qiladi.

She'riy matndagi informatsiya nasriy matndagi informatsiyadan tubdan farq qiladi. She'rdagi informatsiya mazmuni turli-tuman, bir-biriga zid va hatto biri ikkinchisini inkor etishi mumkin. She'riy matn o'z ichiga faktual hamda konseptual, ya'ni ma'noga bog'liq informatsiyani oladi. Ular bir-biri bilan chambarchas bog'liq va ayni paytda ular bir-biriga dinamik qarshi bo'ladi. Faktual va mazmuniy informatsiya tashqi real yoki noreal dunyo haqida muayyan fakt, hodisa, voqealar asosida ma'lumot beradi. Badiiy nutq sirasiga

kiradigan she'riy matn tarjimasida she'r tuzilishi qonun-qoidalarini hisobga oladi. Bunda nasr tahlilida qo'llanadigan ritm, ohang, sintaktik qurilish, badiiy obraz va boshqa badiiy unsurlar diqqat markazida bo'ladi.

Yuqorida keltirilgan tushunchalar va atamalar she'riy matn tahlilida ham qo'llaniladi, biroq ular she'riyatning qat'iy qonun-qoidalari asosida amalga oshiriladi. Har gal tarjimon she'riy tarjima tajribalarini o'rganish, she'riy tarjimalarning yutuq va kamchiliklarini aniqlash, she'riy tarjima tahlili natijalari asosida ba'zi tavsiyalar ishlab chiqishga harakat qilgan.

She'riy tarjimaning eng asosiy vazifasi - yaxshi she'r tarjimada yomon she'rga aylanib qolmasligiga harakat qilish, tarjima mazmunini iloji boricha to'liq saqlab qolish, she'riy matn shakllarining she'r mazmuniga mos ravishda ham vaznini, ham ohangni saqlab qolish hisoblanadi. Tarjimaning yaxshi-yomonligini nafaqat tarjimon, balki o'quvchi ham bir o'qishda sezishi lozim.

She'riy matn tarjimasining bir necha asosiy xususiyatlari mavjud:

**Qofiya va vazn-** She'riyatda so'zlar ritm yoki vazn yaratish uchun ma'lum bir tarzda tartibga solinadi. Yaxshi tarjimon buni e'tiborga olishi va maqsadli tilda bir xil ritmni takrorlashga harakat qilishi kerak.

Qofiya va vazn she'riyatning musiqiylik va ritmiga hissa qo'shadigan muhim elementlardir. Qofiya ikki yoki undan ortiq so'z oxiridagi tovushlarning o'xshashligini bildirsa, vazn esa urg'uli va urg'usiz bo'g'inlar yordamida yaratilgan she'rning ritmik tuzilishini bildiradi.

She'rni tarjima qilishda qofiya va vaznni saqlab qolish qiyin bo'lishi mumkin. Ayrim hollarda tarjimonlar asl she'rdagi har bir elementning ahamiyatiga qarab birini ikkinchisidan ustun qo'yishni tanlashlari mumkin. Masalan, asl she'rda qofiya ma'no yoki kayfiyatni etkazishda hal qiluvchi ahamiyatga ega bo'lsa, tarjimon vaznning ba'zi jihatlari qurbon qilsa ham, uni saqlab qolishga harakat qilishi mumkin.

Boshqa tomondan, agar she'rning umumiy tuyg'usi yoki ohangini yetkazish uchun vaznni saqlash muhimroq bo'lsa, tarjimon qofiyadan ko'ra ushbu elementni birinchi o'ringa qo'yishi mumkin.

Oxir oqibat, tarjima qilingan she'rda ma'no va kayfiyatni yetkazish uchun qaysi unsurlar muhimroq ekanligini tarjimonning fikriga bog'liq.

**Ohang va uslub-** Har bir shoirning o'ziga xos uslubi va ohangi bor, ular o'z fikrini etkazish uchun foydalanadilar. Yaxshi tarjimada buni iloji boricha saqlab qolishga harakat qilinishi kerak.

Ohang shoir yoki yozuvchining mavzuga bo'lgan munosabatini bildiradi. She'riyatda ohangni so'z tanlash, sintaksis va tasvir orqali etkazish mumkin. She'rni tarjima qilishda asl tilning ohangini iloji boricha yaqinroq tutish muhimdir. Masalan, she'rning asl tilida g'amgin ohang bo'lsa, tarjimon o'sha tuyg'uni tarjima qilingan variantda yetkazishga harakat qilishi kerak.

Uslub deganda she'rning yozilish usuli – uning tuzilishi, ritmi, metafora, qofiya kabi adabiy vositalardan foydalanish tushuniladi. She'rni tarjima qilishda asl nusxaning uslubini saqlab qolish qiyin bo'lishi mumkin, shu bilan birga uni ushbu uslub bilan tanish bo'lmagan o'quvchilar uchun tushunarli qilish mumkin. Malakali tarjimon bu ikki maqsadni muvozanatlashi va ikkalasini ham ta'minlaydigan ijodiy yechimlarni topishi kerak.

Umuman olganda, she'rni tarjima qilish har ikki tilni chuqur anglashni, har bir she'rga xos bo'lgan ohang va uslubning nozik jihatlariga sezgirlikni talab qiladi.

**Madaniy kontekst-** She'riyat ko'pincha uning kelib chiqishining madaniy kontekstida chuqur ildiz otgan. Yaxshi tarjima ushbu madaniy manbalarni hisobga olishi va maqsadli tilda o'xshash iboralarni topishga harakat qilishi kerak.

Madaniy kontekst she'r tarjimasining muhim jihati hisoblanadi. Madaniy kontekst deganda she'r yozilgan ijtimoiy, tarixiy va lisoniy muhit tushuniladi. Unga she'r yozgan va o'qigan xalqning urf-odatlar, e'tiqodlari va qadriyatlari kiradi.

She'rni bir tildan boshqa tilga tarjima qilishda har ikki tilning madaniy kontekstini hisobga olish juda muhimdir. Tarjimon asl matndagi madaniy nuanslar bilan tanish bo'lishi va ularning tarjimada to'g'ri uzatilishini ta'minlashi kerak.

Misol uchun, yapon tilida yozilgan she'rda an'anaviy yapon madaniyatiga ishoralar bo'lishi mumkin, masalan, kimono yoki choy marosimlariga ishoralar. Ushbu madaniy elementlar bilan

tanish bo‘lmagan tarjimon ularning ahamiyatini o‘zbrk tilida to‘g‘ri yetkazish uchun qiynalishi mumkin.

Xuddi shunday, ingliz tilida yozilgan she‘r o‘zbek tilida so‘zlashuvchilar madaniyatidan tashqarida yaxshi ma‘lum bo‘lmagan tarixiy voqealar yoki adabiy an‘analarga havolalarni o‘z ichiga olishi mumkin. Shunga qaramay, ushbu madaniy elementlar bilan tanish bo‘lmagan tarjimon ularning ahamiyatini boshqa tilda etkazish uchun qiynalishi mumkin.

She‘rni samarali tarjima qilish uchun tarjimonlar manba va maqsad madaniyatlarni chuqur bilishlari kerak. Ular asl matnga sodiqlik bilan ushbu matnni o‘quvchilar tomonidan boshqa madaniy kontekstda qanday qabul qilinishiga nisbatan sezgirlik bilan ehtiyotkorlik bilan muvozanatlasha olishlari kerak.

**So‘z tanlash-** so‘zlarni tanlash she‘rning ma‘nosi va ta‘siriga katta ta‘sir ko‘rsatishi mumkin. Yaxshi tarjima asl she‘rda qo‘llanilgan ma‘nolari va hissiyotlari o‘xshash bo‘lgan so‘zlarni diqqat bilan tanlashi kerak.

Biroq she‘rni tarjima qilishda asl asarning umumiy ohangi, ritmi va ma‘nosini hisobga olish kerak. Tarjimon she‘rning she‘riy fazilatlarini saqlab qolgan holda uning mazmun-mohiyatini qamrab olishni maqsad qilishi kerak. Bu qaysi so‘zlarni ishlatishni tanlashni o‘z ichiga olishi mumkin, ularning mazmuni va maqsadli tilda yaratgan ta‘siri. Tarjimon, shuningdek, bevosita tarjima qila olmaydigan madaniy nuanslar va idiomatik iboralardan xabardor bo‘lishi kerak. Oxir oqibat, maqsad asl nusxaga sodiq bo‘lgan tarjimani yaratish va shu bilan birga maqsadli tilda o‘quvchilar bilan rezonanslashishdir.

**Sintaksis** - Sintaksis yoki jumla tuzilishi she‘riyatda ham muhim. Yaxshi tarjima iloji boricha bir xil tuzilmani saqlab qolishga harakat qilishi kerak, shu bilan birga maqsad tilda mantiqiy bo‘lishi kerak.

Sintaksis deganda tilda to‘g‘ri tuzilgan gaplar yaratish uchun so‘z va iboralarning joylashishi tushuniladi. She‘r tarjimasida sintaksis manba matnning asl ma‘nosi va she‘riy ta‘sirini saqlab qolishda hal qiluvchi rol o‘ynaydi.

She‘rni tarjima qilish nafaqat so‘zlarni, balki ularning joylashuvi va tartibini ham sinchiklab ko‘rib chiqishni talab qiladi.

Tarjimon asl she'ning she'riy tuzilishini ko'zda tutilgan tilda qayta yaratishga, shu bilan birga uning mazmuni va uslubini saqlab qolishga harakat qilishi kerak.

Ba'zan tarjima paytida she'ning sintaksisini o'zgartirish kerak bo'lishi mumkin, bu she'r tilda tabiiyroq bo'lishi uchun qilinadi. Biroq, bu asl she'riy ta'sirni o'zgartirmaslik yoki yo'qotmaslik uchun ehtiyotkorlik bilan bajarilishi kerak.

Xulosa qilib aytadigan bo'lsak, sintaksis she'r tarjimasining muhim jihati bo'lib, ma'no va she'riy tuzilmani saqlab qolish uchun tarjimonlardan ehtiyotkorlik bilan e'tibor talab qiladi. Jahon she'riyatida asosan to'rtta she'r sistemasi (tizimi) mavjud: sillabik, metrik, sillabo - tonik, tonik.

*Sillabik* she'r sistemasi bo'g'inlar miqdoriga asoslanadi. Unga o'zbek, turk, ozarbayjon, uyg'ur, polyak, farang, ispan, rumin xalqlari poeziyasidagi she'r tizimi kiradi.

*Metrik* she'r sistemasi bo'g'inlarning uzun-qisqaligiga, unlilar holatiga asoslanadi. Grek, lotin, arab she'riyatiga shunday xususiyat xos.

*Tonik* she'r sistemasida urg'uli hijolar o'rtasidagi urg'usiz bo'g'in nisbati erkin bo'ladi.

*Sillabo-tonik* she'r sistemasi bug'inlarning urg'uli, urg'usizligiga, ularning miqdoriga va tartibiga, izchil takrorlanishiga asoslanadi. Rus she'riyatining asosiy tizimi sanaladi. Ritm hosil bo'lishi prinsipiga qarab sillabik-tonik, dolnik, aksentli she'rlarga bo'linadi. Rus, ingliz, olmon she'riyatidagi mustaqil tizimdir.

Ingliz she'riyati na'munalarini o'zbek tiliga tarjima qilishda yoki o'zbek she'riyatidan asarlarni ingliz tiliga tarjima qilishda, bu ikki tildagi vaznlarni yaxshi bilish muhim ahamiyatga ega. Ingliz she'riyatida quyidagi asosiy vazn turlari mavjud: Ingliz she'riyatidagi vaznlar bir satrdagi urg'uli va urg'usiz bo'g'inlarning namunalarlarini anglatadi. Ingliz she'riyatida har xil turdagi vaznlar mavjud, jumladan:

**Iambik vazn**- Bu ingliz she'riyatida eng keng tarqalgan vazn turi. U urg'usiz va urg'uli bo'g'inlarning almashinishidan iborat bo'lib, urg'u ikkinchi bo'g'inga tushadi.

Ingliz adabiyotida iambik vazn - bu bir urg'usiz bo'g'indan keyin bir urg'uli bo'g'indan iborat metrik o'lchamlar bo'lgan

iamblardan tashkil topgan ritmik namunalarning bir turi. Ushbu vazn she'riyatda keng qo'llaniladi va nutqning tabiiy ritmini taqlid qiluvchi tabiiy, oqimli ritmi bilan mashhur.

Iambik vazn ko'pincha tartib va barqarorlik tuyg'usini yetkazish, shuningdek, she'riyatda musiqiylik va oqim tuyg'usini yaratish uchun ishlatiladi. Bundan tashqari, u odatda dramatik monologlarda qo'llaniladi, bazida barqaror ritm keskinlik yoki shoshilinch tuyg'uni yaratishga yordam beradi.

**Troxaik vazn-** Bu turdagi vaznlar urg'uli va urg'usiz bo'g'inlarning almashinishidan iborat bo'lib, urg'u birinchi bo'g'inga tushadi. Troxaik vazn - ingliz she'riyatida uchraydigan vaznning bir turi. Bu vaznda har bir satr urg'uli bo'g'indan keyin urg'usiz bo'g'indan iborat ikki bo'g'inli metrik to'xtamlar bo'lgan troxiyalardan iborat. Har bir satrdagi urg'u va urg'usiz bo'g'inlar qolipi unga o'ziga xos ritm beradi.

Troxaik vazndan she'riyatda turli effektlar yaratish uchun foydalanish mumkin. Bu energiya va harakat tuyg'usini yaratishi mumkin, chunki urg'ulangan bo'g'inlar ritmni oldinga siljitadi. Bundan tashqari, beqarorlik yoki qo'zg'alish hissi paydo bo'lishi mumkin, chunki urg'u berilgan bo'g'inlarda urg'u keskinlikni keltirib chiqaradi. Ingliz she'riyatida troxaik vaznning mashhur misollaridan biri Edgar Allan Poning "Qarg'a" she'ridir.

**Anapestik vazn** - Bu turdagi vaznlar har bir to'xtam uchun uchta bo'g'indan iborat bo'lib, ikkita urg'usiz va keyin bitta urg'uli bo'g'indan iborat bo'ladi.

Anapestik vazn - ingliz she'riyatida qo'llaniladigan poetik vaznning bir turi. U uchta bo'g'inli namunalar bilan tavsiflanadi, urg'u uchinchi bo'g'inga tushadi. Anapestik vazn ko'pincha she'riyatda harakat va energiya hissi yaratish uchun ishlatiladi. Anapestik vazn she'riyatda hazil yoki o'ynoqlik tuyg'usini yaratish uchun ham ishlatilishi mumkin. Misol uchun, Lyuis Kerrollning "Jabbervocky" asarida u ovoz chiqarib aytish qiziqarli bo'lgan bema'ni so'zlarni yaratish uchun anapestik vazndan foydalanadi. Umuman olganda, anapestik vazn o'z ishlarida ritm va energiya yaratmoqchi bo'lgan shoirlar uchun foydali vosita bo'lishi mumkin.

**Daktil vazn** - Bu turdagi vaznlar har bir to'xtam uchun uchta bo'g'indan iborat bo'lib, bitta urg'u va ikkita urg'usiz. Daktil vazn

she'riy vazn bo'lib, unda har bir satr bitta urg'uli bo'g'indan keyin ikkita urg'usiz bo'g'in yoki "daktil" dan iborat. Gomerning "Iliada" va "Odisseya" kabi klassik epik she'riyatda, shuningdek, zamonaviy she'riyatda keng qo'llaniladi. Daktil vazn muhim so'zlarni yoki fikrlarni ta'kidlash uchun ishlatilishi mumkin bo'lgan kuchli va ritmik tovushni yaratadi.

**Spondaik vazn** - ingliz she'riyatida ishlatiladigan vaznning bir turi. U ketma-ket ikkita urg'uli bo'g'inlar bilan ajralib turadi, ular orasida urg'usiz bo'g'inlar yo'q. Bu intensivlik, og'irlik yoki shoshilinchlikni etkazish uchun ishlatilishi mumkin bo'lgan og'ir, ta'kidlangan ritmni yaratadi. Og'ir va monoton ovozi tufayli ingliz she'riyatida keng qo'llanilmaydi.

Ushbu vaznlar turli xil metrik namunalarlarga birlashtirilishi mumkin, masalan, iambik pentavazn (har bir chiziq uchun besh iamb) yoki troxaik tetravazn (har bir chiziq uchun to'rtta trox).

Spondaik vaznning mashhur misollaridan biri - Uilyam Shekspirning "Richard III" pyesasining boshlang'ich chizig'idir.

Ko'pgina shoirlar spondaik vazndan katta ta'sir ko'rsatish uchun foydalanganlar. Edgar Allan Po o'zining "Qarg'a" she'ridagi bazi satrlarda spondaik vazndan foydalanadi. Bu chiziqalar og'ir, qat'iyatli ritmi orqali oldindan sezish va bezovtalik tuyg'usini yaratadi. Spondaik vazndan foydalangan boshqa shoirlar orasida Jon Milton, T.S. Eliot va Silviya Plat. O'z ijodida kuchli va unutilmas ritm yaratmoqchi bo'lgan shoirlar uchun muhim vosita bo'lib qoladi. O'zbek she'riyatida esa she'riy vaznlar barmoq va aruz she'riy tizmlariga asoslanadi:

She'r tuzilishi aslida o'ziga xos murakkab tizimni tashkil etadi. Chunki she'rning yaratilishida juda ko'plab g'oyaviy va badiiy unsurlar ishtirok etadi. Jumladan mavzu, band, naqorat, g'oya, ritm, vazn, qofiya, intonatsiya, pauza, urg'u, poetik timsollar, fonetik usullar, badiiy san'atlar, syujet, timsol, kompozitsiya va shunga o'xshash unsurlardan she'r paydo bo'ladi. She'r tizimidagi mazkur jihatlarni shartli ravishda ikki guruhga ajratish mumkin. Bular, mazmunga oid unsurlar va shaklga oid unsurlar. She'rning tuzilishida uning baynalmilal tomonlari ko'zga tashlanadi. She'riy tuzilish tarixiy taraqqiyot, davr uslubi va madaniy adabiy ananalar bilan uzviy bog'liq. She'r tizimlarining xarakteri bo'g'inning qaysi



xususiyatiga tayanishiga bogliq. Sillabik tizim shu jumladan o‘zbek barmoq tizimi bo‘g‘inlarning soniga tonik tizim urg‘usiga, sillabiktonik tizim esa bo‘g‘inning urg‘u yoki urg‘usizligiga tayanadi aruz esa bo‘g‘inning qisqa cho‘zlikligiga qaraydi. O‘zbek she‘r tuzilishida quyidagi turlar mavjud.

Turkiy xalqlar xususan o‘zbek she‘r tuzilishining folklor tipi davri. Misralar dastlab bo‘g‘in soni jihatidan teng bo‘lmagan, ularni she‘riy alliteratsiya tovush usullari va so‘z takrori uyushtirgan qofiyalar bilan so‘z takrori aralash holda misra ichida joylashgan. Buni barmoq she‘r tizimi deyish mumkin. Aruz vazniga asoslangan she‘r tuzilish davri. Aruz dastlab VIII asrda arab xalq og‘zaki ijodida shakllangan XI asrda o‘rta osiyoda keng qo‘llanilgan.

Erkin vaznga asoslangan she‘r tuzilishi o‘zbek adabiyotida XX asrning 20- yillarida rus tonik she‘riyatidan kirib kelgan. Bu vazn o‘lchov qofiya va band jihatidan erkin bo‘lsada alohida tizim emas balki barmoq vaznining sodda qo‘shma aralash murakkab kabi vazn turlaridan biri.

Bo‘gin urg‘u, miqdor urg‘u va qorishiq she‘r tizimlari keyinroq paydo bo‘lgan she‘riy tizimlar. Vazn arabcha o‘lchov she‘rda tovush tuzilishini uyushtirish usuli. Vazn she‘r bandi bilan aloqador bo‘lgan ritm unsuri hisoblanadi. Vaznlar tuzilishiga ko‘ra soda, qo‘shma, erkin vaznlarga bo‘linadi. Sodda vazn she‘r misralari va bo‘g‘in soni teng bo‘ladi. Qo‘shma vazn banddagi misralardan biri ikkinchisidan biror bo‘g‘in ortiq yoki kam bo‘ladi. Erkin vazn vazndan vaznga o‘tib yuruvchi tizim hisoblanadi.

She‘riy nutq muayyan bir o‘lchov (vazn) asosidagi ritmga ega bo‘lgan o‘zining musiqiy jarangi hissiy to‘yintirilgani bilan foydalanuvchi nutq. She‘riy nutqdagi o‘ziga xos intonatsiya musiqiylik ritmik bo‘laklar va ritmik vositalar o‘ziga xos fonetik tashkillanishi turli sintaktik usullari yordamida vujudga kelgan. Ritm juda keng tushunchaga ega bo‘lib u borliqdagi juda ko‘p narsa hodisalar kuzatilishi mumkin. Shunga ko‘ra keng ma‘noda ritm deganda muayyan bo‘laklarning ma‘lum vaqt oralig‘idagi tartibli takrorlanib turishi tushuniladi. She‘riy sintaksisda eng keng qo‘llanuvchi vositalardan biri takrordir

Ritm yunoncha oqaman degan ma‘noni anglatadi. She‘riyatdagi ritm tovush asosida paydo bo‘ladi. Ritm badiiy san‘at asarining

ifoda vositalaridan bo‘lib asar tuzilishining o‘ziga xos tomonini belgilaydi. Uning g‘oyaviy badiiy estetik xususiyatlarini chuqurroq ochishga xizmat qiladi. Aruz, barmoq, erkin (sarbast, verlibr) vaznlar, ularning xususiyatlari.

Ma’lumki, ilmiy termin (istiloh) muayyan fan tarmog‘i doirasida faqat bitta tushunchani anglatishi lozim. Shunga qaramay, amaliyotda bu qoidadan chekinilgan hollarga bot-bot duch kelinadi: ba’zan tushunmaganlikdan, ba’zan so‘zning an’anaviy ishlatilishiga ergashib istilohiy chalkashliklarga yo‘l qo‘yiladi. Masalan, biz aniq bir g‘azal haqida “aruz vaznida yozilgan” deyish ham, adabiyot tarixi haqida gapiraturib “aruz vazni musulmon sharq she’riyatida yetakchi mavqeni egallagan” qabilida fikrlash ham mumkin. Holbuki, konkret g‘azal “aruz vazni”da emas, aruzning “biror bir vaznida” (ramali musammani maqsur, hazaji musammani mahzuf va hokazo) yozilgan bo‘ladi, ya’ni, vazn konkret she’rda namoyon bo‘ladigan hodisa, u konkret she’rning o‘lchovini bildiradi. Shunga binoan, ikkinchi holda “aruz vazni musulmon sharqi she’riyatida yetakchi mavqeni egallagan” deyilganda “vazn” emas, balki vaznlar sistemasi — she’r tizimi nazarda tutilgan. Ko‘rinadiki, biz “vazn” terminini ham konkret she’rning o‘lchovi (metr) ma’nosida, ham “she’r sistemasi” ma’nosida ishlatiladi va shu bois ham terminologik chalkashlik yuzaga kelmoqda.

Mutaxassis sifatida bu xil chalkashlikdan qochish lozim bo‘ladi. Shu bois ham biz “she’r tizimi deganda muayyan o‘lchov tamoyillarga asoslangan vaznlar majmuini tushuniladi. Masalan, “aruz tizimi” deyilganda misralarda cho‘ziq va qisqa hijolarning ma’lum tartibda takrorlanib kelishiga asoslangan “she’riy sistema” tushuniladiki, bu tizim yuzlab konkret vaznlarni o‘z ichiga oladi. Ma’lum bo‘ldiki, “she’r tizimi” she’r tuzilishining asosini, asosiy qonuniyatlarini belgilab beradi. Har bir xalq she’riyatidagi “she’riy tizim” o‘sha xalq tilining o‘ziga xos xususiyatlaridan kelib chiqadi. Mavjud she’r tizimlarining hammasida asosiy o‘lchov birligi sifatida bo‘g‘in olingan. Bo‘g‘in esa, ma’lumki, turli tillarda turlicha sifatli va miqdoriy ko‘rsatkichlarga ega. Shunga ko‘ra, jahon xalqlari she’riyatida mavjud she’riy sistemalar bo‘g‘inning miqdori (sillabik she’r tizimi), urg‘uli yoki urg‘usizligi (tonik), cho‘ziq yoki

qisqaligi(metrik), baland yoki past talaffuz qilinishi (melodik) kabi jihatlarni o‘lchov asosi qilib oladi.

Hozirgi o‘zbek she‘riyatining yetakchi she‘r tizimi — barmoq, yuqorida aytilganidek, misralardagi bo‘g‘inlar sonining tengligiga asoslanadi. A.Fitrat barmoq vaznini milliy vazn deb atarkan, shunday yozadi: “Milliy vaznimizda asos so‘z bo‘g‘imlarining sanog‘idir. Bir baytning birinchi misra‘i necha bo‘g‘im esa, ikkinchi misra‘i ham shuncha bo‘g‘im bo‘ladir. Bo‘g‘imlarning harf, cho‘zg‘i sonlariga esa ahamiyat berilmaydir”<sup>4</sup>, - deb yozadi. Fitratning barmoqni “milliy vazn” deb atashiga asos shuki, barmoq tizimi o‘zbek tili tabiatiga, uning tovush xususiyatlariga muvofiq keladi. Shu bois ham o‘zbek xalq og‘zaki ijodi namunalari asosan barmoqda yaratilgan. Barmoq she‘r tizimida mutaxassislar 4 bog‘inlidan tortib 16 bog‘inligacha bolgan vaznlar tarqalganini ta’kidlaydilar. Vazn har bir konkret she‘rda yuzaga chiqadigan hodisa sanalib, uni metr (o‘lchov) deb ham nomlanadi. Barmoqdagi o‘lchov belgilanganda avvalo bog‘inlar soni, keyin turoqlanish tartibi ko‘rsatiladi.

O‘zbek adabiyotshunosligida barmoq tizimidagi vaznlarning sodda va qoshma turlari ajratiladi. Sodda vazndagi she‘rlarning misralaridagi bog‘inlar soni o‘zaro teng bo‘ladi:

Bunda hamma / o‘zini sevar, 9(4+5)

Tag‘in sevar / nozik gullarni... 9(4+5)

Chaqmoq ko‘zli / bolalar emas. 9(4+5)

O‘stirishar / faqat qullarni. 9(4+5) (*Sh. Rahmon*)

Qo‘shma vazndagi she‘rda esa misralardagi bo‘g‘inlar soni bir xil emas:

Qoqiladi / xorgin otlar 8 (4 + 4).

gijiraydi / arava. 7 (4 + 3).

Gildiraklar / izi yolda 8 (4 + 4).

tozgiyotgan / kalava. 7 (4 + 3)

Ushbu she‘r vaznining qoshma vazn deyilishiga sabab shuki, agar uning ikkita misrasini birlashtirsak, goyo misralardagi boginlar sonining tengligi tiklanadi: Qoqiladi / xorgin otlar, / gijiraydi / arava. 15 (4+4+4+3)

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<sup>4</sup> Fitrat A. Adabiyot qoidolari // Fitrat. Tanlangan asarlar. 4 j. 4-j.-Toshkent: Ma’naviyat, 2006. - B.25.

Hozirgi o‘zbek she‘riyatida ancha keng qo‘llanilayotgan she‘r shakllaridan biri sarbast(erkin she‘r)dir. Erkin she‘r o‘zbek adabiyotida XX asrdan boshlab ommalasha boshlagan. Erkin she‘r o‘zbek she‘riyatida barmoq asosida yuzaga kelgan bo‘lsada, uni o‘ziga xos bir hodisa, alohida she‘r tizimi sifatida shakllanish bosqichidagi hodisa sifatida bilish mumkin. Erkin she‘rda misralardagi bo‘g‘inlar soni ham, ularning cho‘ziq-qisqaligi ham, turoqlanish yoxud qofiyalanish tartibi ham erkindir. Sarbastda ohangdorlik koproq intonatsiya hisobiga yuzaga chiqadi:

*Bahorni sog‘indim, bahorni...*

*Ko‘rganda yerlar, olamlar to‘la qorni.*

*Qor... qor-Zaharli ninalar kabi*

*Ko‘zlarga qarab oqar...( Cho‘lpon)*

Sarbastda yozilgan she‘rning an‘anaviy barmoq yoki aruzdagi she‘rdan farqli jihatlaridan biri shundaki, bundagi ohangdorlik avval boshdan ma‘lum maromga solinmaydi, muayyan maromga mos kechinmalar ifodalanmaydi. Aksincha, bunda fikr-tuyg‘uga mos ohang so‘zning ma‘nosi asosida yuzaga keladi, ya‘ni bu o‘rinda ma‘no asosida o‘qiladi va so‘zlarni shunga mos ohanglarga solinadi.

Xulosa qilib aytganda, she‘r tarjimai – bir tilda yozilgan she‘rni asl ma‘nosi, uslubi va tuzilishini saqlab qolgan holda olib, boshqa tilga tarjima qilish san‘atidir. Bu murakkab jarayon, chunki she‘riyat ko‘p jihatdan majoziy tilga va boshqa tillarda aniq ekvivalentiga ega bo‘lmagan madaniy murojaatlarga tayanadi.

Tarjimonning har ikki tilda ham yuqori malakaga ega bo‘lishi, she‘r atrofidagi madaniyat va kontekstni chuqur anglashi muhim ahamiyatga ega. Bu, ayniqsa, madaniy an‘analarda chuqur ildiz otgan qadimiy yoki tarixiy she‘rlar bilan ishlashda juda muhimdir.

Samarali she‘riy tarjima asl she‘rga to‘g‘ri va sodiq bo‘lishi bilan birga, tildan foydalanishda ijodiy va yangicha bo‘lishi kerak. Maqsad – she‘rning mazmun-mohiyatini to‘g‘ri yo‘lga qo‘yish va uni yangi auditoriyaga haqiqiy va jozibali tarzda yetkazishdir.

Hozirgi zamonda global jamiyatimiz o‘zaro bog‘langani sari she‘riy tarjimaning ahamiyati ortib bormoqda. She‘riyatni turli tillardagi kitobxonlar uchun ochiq qilish orqali biz madaniyatlararo tushunish va tilning go‘zalligi va badiiyligini qadrlashni rivojlantirishimiz mumkin.

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## **SHEKSPIR SONETLARINING O‘ZBEK TILIGA TARJIMALARIDA “MUHABBAT” KONSEPTINING QAYTA YARATILISHI**

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**Annotatsiya.** Ushbu maqolada Shekspir ijodining ajralmas qismi bo‘lgan sonetlarning o‘zbek tiliga tarjimalarida “muhabbat” konseptining qayta yaratilishi borasida so‘z yuritiladi. Bundan tashqari “konsept” atamasi, uning kelib chiqishi hamda, tarjimashunoslikdagi o‘rni haqida ham so‘z boradi. “Muhabbat” konseptining o‘rganilganilishi va tarjimonning sonetlarda qo‘llanilgan muhabbat konseptini qay darajada o‘zbek tiliga yetkazib bera olgani tahlilga tortiladi.

**Abstract.** This article discusses the re-creation of the concept of “love” in the Uzbek translations of sonnets, which are an integral part of Shakespeare's work. The term “concept” is also discussed, as well as its origins and place in translation studies. The study of the concept of “love” and the extent to which the translator was able to convey the concept of love used in the sonnets in the Uzbek language will be analyzed.

**Аннотация.** В данной статье рассматривается воссоздание концепта “любовь” в узбекских переводах сонетов, являющихся неотъемлемой частью творчества Шекспира. Обсуждается также термин “концепт”, его происхождение и место в переводоведении. Будет проанализировано изучение понятия «любовь» и то, насколько переводчику удалось передать понятие любви, используемое в сонетах, на узбекском языке.

**Kalit so‘zlar:** Shekspir, konsept, muhabbat konsepti, sonet.

**Keywords:** Shakespeare, concept, concept of love, sonnet.

**Ключевые слова:** Шекспир, концепт, концепция любви, сонет.

Uilyam Shekspir dunyoga mashxur ingliz shoiri, aktyori va dramaturgi bo‘lib 1564-yilning 23-aprelida Angliyaning Stretford shahrida dunyoga keladi. U dramaturg sifatidagi asarlari bilan olamshumul darajada mashur bo‘lsada, uning ijodida sonet janri alohida ahamiyatga egadir. Uning asarlari Cho‘lpon, Maqsud Shayxzoda, G‘afur G‘ulom, Jamol Kamol va Xurshid Davron kabi adib va tarjimonlarimiz tomonidan mahorat bilan tarjima qilingan. U o‘z ijod davri mobaynida 154 ta sonetning muallifiga aylangan va ularning ko‘pchiligi o‘zbek tiliga tarjima qilingan. Ushbu maqolada Shekspir sonetlarining bir nechta Yusuf Shomansur tomonidan tarjima qilingan namunalari “muhabbat” konseptining qayta yaratilishi yuzasidan tahlilga tortiladi.

Avvalo “konsept” tushunchasiga to‘xtaladigan bo‘lsak turli olimlar tomonidan turlicha ta’riflansada, uning asosiy ta’rifi yuzasidan yakdil bir to‘xtamga kelinmagan. Ehtimol bunga sabab konsept tushunchasi ko‘plab fanlar, hususan lingvistika, falsafa, adabiyotshunoslik kabilarning umumiy obyekti bo‘lganligidadir.

Konsept atamasini ilk bor rus olimi Askoldov 1928-yilda chop etilgan maqolasida qo‘llagan. Konsept atamasiga u “bu bir tur yoki boshqa turdagi tushunchalar haqida fikrlash jarayonini o‘zida aks ettiradigan birlikdir”<sup>5</sup> deb ta’rif bergan. XX asrning 90-yillaridan boshlab “konsept” termini lingvistikada qo‘llanila boshladi va bevosita adabiyotshunoslikning ham obyektiga aylandi, chunki har qanday badiiy asarning asosini lisoniy birliklar tashkil etadi. Umuman olganda konsept ma’lum bir tushuncha ortida yotgan mazmuni turlicha talqin qilishidir. Masalan bir guruh insonlar o‘rtasida so‘rovnoma o‘tkazilib, “muhabbat” so‘ziga ta’rif berish so‘ralsa har bir ishtirokchidan turlicha, bir biriga o‘xshamagan izoh eshitish mumkin. Bunga sabab har bir inson o‘z tafakkur doirasi, dunyoqarashi, aqliy salohiyatidan kelib chiqqan holda o‘z tuyg‘ularini ifodalaydi va ularga ta’rif beradi. Shoir yoki yozuvchi esa ma’lum bir matnni aynan bir konseptni o‘z nuqtai nazaridan kelib chiqqan holda ifodalash uchun yaratishi yoki aynan bir matndda bir nechta konseptlarni qo‘llashi mumkindir.

“Konsept” tushunchasiga tarjimashunoslik nuqtayi nazridan baho berilsa, tushunchaning adabiyotshunoslikdagi ta’riflariga mos keladi. Chunki badiiy tarjimaning asosini badiiy asar ya’ni nasriy yoxud nazmiy matn tashkil qiladi. Ya’ni tarjimada ma’lum bir konseptning qayta tiklanishi, aynan asliyat matnini qay darajada tarjima qila olishga bog‘liqdir.

Konsept atamasi haqida so‘z borganda “superkonsept” tushunchasiga ham izoh berish lozim. Superkonsept bu aynan bir xil yoxud bir biriga yaqin ma’no anglatuvchi tushunchalarning ma’lum bir dominant konsept tarkibida o‘rganilishidir. Masalan biz “muhabbat” konseptini superkonsept deb olsak, “sevgi”, “ishq” va “mehr” kabi tushunchalar ham uning tarkibida o‘rganilishi mumkin.

“Muhabbat konsepti” mavhum tushuncha bo‘lgani bois ham unga ma’lum bir ta’rif berish mushkul. “muhabbat” so‘ziga o‘zbek tilining izohli lug‘atida “Muhabbat- kimsaning kimsaga qalbdan berilish hissi ; sevgi, ishq.” deya ta’rif beriladi. Ammo bu ta’rif aynan shu so‘z ifodalayotgan tushunchanigina ta’riflaydi. Zotan, konsept tushunchaga qaraganda ancha kengroq atama bo‘lib,

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<sup>5</sup> Аскольдов С.А. Концепт и слово // Русская словесность. От теории словесности к структуре текста. Антология. М : Academia . 1997. - С.267-280

ma'lum so'z bilan berilayotgan konsept ma'lum bir matn orqali ifodalanishi mumkin. Ya'ni adabiyotshunoslikda va tarjimashunoslikda bir butun she'r yoki nasriy asar aynan bitta "muhabbat", "iymon", "do'stlik" kabi konseptni ifodalashi mumkin. Shuning uchun ham har bitta muallifning asari "muhabbat" yoki shu kabi boshqa tushunchaga ta'rif bo'lib xizmat qilishi mumkin. Xususan Shekspir sonetlarida ham muhabbat konsepti ustunlik qiladi va bu sonetlarning ko'pchiligi ikki inson o'rtasidagi "muhabbat" konseptiga ta'rif bo'la oladi.

Shekspirning sonetlaridagi "muhabbat" yagona ta'rifga ega emas, aksincha, barcha to'siqlarni yengib o'tadigan buyuk kuchni tashkil etadigan nomoddiy xususiyatlarga ega. Sonetlarning uchtasini - 116, 130 va 147-ni olsak, sevgi mos ravishda vaqt, jismoniy dunyo va aql ustidan g'alaba qozonadigan ulkan kuch sifatida tasvirlangan.

116-sonnetda muhabbatga yosh, o'lim va vaqtni yengadigan o'lmas kuch sifatida o'ziga xos nisbat berilgan. Muhabbat vaqtga, shuningdek, vaqtning go'zallik va yoshlikka ta'siri, ajinlar va qarilik kabi o'zgarishlarga qarshi turadigan yengilmas quvvat sifatida tasvirlangan. Ishq vaqtga tobe emas, vaqt o'tishi bilan yo'qoluvchi g'uncha lab-u, qirmizi yanoqlar haqiqiy ishqning kuchini so'ndirolmasligi kabi tushunchalar bu sonetga "muhabbat" konsepti asnosida singdirilgan. Bunga misol sifatida 116-sonetdagi quidagi misralarni keltirish mumkin.

*Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.*

**Tarjimasi:**

Olov dudoqlarning, o't yonoqlarning  
Cho'g'in so'ndirguvchi vaqtning qo'lida  
Qo'g'irchoq emas ishq. Qaldiroqlarning  
Dahshatidan qo'rqmas u o'z yo'lida.

To'g'ri keltirilgan tarjima so'zma so'z emas, zotan, she'riy tarjimada bunday qilishning iloji ham yo'q. Ammo tarjimon mahorati shundaki, asliyatdagi asl muhabbatga vaqt o'tishi va shu bilan birga yuzaga keladigan jismoniy o'zgarishlarning hech qanday



ta'siri yo'q ekanligi haqidagi shoir yuklagan ma'noni o'zbek tilida go'zal tarzda yetkazib bera olganidadir.

130-sonetda sevgi kuchi jismoniy go'zallik orqali namoyon bo'ladi. Bu sonetda Shekspir o'zining sevgi ta'rifini kengaytirib, ijtimoiy tazyiqlarni yenguvchi kuch sifatidagi sevgi obrazini ham qamrab oladi. Ya'ni inson boshqa bir insonga muhabbat qo'yishi uchun sevgilisi jamiyat tomonidan belgilangan go'zallik me'yorlariga javob berishi shart emasligi haqida so'z boradi.

*My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;*

*Coral is far more red, than her lips red:*

*If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;*

*If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.*

### **Tarjimasi:**

Na ko'zi yulduzga qilguday qiyos,

Na dudog'i la'lga o'xshab ketadi.

Yelkalari oppoq marmarday emas,

Sochlari arqonday chuvab yotadi.

Bu tarjimada ham so'zlar tarjimasidan ko'ra, ma'no tarjimasiga urg'u berilgan, ammo bu she'riy ritmga aslo putur yetkazmagan. Tarjimon sonetdagi o'xshatishlarni o'zbek mintalitetiga mos o'xshatishlar orqali ifodalashga harakat qilgan. Masalan, asliyatda shoir yorning ko'zlarini quyoshga o'xshamasligi haqida gapiradi, tarjimon esa quyoshni yulduzga almashtiradi chunki o'zbek tilida ko'zlar porlashi ko'proq yulduzlarga qiyoslanadi. Bunday o'zgarishlar sonetning tabiiy jaranglashiga va kitobhon qalbidan joy olishiga sabab bo'ladi. Bundan tashqari "muhabbat" konsepti doirasida shoir o'z sevgisini o'zgacha uslubda, ya'ni yorning jismoniy go'zalliklarini tarannum qilib emas, balki yorini sevish uchun yorida jamiyat qoliplariga mos go'zallikning mavjud bo'lmasligi unga hech qanday to'siq bo'la olmasligi haqida so'z yuritadi. Tarjimon ham ayni ma'noni o'zbek tilida mohirona yoritgan.

"Sonnet 147" ning birinchi satrlarida qahramon o'z sevgisini kasallik bilan taqqoslaydi. Bu uni bezovta qiladigan, lekin undan xalos bo'lishni istamaydigan narsa. U kasallikdan xalos bo'lish uchun hech narsa qilmaydi.

*My love is as a fever longing still,  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.*

Tarjimasi:

Dardi bedavodir ishqim. Hech qonmas,  
Chanqoq iztirobga qalbim giriftor.  
Bir vaqt uni nedir zaharlamish, bas,  
Ishq o'sha zaqqumni qo'msaydi takror.

Tarjimada shaklan, ya'ni tanlangan so'zlarda biroz og'ish borligini hisobga olmaganda yuqoridagi tarjima ham ajoyib chiqqan. Eng muhimi tarjimon shoirning niyatini, ya'ni sevgisi unga naqadar azob keltirmasin, undan voz kechish ham qo'lidan kelmasligi haqidagi ma'noni sevgini kasallika o'xshatish orqali ifodalaganini tarjimada yetkazib bera olgan.

Xulosa qilib aytganda "muhabbat" konsepti Shekspir ijodining ajralmas qismi, asosidir. Tarjimada esa bu asosni o'quvchiga tushunarli va asliyatdagidek ta'sirchan qilib yetkazib bera olish tarjimonning mahoratini belgilaydi. Bu borada tarjimon Yusuf Shomansur katta muvofaqiyatga erishgan deb bemalol ayta olamiz. Bundan tashqari she'riy tarjimada "muhabbat" konseptini o'rganish o'zbek tarjimashunosligidagi yangiliklardan biri bo'lib, Shekspir sonetlarining tarjimalari bu mavzuga kirishda muhim ahamiyatga egadir.

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# **ABDULLA QODIRIYNING “O‘TKAN KUNLAR” ROMANIDAGI INSON TASVIRINING TARJIMADAGI INIKOSI**

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Adabiy portret – adabiy asarda personajlar qiyofasining tasviriy va tavsifi.

1. Portret adabiy qahramonning tashqi qiyofasi, ko‘rinishi, kiyim-kechagi, xatti-harakati, o‘zini tutishi va hokozolarning badiiy asardagi tasviri bo‘lib, “ijodkor portret yaratishda yuz, ko‘z, qosh, lab, burun kabi a‘zolari tasvirlash bilan chekanmay, gavda, qo‘l, bosh harakatlari, gapirish ohangi va surati, kulishi, yig‘lashi kabi inson ruhiyati bilan bog‘liq faoliyatlarga ham katta e‘tibor qaratadi.

2. Portret adabiy qahramonning tashqi ko‘rinishini tasvirlash asosida uning xarakter qirralarini ochishga xizmat qiladi. Mahorat bilan chizilgan portretlar esa inson obrazini yorqinlashtirish, ruhiy tadqiq etish vositasiga aylangan.

Badiiy obraz portretining ikki qirradi mavjud: obrazning tashqi qiyofasi va uning individual-psixologik qiyofasi. Bu xil tasnif, albatta, shartli bo‘lib, har ikki holatda yozuvchi qahramonning ruhiyati, xarakteriga kirib borishga harakat qiladi. Portret ijodkorning inson dunyosini qanchalik chuqur bilishini namoyon etish bilan birga o‘quvchining ham inson tabiati to‘g‘risidagi fikrlarini kengaytiradi, qahramonlarning dardini tushunishi va his qilishiga yordam beradi. Bundan ko‘rinib turibdiki, ijodkorning badiiy mahoratini uning adabiy qahramon portretini tasvirlashiga qarab ham belgilasa bo‘ladi. Ushbu portret turk tiliga quyidagicha tarjima qilingan:

O‘zbek adabiyotining durdonalaridan sanalgan “O‘kan kunlar”ni ko‘zdan kechirar ekanmiz, Abdulla Qodiriy ulkan san'atkorlarga xos bo‘lgan iqtidor egasi sifatida o‘zining ilk tarixiy

romanida XIX asr ikkinchi yarmida xonlik tuzumida ro'y bergan voqealarni qalamga olar ekan, o'sha zamonning turli xil qiyofa, shakl-shamoyili, kasbu koriga ega bo'lgan o'nlab personajlarning portret na tasvirini beradi. Biroq yozuvchi hamma obrazlarning to'la holda qiyofasini batafsil chizmasdan, balki asar g'oyasini ochishga hizmat qiladigan bosh obrazlarnigina to'laligicha o'quvchiga taqdim qiladi.

Asarning bosh qahramoni Otabek. Shunday ekan badiiy vositalarni ishga solishda, xususan til jozibasi bilan uni jonlantirishda, adib hammadan ko'ra uning shaxsiyati - portret belgilarini birinchi planga chiqarib tasvirlasa kerak degan taxmin paydo bo'ladi. Biroq, ajablanarli joyi shundaki, Otabek portretini chizishda adib biz o'ylagandek "saxovatli" emas. Qizig'i shundaki, bu "besaxovatlik" ham Abdulla Qodiriyga ish beradi. Gap shundaki, Abdulla Qodiriy Otabek siymosini yaratmoqchi bo'lar ekan, o'zi izlab topishi kerak bo'lgan so'zlar yukini qahramon tushgan muhit tasviriga yuklaydi: Tasvirga nazar tashlang: "...Qishki kunlarning biri, quyosh botgan, tevarakda shom azoni eshitaladir...

Darbozasi sharqi-janubga qaratib qurilgan bu dongdor saroyni Toshkent, Samarkand va Buxoro savdogarlari egallaganlar, saroydagi bir-ikki hujrani istisno qilish bilan boshqalari musofirlar ila to'la. Saroy ahli kunduzgi ish kuchlaridan bo'shab hujralariga qayttganlar, ko'p hujralar kechlik osh pishirish ila mashg'ul, shuning uchun kunduzgiga qaraganda saroy jonliq: kishilarning shaqqillashib so'zlashishlari, xaxolab kulishlari saroyni ko'kka ko'targudek".

Keltirilgan manzarada yozuvchi nom chiqargan saroyni turlik yerlardan, xususan, Toshkent, Samarkand, Buxoro savdogarlari egallaganliklari, ammo bir nechta hujrani istisno qilish bilan boshqalarida musofirlar bilan to'lganligini qayd qiladi. Tabiiyki, istisno qilingan hujrada kimlar istiqomat qilishi kitobxonni qiziqtiradi. Yozuvchi istisno qilingan hujralarning birini egasi "boshqacha yaratilishda" deb ham izoh beradi. Bu zotning saroydagi boshqa hujralarda istiqomat qilayotgan serchaqchaq, yengil tabiatlik kishilardan farqini avvalambor hujrani va uning ichkarisidagi jihozlar tasviri bilan solishtiradi. Uning hujrasi saroyning to'rida. Boshqalarnikida oddiy bir kiyiz to'shalgan bo'lsa, bunikida qip-qizil

gilam bor. Ularda bo‘z ko‘rpalar bo‘lsa, bunda ipak va adras ko‘rpalar. Qolaversa bir tutamlik qish kunining qorong‘i kechasida ularning xonalarida qora chirog‘ sasisa, bunda sha‘m yonadir. Dongdor saroyning to‘ridagi hujraga kirganimizdek hamma-hamma ham ega chiqavermagan. Uni o‘ziga to‘q savdogarlargina egallashi mumkin. Qolaversa xonadagi shamning yorug‘ida turli tusga kirib tovlanayotgan ipak va adras ko‘rpalar - qizil gilam ustida o‘tirguvchi kishi ham e‘zoz va e‘tiborga loyiq bo‘lishi kerak. Yozuvchi keltirgan tafsilotlarni o‘qir ekan, kitobxonda ham ma‘lum bir qiziqish paydo bo‘lishi shubhasiz. Nafis so‘zlar yordamida chizilgan bu manzara yaratilishining o‘zi hujra egasi to‘g‘risida ma‘lum bir tasavvur tug‘diradi. Shundan keyin, ma‘lum bir tayyorgarlikdan so‘ng, yozuvchi bu hujra egasi haqida ma‘lumot beradi. Ma‘lumot portretidan boshlanadi. Birok bu portret tasviridagi so‘zlar jimjimador bezaklardan xoli, hatto oddiy va odmi.

Qarang:

“Og‘ir tabiatlik”. Bu shaxsning birinchi belgilari. Hamma hamma ham tabiatan og‘ir xarakterga ega bo‘lavermaydi. Yuqorida adib saroydagi ko‘plab kishilarni tabiatan serchahchah, ya‘ni bir gapirib, o‘n kuladigan kishilar sifatida ta‘riflagan edi. Og‘ir tabiatlik kishilar odatda o‘z qadr-qimmatini biladigan, odamlar bilan bo‘ladigan o‘zaro muomalada kam gapirib ko‘proq tinglash xususiyatiga ega bo‘lishadi. Uning gavdasi ham salobatli “ulug‘ gavdalik”. Bu ta‘riflardan keyin adib uning yuz-ko‘z a‘zolarining tasviriga o‘tadi: Tasvirga nazar tashlang:

“...ko‘rkam va oq yuzlik, kelishgan qora ko‘zlik, mutanosib qora qoshlik va endigina murti sabz urgan bir yigit”.

Bu tasvirlarda biz birorta nuqsonni yoki jismoniy kamchilikni ko‘rmaymiz. Aksincha uning har bir a‘zosi biri ikkinchisini to‘ldirib boradi. Bu bilan ham jismonan, ham aqlan yetuk, barkamol bir yigit ko‘z o‘ngimizda gavdalanadi. Shuningdek, yozuvchi uni murti sabza urgan der ekan yoshligiga ham ishora qiladi. Barkamol bu yigitni ismini yozuvchi birdaniga aytib qo‘ya qolmaydi. Balkim uni qandaydir xayol surayotganini aytadi. Demak, xayol daryosida suzayaptimi, uni qandaydir yashirin, ichki dardi bo‘lishi kerak.

Agar uning xayol surishiga sabab bo‘lgan yuqorida berilgan xarakteristikadagi og‘ir tabiatli, qolaversa ichki dardi bo‘lmaganda

edi, u ham atrofdagi kishilarga qo'shib serchaqchaqlik qilgan bo'lar edi. O'z dardi bilan ovora bu yigit Toshkentlik mashhur a'yonlardan bo'lgan Yusufbek xojining o'g'li Otabek edi.

O'tgan kunlar romani tarjimonlar I. Tuxtasinov, O. Mo'minov, A. Hamidov, Kerol Ermakova hamda Mark Riz tomonidan ingliz tiliga tarjima qilingan. "O'tkan kunlar" romaning asl matnidagi Otabekning portretini qanday tasvirlanganini o'rganib chiqqanimiz bizga ingliz tilidagi tarjima matnida qanday taqdim etilganini taqqoslab o'rganish imkonini yaratdi.

Quyida Otabek portreti orqali o'zbek badiiy matnida qo'llangan metaforaning ingliz badiiy matniga tarjima qilinishda milliy-madaniy qiymatning saqlab qolinish yo'llarini ko'rib chiqamiz.

Asliyat matni: "Og'ir tabiatlik, ulug' g'avdalik, ko'rkam va oq yuzlik, kelishgan, qora ko'zlik, mutanosib qora qoshliq va endigina murti sabz urgan bir yigit".

Tuxtasinov, O. Mo'minov, A. Hamidov tarjimasi: While there were light-minded, tiresome, not serious people in those rooms, here was a smart man looking totally different: quiet, strong and tall in his stature, handsome with a white-skinned face, black eyes, going well with his black eyebrows, his first moustache just appearing on his face - a young, very handsome fellow was sitting there.

Kerol Ermakova tarjimasi: Calm and reserved, of stately build, with a handsome, alabaster face, ebony eyes under equally ebony brows, and a light fuzz of moustache just showing through - such was our young man.

Mark Riz tarjimasi: He was a young man of thoughtful mien whose downy mustache had just recently emerged. An imposing build lent him gravitas, and he had a light-skinned, handsome face with dark brows and pensive eyes that seemed perpetually lost in thought.

Ushbu matnda "Og'ir tabiatlik", "murti sabz urgan" birikmalari orqali metaforik ma'no ifodalangan. Muallif bu birikmalar orqali asarning bosh qahramoni Otabekning xarakteri va tashqi qiyofasini tasvirlashda foydalangan. "Og'ir tabiatlik" metaforik birikmasi orqali qahramonning xarakterini bosiq, mulohazali kabi xususiyatlarini yoritib bergan. "Murti sabz urgan" birikmasi orqali

Otabekning o'spirin, yoshining 20-22 yoshlarda ekanligini tasvirlagan.

Asarda qo'llangan metaforik ma'no ko'chishlarni ingliz tiliga ikki tarjimalarini solishtirish jarayonida quyidagicha xulosaga keldik. Fikrimizcha, "og'ir tabiatlik" birikmasi I. Tuxtasinov, O. Mo'minov, A.Hamidov tarjimasida asliyatdagi ma'no aks etgan. Chunki, ingliz tilida "quiet" leksik birligining 4-ma'nosi aynan "og'ir tabiatlik" ifodasiga mos keladi. Quiet– 4. (of a person) Not talking much or not talking loudly; reserved .

"Og'ir tabiatlik" birikmasi Kerol Ermakova tarjimasida ham asliyatdagi ma'no aks etgan. Chunki, "Calm" leksik birligining OALDda berilgan uchta ma'nosida ham 1) insonning holatiga nisbatan, 2) dengiz, 3) ob-havoga nisbatan sokin ma'nolari berilgan.

Mark Riz "og'ir tabiatlik" brikmansini "thoughtful mien" trazida tarjima qolgan va asl ma'noni aks ettira olgan deya olamiz. Chunki thoughtful person ham xuddi og'ir tabiatlik inson kabi o'nta gapga bir javob beradigan chuqur o'ylab keyin ish qiladigan kishilar bo'lishadi.

"Murti sabz urgan" birikmasi uchala tarjimada ham tasviriy ekvivalent tarjima usuli bilan tarjima qilingan. Biroq, I.Tuxtasinov, O.Mo'minov, A.Hamidovlarning tarjimasida berilgan "his first moustache just appearing on his face - a young, very handsome fellow" ifodasida "fellow" leksik birikmasining qo'shilishi asar qahramoni-o'spirin yosh yigitning tasviri tarjimada ham to'liq aks etilishiga sabab bo'lmoqda.

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# TABIAT TASVIRIDA QO‘LLANILGAN LEKSIK-STILISTIK VOSITALARNING ASLIYAT VA TARJIMADA BERILISHI

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**Annotatsiya.** Ushbu maqolada tabiat tasviri, unda qo‘llanilgan stilistik vositalar hamda ularning o‘zbek tilidan ingliz tiliga tarjima qilish muammolari haqida fikr yuritilgan. Ishning obekti sifatida Abdulla Qodiriyning “O‘tgan kunlar” asari va uning Mark Riz hamda Kerol Yermakova tomonidan ingliz tiliga qilingan tarjimalari tanlandi.

**Absract.** This article discusses the image of nature, the stylistic features used in it, and the problems of their translation from Uzbek to English. Abdullah Qadiriyy’s work “Past Days” and its translations into English by Mark Reese and Carol Ermakova were chosen as the object of the work.

**Kalit so‘zlar:** “O‘tgan kunlar”, stilistik vositalar, tabiat tasviri, tarjima muammolari.

**Key words:** “Past Days”, the image of nature, the stylistic features, the problems of translation.

XX asr o‘zbek adabiyotining yorqin yulduzi, o‘zbek romanchiligi maktabining asoschisi Abdulla Qodiriyning adabiy merosi nafaqat qardosh xalqlar, balki Yevropa kitobxonlarining ham e’tiborini o‘ziga tortib kelmoqda. Adibning “O‘tkan kunlar” va “Mehrobdan chayon” romanlari o‘zbek nasrining gultojisi hisoblanadi.

Xususan, “O‘tkan kunlar” romanining shuhrat topishida qardosh xalqlar tarjimonlarining mashaqqatli mehnati ham yotadi. “O‘tkan kunlar” romani 1931-yil Xolid Said va Abdulla Qamchinbek



tomonidan ozarbayjonchaga o‘girilgan.<sup>6</sup> 1958-yil Lidiya Bat va Vera Smirnova tomonidan „Minuvshiye dni“ nomi bilan rus tiliga tarjima qilingan.<sup>7</sup>

2019-yil Islom Karimov fondi buyurtmasiga asosan „Days Gone By“ nomi bilan ingliz tiliga tarjima qilingan va Fransiyaning „Nouveau Monde Editions“ nashriyotida chop etilgan, tarjimon – Kerol Yermakova, muharrir – Juli Uikeden.<sup>8</sup> Bu tarjimaga rassom Bobur Ismoilov illustratsiyalar chizgan.<sup>9</sup>

Shuningdek, 2019-yil amerikalik tadqiqotchi va tarjimon Mark Edvard Riz tomonidan „Bygone Days“ nomi bilan ingliz tiliga tarjima qilingan.<sup>10</sup>

Mark Edvard Riz ushbu kitob tarjimasiga 15 yil vaqt sarflagan va asar amerikaliklarga tushunarli bo‘lishi uchun 400 dan ortiq izoh va sharhlar yozgan. Ushbu nashr nusxasi AQSHning Kongress kutubxonasidan o‘rin olgan.

Yozuvchi Tohir Malikning fikricha, bir asarni dunyo tanimog‘i faqat darajaga bog‘liq emas, balki bu o‘rinda qoyilmaqom tarjima ham muhimdir. Albatta, har bir satrida milliylik va tarixiylik ufurib turgan asarni tarjima qilish mutarjim oldiga murakkab vazifalarni qo‘yadi. Birinchidan, tarjimon tarixiy asarga asos qilib olingan o‘tmish davr bilan yaxshi tanish bo‘lishi kerak, ikkinchidan, asardagi milliy ruhni chuqur mushohada qila olishi darkor, o‘zbekona lutf va urf-odatlarini puxta bilishi lozim, uchinchidan, badiiy asarlarda berilgan tabiat manzaralari tasviri ijodkor badiiy mahoratini namoyon etadigan omillardan biri hisoblanadi. Chunki tabiat manzaralari tasvirida ijodkorning o‘zi qalamga olayotgan makonga munosabati, u joyni qanchalik bilishi, qahramonlar dunyosi va ular yashayotgan muhitni ne chog‘lik chuqur his qilishi

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<sup>6</sup> Sirojiddin Ahmad. Istibdod zamonining qiyofasi (“Qodiriyshunoslik”ka bir nazar). Abdulla Qodiriy asarlari to‘plami, “Obidketmon” (4-kitob). Info Capital Group, Toshkent, 2017-yil, 278-bet

<sup>7</sup> Habibulla Qodiriy. Otamdan xotira (Otam haqida). Abdulla Qodiriy asarlari to‘plami, „Adibni xotirlab“ qismi (5-kitob). Info Capital Group, Toshkent, 2017. 179-bet

<sup>8</sup> Фонд имени Ислама Каримова. Фондом Каримова издан английский перевод на романа известного узбекского писателя Абдуллы Кадыри “Минувшие дни” С. <http://fondkarimov.uzL>.

<sup>9</sup> Uzbekistan National News Agency. “Uzbekistan Embassy presents Abdullah Qodiriy's “Bygone Days”. <http://uza.uz/>.

<sup>10</sup> Национальное информационное агентство Узбекистана. В США издан роман Абдуллы Кадыри “Минувшие дни» на английском языке” С. <https://uza.uz/ru> .

bilinadi. Shu bois tabiat manzaralari tasviri badiiy asarning tarkibiy qismi hisoblanadi.

Badiiy asarda muallif o‘z muddaosini ro‘yobga chiqarish uchun tasviriy va ifodaviy vositalardan foydalanadi. Asardagi tabiat manzaralari kitobxonning biror narsa haqida tasavvur hosil qilishi, muayyan tuyg‘uni his etishi, ko‘rish, eshitish mumkin bo‘lgan narsa va obrazlarni inson ongida hosil qiluvchi unsurlar tasviriy vositalar hisoblansa, asarda so‘z va iboralarning turli ma‘no tovlanishlari, majoziy xususiyatlari, voqea-hodisalarni turli yo‘llar bilan ifodalash usullari-ifodaviy vositalar sanaladi.

Badiiy tarjimada tasvir vositalarining qayta yaratilishi va bunda so‘z tanlash muammosi tarjimondan zo‘r mahorat talab etadi. “Tarjimon – asarni boshqa tilda, ya’ni ona tilida qayta yaratish uchun muallif fikrini ancha pishitadi, o‘ziga singdirib oladi, keyin matn xarakteriga qarab muqobil so‘z tanlaydi, bu so‘zlar ma‘nosi, jarangdorligi, shakli, uslubiy muqobilligi, asl nusxadagi fikrni iloji boricha to‘laroq ifodalash tashvishida yonadi” – deb yozadi G‘aybulla Salomov.

Yozuvchi mahoratining qirralari asar yaratishda qo‘llanilgan badiiy tasvir va ifoda vositalari bilan aniqlanadi. Ana shunday vositalardan biri badiiy asarda muhim ahamiyat kasb etuvchi tabiat tasviridir. Tabiatning betakrorligi insonda, uning ruhiyatida aks etadi. Inson dunyoga kelgach tabiat bilan hamnafas bo‘lib, uning injiqliklari-yu, atrofga taratayotgan go‘zalliklaridan bahra olib yashaydi. Tabiatga shaydolik, undan ilhomlanish faqat insonga xos. Inson tabiat inom etgan go‘zalliklardan o‘ziga xos taassurotlar hosil qiladi. Faqatgina san‘at sohiblari: yozuvchi va shoir badiiy so‘z vositalaridan, rassom xilma-xil bo‘yoqlardan foydalangan holda ana shu taassurotlarni asarlarda aks ettira oladi. Qaysi bir asarni o‘qimaylik, unda, albatta, tabiat tasviriga duch kelamiz. Haqiqiy ijodkor insonni ona tabiat bilan birga, doimiy uyg‘unlikda tasvirlaydi.

Tarjimon asarni tarjima qilishga kirishishdan oldin ana shu jihatlarni aniqlab olmas ekan, asar “qalbiga yo‘l topa olmaydi”, ya’ni muallif muddaosini asar tarjimasini o‘quvchi kitobxonga yetkazib bera olmaydi. Buning oqibatida tarjimada muallif uslubiga putur yetishi mumkin.

Abdulla Qodiriy tabiat tasviriga qo‘l urar ekan, unda jonlantirish, o‘xshatishlar, sifatlashlarni ko‘p qo‘llaydi. Masalan, romanning "Jonso‘z bir xabar va qo‘rqinch bir kech" nomli bobidan bir parcha:

Asliyati matni: - Oyniing o‘n beshlari bo‘lsa-da, havoniing bulutlig‘i bilan oy ko‘rinmas, chin ma‘nosi bilan **qorong‘u kuzning qorong‘u bir tuni** edi.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasi: Although the moon was already full, its pale orb was hidden behind thick clouds. Night fell, a true ebony, autumn night. (Oy allaqachon to‘lgan bo‘lsa-da, uning rangpar shari qalin bulutlar ortida yashiringan edi. Tun tushdi, chin ma‘nodagi tim qora kuz kechasi (MT).

Mark Riz tarjimasi: Although it was already midmonth, the overcast night sky hid the unspoken truth of the moon. Night fell, a true dark autumn night. (Oyniing yarmi bo‘lgan bo‘lsa-da, bulutli tungi osmon oyniing aytilmagan haqiqatini yashirgan. Tun tushgan, haqiqiy qorong‘u kuz kechasi (MT).

Ushbu matnda "qorong‘u kuzning qorong‘u bir tuni" birikmasida sifatlash stilistik usuli qo‘llangan. Yozuvchi tunni ham qahramon kayfiyatiga moslashtiradi. "Qorong‘u kuzning qorong‘u tuni" taviriy vositasi orqali, tasvirga ham qo‘rqinchli va mungli bir kayfiyat bag‘ishlaydi.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida ushbu brikma "Night fell, a true ebony, autumn night" - Tun tushdi, chin ma‘nodagi tim qora kuz kechasi" deya tarjima qilingan. Tarjimada qorong‘u so‘zini ifodalash uchun *ebony* (a very dark brown or black colour - to‘q jigarrang yoki qora) so‘zidan foydalanilgan. Ammo qorong‘u so‘zi faqat tunni izohlash uchun ishlatilingan, Aynan yozuvchi ifodalamoqchi bo‘lgan *qorong‘u kuz* tasviriy ifodasi tushib qolgan.

Mark Riz esa bu jumlaning "Night fell, a true dark autumn night" - Tun tushdi, haqiqiy qorong‘u kuz kechasi" tarzida o‘giran. Bu tarjimada ham *qorong‘u* so‘zi faqatgina tunni aniqlab kelyapti.

Asliyati matni: *Kuchlik bir yel turg‘an, qandaydir bir ishga hozirlang‘an kabi to‘rt tomong‘a yugurib yurar* edi.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasi: The wind picked up, blowing from all sides now, as though wanting to whip everything away

somewhere. – ..Shamol ko‘tarilib, har tomondan esadi, go‘yo hamma narsani qamchilamoqchi bo‘lgandek.

Mark Riz tarjimasida: The wind grew stronger; it was now blowing from all directions as if trying to carry everything it could pick up to a certain place. –. Shamol kuchaydi; u har tomondan, go‘yo ko‘tara oladigan hamma narsani ma‘lum bir joyga ko‘tarmoqchi bo‘lgandek esmoqda.

Ushbu jumlada *jonlantirish* stilistik usuli “***bir ishga hozirlang’an kabi***”, “***yugurib yurar edi***” brikmalarida qo‘llanilgan. “*Yugurib yurmoq*”, “*bir ishga hozirlang’an kabi*”, brikmasi aslida insonning harakatini ifodalash uchun ishlatiladi. Ushbu jumlalarda esa shamolga nisbatan qo‘llanilib, tirik narsaning xususiyatlari jonsiz narsaga o‘tyapti va jonlantirish stilistik usuli hosil bo‘lyapti.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida “***yugurib yurar edi***” brikmasi “it was now blowing” – esayotgan edi” tarzida tarjima qilingan. Ushbu tarjimada hech qanday ko‘chma ma‘no ifodalanmagan. Tarjimon keyingi “***bir ishga hozirlang’an kabi***” brikmasini “as though wanting to whip everything away somewhere - go‘yo hamma narsani qamchilamoqchi bo‘lgandek” deya tarjima qilgan. Bu yerda “as though wanting to whip everything away somewhere” brikmasida tarjimon so‘zma-so‘z tarjima qilmagan bo‘lsada, ko‘chma ma‘no saqlanib qolingan.

Mark Riz esa “it was now blowing – shamol esayotgan edi” tarzida tarjima qilgan va bu tarjimada ham xuddi Kerol Yermakovanikidek ko‘chma ma‘no saqlanib qolinmagan. Keyingi brikmani Mark Riz “as if trying to carry everything it could pick up to a certain place” - go‘yo ko‘tara oladigan hamma narsani ma‘lum bir joyga ko‘tarmoqchi bo‘lgandek” deya tarjima qilgan. Bu yerda ko‘chma ma‘no ya‘ni jonlantirish saqlanib qolingan.

Endi, tarjimonlarimiz ushbu tabiat tasvirini haqiqatdan mohirona, chin yuraklaridan his qilib tarjima qilishganmi qiyosiy tahlilimiz davomida kuzatamiz.

Asliyat matni: *Yel kuchaygandan kuchayib borar va shu nisbatda mozor ichi ham yana bir qat qo‘rqunch holg’a kirar edi, yel ketma-ket bo‘kurar, bunga chiday olmag’an shox-shabbalar qars-qurs sinar, kekxa yog’ochlar g’iyq-g’iyq etib yolborish tovsh chiqarar edilar.*

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasi: The wind gained strength, howling and wailing. Unable to withstand this onslaught, the old trees in the graveyard screeched so pitifully as their branches snapped off with a crack that the eerie Cimmerian darkness which shrouded everything from sight took on an even more terrifying aspect. – Shamol kuchayib, uvillab ko‘z yosh to‘kdi. Qabristondagi qari daraxtlar bu hujumga dosh berolmay, shoxlari yorilib ketgani uchun shunchalik achinarli qichqirdiki, hamma narsani ko‘zdan qoplab olgan vahimali zulmat yanada dahshatliroq tus oldi.

Mark Riz tarjimasi: The wind gained even more strength, it roared and wailed, breaking tree branches that could no longer resist its might with a loud crack. – Shamol yanada kuchaydi, u baland ovoz bilan o‘z kuchiga qarshi tura olmaydigan daraxt shoxlarini sindirib, qichqirib ko‘z yosh to‘kdi.

Mazkur matnda **“yel ketma-ket bo‘kurar”** brikmasi orqali metaforik ma’no ifodalangan. Bo‘kirayotgan shamol - bu bo‘kirayotgan hayvonning shovqinini keltirib chiqaradigan shamol, chunki u juda baland bo‘ladi. Bu bir oz bo‘kirgan sherga o‘xshab ketadigan tovushni keltirib chiqarishi mumkin. Shunday qilib, shamol tom ma’noda hayvon kabi bo‘kirmaydi. Ammo u olib kelishi mumkin bo‘lgan shovqinlar hayvonning bo‘kirishiga o‘xshaydi. Shuning uchun biz ushbu metaforadan o‘quvchi ongida sher kabi shafqatsiz shamol tuyg‘usini yaratish uchun foydalanamiz.

Mark Riz tarjimasida **“yel ketma-ket bo‘kurar”** metaforik ko‘chma ma’no *“it roared and wailed”* – shamol bo‘kirar va ko‘z yosh to‘kar” tarzida qo‘llangan. O‘zbek tilida ham *bo‘kirmoq* so‘zi sherning bo‘kirishiga nisbatan qo‘llaniladi. Tarjimon shuni his qilgan holatda bu jumlaning *“to roar – she’rning chuqur, baland ovoz chiqarishi”* so‘zi orqali ifodalagan. Mark Riz metafora tarjimasida teng qiymatli ekvivalent topa olgan.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasi quyidagicha: “The wind gained strength, howling and wailing” - shamol kuchayib, uvillab ko‘z yosh to‘kdi”. Kerol Yermakova foydalangan *“howling – asosan, it yo bo‘rining uvillab tovush chiqarishi”* so‘zi ham metafora bo‘lib tarjima qilingan lekin bu yerda shamolning esishi uvillayotgan bo‘ri tovushiga qiyos qilingan. Tarjimon metaforani tarjima qilishda muqobil variantini topib, stilistik usulni saqlab qolgan.

Asliyat matni: *Kuz kunlarining oyog'i va qish kunlarining boshi* edi. Daraxtlardagi sariq barglar to'kilib tugagan, *yer yuzi o'zining qishqi sariq kiyimini kiygan edi*.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida: It was the last days of the autumn, winter was waiting just around the corner. The trees had already shed their yellow leaves, which were now spread over the earth like a golden carpet, preparing the ground for its winter sleep. – Kuzning so'ngi kunlari edi, qish bir burchakda kutib turardi. Daraxtlar allaqachon sarg'ish barglarini zarrin gilamdek yer yuziga yoyib, zaminni qishki uyquga hozirlayotgan edi (MT)

Mark Riz tarjimasida: The last days of autumn faded into the first days of winter. Falling yellow leaves covered the earth's surface with a dappled gold brocade, clothing it for winter. – Kuzning so'ngi kunlari qishning birinchi kunlariga o'tdi. Sariq barglarning tushishi yer yuzini rangbarang oltin zarli mato bilan qopladi va qish uchun kiyintirdi (MT)

Ushbu parchada qo'llangan "*kuz kunlarining oyog'i va qish kunlarining boshi*" hamda "*yer yuzi o'zining qishqi sariq kiyimini kiygan edi*" brikmalarida metafora orqali ko'chma ma'no ifodalanib berilmoqda. Ushbugapda *kuz kunlarining oyog'i va qish kunlarining boshi* aslida *kuzning so'ngi kunlari qishning birinchi kunlari* mazmunida qo'llanilgan. "*Yer yuzi o'zining qishqi sariq kiyimini kiygan edi*" birikmasi esa "*yer yuzi xazonlar bilan qoplangan*" ma'nosini anglatmoqda.

Kerol Yermakova "*kuz kunlarining oyog'i va qish kunlarining boshi*" ko'chma ma'noli brikmasini "*It was the last days of the autumn, winter was waiting just around the corner*" - *kuzning so'ngi kunlari edi, qish bir burchakda kutib turardi*" tarzida tarjima qilgan. Tarjimon ijodiy tarjima usulidan foydalangan bo'lsa ham tarjima matnida ham ko'chma ma'no aks ettirgan. Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida navbatdagi "*yer yuzi o'zining qishqi sariq kiyimini kiygan edi*" metaforik brikmasini "*the trees had already shed their yellow leaves, which were now spread over the earth like a golden carpet, preparing the ground for its winter sleep*-*daraxtlar allaqachon sarg'ish barglarini zarrin gilamdek yer yuziga yoyib, zaminni qishki uyquga hozirlayotgan edi*" tarzida tarjima qilingan. Keyingi jumlada ham tarjimon so'zma - so'z tarjimadan

qochgan va ijodiy tarjima usulini tanlagan va metafora o‘rniga o‘xshatish tasviriy vositasidan foydalangan.

Mark Riz esa ushbu brikmani *“the last days of autumn faded into the first days of winter”* - kuzning so‘ngi kunlari qishning birinchi kunlariga o‘tdi” deya tarjima qilgan. Tarjimon matn mazmunini to‘liq tushungan bo‘lsada, uni oddiy so‘zlar bilan tarjima qilgan va ko‘chma ma‘noni saqlab qolmagan. **Mark Riz** ikkinchi *“yer yuzi o‘zining qishqi sariq kiyimini kiygan edi”* birikmasini *“Falling yellow leaves covered the earth’s surface with a dappled gold brocade, clothing it for winter”* - Sariq barglarning tushishi yer yuzini rangbarang oltin zarli mato bilan qopladi va qish uchun kiyintirdi” deya tarjima qilgan. Ikkala tarjimon ham bittako‘chma ma‘noli gapni, qo‘shma gap tarzida kengaytirib tarjima qilgan. Ko‘rinib turibdiki, Mark Riz matni ingliz o‘quchilariga tushunarli bo‘lishi uchun biroz kemgaytirishiga qaramasdan, qo‘lidan kelgancha asl ma‘noni va stilistik usulni saqlab qolgan.

Asliyat matni: *Havo ochiq bo‘lib, quyosh tuzukkina ko‘tarilgan, ammo uning o‘zi ham bu kun uncha ta’siri yo‘q, bu kungi qora sovuq quyosh kuchini-da keskan edi.*

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasi: *“The sky was clear. The sun already climbed high, but its warmth was meagre, the chill air seeming to sap the strength from its rays.”*

Mark Riz tarjimasi: *“Brilliant clear skies promised a sun high on the horizon yet brought no warmth. The cold air robbed the sun’s rays of their energy.”* Ushbu matnda metafora leksik-stilistik usuli *“qora sovuq” “quyosh kuchi”* brikmalari qo‘llanilgan. *“Qora sovuq”* brikmasi aslida *“qattiq sovuq”* ma‘nosida qo‘llanilyapti. *“Quyosh kuchi”* brikmasi esa, *“quyosh energiyasi”* ma‘nosida qo‘llanilmoqda.

Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida *“qora sovuq”* metaforik ko‘chma ma‘no *“the chill air”* tarzida qo‘llanilgan.

Mark Riz esa *“the cold air”* tarzida tarjima qilgan. Ikkala tarjimon ham ko‘chma ma‘noli brikmani oddiy so‘z brikmasi tarzida tarjima qilishgan. *“Quyosh kuchi”* metaforik brikmasi esa Kerol Yermakova tomonidan *“strength from its rays”* deb o‘girilgan bo‘lsa, Mark Riz *“the sun’s rays of their energy”* tarzida

o'giran. Bu yerda fikrimizcha, Kerol Yermakova tarjimasida asliyat matnidek metaforik ko'chma ma'no aks etgan.

Demak, A.Qodiriyning "O'tkan kunlar" romanida qo'llangan leksik-stilistik vositalarni ingliz tiliga tarjimalarini taxlil qilish jarayonida tarjimonlar aksariyat hollarda mazkur stilistik vositalarni tasviriy vosita ma'nosini tarjima tilida aks ettirish, tarjimada tasviriy vositani xuddi shunday tasviriy vositaga aylantirish, mazmunidan foydalangan holda xuddi shunday tasviriy vosita yaratish, ularni so'zma-so'z tarjima qilish, ma'nosini tarjima matniga olib o'tish, tasviriy vosita tarjimasida gaplarni birma bir tarjima qilish, tasviriy vositani tarjimada ham sintaktik almashinuv orqali aksettirish kabi tarjima strategiyalardan foydalangan holda ogirishganligiga guvoh bo'ldik. Tahlil jarayonida tarjimonlar tasviriy vositalarning konseptual xususiyatlari, madaniy o'ziga xosliklarini e'tibordan chetda qolib ketganligi xam kuzatildi.

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**I l o v a l a r**

## TO‘LQINLAR (hikoya)

Said Ahmad

Qishloq yo‘liga burilganimda adir orqasidan qovun tilimidek oppoq oy ko‘tarildi. Gullab yotgan o‘riklar xira pardaga burkandi. Yo‘l chetidan yangi nish urgan sarimsoq hidi keldi. Kovakni tark etgan ko‘klam elchisi qurilladi. To‘nkarilib qolgan tilla qo‘ng‘iz juda yaqinda dizillab-dizillab jim bo‘ldi.

Ko‘klam nafasi gurkirab turgan mana shu yo‘llardan yurmaganimga o‘n sakkiz yil bo‘lgan. Bu orada qancha suvlar oqib ketdi... Qancha voqealar bo‘lib o‘tdi...

Yigitlar frontda jon olib, jon berayotgan og‘ir kunlar edi. Dala ishlari ayollarga qolib ketgan, hammasi tajang, hammasi asabiy edi. Ularning intizor ko‘zlari front yo‘lida, qo‘llari mehnatda, frontchilarni zoriqtirmaslik, dushmanni tezroq yakson qilish uchun tinimsiz ishlar edilar. Stalingrad ostonalaridagi janglarda dushmanning uchta tankini yondirgan qahramon O‘sarboy Omonboev oilasi haqida ocherk yozish uchun xuddi shu yo‘ldan yurib qishloqqa kelgan edim.

Qishloq ancha fayzsiz bo‘lib qolgan, yo‘llar o‘ydim-chuqur, ish hayvonlarining tinkasi qurigan, yemga yolchimagan sigirlar sutdan qolgan edi. Ayollar durustgina kiyinishmas, pardoz-andoz ko‘ngillariga sig‘masdi. Kimning qanaqaligi bilinib qolgan o‘sha paytlarda urushga chap berib bormay qolgan erkak zoti ko‘zlariga balo bo‘lib ko‘rinardi.

O‘sarboyning xotini Jo‘raxon eri frontga ketgan ayollardan brigada tuzib, yuqori hosil olishda butun oblastga ovoza bo‘lgan yigirma besh yoshlardagi qora qosh, lo‘ppi yuz, ko‘krakdor, polvon ayol edi. O‘sarboy qahramon unvoni olgan kunning ertasigayoq kelganimda bir voqeaning ustidan chiqqan edim. Jo‘raxonning brigadasi ishlayotgan katta yo‘l chetidagi terakka qizil etik kiygan xotinchalish bir yigit belidan hali kudungi buzilmagan sakkiztepki atlas bilan bog‘lab qo‘yilgan edi. Uning atrofini o‘rab olgan xotinlar goh xiring-hiring kulishar, goh uni qarg‘ashardi. Birov yigitning yuziga upa suradi, birov qoshiga o‘sma qo‘yadi.

Jo‘raxon ikki qo‘lini beliga qo‘yib unga do‘q urardi.

– Shunaqami? Urug‘likka qolganmisiz? Bu xotinlarning erlari frontda o‘q tagida yuribdi-ya, shularga ko‘z olaytirdingmi? Ha,

nomard! Hoy, Zebi, labiga qizil surt! Ishdan qaytishda shu ahvolda guzarga olib chiqamiz. Xaloyiq ko'rsin. Basharasiga tupursin. Qani, ish-ishingga jo'na hammang!

Xotinlar yigitni shu ahvolda qoldirib, chopiqqa tushib ketishdi.

Shiyponga chiqayotganimizda Jo'raxondan bu yigitning gunohini surishtirdim.

– Zebiga aylanishib qopti. Shunday suqsurday eri borki, ko'rganning ko'zi tegadi. Tirnog'iga arzimaydi bu hebbim. Tushlikda Norin bo'yiga kel, sakkiztepki atlas sovg'a qilaman debdi. Ushlab oldik.

Jo'raxon bu gaplarni shunday g'azab bilan aytardiki, ko'zlari chaqnab, peshonalari, tirishib ketardi.

– O'ziniyam shundog' do'pposladikki, qo'yib bersam xotinlar o'ldirib qo'yishadigan, zo'rg'a ajratib oldim. Eri omon-eson qaytib kelguncha birontasining ham sha'niga yomon gap yuqtirmayman. Issiqmi, sovuqmi hammamiz birga baham ko'ramiz, qaysi birining eridan xat-xabar uzoqsa, baravariga yupatamiz. Birga yig'laymiz, birga kulamiz. Shuning uchun ham ishning og'irligi uncha bilinmay ketadi. Axir bu bechoralarga ham qiyin, avji o'ynab-kuladigan payti...

To kolxoz mehmonxonasiga yetib borgunimcha mana shu voqea esimga tushdi. Hozir Jo'raxon ancha qarib qolgandir? O'sarboy urushdan eson-omon qaytib keldimikin?

Mehmonxona qorovuli hali suv quyilmagan hovuz oldida samovarga tarasha solayotgan edi. U yoshi yetmishlarga borib qolgan dilkash chol ekan, alla-pallagacha u yoq-bu yoqdan gaplashib o'tirdik. Gap orasida O'sarboyni surishtirdim.

– Omon-eson keldi. Hozir partkomimiz shu. Juda rejali, yaxshi bola. Bechora ish bilan ovunadi. Bo'lmasa allaqachon g'am yeb qo'yar edi uni. Shu vaqtgacha uylanmadi. Qandoq qilib ham uylanadi...

Cholning gaplariga tushunolmadim. U nima degani? Yo Jo'raxon uning kelishini kutmay, turmush qilib ketganmi, shundoq yigitning yuziga oyoq tirab-a?! Nahotki butun kolxoz ayollarini ko'z qorachig'idek asragan dono xotin unga bevafoqlik qilgan bo'lsa? Ishonmayman!

– Nima bo'ldi? Jo'raxon...

Nima deyishimni bilmay g'o'ldiradim. Chol boshini sarak-sarak qilib uh tortdi:

– Boyoqish Jo‘raxon O‘sarboy kelmasdan olti oy burun qazo qilgan edi...

Ikkovimiz ancha vaqtgacha jimib qoldik. Gullab yotgan shaftoli shoxiga osilgan elektr lampasiga o‘zini urayotgan yorqanotlar dasturxon ustiga to‘kiladi. Hovuz chetidan aylanib o‘tgan tsement ariqda to‘lib oqayotgan bo‘tana suv qirg‘oqqa shaloplab uriladi. Chol choynakni etagiga o‘rab, bag‘riga bosganicha hamon jim edi. Ko‘nglim allanechuk bo‘lib ketdi. Jo‘raxon haqida undan boshqa gap so‘ramadim. So‘rashga jur‘at qilolmadim ham.

– Shunaqa, o‘g‘lim. Jo‘raxon tenggi yo‘q asl xotin edi. Xotin kishining qo‘lidan shuncha ish kelishiga ana o‘shanda ishonganmiz. Jamoa bamisoli bir xonadon-u, Jo‘raxon uning onaxoni bo‘ldi-qo‘ydi. Qani, biron kishi uning yo‘rig‘idan chiqsa-chi. Kuni bilan dala kezadi, kechalari uyma-uy yurib, a‘zolarning tirikchiligidan xabar oladi. Yaxshi gap bilan ilon inidan chiqadi, deganlari rost ekan. Takasaltanglik qiladiganlarga ham qattiq gapirmadi. O‘zi o‘sha paytda hamma ham bir og‘iz yaxshi gapning gadosi edi-da. Birini qizim dedi, birini singlim dedi. Ishqilib, hammani shirin so‘z bilan ishga soldi. O‘sarboydan surunkasiga yetti oy xat kelmay qo‘ydi. Jo‘raxonning yuzi kuladi-yu, ichi yig‘laydi. Umri qisqa ekan, xatini ham, o‘zini ham ko‘rmay o‘lib ketdi, boyoqish. Odamzodni ish ovutadi, bo‘lmasa g‘am yeb qo‘yadi. O‘sarboyga qarab turib ichim achishadi. Urushni qarg‘ayman. Nima qilsin, iloji qancha!

Chol gapini tugatib, ichkari kirib ketdi. So‘rida gilam ustiga tanga-tanga bo‘lib to‘kilgan shaftoli gullariga qarab xayol suraman. Meni bu yerga boshlab kelgan narsa Jo‘raxon haqida kitob yozish niyati edi. Urush yillari frontga madadkor bo‘lgan ayollar haqida kitob yozmoqchi bo‘lganimda, dastavval xotiramga Jo‘raxon kelgan edi. Bu asl xotin haqida bironta kitob yozilmay turiboq, uning ajoyib hayoti dostonga aylanib ketganini ko‘rdim. Uning jonli, hech qachon o‘lmaydigan barhayot umri ko‘z oldimdan hayajonli roman sahifalaridek birma-bir o‘tardi.

– Mehmon, endi yoting, charchab kelgansiz, xo‘roz ham ikkini chaqirdi.

Bari bir yotib uxlayolmadim. Ochiq derazadan oynning yarim o‘rog‘i mo‘ralab, terakzor orqasiga botib ketdi. Kech shabadasi uy ichiga dimoqqa xush keladigan allaqanday giyohlarning isini olib

keladi. Shaftolizorda sa'vaning goh fig'onli nolasi, goh shiddatkor chaqchaqi tinmaydi. Juda uzokda, sokin kechaning tinchini buzib daryo shovillaydi.

Ertalab qorovul chol uyg'otganda kun yoyilib qolgan edi. Uzoq-yaqindan traktor shovqini eshitiladi. Qushlarning chug'ur-chug'uri avjda. Chol dasturxon qoqqan joyda musichalar ushoq talashib patillashadi. Tiniq osmonda bu qaynoq, farog'atli maskanni qo'riqlayotgandek laylak aylanadi. Uning oppoq qanotlari quyosh tig'ida dam qilichdek yaltirab, dam oq ipakdek tovlanadi.

– Hozir Usarboy kelib qoladi. Ertalab shu yerda nonushta qilib, keyin dala aylanadi, – dedi chol yelib-yugurib choy damlarkan.

Sal fursat o'tmay ikki kishi keldi. Ulardan qaysi biri O'sarboy ekanini darrov payqab oldim.

U hali yoshi ellikka bormay yuzini ajin bosgan, jikkakkina bir kishi edi. O'ng qo'lining bosh barmog'i sarg'ayganidan maxorka chekishini bilib olish qiyin emasdi. Nonushta paytida Jo'raxon haqida kitob yozmoqchiligimni aytdim. Jo'raxon nomini tilga olishim bilanoq O'sarboy yangilangan dardini yashirishga urinib, cholning qo'lidan choynakni olib, o'zi quya boshladi. Ko'zini yashirish, nima bilandir alahsish uchun shunday qilayotgani sezilib turardi.

– Mayli, – dedi u oftobda jo'jalarini qanoti ostiga olib, xurpayib yotgan tovuqqa tikilib, – juda xursand bo'lamiz.

– Avval Jo'raxon opaning qabrlarini bir ziyorat qilsam degan edim...

O'sarboy g'alati holga tushdi. Uning bu holati, ko'z qarashlari, rangining goh bo'zarib, goh oqarishi Toshkentda bo'lgan bir voqeani eslatib qo'ydi. Tramvayda besh yoshlardagi bir bola yonimga o'tirib qolib, undan qayoqqa ketyapsan, deb so'raganimda, uydan detdomga ketyapman, degan edi. Ota-onang yo'qmi, deb so'radim. Bor, deb javob berdi bola. Bo'lmasa, dadang ham, onang ham seni yomon ko'rishar ekan-da, detdomga berishibdi, dedim. O'shanda bolaning ko'zi olazarak bo'lib qolgan, xuddi O'sarboyning holiga tushib, qiynalgan edi. Keyin u qiynala-qiynala past ovoz bilan «dadamlarning ham, oyimlarning ham ko'zlari ko'r» degan edi. Juda hijolat chekkan edim, shu murg'ak bola qalbini tirnab yotgan alamli faryodini tiliga chiqarishga majbur qilganim

uchun hali-hali o‘zimni kechirolmasdim. Yana nima qilib qo‘ydim? Nahotki O‘sarboyning ham ichida shunga o‘xshash tilga chiqsa, tilni, dilda qolsa dilni kuydiradigan faryodi bo‘lsa?! Nima qilib qo‘ydim?..

O‘rtaga juda ham sovuq jimlik cho‘kdi. Chol bir yutinib oldi. O‘sarboy o‘rnidan turib, hovuz bo‘yiga borib maxorka o‘radi. Cholning yupqa labi titrab, zo‘rg‘a: «Jo‘raxonning qabri yo‘q. U suvga cho‘kib ketgan...» deya oldi.

Tushga yaqin choy bilan ikkovlon piyoda daryo tomon ketdik. Yo‘lda u Jo‘raxonning halokatini aytib bordi.

– O‘shanda adirdan sel kelgan edi. Chorvalar hali toqqa jo‘natilmagan, shu daryo chetidagi sayxonda o‘tlab yurgan edi. Sel juda xunuk keldi. Ko‘p daraxtni, uylarni nobud qildi. Qo‘y-qo‘zilarni oqizib keta boshladi. Suvda mol bilan echki durust suzar ekan. Qo‘y jonivor dumbasidan cho‘kib, o‘zini eplolmay qolarkan. Hamma oyoqqa turdi. Jo‘raxon jon olib, jon berib o‘zini suvga otar, hali qo‘y, hali qo‘zini oyog‘idan sudrab chiqardi. Kechasi, birov-birovni ko‘rmaydi. Yomg‘ir savalab turibdi. Birdan cho‘pon ota suvning o‘rtasida goh ko‘rinib, goh cho‘kib, qo‘l silkita boshladi. Jo‘raxon o‘sha tomonga suzib ketdi. Chaqmoq nurida daryo o‘rtasida uning ko‘ylagini bir ko‘rib qolganimni bilaman, xolos. Yana chaqmoq chaqqanda daryo betida hech narsa ko‘rinmay qoldi. To‘lqin cho‘pon otani narigi qirg‘oqqa irg‘itib tashlabdi. Bir haftagacha qayiq bilan Jo‘raxonning jasadini qidirdik. Topilmadi... Hammamizni dog‘i-hasratda qoldirib ketdi.

Adir oshishimiz bilanoq daryo shamoli esdi. Qirg‘oqqa yaqin kelganimizda xarsang ustida maxorka chekib o‘tirgan O‘sarboyni ko‘rdim. Uning gavdasi kichrayib, yuzidagi ajinlari ko‘payib ketganga o‘xshadi.

Hech birimizdan sado chiqmasdi.

Daryo juda sokin. Jo‘raxon azim daryoga aylangan-u, mehnati singgan, peshona teri to‘kilgan dalalar atrofida javlon urib aylanardi. U yuzlab irmoqlardan qon tomiridek oqib, kishilarga, maysa-giyohlarga hayot suvi olib kelardi.

Adirdan terib kelgan lolalarni to‘lqinlar ustiga sochdim.

Daryo shovullar, tiniq, beg‘ubor ko‘kda qushlar javlon urib uchishardi.

## WAVES (story)

Said Ahmad

When I made turn to the village way, a crescent as white as skinny slice of a melon rose from the hill. The bloomy apricots seemed to be covered in a shady curtain evening under the moon. The smell of fresh planted garlic is well felt from the nearby roadside. The herald of spring – frog croaked leaving from hole. Nearby a buzzing firefly suddenly stopped.

18 years have passed since I last walked on this road that is soaked with the spirit of spring. It was a while since then... A lot of time has passed. Many events have happened...

It was one of those troublesome days that men were fiercely fighting in the frontline of the war. Women working at field, were one and all unrest and nervous. Their hopeful eyes stared at the road of frontline, hands were at work. They worked constantly so that the soldiers did not feel needy and could destroy enemy soon. I came to village by this road in order to write a feature article about the hero Osarboy Omonboyev's who had put enemies' three tanks on fire at the battles of Stalingrad.

The village became much unattractive, the roads were old, the domestic animals were exhausted, the hungry cows were not good for milking. Women put on old-fashioned clothes, and had no desire to do make up. In such times when people see who is who, some of the males who would stay behind were thorn in the eye.

Jorakhon, the wife of Osarboy, also known as the woman gathering the largest harvest in the region, founded a brigade from women whose husband had gone to war. She was 25 years old, black browed, round faced, big breasted and stalwart woman. The next day after Osarboy was awarded by the title of "Hero", I visited here and came across an amazing event. A feminine young man in red boots had been fastened with just new "sakiztepki"<sup>11</sup> satin to the roadside poplars were Jorakhon's brigade were working. The women surrounding the young man kept on giggling and cursing

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<sup>11</sup> A traditional satin woven on an octagonal loom.

him. Some of them dabbed powder on his cheek and someone else applied o'sma<sup>12</sup> on his eyebrows.

Jorakhon threatened him with her hands on her waist:

-Really? Have you stayed here for insemination? These women's husbands are in the frontline under the bullets, and you have eyed them up? You are villain! Hey, Zebi, apply the red lipstick on his lips! We will show him to people when they are back from work. Let the public see him and let them spit on his face. Ok, now go back to your work.

The women left him there and continued hoeing on field.

Entering the field-camp I asked Jorakhon what was the guy's fault.

-He was lustful for Zebi. She has such handsome husband, that this "Nancy" man is not even worth of her husband's nail. He told her to come to the riverside of Narin, promising to present her "sakkizteпки" satin. We have caught him.

Jorakhon frowned and her eyes lit up as she talked about it.

-He was beaten so unmercifully that if it were not for me, the women would beat him to death. I was barely able to stop them. I will save their honor until their husbands come back safely. We are together and support each other in happy or unhappy time. We soothe each other when we do not get letters from our significant halves. We laugh and cry together. Which is why we do not feel hardship of work. Anyway, it is not easy for those poor women, it is time for them to live in the prime of their life.

I had recalled this event till I reached to hotel. Jorakhon must have aged a lot now? Was Osarboy able to come back in safe?

Near the pond which was not filled with water yet, the hotel guardsman was putting the logs into samovar. He turned to be about 70-year old chatty man, we have talked till night. In the course of our conversation I have asked about Osarboy.

-He has come back safe and sound. Now he is our "partkom"<sup>13</sup>. He is a good and decent man. He soothes himself with work, otherwise, he would be already in sorrow. He has still not married, he could possible never marry another woman...

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<sup>12</sup> A traditional liquid mascara for eyebrows made by squeezing taramira plant.

<sup>13</sup> (The abbreviation of Party Committee); The member of Party Committee



I could not understand these words, what did they mean? Or has Jorakhon married another man without waiting for him. Could it be true that the wise woman who fought the honor of all women in the village as her own, betray her own husband? I cannot believe!

-What's happened? Jorakhon...

I mumbled. The old man shook his head from side to side and sighed:

-Poor Jorakhon had died 6 months prior to Osarboy's return.

Both of us stood in silence. The midges colliding with the electric lamp hung on the blooming apricot branch were falling onto the table. The muddy water flowed in the cement brook around the pound sloping the shore. The old man was still silent reeling the teapot in his chest. I felt something unusual. I did not ask anything else about Jorakhon. I could not dare to ask.

-Now you know the story, my son, Jorakhon was an incomparably wise woman. We believed that a woman could great work at that time. It was as if the community was a family and Jorakhon a mother to them. Everyone did what she said. She used to walk in the field in day times and care about household of family members in evenings. You know that sweet talk makes short both days and nights. She would never speak badly even about idle people. At that time all needed a kind word back then. She directed every woman with polite words such as "my sister", and "my daughter". Jorakhon had not received a letter for 7 months, which is why she smiled but her heart cried. Her life was short, she had died without seeing his letter and himself too. One soothes himself in work, otherwise, he would be in sadness. I felt for Osarboy when I saw him. I curse the war. What could he ever do indeed?

The old man went into the room after finishing his words. I ponder looking at the coin like apricot blooms which had fallen to wooden bed. I came here in order to write a book about the women who provided the soldiers at the times of war. The first thing that came to my mind was Jorakhon. I knew that the life of this woman had already become a tale even without being made into the book. I dreamt of her immortal life as emotional pages of novel.

-Dear guest, sleep now, you are tired. The rooster has cried out second time.

I could not sleep. The crescent went down behind the poplar by the open window. The evening breeze brought pleasant odor of plants. The river made splash so far.

It was dawn when the old man woke me up. Tractor's noise was heard nearby. Birds chirped. Turtle-doves were chirping in the place where the old man threw piece of bread. Stork flew in the blue sky securing this warm restful place. Its white wings kept on shining as a sword and glittering as a silk.

-Osarboy will come soon. He has breakfast here and then walks to the field, said the old man brewing tea hurriedly.

After a while two men came. I could recognize at once which one was Osarboy. He was a wrinkled face and small-figured man under 50 years. It was easy to know that smoked makhorka looking at his yellow fingers. While having breakfast I told him that wanted to write a book. As soon as Jorakhon's name was mentioned, Osarboy tried to hide his renewed sorrow so he took the teapot and began to pour tea by himself.

-I will agree and will be pleased. – he said staring at a hen which was lying lazily putting chickens under wings in sunny day.

-Firstly, I want to visit to grave of sister Jorakhon...

Osarboy felt unusual. This condition and his appearance were reminded me an event which happened in Tashkent. The young boy sat next to me in tram, when I asked him where was he going, he told me to go to orphanage. I asked about his parent. He answered to have parent. Then I told him that his parents hated him and gave to orphanage. The young boy had anxious looks on his face as Osarboy's condition. Then he whispered hardly that his parents were blind. I was embarrassed and I had not forgiven still myself for forced to say his sad torture which suffered that tender heart. What have I done again? Is it possible that Osarboy has sorrow which shows – the language does not turn and not says- conscience torments. What I have done?

There was only cold silence. The old man swallowed. Osarboy went near the brook and wrapped the makhorka. The old man's lips shivered and could say hardly "There is no grave of Jorakhon. She has sunk..."

Both of us with the old man went to river by foot before noon. He told me about Jorakhon's drowning.

-It was that night a torrent had come from hill. The cattle were not sent to mountain they were grazing at field near the river. The torrent had been strongly. It had damaged lots of trees and houses. It had started a leak of sheep and lambs. Cow and goat could swim well in the water. Poor sheep could not swim flowing from fat. Everyone had moved hurriedly. Jorakhon was fiercely carrying out the sheep and lambs from their hoof. It was difficult to see at night. And it was raining. The shepherd suddenly had shaken his hands frowning middle of water. Jorakhon had swum to him. I had only remembered seeing her dress in lightning. It was seen nothing when the lightning struck again. Waves had thrown the shepherd off the coast. We had searched for grave of Jorakhon a week on boat. It had not found... We had been in grief.

As soon as we crossed over the hill, the sea wind blew. When we had approached to shore I saw Osarboy who was smoking makhorka on the large rock. It looked like his body became small and the wrinkles were so much.

We had not said anything.

The river is very peaceful. It was as if Jorakhon turned into a great river, and flowed wavy around the fields which was working hardly. It poured like a blood vessel from hundreds of tributaries, bringing water of life to people, grass and plants.

I scattered the tulips which I picked from the hill on the waves.

The river was roaring, and birds were flying in the clear, blue sky.

1960.

*Translated by Abdazova G.I.*

## LAYLAK KELDI (hikoya)

Said Ahmad

Kampir samovar qo‘yaman deb hovliga chiqsa, nog‘ora tovushi eshitilgandek bo‘ldi. Beixtiyor osmonga qaradi. Chorbog‘ etagidagi oq terak uchida hurpaygan savat uyada laylak turibdi, u oftob chiqayotgan tarafga qarab, tomog‘ini taqillatyapti.

– Ha, jonivor, keldingmi? – dedi kampir. Kampir birdan bo‘shashib ketdi. Qanday qilib choy damlaganini, nevarasining loy bo‘lib ketgan shimini qanday cho‘tkalaganini bilmaydi. Uning xayoli juda uzoqlarga ketib qolgan. Nevarasi portfelini ko‘tarib chiqib ketganda ham har kungidek orqasidan ostonagacha bormadi, u daraxtzor oralab maktab tomonga ketguncha kuzatib qolmadi. Ayvon dahaniga bedarmon cho‘kkanicha qimirlamay o‘tirib qoldi.

Laylak hamon mungli nog‘orasini taraqlatadi.

Kampir bu laylakni tanirdi. Laylak ham unga o‘xshash yolg‘iz. Juftini qor quyunlari orasida yo‘qotgan. Ikki alamzada, ikki hijronzada bir haftacha mana shu uyda dardlashishgan. Birga yig‘lashgan...

...Urushning oxirgi yili, erta ko‘klam edi. Xdli bahor kelmay, kunlar isib ketgan, dov-daraxt bemahal kurtak ochib qo‘ygan, dehqon bir tomchi yomg‘irga zor kunlar. Laylak keldi. Laylak qanotida ko‘klam olib keladi, deyishardi. Uning bemahal nog‘orasi ko‘klam kelganiga odamlarni ishontirib qo‘ygandi. O‘sha kezlari Umrixon huvillab qolgan uy ostonasida o‘tirib goh yig‘lardi, goh olisda jon olib, jon berayotgan o‘g‘lining, erining duoi jonini qilardi.

Laylak kelgan kunning ertasi kechga borib, havo aynidi. Umrixon bir kun avval sandalni yig‘ib tashlagan, hovlidagi o‘choqni suvab, ayvonga joy qilgandi. Kech payti qo‘zg‘algan izg‘irin uni yana uyga haydadi. Tashqarida izg‘irin uvillaydi, daraxt novdalarini ayqash-uyqash qilib, ochiq qolgan eshikni g‘ichirlatadi. Izg‘irin qor boshlab keldi. Sal o‘tmay tom-toshlar oqardi. U yettinchi chiroqni oldiga qo‘yib, erining to‘nini yelkasiga tashlaganicha qunushib o‘tirardi. Eshik g‘ichirladi. Avvaliga u shamol eshikni ochgandir, deb o‘yladi. Keyin beixtiyor o‘girildi.

Yarim ochiq eshikdan laylakning boshi ko‘rindi. Umrixon nimaligini bilmay seskandi. Qimirlamay, tikilganicha turaverdi.

Shamol eshikdan qor uchirib kirdi. Laylak cho‘chib uy ichkarisiga qochdi, lapanglaganicha uy burchagiga borib qunuqib oldi. Umrixon hayron edi. U ham laylakdek qimirlamay o‘tiraverdi. Ammo tashqarida shamol har xuruj qilganda, har gal qor eshikdan yopirilib kirganda laylak joyidan nari surilar, ko‘zlari besaranjom bo‘lardi.

Umrixon o‘rnidan turib, eshikni zichlab berkitib keldi. Yelkasidagi choponini uning ustiga yopmoqchi edi, laylak yotsirab o‘rnidan turib ketdi.

– Qo‘rqma, jonivor, qo‘rqma. Sovqotibsan, kel, isitib qo‘yay. – Laylak taxmon tagiga borib, burchakka suqilib oldi. Umrixon uning ustiga chopon yopdi. Yelkada ancha ilib qolgan chopon issig‘i unga xush yoqdi shekilli, bo‘ynini, iyagini ko‘rpacha ustiga uzunasi qo‘yib, ko‘zlarini mo‘ltiratganicha yotaverdi.

Umrixon ham joyiga borib o‘tirdi. U tizzasini quchoqlaganicha unga tikilarkan, bir necha daqiqada dunyoni xayolan kezib chiqdi. Urush bo‘layotgan joylarga bordi. Olovlar ichiga kirdi. O‘g‘lini ham, erini ham topolmadi. Nazarida, u ham shu laylakdek mungli, kimsasizdek bo‘lib qoldi. Yog‘i tugab, piligi so‘xta bo‘lgan chiroq asta-asta xiralashib, bir po‘p etdiyu o‘chdi. Umrixon qorong‘ida timirskilanib joy soldi, yana alla-pallagacha u yonboshidan-bu yonboshiga ag‘darilib yotdi.

Ertalab ko‘zini ochsa, deraza oynalari qirov boylabdi. Laylak hamon qimirlamay iyagini ko‘rpachaga qo‘yganicha ko‘zlarini javdiratib yotibdi. Umrixon tashqariga chiqdi. Qor tingan. Hammayoq oppoq. Kurtak yozib qolgan tol novdalari egilib yerga tegay deb turipti. O‘rik shoxidan ayvon ustuniga tortilgan kir arqoni yo‘g‘onlashib ketibdi. Obdastada qolgan suv muzlabdi. Birdan Umrixonning ko‘zi qordagi izlarga tushdi. Kimningdir tovug‘i hovlida tong otguncha kezibdi. Qorda aylanma izlar, goh sudralgan, goh yurgan. Iz oxiri Umrixon kecha suvagan va o‘t yoqib suv qaynatgan o‘choq oldiga borib to‘xtagan.

Umrixon o‘choq oldiga bordi. Qarasa, bir laylak o‘choqdan boshini chiqazib qotib qopti. U bu sirning ma‘nosiga yetdi. Bu uydagi laylakning jufti. Kecha savat uyada ikkovlashib ko‘klamni chaqirishayotgan edi. Sovuq izg‘irin uyalaridan quvgan. Qorong‘ida bir-birini yo‘qotganlar.

Qushlar juda sezgir jonivor bo‘ladi. Juftining shu hovliga kirgan izini sezgan-u, sovukda karaxt bo‘lib izini yo‘qotgan. Kechasi bilan boshpana, issiq joy qidirib, qor kechgan. Oxiri, hali kunduzgi o‘tning tafti ketmagan o‘choqqa bosh suqib, shu joyda muzlab qolgan... Umrixon beixtiyor terak uchiga qaradi. Savat uya ham qorda hurpayib qopti. U o‘ylab o‘tirmay oshxonadan ketmonni oldiyu laylakning murdasini avaylab ko‘targanicha chorboqqa kirdi. Devor tagini kovlab, muzlagan laylak ustiga tuproq tottdi. Keyin ezilib, ko‘zlari namli, motamsaro bir holda uyga kirdi.

Laylak hamon joyidan qimirlamasdi. Eshik ochilganda u boshini ko‘tarib, umid bilan yalt etib qaradi. Kim biladi, u juftini kutayotgandir. To qor erib, yana kunlar isib ketguncha Umrixon unga andarmon bo‘lib turdi. Shu orada Umrixonning boshiga qora kun tushdi. Pochtachi eshik qoqdi. Uning betiga qaramay xat berdiyu shoshgancha ketdi. Qoraxat. Umrixon urushda shahid bo‘lganlar uyiga kelgan qoraxatlarni ko‘raverib qanaqaligini bilib qolgan edi. Birpasda ko‘z oldi qorong‘ilashdi-yu, ostonaga o‘tirib qoldi. Xayoliga hech narsa kelmas, o‘zi esa hech narsani ko‘rmas edi.

Shu ko‘yi u qancha o‘tirganini bilmadi. Bir mahal xotirasi o‘rniga kelganday bo‘ldiyu dod deb yubordi. Kimdan, qaysi biridan, o‘g‘lidanmi, eridanmi?

O‘qdek otilib o‘rnidan turdi. Ro‘moli o‘tirgan joyida qoldi. U to‘xtamay yugurardi. Yugurganida sochlari to‘zg‘ib ketdi. Yo‘lda uchragan odamlar uning ahvolini ko‘rib to‘xtatishar, orqasidan qarab qolishardi. Oxiri u pochtachini quvib yetdi. Yelkasiga osilib, ko‘ylagini yirtib yubordi. U negadir bu shum xabarni mana shu odam olib kelgan deb o‘ylardi. Shu topda u faqat shuni bilardi: pochtachi yo erini, yo o‘g‘lini o‘ldirgan. Odam to‘plandi. Ular pochtachini Umrixonning changalidan ajratib olishdi. Xotinlar Umrixonni suyab, uyiga olib kelib qo‘yishdi. Shu kuni u eridan judo bo‘lgan edi.

Uyning bir burchida laylak, bir burchida Umrixon qimirlamay o‘tirishardi. Umr bo‘yi shu alfozda o‘tirib bo‘lmaydi-ku. Umr bo‘yi ko‘zyosh to‘kib bo‘lmaydi-ku! Shu alfozda bir umr o‘tiraversa, shol bo‘ladi, shu alfozda tinmay ko‘zyosh to‘kaversa, odam bolasi ko‘r bo‘ladi-ku!..

Oftob charaqlab ketdi. Umrixon ham o‘rnidan turdi. Derazalardan uyga yana ko‘klam shabadasi kirdi. Bir-biriga o‘rganib qolgan ikki alamzada hovliga chiqishdi. Laylak qanotlarini kerib bir intildiuyu beg‘ubor osmonga ko‘tarildi. Umrixon uning terak uchiga qarab intilganini kuzatib turadi. Laylak uyasiga qo‘nmadi, yana qaytdi, chorbog‘ tepasidan, uy tepasidan aylandi, olislarga qarab ketdi, yana qaytdi. U juftini izlardi. Kuni bilan u goh uyaga qo‘nar, goh qanot qoqib allaqaerga qarab uchib ketardi. Kech kirib savat uyada yana uning nog‘orasi taraqladi. Endi u avvalgidek sho‘x kuylamasdi, uning nog‘orasi mungli edi...

Ko‘p o‘tmay shaharlarga o‘t qo‘ygan, odam qonini daryo qilib oqizgan urush tugadi. Hammayoq chinakam ko‘klam libosida edi o‘sha kun. Tomlarda lolaqizg‘aldoq gulxani yonardi. Bolalarning qo‘li qulupnay suvidan qizil, qizlar qulog‘iga qo‘shaloq gilosdan isirg‘a taqilgan edi.

Qishloq ko‘chalari gavjum. Xonadonlarda ko‘pdan unutilgan patefon tovushi. Kelinchaklarning yuziga rang kirdi. Umrixonning hovlisidagi ariq bo‘yida ikki tup gul-sapsar ochildi.

Yigitlar kelishyapti. Terak uchida laylak nog‘ora chaladi. U kimni kutayotganikin? Umrixonning ham bag‘ri to‘ldi. O‘g‘li qaytdi.

Yana bahor keldi. Mana shu bahor Umrixon kelin ko‘rdi. To‘yda kuni bilan chorbog‘ tepasida laylak nog‘ora chaldi. Ammo Umrixon nevara ko‘rganda ko‘pdan qadrdon bo‘lib qolgan laylak kelmadi. Uyasi huvillab qoldi. Umrixon bo‘sh uyaga ma’yus tikilib, o‘yga toldi. Kim biladi, laylak qaydadir hijron dardida olamdan o‘tgandir. Shu-da, qachondir o‘lmoq bor. Ammo hijron dardida o‘lib ketishni o‘ylasang, dunyo ko‘zingga qorong‘i bo‘lib ketadi. Yaxshiyam zuryod bor. Ana shular baxti uchun yashaging keladi. Ayni shular ilinji odamzodni, butun jondorni yashashga chaqiradi.

Hademay huvillab qolgan uyaga ikki laylakcha keldi. Kim biladi, ular balki o‘sha laylakning bolalaridir. Harqalay, uya bo‘shab qolgani yo‘q-ku!

Yillar o‘tib ketdi. Hamma narsani Umrixon unutdi. Nevarasining sho‘xligi uydan hijron alamlarini quvib chiqardi. Bolaning yigit bo‘lishini, safga qo‘shilishini kutib entikadi. Ayniqsa, kunduzlari

uyga bola to‘lib ketadi. Ularning shovqini, kulgusi, gap-so‘zlari Umrixonning yuzlaridagi ajinlarini yozib yuborgandek bo‘ladi.

Tezroq nevaraginamning to‘yini ko‘rsam, deydi. Yashagisi keladi. Ammo har bahor laylak kelganda, chorbog‘ tepasida uning nog‘orasini eshitganda yuragi ezilib ketadi. Bu tovush unga eridan kelgan qoraxatni, yarim qorong‘i uyda ikki hijronzadaning tovushsiz yig‘lagan kunlarini eslatib qo‘yadi.

Bugun yana laylak keldi. U qanotida ko‘klam olib keldi. Ko‘cha tarafdin maktabga o‘tayotgan bolalarning tovushi eshityapti. «Laylak keldi, yoz bo‘ldi...» Bu nevarasining ovozi. Bu ovoz olamdagi barcha tovushlarni bosib ketgandek bo‘ldi. Go‘yo butun dunyodagi odam bolasi tomga chiqib, shu bolaning sevinch to‘la tovushiga quloq solayotgandek...

1969 yil.



## THE STORK HAS ARRIVED (story)

Said Ahmad

When the old woman went out to the yard to brew tea, the sound like a drum was heard. Involuntarily she looked up to the sky. On the top of the white poplar tree at the end of the garden there was a basket of stork in the nest, which was clattering in the direction of the rising sun.

-Hey, it is you? Have you come? – said the old woman. She felt something unusual. She made a tea and brush grandson's muddy trousers without any sense. She was pondering on another thing. Even when her grandson took out his briefcase and left, she did not follow him to the door as usual, nor she did follow him through the grove until he went to school. She sat motionless on the porch without moving.

The stork was still playing its mournful drum.

The old woman recognized this stork. The stork was also alone like her. He lost his mate in the snow whirlwind. Two mourners, two sufferers, had soothed in this house for a week. They cried together...

...It was early spring the last year of the war. The weather was hot, the trees were in full bud before the spring, and the farmer was struggling to get a drop of rain. The stork had come. It was said that a stork brings spring on its wings. His drums soon had convinced people that was spring. At that time, Umrikhan had been sitting on the doorstep of a deserted house, kept on crying, and praying for her son and husband who were battling in the distance.

The next evening, the day the stork had arrived, the weather had changed. The day before, Umrikhan moved sandals<sup>14</sup>, plastered the fireplace in the yard, and placed on the porch. In the evening, the storm strengthened and she came into home again. Outside, the wind roared, the branches of a tree swayed, and the open door creaked. It started snowing. Soon the roof had been white.

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<sup>14</sup> A local heating medium

She sat near the seventh lamp, wearing her husband's chopon<sup>15</sup> over her shoulder. The door squeaked. At first, she thought the wind opened the door. Then she turned involuntarily.

The stork's head appeared through the half-open door. Umrikhan had shuddered, not realizing what it was. She was staring motionless. The wind blew the snow through the door. Frightened stork had run inside the house, crawled to the corner of the house and snorted. Umrikhan had been surprised. She had sat motionless like a stork. But every time the wind blew outside, and the snow fell through the door, the stork had moved away, and his eyes were confused.

Umrikhan got up and closed the door tightly. She was about to put the chopon over her shoulder, the stork got up and went from the stranger.

-Don't be afraid, creature, don't worry. You are cold, let me warm you up.

The stork went under the takhmon<sup>16</sup> and stood at the corner. Umrikhan covered him with the chopon. He liked the warm coat, which hung over the old woman's shoulders, and he laid down putting his neck and snout on the blanket.

Umrikhan also sat down and pondered hugging her knees for a few minutes, staring at the stork: she went to war zone and entered the front flames. But she could not find her son or her husband. She felt as sad and lonely as the stork. The lamp which was over the oil, dimmed and finished. Umrikhan made a bed in the dark, and laid on side till dawn.

When she woke up in the morning, the windows froze. The stork still was lying motionless putting his snout on the blanket.

Umrikhan went out. The snow stopped. Everywhere covered with snow. The willow branches with their buds bent down to touch the ground. The laundry rope pulled from the apricot branch to the porch thickened. The remaining water in the obdasta<sup>17</sup> froze.

Umrikhan looked the tracks in the snow. Someone's chicken had been out in the yard until dawn. There had rotary traces in the

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<sup>15</sup> The national uzbek dressing gown

<sup>16</sup> The special place where put the chest and packed up coverlets on it

<sup>17</sup> The special dish for washing

snow, kept on crawling, and walking. The end of the trace stopped in front of the stove, which Umrikhan plastered yesterday and boiled water.

Umrikhan went to the stove. She saw a stork sticking its head out of the oven and frozen. She understood the secret. This was a pair of storks in the house. The two of them were calling for spring in the basket yesterday. The cold chased them out of their nests. They had lost each other in the dark.

Birds are very sensitive animals. He felt his couple's footprints in the yard and froze in the cold. At night it was snowing, looking for shelter, a warm place. Eventually, he hit the stove, which had not yet been thawed during the day, and froze...

Umrikhan involuntarily looked at the end of the poplar. The basket nest was also covered in snow. Without thinking, she picked up a blanket from the kitchen and went into the yard, carefully lifting the stork's corpse. She dug under the wall and tasted the soil on the frozen stork. Then she entered the house mourningfully, her eyes wet and sad.

The stork was still motionless. He raised his head and glanced hopefully when the door opened. Maybe he was waiting for his mate.

Umrikhan cared of him until the snow melted and the days warmed up again. After a few days, the dark day happened for Umrikhan. The postman knocked on the door. He handed her a letter without looking at her and left in a hurry. The black letter. Umrikhan knew what it was like to see the victims of the war coming to their homes. For a moment her eyes darkened and she sat down on the threshold. She couldn't think of anything, and she couldn't see anything.

She didn't know how long she was sitting there. At once, her memory seemed to recover and she shouted. From whom, from her son, from her husband? She jumped up and stood up. Her veil remained in place. She run without stopping. Her hair fell out when she was running. The people on the road stopped to look at her. Eventually she caught up with the postman. She caught over his shoulder and tore his shirt. For some reason, she thought it was the

man who had brought the bad news. All she knew at the time was that the postman had killed either her husband or her son.

The crowd gathered. They separated the postman from Umrikhan's clutches. The women hold Umrikhan and brought her home. She lost her husband that day.

There was a stork in one corner of the house and Umrikhan in the other. It was difficult to sit in that mood all her life and to shed tears for the rest of her life! If she stayed in this condition for a lifetime, she would be paralyzed, and if she kept shedding tears in this state, she would be blind!

The sun was shining. Umrikhan also stood up. The wind blew through the windows again. The two sufferers got used to each other and went out into the yard. The stork fluttered its wings, made a croaking noise and flew in the blue sky. Umrikhan watched as he flew towards the end of the poplar. The stork didn't land in the nest, he came back, and went around the top of the garden, the top of the house, he went far away, he came back again. He was looking for a mate. During the day, he kept on landing on the nest, fluttering its wings, and flying away. His drum rang again in the basket in the afternoon. He didn't sing as loudly as he used to, his drums were sad...

Soon the war which burned the cities and shed the people's blood was over. Everywhere was covered in real spring color that day. There were tulips bloomed like a fire on the roof. The boys' hands were red with strawberry juice, and the girls' ears were covered with twin cherries. The village streets crowded. The long-forgotten sound of the gramophone in the houses. The brides' faces were happy.

Two iris flower bloomed in the ditch in Umrikhan's yard. The guys were coming from the front. A stork played a drum at the end of a poplar. Who was he waiting for? Umrikhan's heart was full too. Her son was back.

Spring had come again. That spring Umrikhan got married her son. On the day of the wedding, a stork played a drum on the top of the garden.

But the stork, which she had loved for a long time, did not come when Umrikhan's grandson was born. The nest was deserted.

Umrikhan stared sadly at the empty nest and thought that the stork may have died somewhere in loneliness. And to die was truth. But if you think about dying in separation, the world will be dark for you. It's better being generation. That's what you want to live for happiness. These are the things that call mankind to live.

Soon two storks came to the nest, which was deserted. Who knows, they may be the children of that stork. Anyway, the nest was not empty!

Years passed. Umrikhan forgot everything. Her grandson's joy rang over the house. She waited for the boy to grow up and go the military service. Especially during the day when the house was full of children. Their noise, laughter, and words seemed to record the wrinkles on Umrikhan's face.

She would like to see her grandson's wedding. She wanted to live. But every spring when the stork comes, when she hears voice of drum on the top of the garden, her heart breaks. It reminds her of the blackness that came from her husband, the days when two sufferers cried silently in a semi-dark house.

Today the stork came again. He brought spring on his wing. The sound of children walking to school can be heard across the street. "The stork has arrived, and it is the summer ..." It's her grandson's voice. It was as if the sound had overwhelmed all the sounds in the world. It's as if a child from all over the world is climbing on the roof and listening to that child's happy voice...

1969.

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## URUSHNING SO'NGGI QURBONI (hikoya)

**O'tkir Hoshimov**

Shoikrom ayvon to'ridagi sandal chetida xomush o'tirardi. Allaqachon bahor kelib, kunlar isib ketganiga qaramay, hamon sandal olib tashlanmagani, ammo hech kim bu to'g'rida o'ylab ko'rmaganini u endi payqaganday g'ashi keldi. Bo'z ko'rpa ustidan yopilgan, shinni dog'i qotgan quroq dasturxon ham hozirgina go'jadan bo'shagan sopol tovoq, bandi kuygan yog'och qoshiq ham uning ko'ziga xunuk ko'rinib ketdi. Ammo beparvolik bilan qo'l siltadi-yu, do'ppisini sandal ustiga tashlab yonboshladi.

Yarim kecha bo'lib qolgan, atrof jimjit. Faqat olislarda it uliydi. Ayvon to'sinidagi uzun mixga ilig'liq lampochka xira nur taratadi. Chiroq atrofida o'ralashgan chivinlar bir zum tinmaydi. Hovlining yarmigacha ariq tortib ekilgan qulupnay pushtalari orasida suv yaltiraydi. Onda-sonda rang olgan qulupnaylar ko'zga tashlanib qoladi. Qayoqdandir shamol keldi. Hovli etagidagi yong'oq shoxlari bir guvillab qo'ydi. Shoikrom uyqu elita boshlagan ko'zlari bilan o'sha tomonga qaradi-yu, ter hidi anqib turgan lo'labolishga boshini tashladi. Shu ondayoq yana o'sha tovoqqa, bandi kuygan qoshiqqa ko'zi tushib, tag'in g'ashlandi. "Ziqna bo'lmay o'l!- deb o'yladi xotinini so'kib. -Azaldan qurumsoq edi, zamon og'irlashgandan buyon battar bo'ldi".

Ichkarida chaqaloq yig'ladi. Beshikning g'irchillagani eshitildi. Bola xuddi shuni kutib turganday, battar big'illay boshladi. Kattasi ham uyg'onib ketdi shekilli, qo'shilishib yig'lashga tushdi.

Shoikrom siltanib qaddini rostladi.

- Ovozini o'chir, Xadicha!

Ichkaridan xotining beshikni mushtlagani, zardali tovushi eshitildi:

- Ovozi o'chsa koshkiydi! To'qqiz kechasida jin tekkan bunga!

"Kambag'alning ekkani unmaydi, bolasi ko'payadi o'zi,- deb o'yladi Shoikrom ijarg'anib. – Shu kunimdan ko'ra urushga borib o'lib keta qolganim yaxshiydi".

Uni urushga olishmadi. To'qimachilik kombinatida montyor yetishmasmidi, yo o'zi yaxshi ishlarmidi, har qalay, uni olib

qolishdi. Shoikrom urush boshlanishidan sal oldin uylangan edi. Urush bo‘ldi-yu, zamon o‘zgarib ketdi. Bir xil odamlar tirnoqqa zor. Uning xotini bo‘lsa, yonidan o‘tib ketsa ham boshqorong‘i bo‘laveradi. Xudo bergandan keyin tashlab bo‘larmishmi, deb ketma-ket uchta qiz tug‘ib berdi. Urushning qora qanoti uzoqlab ketgan bo‘lsayam, hamon uning soyasi odamlar boshiga ko‘lanka tashlab turibdi. Hali u qo‘shnirikida aza ochiladi, hali bu qo‘shnirikida.

Hovli etagidagi pastak eshik g‘iyqilladi. Shoikrom kafti bilan ko‘zini chiroqdan pana qilib qaradi-yu, shu tomonga kelayotgan onasini ko‘rdi. U uylanganidan keyin otadan qolgan hovlini o‘rtadan ikki paxsa devor olib bo‘lishgan. Bungayam bir chekkasi Xadichaning injiqligi sabab bo‘lgan edi. Har xil ikir-chikir gaplar chiqaverganidan keyin Umri xola ro‘zg‘oring boshqa bo‘lsa o‘zingga qayishasan, deb ularning qozonini boshqa qilib berdi. O‘zi kichik o‘g‘li Shone‘mat bilan narigi hovlida qoldi.

Rangi uniqqan chit ko‘ylak ustidan nimcha kiyib olgan Umri xola sharpaday unsiz yurib keldi-da, yapaloq “musulmon” g‘ishtdan yasalgan zinadan ayvonga ko‘tarildi.

- Hali uxlamovmiding? – dedi u zinadan enkayib chiqayotganida surilib ketgan ro‘molini qayta o‘rab.

- Ko‘rmaysizmi, chaqaloq tinchimayapti. O‘zim itday charchaganman.

- Bola bo‘lgandan keyin yig‘laydi-da,- dedi Umri xola yupatuvchi tovushda.- Yotaver, bolam.- U yana o‘sha unsiz odimlar bilan ichkari uyga kirib ketdi.

Qaynana-kelin bir balo qilib, bolalarni tinchitishdi. Keyin ikkovlari boshlashib chiqishdi. Xadicha bir qo‘lida choynak-piyola, bir qo‘lida zog‘ora non keltirib, dasturxon ustiga qo‘ydi.

- Choy o‘lib qopti,- dedi u zog‘ora ushatarkan.

Umri xola Shoikromning yonboshiga, shaparak ko‘rpachaga o‘tirdi.

- Ol o‘zing ham,-dedi u tomirlari bo‘rtib chiqqan qo‘llari bilan, sochilgan uvoqlarni yig‘ib og‘ziga solarkan. Shoikrom onasining barmoqlari tars-tars yorilib ketganini endi payqadi. Ilgari ham shunaqamidi, yo‘qmidi, eslay olmadi.

- Ovqatingdan qolmadimi? – dedi u cho‘kkalab o‘tirgancha choy quyayotgan xotiniga qarab.

Xadichaning uzunchoq sarg‘ish yuzi qizardi. Aybdordek mahzun tovushda uzr so‘radi:

- Qolmovdi-ya.

Shoikrom uning qizarganidan yolg‘on gapirayotganini sezdi. Kim bilsin, ertalab o‘ziga isitib berish uchun shunaqa deyayotgandir...

- Yo‘q, bolam, ovqat kerakmas,- dedi Umri xola shoshilib.- Xayol surib yotibuyqum o‘chib ketdi...- U bir lahza jim qoldi-da, o‘ziga gapirganday sekin qo‘shib qo‘ydi. – Payshanba kuni Komil tabibning uyiga boruvdim. Har kuni nahorga bir kosadan qo‘y suti ichsa, dard ko‘rmaganday bo‘lib ketadi, dedi.

- Hozir qo‘y suti qatta,- dedi Xadicha.- Sigir suti otliqqa yog‘u... shu paytda sigirimiz tuqqan bo‘lardiya.

Shoikrom xotining gapini eshitmadi. Birdan uning ko‘z o‘ngida pastak deraza ostida shiftga tikilib yotgan ukasi jonlandi. Bir hovlida turib o‘n kundan buyon holini so‘ramaganiga afsuslanib, ichidan xo‘rsiniq keldi. Shone‘mat Rossiyadan ko‘chirib keltirilgan zavod qurilishida ishlay boshlaganida uni urushga olishmaganidan Shoikrom suyungan edi. Gap boshqa yoqda ekan. Ukasi sil ekan. Shuning uchun qoldirishgan ekan. Mana, uch oydirki, yerga yopishib yotibdi.

Shoikrom o‘n kuncha ilgari ishga ketayotib birrov kirib ukasidan hol so‘ragan edi. O‘shanda Shone‘matning qoq suyak bo‘lib qolganini, katta-katta ko‘zlari nimagadir chuqur ma‘no bilan o‘ziga tikilganini ko‘rgan edi.

“Yaqinda o‘ladi, - deb o‘yladi u onasining ko‘ziga qaramaslikka harakat qilib, - baribir o‘ladi”.

- Tuzukmi? – dedi u hammasi uchun o‘zi aybdorday qovog‘ini solib.

- Shukur,- Umri xola qult etib yutindi.- Hozir uxladi.- onasi shu topda chiqib ovora bo‘lmasin, degan ma‘noda gapirganini Shoikrom tushundi.

- Ertalab xabar olaman,- dedi u onasi o‘rnidan turganida.

- Sendan nega gina qilarkan, bolam,- dedi Umri xola ayvon labida to‘xtab.- Ko‘rib turibdi-ku. Ertalab chiqib ketasan, yarim kechada qaytasan. Bu kunlar unut bo‘lib ketadi, bolam. - Zinaga



yechgan kalishining bir poyi to'ng'ayib qolgan ekan, umri xola oyog'ining uchi bilan to'ng'ayibman deb, ancha ovora bo'ldi. Keyin zinalardan enkayib tushdi-yu, sharpaday unsiz yurgancha, hovli etagiga qarab ketdi. Pastak eshik g'ayqillab ochilib yopildi.

- Padariga la'nat shunaqa turmushning! – dedi Shoikrom bo'g'ilib. Keyin dasturxonni yig'ishtirayotgan xotiniga o'shqirdi-Seniyam padaringga la'nat! Tumshug'ingni tagidan sigiringni yetaklab ketsa-yu, anqayib o'tirsang.

- Nega menga o'dag'aylaysiz? - Xadicha tovoqni qoshiqqa urib, yig'lamsiradi.- Nima, meniyam Ilhom samovarchining xotiniday so'yib ketsinmidi? Siz kechalari smenda bo'lsangiz. Men uchta jo'ja bilan jonimni hovuchlab o'tirganim yetmaydimi?!

Shoikrom xotinini tarsakilab yubormaslik uchun yuzini o'girib, tishini g'ijirlatdi.

Suv qalqisa, loyqasi yuqoriga chiqqanday, zamon qalqigandan buyon yomon ko'paydi. Erta bahorda ularning tug'ay deb turgan sigirini o'g'irlab ketishdi. O'sha kecha Shoikrom tungi smenada edi. Kechasi bilan sharros jala quyib chiqdi. Shoikrom tong-saharda bir nimani sezganday ko'ngli g'ash tortib, uyiga qaytdi. Kelsa xotini, bolalari, onasi dod solib o'tirishibdi. Xadicha og'iroyoq emasmi, o'zi bilan o'zi ovora bo'lib bilolmay qolibdi. Ertalab tursa ko'cha eshik lang ochiq, yong'oqqa bog'loqliq sigir yo'q.

“Shu paytgacha sigir tug'ardi, ukamning og'ziga aqalli bir kosa sut tutardim, - deb o'yladi Shoikrom o'kinib- Qani o'shalar qo'limga tushsa, chopib tashlardim”.

Shundoq dedi-yu, egasi ming poylasin, o'g'ri-bor. Mana, bundan ikki oycha ilgari Ilhom samovarchining xotinini pichoqlab ketishdi. Bechoraning bitta-yu bitta echkisi bor ekan. Hovliga o'g'ri tushganini bilib, xotin sho'rlik dod solibdi. Eri chyxonada ekan. Yugurib borib echkining arqonidan ushlaganmi, xullas, yetib kelgan qo'ni- qo'shnilar qora qoniga belanib yotganini ko'rishibdi.

- Shu kunda yana o'g'ri oralab qoldi, - dedi Xadicha ko'rpachani qoqib tancha chetiga solarkan. - Qulupnay qizarmasidan bitta qo'y may terib ketyapti.

-Vahima qilma! - dedi shoikrom qovog'ini uyib - Bolalar terib yegandir. O'g'ri qulupnayga keladimi?

- Og‘ziga bir dona olgan bo‘lsa buyurmasin. Nega kelmas ekan? Bir hovuchini opchiqib sotsa bir kosa jo‘xori beradi. Ana, borib qarang, devorning bir cheti o‘pirilib yotibdi!

- Vahima qilma! - dedi Shoikrom yana g‘o‘ldirab. Ammo bu safar o‘zining ham yuragi seskanib ketganini payqadi. Ko‘nglida paydo bo‘lgan g‘ashlikni sezdirmaslik uchun hovliga tushdi. Sekin yurib, qulupnay pushtalari oldiga keldi. Ariqlardagi suv chiroq nurida yaltirab, shamolda jimirlar, marjonday terilib rang olgan qulupnaylar suvga tegay-tegay deb turardi.

“Rost-da, - deb o‘yladi u pushtalar atrofida aylanarkan, - bir hovuch qulupnayga bir tovoq jo‘xori beradi. Tansiq narsa... xadicha yolg‘on gapirmaydi. Bolalar yegan bo‘lsa, buyurmasin, deyapti-ku. Pishiq, yo‘latmaydi...”

Bultur xotini xuddi shu qulupnay tufayli onasini ham qattiq ranjitgan edi. Umri xola bir xovuch qulupnay olgan ekan, Xadicha bolalarga non puli bo‘lar deb ekanmiz, norastalarning nasibasiga tegmang, deb bobillab beribdi. Shoikrom o‘shanda onasining yoz bo‘yi kelini bilan yuzko‘rmas bo‘lib yurganini esladi-da, yana o‘sha gap xayoliga keldi. “Xadicha anoyi emas, qurumsoq...”

U aylanib yong‘oq tagiga bordi. Bordi-yu, chindan ham ko‘cha tomondagi devorning bir cheti o‘pirilganini, ostiga tuproq to‘kilganini ko‘rib, yuragi orqasiga tortib ketdi. Nazarida devorning kentik joyidan birov mo‘ralab turganday bo‘ldi. Yong‘oq shoxlarining shamolda vishillashi ham, oyog‘i ostida to‘kilib yotgan devor tuprog‘i ham shubhali, vahimali ko‘rinib, darrov orqasiga qaytdi.

Xadicha allaqachon uyga kirib ketibdi. U chiroqni o‘chirib, sandal chetiga yotdi-yu, ko‘nglidagi g‘ulg‘ula kuchayib ketaverdi.

Kuzda o‘zi bilan ishlaydigan yigitning hovlisidagi so‘ritokdan g‘arq pishib yotgan uzumlarini o‘g‘irlab ketishganini esladi. Shamol borgan sari avjga chiqar, hovlidagi yong‘oq barglari shovillab, shoxlari g‘irchillar, allakim ship-ship qadam bosib, ayvon labiga kelayotganday bo‘lardi.

Xadicha rost aytadi. U kechalari smenada bo‘lsa, xotini uchta jo‘ja bilan jon hovuchlab tong ottirsa, o‘g‘riga o‘ljanining katta-kichigi bormi? Qo‘liga nima ilinsa olaveradi-da. Bordi-yu, o‘zi yo‘g‘ida uyini o‘g‘ri bossa, xotini dod solsa, pichoqlab tashlasa. U

yoqdan onasi chiqsa, uniyam pichoqlasa... “Vijdonsiz! Odamlarning boshiga kulfat tushganidan foydalanib qoladiganlarni qirish kerak”.

Birdan xayoliga kelgan fikrdan uning vujudi titrab ketdi. Qora kunlari uchun, ne umidlar bilan tishida tishlab yurgan g‘unajinini o‘g‘irlagani uchun, o‘lim to‘shagida yotgan ukasining oxirgi nasibasidan mahrum qilgani uchun, non puli bo‘lar deb yetishtirgan mevasidan judo qilayotgani uchun shundoq qasos olsinki, o‘sha xudo bexabarlardan.

U o‘rnidan sakrab turib ketdi. Chiroqni yoqib, otilib hovliga tushdi. Hamon shamol o‘kirar, osmonning goh u, goh bu burchida chaqmoq yaraqlab, yong‘oq shoxlari shubhali g‘iyqillar, ammo endi bular uni qo‘rqitilmas edi. U yonboshidagi oshxonaga kirdi-yu, cho‘ntagidan gugurt olib chaqdi. Titroq qo‘llari bilan qorayib ketgan devordagi mixga ilig‘liq turgan ikki o‘ram simni oldi. Bir vaqtlar urushdan oldin u bu simlarni bazmlarga olib borar, odamlarning hovlisini mash‘aladay yoritib berardi. Endiyam yaxshilikka xizmat qilsin!

“Menga desa otib yubormaydimi! – deb o‘yladi u ayvon labiga cho‘qqayib o‘tirganicha usti yopiq simni ochiq simga ildam ularkan. - Harna bitta haromxo‘rni o‘ldirganim. Bittasi o‘lsa, boshqalari adabini yeydi”.

U chaqqon harakat qilar, a‘zoyi badani terlab ketgan, ammo buni o‘zi payqamas, faqat bir so‘zni takrorlardi: “Menga desa otib yubormaydimi!”

U simning ochiq qismini qulupnay pushtalari ustiga uloqtirdi. Sim ilonday bilanglab pushta ustiga tushdi. Yopiq qismini ayvon tagidan olib o‘tdi-da, bir uchini ustundagi ilgakka tiqib qo‘ydi. Keyin birdan bolalar kechasi hovliga tushsa nima bo‘ladi, degan xayol miyasiga urildi-yu, uyga kirdi.

Xadicha yotgan joyida uyqusirab boshini ko‘tardi.

- Ha?

- Hovliga chiqma, bolalar ham chiqmasin, o‘ladi! – dedi Shoikrom ko‘zlari yonib.

Xadicha hech nimaga tushunmadi shekilli, “xo‘p” dedi-yu, boshini yostiqqa tashladi. Zum o‘tmay tekis, chuqur nafas ola boshladi. Shoikrom ayvon chirog‘ini o‘chirib, yana uyga kirdi. Har

ehtimolga qarshi shundoq eshik tagiga, namatga ko'ndalang yotib oldi.

“Menga desa otib tashlamaydimi?” deb o‘yladi yana o‘shanday zarda bilan. Shu topda negadir bolalarini emas, xotini ham emas, ukasini o‘yladi. Shone‘mat bolaligida ham zaifgina edi. Shoikrom uni har kuni maktabdan o‘zi olib kelar, ikkinchi smenada dars tugaguncha poylab o‘tirardi. Otasi o‘lganida Shoikrom oltinchida, ukasi ikkinchida o‘qirdi. O‘shanda Shone‘mat yig‘lamagan, ammo ichikib kasal bo‘lib qolgandi. Ona-bola uni avaylab katta qilishdi. Endi bo‘lsa, besh kunligi qoldimi yo‘qmi, aka bo‘lib xabar ham ololmaydi.

Shoikrom uxlamadimi, yo‘qmi, bilolmadi. Bir mahal bola yig‘ladimi, yo tashqarida shamolning guvillashi aralash dahshatli bir faryod qulog‘iga kirdimi, anglay olmay qoldi. Sapchib o‘rnidan turib ketdi. Ayvon chirog‘ini yoqishi bilan qulupnay pushtasida muk tushib yotgan odam gavdasini ko‘rdi-yu, dahshatdan qotib qoldi. Shu ondayoq xato qilganini, qotillik qilganini payqadi. Sim uchini shartta ilgakdan yulib olib, hovliga otildi. “Boshqalari qochdi” degan fikr lip etib xayolidan o‘tdi. Pushtalar ustida sakrab-sakrab yurib borarkan, oyog‘i botib ketayotganini payqadi. Keyin g‘ujunak bo‘lib yotgan odamdan uch qadam beriroqda to‘xtadi-yu, birdan cho‘kkalab qoldi. Bir lahza ko‘zlari olayib tikilib turdi-da, ko‘ksidan shamol g‘uvurini ham, o‘z vujudini ham larzaga soluvchi bir nido otilib chiqdi:

- Oyi-i-i!

U boshidan hushi uchib borayotganini elas-elas his qilib o‘zini yerga otdi. Titroq qo‘llari bilan loy changallagancha cho‘kkalab ko‘ksiga mushtlay ketdi.

- Oyi! Oyijon!

Umri xola bir qo‘li bilan uniqqan chit ko‘ylagining etagini mahkam changallab olgan, etak ichida ikki hovuch pishgan-pishmagan aralash qulupnaylar ko‘rinib turar, boshqa qo‘li bilan esa ilondek simni ushlab turardi. Shoikrom uning qulupnay qizili yuqqan, yorilib ketgan barmoqlarini, bo‘rtgan tomirlarini aniq ko‘rdi. Nariroqda, loyli ariq ichida uning kalishi yotar, chamasi, sim oyog‘iga tekkanida yulib olmoqchi bo‘lgan-u, qo‘liga o‘ralashib yiqilgan edi.

Shoikrom loyli marzadan emaklab borgancha, o‘zini onasining quchog‘iga otdi.

- Oyijon, oching ko‘zingizni! - dedi u gezarib ketgan lablari bilan onasining muzday yuzidan o‘pib.

U anchadan keyin o‘ziga keldi-yu, tepasida xotini turganini, qizchalari yig‘layotganini payqadi. Boshini ko‘tarishi bilan marza chetida cho‘nqayib o‘tirgan Shone‘matga ko‘zi tushdi. Necha haftalardan buyon o‘rnidan jilmay yotgan ukasi, aftidan, qandaydir kuch topib emaklab chiqqan, ko‘ylagining yelkalari osilib turar, katta-katta ko‘zlari vahima bilan boqar edi.

-Nima qilib qo‘ydim, ukam! – dedi Shoikrom yana balchiqqa belangan kafti bilan yuzini changallab. Keyin yana onasining ustiga o‘zini tashladi. U onasini ko‘tarishga urinar, ammo onasining ikki buklangan gavgasi negadir hech tiklanmas edi.

- Sut ichmay zahar ichsam bo‘lmasmidi, - dedi Shone‘mat ovozi titrab.

Shoikrom bu ojiz, titroq tovushdan seskanib, ukasiga tikilib qoldi.

- Zahar ichsam bo‘lmasmidi, - dedi Shone‘mat yana o‘sha ohangda. Aftidan, u yig‘lay olmas, yig‘lashga madori yetmasdi. - Kechayam aytuvdim, ko‘nmadilar. Qulupnayga sut alishadi, dedilar.

Shoikrom boshqa hech nimani eshitmadi. Eshitilmadi. Foydasi ham yo‘q edi.

\* \* \*

Umri xolani peshin namoziga chiqarishdi. Go‘ristondan chiqib kelishayotganida Shoikrom odamlarning o‘zaro gapini eshitib qoldi.

- Urush tamom bo‘pti, eshitdingizmi?

1967-yil

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE WAR (Story)

Otkir Hoshimov

Shoikrom was sitting sadly on the edge of the sandals on the porch. It was already spring, and although the days were hot, he was upset that the sandals had not yet been removed, but that no one had thought about it. Quroq dasturxon<sup>18</sup> covered on a gray blanket, stained from jam, a ceramic plate that had just been emptied from goja<sup>19</sup>, and a wooden spoon with a burn on it, looked ugly to his eyes. But he shook his hand carelessly, threw his doppi<sup>20</sup> over the sandals, and lay down.

It was midnight, and quiet. Only the dog barked in the distance. A light bulb on a long nail in the porch glowed dimly. The mosquitoes around the lamp did not stop for a moment. Water glistened between the strawberry buds planted in the ditch halfway up the yard. Occasionally there were blushed strawberries. The wind came from somewhere. The walnut branches at the end of the courtyard made a noise. Shoikrom looked in that direction with the eyes that began to sleep, and nodded to the sweaty-smelling lolibolish<sup>21</sup>. At that moment, he saw the same plate, the same burning spoon, and sighed again. "Die with your stinginess," he thought, cursing his wife. -She's been stingy for a long time, and she's gotten worse since there began difficulty times.

The baby cried inside. The cradle creaked. As if waiting for the same thing, the boy started screaming. The eldest also woke up and joined the crying.

Shoikrom jerked and straightened up.

-Shut them up, Khadija!

Inside, his wife was pounding on the cradle, a squeaky sound was heard:

-I wish he would be calm! The demonic caught him at midnight!

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<sup>18</sup> A tablecloth made by connecting pieces of fabric of different colors and shapes

<sup>19</sup> The soup made from white corn

<sup>20</sup> Uzbek national cap

<sup>21</sup> A pillow used as a comfortable support for sitting or leaning on.

“The poor never be happy, they have more children,” thought Shoikrom. “It would be better for me to go to war and die than that.”

He was not taken to war. There were not enough mechanics at the textile factory, or he worked well, but he was left anyway. Shoikrom was married shortly before the war began. There was a war- the war began, and times changed. Some people had no children. He has a wife who can get pregnant easily, she gave birth to three daughters in a row. Even though the black wing of war is gone, its shadow still was over people’s houses. There was still mourning at his neighbor’s house.

The door at the courtyard creaked. Shoikrom covered his eyes with his palm from the lamp and saw his mother coming towards him. After he got married, his father’s yard was separated by two-layer mud brick walls in the middle. One of the reasons was Khadija’s whimsies. After all sorts of rumors, Aunt Umri divided their housekeeping, saying that if your life is diverse, you will value each other. She settled on to live with his youngest son Shone’mat.

Aunt Umri, wore in a faded dress, walked silently like a ghost and climbed the flat “Muslim”<sup>22</sup> brick stairs to the porch.

-Are you still asleep? she said, re-wrapping her shawl, which moved away as she leaned up the stairs.

-You see the baby is not calm. And I’m very tired.

-Baby cries after all he’s a child, said Aunt Umri in a soothing voice. – Sleep, my son. - she came into the room silently.

The mother-in-law calmed the children down. Then the two of them went out. Khadija brought a teapot in one hand and a corn bread in the other and put it on the table.

-The tea has cold, she said, sniffing.

Aunt Umri sat on Shoikrom’s side, on a blanket.

-Help yourself, she said, her swollen hands gathering the crumbs and putting them in her mouth. Shoikrom now noticed that his mother’s fingers were cracked. He couldn’t remember if it was like that before or not.

-Do we have a food? He said, looking at his wife, who was pouring tea squatting down.

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<sup>22</sup> A new, high-quality, brick

Khadija's long yellow face turned red. She apologized in a guilty voice:

-It's over.

Shoikrom felt she was lying from her blush. Who knows, she might say that to warm it up for himself in the morning.

-No, thank you, son, I'm not hungry, said Aunt Umri hurriedly. -I could not sleep from pondering..., she was a silence once a while and talked slowly like speak herself -I went to Kamil Tabib's<sup>23</sup> house on Thursday. He said that if he drank a cup of sheep's milk for dawn every day, he would not feel any pain.

-Sheep's milk is deficient now, said Khadija. -It's difficult to find cow's milk... our cow would have given birth by this time.

Shoikrom did not listen to his wife. Suddenly, he imagined his brother, who was staring at the ceiling under the low window. He sighed, regretting that he hadn't asked his health for ten days living in the same house. When Shone'mat began working on the construction of a factory which was shifted from Russia, Shoikrom was glad that he had not been drafted into the war. The reason was different. His brother was tuberculosis. That's why they left. He has been lying from illness for three months.

Ten days ago, on his way to work, Shoikrom came in and asked his brother how he was. He saw that Shone'mat had become a bone, and that his big eyes were gazed on him for some reason.

"He's going to die soon," he thought, trying not to look her mother's eyes. "He's going to die anyway."

- He is all right? He said, frowning as if he were to blame for it all.

-Thank you, said Aunt Umri, swallowing. -He's asleep now- Shoikrom understood that his mother had spoken in the sense that he should not bother him.

-I'll see him in the morning, he said as his mother stood up.

-Why should he be angry with you, my son? said aunt Umri, pausing on the porch. -You go out in the morning and come back in the middle of the night. Those days will be forgotten, my son. Her kalish<sup>24</sup> which she took off on the stairs were overturned, aunt Umri

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<sup>23</sup> The uzbek national word meaning of healer

<sup>24</sup> Uzbek national footwear that made from rubber



troubled much straightening with her foot. Then she went down the stairs and walked silently like a ghost to the end of the courtyard. The low door opened creaky and closed.

-Cursed be that life! Shoikrom choked. Then he shouted at his wife, who was clearing the table. -Cursed be your father! The cow was stolen while you were at home.

-Why are you scolding me? Khadija cries, tapping the plate to a spoon. -You wanted that they would kill me like a wife of Ilhom samovar<sup>25</sup> If you are on a night shift. Isn't it enough that I'm sitting with three kids fearfully?!

Shoikrom turned his face away and creaked his teeth so as not to slap his wife.

After beginning the war there was a time which has increased bad persons. Their cow which near to give birth was stolen in early spring. Shoikrom was on a night shift that night. A torrential downpour ensued during the night. Shoikrom returned home in the morning as if he had felt something. His wife, children and mother were screaming. Khadija was worried that she would not be able to take care of herself. In the morning, the street door was wide open and there was no cow that tied to walnut.

“By this time, cow would have given a calf, and I would give a cup of milk to my brother,” thought Shoikrom with a sigh.

He said even though the owner was protected well, there was a thief. And the thief stabbed Ilhom samovar's wife two months ago. The poor man had only one goat. When she found out that a thief had come into the yard, she screamed. Her husband was in the chaykhana<sup>26</sup>. Maybe she ran and grabbed the goat's rope, and when the neighbors gathered, they saw that she was covered in black blood.

-These days the thief has appeared again, said Khadija, shaking out the blanket and placing it on the edge of the tancha<sup>27</sup>. - The thief is picking strawberries without leaving a single one.

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<sup>25</sup> A metal vessel traditionally used for heating and boiling water. Note: samovarchi- a man who works at a public eating house

<sup>26</sup> A public eating house mainly for drinking tea.

<sup>27</sup> A local heating medium

-Don't panic, said Shoikrom, frowning. –The kids might have eaten. Will the thief come to the strawberry?

-Don't be lucky if they take one in their mouth. Why doesn't thief come? If he sells a handful of strawberry and then buys a bowl of corn. Look, the part of the wall is falling down.

-Don't panic! - Shoikrom muttered again. But this time he noticed that his heart was fearing. He went down to the yard so as not to feel the sadness in his heart. Walking slowly, he came to the strawberry buds. The water in the canals gleamed in the light of the lamp, and the wind blew, and the strawberries, which looked like pearls, touched the water.

-It's true, he thought as he walked around the piles, - he can change a handful of strawberries with a large bowl of corn. The thing is deficient... Khadija doesn't lie. She said that it was clear that the children did not eat. She's very stingy, she won't let them...

His wife had hurt her mother badly because of the same strawberry last year. Aunt Umri took a handful of strawberries, and Khadija scolded her telling they planted them for bread to children so that not pick them again.

Shoikrom remembered that his mother had not tell her all summer, and he thought of the same thing again. "Khadija is not gullible; she is stingy..."

He went under the walnut. He was heartbroken when he saw that the wall on the side of the street fell down and soil poured under it. It was as if someone was staring at the hole of the wall. Both the hissing of the walnut branches in the wind and the dirt of the wall beneath his feet looked suspicious and frightening, and he immediately turned back.

Khadija had already entered the house. He turned off the light and lay down on the edge of sandal, and again his heart felt mirthless.

He recalled that ripe grapes had stolen from a young man who worked with him in his backyard in the fall. The wind was blowing harder and harder, and the walnut leaves in the yard were rustling, and the branches were hissing, and it was as if someone was stepping on the porch.

Khadija was right. If he is on a night shift and his wife stays with three kids, and for the thief not important of prey's big or small? He can take anything. If thief breaks into his house, his wife screams and he stabs her. If his mother come out and he stabs her too... "Conscienceless! Those who take advantage of people's misfortune must be killed."

His body trembled at the thought that suddenly occurred him. Let him revenge that unaware of God, for stealing his hopeful heifer which kept for dark days, for depriving his dying brother of his last portion, for losing the fruit he had grown to buy bread for his kids.

He jumped up and turned on the light and hopped into the yard. The wind was still blowing, and lightning flashed in the sky, and the branches of the walnut trees were hissing suspiciously, but they could no longer frighten him. He went into the kitchen next door and burnt a match taking from his pocket. With trembling hand, he picked up two bundles of wire that hung to the nail in the blackened wall. Once upon a time, before the war, he used to carry these wires to parties and light people's yards like a torch. May it serve for the good now!

-I do not care if they shoot me! – he thought as he crouched to the edge of the porch and connected to the open wire to closed wire hurriedly. "If one dies, the others will know who I am."

He was moving fast, his body was sweating, but he didn't notice it, just repeating one word: "I do not care if they shoot me!"

He tossed the open part of the wire over the strawberry buds. The wire landed on the ridge like a snake's moving. He took the closed part from under the porch and stuck one end in the hook on the pole. Then, suddenly, he thought what would happen if the kids went out into the yard at night, and he entered the house.

Khadija fell asleep and raised her head. - Yes?

-Don't go out in the yard, don't let the kids go out, it is life threatening! Shoikrom's eyes lit up.

Khadija didn't seem to understand, said "yes" and threw her head on the pillow. Shortly after, he began to breathe evenly and deeply. Shoikrom turned off the porch light and went back into the house. Just in case, he lain near the door.

-I do not care if they shoot me!?! – he thought with the same zeal. For some reason, he thought of his brother, not his children. Shone'mat was weak as a child. Shoikrom would pick him up from school every day and wait in line for the second shift until the end of class. When his father died, Shoikrom was in sixth and his brother was in second. Shone'mat didn't cry then, but he got sick from longing. The mother and elder son raised him carefully. Now, he doesn't even know how long he will live as a brother.

Shoikrom did not know whether he was asleep or not. He could not understand whether the boy was crying or whether the sound of the wind outside was mixed with a terrible scream. He jumped up. He saw the body of someone lying on a strawberry bush, and was horrified, when he turned on the porch light. He immediately realized that he had made a mistake, that he had committed a murder. He snatched the end of the wire from the hook and threw it into the yard. The thought of "others running away" flashed through his mind. As he jumped over the ridges, he noticed that his foot was sinking. Then he stopped three steps away from the body, who was lying on the ground, and suddenly collapsed. He stared for a moment, then a voice came from his chest:

- Mummy!

He suddenly fainted and fell to the ground and grabbed the mud with trembling hands and hit it on his chest.

- Mom! Mummy!

Aunt Umri was clutching the hem of her frayed shirt with one hand, two handfuls of unripe mixed strawberries in the skirt, and with the other hand she was holding the wire like a snake. Shoikrom could clearly see his strawberry-red, cracked fingers and swollen veins. In the distance, in a muddy ditch, lay his remains, apparently trying to rip them off when the wire touched his leg, and he collapsed in his arms.

Shoikrom crawled across the muddy border and threw himself into his mother's arms.

"Mummy, open your eyes!" He said, kissing his mother's cold face with his lips.

After a while, he regained consciousness and noticed that his wife was standing on top of him and his daughters were crying.

When he raised his head, he saw Shone'mat, who was crouching on the edge of the border. His brother, who had not been able to smile for several weeks, seemed to be crawling with some strength, his shirt hanging down his shoulders, his big eyes staring in panic.

“What have I done, brother?” Shoikrom said, clutching his face again with his muddy palms. Then he threw himself on his mother again. He tried to lift his mother, but for some reason his mother's bodies could not be restored.

“I wish I could drink poison without milk,” said Shone'mat, his voice trembling.

Shoikrom shuddered at this helpless, trembling voice and stared at his brother.

“I wish I could drink poison,” - said Shone'mat in the same tone. Apparently, he couldn't cry, he couldn't bear to cry. I told her yesterday, she did not agree. She said, we can replace milk with strawberries.

Shoikrom heard nothing else. Couldn't hear. It didn't help.

\* \* \*

Aunt Umri was buried to the noon prayer. As they were leaving the cemetery, Shoikrom overheard people talking.

“The war is over; did you hear?”

1967.

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## ADABIYOT MUALLIMI (hikoya)

Abdulla Qahhor

O‘zining aytishiga ko‘ra “nafis adabiyot muallimi” o‘rtoq Boqijon Baqoev og‘ilga kirib ta‘bi xira bo‘ldi: sigirning qulog‘iga yana kana tushibdi! Kanadan ham ko‘ra sigir uning achchig‘ini keltirdi: kanani teray desa qo‘ymaydi – boshini silkiydi, pishqiradi.

– Hayvon! Sigir emas, hayvon! – dedi og‘ilning eshigini qattiq yopib. – Hayvon!

Xotini Mukarram hovlida samovarga suv quyur edi.

– Hayvon! – dedi Baqoev, – bu sigirni sotib puliga cho‘chqa olish kerak!

– Shaharda cho‘chqa asrash mumkin emas,– dedi Mukarram samovarga ko‘mir solayotib.

– Nima uchun? Ta‘qiq qilinganmi? Kim aytdi? Men aytib edimmi? To‘g‘ri, mumkin emas... albatta, mumkin emas...

– Uyga kiring, Hamida keldi.

Hamida o‘n olti yoshlardagi tirik, quvnoq qiz, pochchasini ko‘rib sevinib ketdi.

– Siz uyda ekansiz, bilsam, daftaringizni olib kelar ekanman... esizgina...

O‘rtoq Boqijon Baqoevning ta‘bi ochildi – sigir, uning qulog‘idagi ko‘m-ko‘k kana, g‘o‘qillab tumshug‘i bilan ariq yoqalarini buzib yurgan cho‘chqa ko‘z oldidan ketdi.

– Texnikumdan rabfakka o‘tibsan, deb eshitdim, rostmi? – dedi.

– Himm... yaxshi qilibsiz. Rabfakka o‘t, deb men aytib edim shekilli? Himm... Auff, zarda bo‘libman... Rabfak yaxshi. Men bir borgan edim. Kantselyariyaning eshigiga praktikum deb yozib qo‘yipti. To‘g‘ri emas. Praktikum, minimum, maksimum bular hammasi lotincha yoki lotinchaga yaqin so‘zlar. Men, shaxsan shunday deb bilaman.

Bir oz jim qolishdi.

– Boqijon aka,- dedi qiz uyaliyroq,- bir narsani sizdan so‘ramoqchi edim: biz sinfda Chexovning “Uyqu istagi”ni o‘qidik, go‘dakni o‘ldirgan qizni sud qilmoqchimiz. Da‘vogar go‘dakning onasi – Rahima bo‘ladi, qoralovchi – Sharifjon. Sudyalar ham

bo'ladi. Men qizni oqlab, butun gunohni uning xo'jayiniga, yosh qizni bu qadar berahm ekspluatatsiya qilgan kishiga qo'ymoqchiman. Mana shu... Shuni yozdim. Shu to'g'rida sizning fikringizni bilmoqchiman. Chexov shunday demoqchi emasmi?

O'rtoq Baqoev o'ylab turib, so'radi:

– Nafis adabiyot darsini sizlarga kim beradi? Hakimov? Ahmoq odam! O'z ustida ishlamaydi. Savol alomati hammavaqt “mi” dan keyin qo'yiladi desam, kuladi. Gap bunda ham emas...

Mukarram samovar ko'tarib kirdi. Hamida irg'ib turib, samovarni opasining qo'lidan oldi va stolga qo'ydi. U, homilador xotinga samovar ko'tartirib, qarab o'tirgan pochchasidan o'pkalamoqchi edi, biroq uyaldi, indamadi. O'rtoq Boqijon Baqoev juda chanqab turgan ekan, ustma-ust to'rt piyola choy ichdi va terladi.

– Chuchvaradan keyin choy juda yaxshi ketadi-da,– dedi yuzidagi terni artib,– Himm... soqol ham o'sipti, sartarosh bo'lmasa odamlar maymun bo'lib ketar edi. Maymun, juni to'kilib, odam bo'lgan. Bu haqda Engelsning fikri bor...

–Haligini aytmadingiz, Boqijon aka, – dedi qiz, – Chexov shunday demoqchi emasmi?

O'rtoq Baqoev yana bir piyola choy so'radi.

–Chexovmi? Himm... burjuaziya realizmi to'g'risida so'zlaganda, eng avval uning ob'ektiga diqqat qilish kerak. Burjuaziya realistlari tushungan, ular aks ettirgan ob'ektiv voqelikni anglash lozim bo'ladi. Turgan gapki, Chexovning ijodi boshdan-oyoq, butun mohiyati bilan ilk burjuaziya realizmi, ya'ni... himm... Mukarram, tovuqqa moyak qo'ydingmi? Qo'yish kerak, bo'lmasa daydi bo'lib ketadi... Tavba, tovuqdan ahmoq jonivor yo'q – moyak qo'ysang tug'adi! Nima uchun moyak qo'ysang tug'adi? Xo'roz nima uchun saharda qichqiradi? Ajoyib psixologiya! Biologiya o'qiysizlarmi?

Hamida biologiyadan nimalar o'qiganini, bu o'qish yilida yana nimalar o'tilajagini so'zlab berdi va o'zining oqlash nutqida fiziologik asoslar ham ko'rsatish niyati bor ekanini aytib, yana so'zni Chexov ustiga burdi.

– Himm...- dedi Baqoev,-Chexov to'g'risida o'zimning fikrim bor. Boshqalar nima desa desin, har holda uning dunyoga

qarashida... Uning dunyoga qarashi Pushkin va Lermontovlarning dunyoga qarashidan farq qiladi. Bir davr, bir sinf, bir mamlakat yozuvchilari bo‘lishlariga qaramasdan, mutlaqo farq qiladi!

– Chexov Pushkin bilan bir davrda yashagan emas-ku,– dedi Mukarram,– bizning kutubxonada uning Maksim Gorkiy bilan oldirgan surati bor. Chexov 1904-yilda o‘lgan bo‘lsa kerak.

O‘rtoq Baqoev bir oz o‘ng‘aysizlandi.

– Sizlar qaysi Chexov to‘g‘risida gapirayotibsizlar? Choydan quy!. Bu Chexov haqidami? To‘g‘ri, bu 1904 yilning birinchi yarmidami, ikkinchi yarmidami o‘lgan... Boshqa ro‘molcha ber, bundan piyoz hidi kelayotipti. Men ana u Chexov, ilk burjuaziya realizmining namoyandasi bo‘lgan Chexov haqida so‘zlayotibman.

– “Uyqu istagi” qaysi Chexovniki? – dedi Hamida.

– Hech shubhasiz bu Chexovniki. Bu narsa birinchi marta “Sovremennik” jurnalida bosilgan.

Shundan keyin o‘rtoq Boqijon Baqoev uzundan-uzoq so‘zlab ketdi. Uning nima to‘g‘rida so‘zlayotganini Hamida bilmas edi. Detirding degan allaqanday mashhur tanqidchi Shelling degan yozuvchiga “sen dastyorga zor bo‘lguncha o‘g‘ling dastyor bo‘ladi” deb xat yozgan; Marks Dobrolyubovni Mering bilan bir qatorga qo‘ygan; Stending degan allaqanday bir dramaturg o‘lar chogida Demping degan bir tanqidchiga: “Agar butun jonivorlarni xudo yaratgan bo‘lsa, men uning zavqiga qoyil emasman, echkiemar ham jonivor bo‘ldimi?” degan...

Hamidaning boshi og‘irlashib ketdi; ikki marta sekin, og‘zini ochmasdan esnadi.

Hamida mezbonlar bilan xayrlashib ko‘chaga chiqqanda qorong‘i tushgan edi; “Uyqu istagi” to‘g‘risida pochchasidan hech qanday fikr ololmadi. Uning so‘zlaridan nima olgani haqida o‘ziga hisob berar ekan, g‘uvillab turgan boshida shundan boshqa hech narsa yo‘q edi: praktikum, minimum, maksimum; Detirding, Stending, Shelling, Mering, Demping...



## LITERATURE TEACHER

**Abdulla Qahhor**

Boqijon Baqoyev, or - the elegant literature teacher – as he called himself, got angry after entering the cattle shed. The cow had a tick on its ear again. He got even angrier when he tried to remove the tick and the cow shook its head and snored. “What an animal!” - he exclaimed. “This is not a cow: it’s a beast,” - he said, slamming the door. His wife, Mukarram was pouring water into the samovar. “What an animal! - Baqoyev said again - We have to sell this cow and buy a pig instead.”

“We cannot keep a pig: it is not allowed in the city.” - Mukarram said, as she was putting coal in the samovar.

“Why? Are they not allowed? Who said so? Did I say that? Yes, that’s right, of course, it’s not allowed. - Baqoyev said.

“Come inside the house. Hamida came to visit.” - Mukarram told her husband. Hamida was a sixteen-year-old active and cheerful girl. She was happy to see her brother in law. “Oh. You’re at home! if I had known that. I would have brought my notebook with me. It’s a pity I didn’t bring it.” - she said. Boqijon Baqoyev’s mood changed and he began to look happy: soon he forgot about the dark blue tick and the pig ruining the edges of stream. “I heard that you transferred your studies from the Technical college to Rabfak<sup>28</sup> is that true?” - Boqijon asked. “Hmm... you did the right thing. Was I the one who told you to transfer? Hmm... Augh I felt hurtburn. Rabfak is good: I went there once. The word practicum was written on the office door; that is not right. Practicum. minimum. maximum, all these words are Latin or are close to Latin. I personally think so.

They were quiet for a short while. “Brother Boqijon” - the girl said, feeling shy. “I wanted to ask you something. We read Chekhov’s “Desire to Sleep” in class, and we want to act it out. We want to judge the girl who killed the little child in the story. Rahima will play the role of the child’s mother. Sharifjon will be the lawyer.

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<sup>28</sup> Rabfak - Russian. Рабочий факультет – an abbreviation of the combination “workers faculty”. In 1919 - 1936, a special educational institution prepared workers and peasants for rapid entry into higher education.

and there will also be judges. As for me, I want to justify the girls and blame her boss who exploited ruthlessly this girl. That's all. I wrote like that. I wanted to know your opinion about this issue. Chekhov wanted to say this, didn't he?". Baqoyev thought for a while and asked her. "Who teaches you the "elegant" literature? Is it Hakimov? He is a stupid man; he does not improve himself. When I tell him that a question mark comes after what, he laughs. But this is not the point." Mukarram came in, holding a samovar. Hamida quickly got up from her place, took the samovar from her sister and placed it on the table. She wanted to scold her sister's husband for not helping his pregnant wife but she was shy and kept quiet. Boqijon Baqoyev looked very thirsty, for he drank four cups of tea in a row and started to sweat. "After eating chuchvara<sup>29</sup>, drinking tea is very good" - he said, wiping the sweat from his face. "Hmm... my beard has grown. If it weren't for barbers, people would have become monkeys. Monkeys have evolved into human beings. Engels has an opinion about this. "Boqijon, you haven't told me your viewpoint about that subject." - the girl said. "Isn't what I said Chekhov's opinion also?" Boqijon asked for another cup of tea. "Chekhov? Hmm... when talking about bourgeoisie realism, we have to look carefully at its objective before anything else. Objective realism should be understood just as bourgeoisie realists understand it and picture it. I suppose that Chekhov's talents from the beginning until the end display primary bourgeoisie realism which means... hmm... Mukarram, have you put an egg for the chickens? There must always be eggs in front of the chickens or else they will become wild. Dear God, there aren't more stupid creatures than chickens!

"If you put eggs under your broody hen, she will lay them. Why is that: And why does the rooster crow at dawn? It's amazing psychology, indeed. Are you studying biology?" Hamida talked about what they had studied in biology and what they were going to study in the current year. She also mentioned that she wanted to use physiological reasons in the speech that she was going to say at the play and turned the discussion back to Chekhov. "Hmm... - began

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<sup>29</sup> A small dumpling of unleavened dough filled with meat, typical of Uzbek cuisine.

Baqoyev again. "I have my own personal opinion about Chekhov. As for others, let them say whatever they want. In my opinion, his point of view differs completely from that of Pushkin and Lermontov although all of these writers are from the same era, same social class. and same country. "Chekhov didn't live in the same era as Pushkin did. There's a picture of him and Maxim Gorky in our library, and Chekhov probably died in 1904" - Hamida replied. Baqoyev felt a little embarrassed. "Which Chekhov are you talking about? Pour another cup of tea for me. About this Chekhov? That's right, he died either in the first half of 1904 or in the second half of that year. Give me another handkerchief: this one smells like onions. As for me, I'm talking about that Chekhov, the one who was a representative of the primary bourgeoisie realism. "What about the story. "Desire to Sleep?" To which Chekhov does it belong?" - asked Hamida. "To this Chekhov, there's no doubt about that. This story was first published in "Sovremennik" magazine. After that, Boqijon Baqoyev gave a long speech: however, Hamida did not understand a single word of what he said. Boqijon talked about some kind of famous critic called Deterring who wrote to a writer called Shelling. "By the time you will be in need of a servant's help. your son will grow up and become a lad. He also said that Marx had classified Dobrolubov in the same list as Mering: and also that there was some kind of dramatist called Standing who at his deathbed wrote to the critic Deming: "If God has created all creatures, I'm not amazed at them. Is a lizard even considered to be a creature?" Hamida felt as if her head was very dizzy: she yawned twice without letting him notice. It was already dark when Hamida said goodbye to the hosts of the house and went outside. Unfortunately, she did not get a single opinion about the story "Desire to Sleep" from her sister's husband. She kept wondering about what he had said to her, but there wasn't anything in her brain except for the words: practicum, minimum, maximum. Detirding. Stending. Shelling, Mering, Deming.

*Translated by Muxitdinova Diyora*

## BEMOR (hikoya)

**Abdulla Qahhor**

*Osmon yiroq, yer qattiq.*

*Maqol*

Sotiboldining xotini ogʻrib qoldi. Sotiboldi kasalni oʻqitdi – boʻlmadi, tabibga koʻrsatdi. Tabib qon oldi. Betobning koʻzi tinib, boshi aylanadigan boʻlib qoldi. Baxshi oʻqidi. Allaqanday bir xotin kelib tolning xipchini bilan savaladi, tovuq soʻyib qonladi... Bularning hammasi, albatta, pul bilan boʻladi. Bunday vaqtlarda yoʻgʻon choʻziladi, ingichka uziladi.

Shaharda bitta doktorxonona bor. Bu doktorxonona toʻgʻrisida Sotiboldining bilgani shu: salqin, tinch parkda, daraxtlar ichiga koʻmilgan baland va chiroyli oq imorat; shisha qabzali kul rang eshigida qoʻngʻiroq tugmasi bor. Chigit poʻchoq va kunjara bilan savdo qiladigan xoʻjayini Abdugʻaniboy omborda qulab ketgan qoplar ostida qolib oʻladigan boʻlganida bu doktorxonona bormay Simga ketgan edi. Doktorxonona deganda Sotiboldining koʻz oldiga izvosh va oq podshoning surati solingan 25 soʻmlik pul kelar edi.

Bemor ogʻirlashdi. Sotiboldi xoʻjayinining oldiga arzga bordi, ammo bu borishdan muddaosi nima ekanini aniq bilmas edi. Abdugʻaniboy uning soʻzini eshitib koʻp afsuslandi, qoʻlidan kelsa hozir uning xotinini oyoqqa bostirib berishga tayyor ekanini bildirdi, keyin soʻradi:

– Devonai Bahovaddinga hech narsa koʻtardingmi? Gʻavsul aʻzamga-chi?

Sotiboldi ketdi. Bemorning oldidan jilmaslik va shu bilan birga tirikchilik uchun xonaki bir kasb qilishga majbur boʻldi – har xil savatchalar toʻqishni oʻrgandi. U ertadan-kechgacha oftobshuvoqda gavronlar ichiga koʻmilib savat toʻqiydi.

Toʻrt yashar qizchasi qoʻliga roʻmolcha olib, onasining yuzini karaxt, nimjon, xira pashshalardan qoʻriydi; baʻzan, qoʻlida roʻmolcha, mukka tushib uxlab qoladi. Hammayoq jim. Faqat pashsha gʻingʻillaydi, bemor inqillaydi; har zamon yaqin-yiroqdan gadoy tovushi eshitiladi: “Hey doʻst, shaydullo banomi ollo, sadaqa raddi balo, baqavli rasuli xudo...”

Bir kechasi bemor juda azob tortdi. U har ingraganda Sotiboldi chakkasiga burov solingan kishiday talvasaga tushar edi. Qo‘shnisi bir kampirni chaqirdi. Kampir bemorning to‘zigan sochlarini tuzatdi, u yoq-bu yog‘ini siladi, so‘ngra... o‘tirib yig‘ladi.

– Begunoh go‘dakning saharda qilgan duosi ijobat bo‘ladi, uyg‘oting qizingizni! – dedi.

Bola anchagacha uyqu g‘ashligi bilan yig‘ladi, keyin ota-sining g‘azabidan, onasining ahvolidan qo‘rqib, kampir o‘rgatgancha duo qildi:

– Xudoyo ayamdi daydiga davo beygin...

Bemor kundan-kun battar, oxiri o‘sal bo‘ldi. “Ko‘ngilga armon bo‘lmasin” deb “chilyosin” ham qildirishga to‘g‘ri keldi. Sotiboldi to‘qigan savatchalarini ulgurji oladigan baqqoldan yigirma tanga qarz ko‘tardi. “Chilyosin”dan bemor tetik chiqqanday bo‘ldi; shu kechasi hatto ko‘zini ochib, qizchasini yoniga tortdi va pichirladi:

– Xudo qizimning saharlari qilgan duosini dargohiga qabul qildi. Dadasi, endi tuzukman, qizimni saharlari uyg‘otmang.

Yana ko‘zini yumdi, shu yumganicha qaytib ochmadi – saharga borib uzildi. Sotiboldi qizchasini o‘lik yonidan olib, boshqa yoqqa yotqizayotganda qizcha uyg‘ondi va ko‘zini ochmasdan odatdagicha duo qildi:

– Xudoyo ayamdi daydiga davo beygin...

1936

## PATIENT

**Abdulla Qahhar**

*Between the devil and the deep sea.*

*(From the past)*

Sotiboldis wife fell ill. They invited Mullah to pray over her - it did not help. He called a healer. He bled her. The patient used to dizzy... An unknown woman came, lashed the patient with branches of willow, smeared with the blood of a freshly slaughtered chicken... All this, of course, cost money. After all, it's always like this: a chain is not stronger than its weakest link. There is a hospital in the city. What does Sotiboldi know about it? Beautiful high white building hides behind trees in a cool quiet park. Gray doors with glass handles have a belly button. When his master, Abduganiboi who traded cotton seeds and cotton oil cake, was about to die under the sacks that had collapsed in the warehouse, for some reason he went to Sim instead of this hospital. When he listened the word hospital, Sotiboldi thought of a 25-sum coin with a carriage and a picture of a white king. The patient was getting worse day by day. He didn't really know why, Sotiboldi went to the owner and told him about his misfortune. Abduganiboi listened to him and was very upset. If he could do, he would immediately have had Sotiboldis wife healed.

Have you donated anything to Devonai Bahauddin? or Gavsulazam? he asked. Sotiboldi left. It was no longer possible to leave the patient, and Sotiboldi learned to weave baskets for a living. And from morning to evening he sits in the sun, surrounded heaps of rods, and weaves baskets. His four-year-old daughter, sitting down next to her sick mother, with a handkerchief drives sluggish, importunate flies. Sometimes a girl falls asleep with her head in her hands, firmly clutching a handkerchief. There is silence around... Only flies are buzzing, moaning sick, but from somewhere far away comes the voice of a beggar: Hey friends, the prophet of God said, give alms for the sake of Allah... Alms turn away misfortunes...

At one night, the patient suffered terribly. Each of her moan made Sotiboldi suffer. He called the old woman neighbor. She

came, arranged patient's untidy hair, she slowly stroked her, and then sat down and sobbed. The morning prayer of the sinless child will reach God, wake up your girl!" she said. The girl cried long time, wanting to sleep, but then prayed as the old women thought, frightening the anger of her father and the condition of her mother.

-Deay loyd, my mothey is in a lot of pain. Please I beg you, heal my mothey.

A few days passed. The Condition of patient became completely hopeless. It was necessary to make Chilyosin over her. Sotiboldi borrowed twenty coins from the shopkeeper who wholesaled baskets he weaved. After Chilyosin the patient felt better. At that night she even opened her eyes, called the girl and whispered: - God heard my daughters' prayer. I am now better, my dear, do not wake up our daughter at dawn. She closed her eyes and didnt open them again. She died at dawn. When Sotiboldi picked up his daughter to put her away from the deceased, the little girl woke up and, without opening her eyes habitually prayed:

-Deay loyd, my mothey is in a lot of pain. Please I beg you, heal my mothey.

1936.

*Translated by Muxitdinova Diyora*

## LAYLAK

O'tkir Hoshimov

Ona yosh edi. Ona navjuvon edi. Bola g'or edi, bola go'dak edi... Kunlarning birida ona-bola qishloqqa -uzoq qarindoshlarinikiga boradigan bo'lishdi. Ona qaddini g'oz tutib, tez-tez yurib borar, bola esa alang-jalang qilib atrofdagi manzaralarni tomosha qilar edi. Qishloq guzarida yarmini yashin uchirib ketgan bahaybat chinor bor ekan. Bola daraxtni ko'rib angrayibqoldi: chinorning tarvaqaylab o'sgan shoxida supradek kattakon uya qorayib ko'rinar, uyada esa oyog'i, tumshug'i uzun bir qush turar edi. Bola mo'jiza ko'rgandek taqqa to'xtab qoldi.

- Anavi nima, oyi?- dedi o'sha tomondan ko'z uzmay.

- Laylak, o'g'lim, laylak!- ona o'g'lining boshini silab qo'ydi.

- Yura qol, jonim.

Bola hech qachon bunaqa qushni ko'rmagan edi. Qush negadir bir oyoqlab turardi. U yana to'xtab qoldi.

- Nima u, oyi? -dedi tag'in chinor uchiga ko'z tikib.

-Laylak, o'g'lim, laylak.

Nimaga bir oyoqda turibdi?

Ona kuldi: Bir oyog'i charchagandir-da. Yuraqol, jonim. Bola hech qachon bunaqa qushni ko'rmagan edi. Qush negadir bo'ynini cho'zib tumshug'ini osmonga qaratib silkitar, shunda "tarak-tarak" degan ovoz eshitilardi. Bola tag'in to'xtab qoldi.

- Nima o'zi u, oyi? Uning ko'zlarida quvonch bor edi. Hayrat bor edi. Ona shoshib turardi. Mingta yumushi bor edi. Hali shaharga qaytishi kerak.

- Laylak dedim-ku, jinnivoy,- deb ohista egilib, o'g'lining yuzidan o'pdi. - senga salom beryapti-da. Ona yosh edi. Ona navjuvon edi. ...

Oradan o'ttiz besh yil o'tdi. Bola yigit bo'ldi. Ona keksayib qoldi. Oyog'idan mador, ko'zidan nur ketdi. Kunlardan birida ona-bola ittifoqo yana o'sha qishloqqa borib qoldilar. Yigit qaddini g'oz tutib tez-tez yurib borar, ona esa toliqqan oyoqlarini, og'ir-og'ir ko'tarib bosganча harsillab kelardi. Guzardagi yarmini yashin uchirib ketgan chinor hali ham bor ekan. Buni qarangki, chinorning tarvaqaylab o'sgan shoxida hamon supradek kattakon uya qorayib



ko‘rinar, uyada esa oyog‘i, tumshug‘i uzun laylak turardi. Yigit laylakka bir qarab qo‘ydi-yu qadamini tezlatdi. Orqada kelayotgan ona nursizlanib qolgan ko‘zlarini chinorga, chinor shoxida qorayib turgan uyaga tikdi. Shoxda osilib turgan narsa ko‘ziga g‘alati ko‘rindi.

- Anavi nima, o‘g‘lim? - dedi to‘xtab.

-Laylak, oyi, laylak! Ona yaxshi eshitmadi. Uch-to‘rt qadam yurib yana to‘xtab qoldi. Savatdek narsa ichida bir nima oqarib ko‘rinyapti. Qiziq... - Nima, o‘g‘lim? - dedi ko‘zlarini pirpiratib.

O‘gil taqqa to‘xtadi. G‘ashi keldi. O‘zi shoshib turibdi: mingta ishi bor! Odam qariganidan keyin ezma bo‘lib qolarkan-da!

-Laylak! -dedi jerkib.

-Laylak deyapman-ku, karmisiz!

Shunday dedi-yu, jahl bilan tez-tez yurib ketdi. Nachora, yigit yosh, yigit navqiron. Uning yumushi ko‘p. hali shaharga qaytishi kerak... Uning yumushi ko‘p. hali shaharga qaytishi kerak... Uning g‘or, go‘dak bolalari bor..

## STORK (story)

Otkir Hoshimov

The mother was young and youthful. The child was young and pure. One day mother and child were going to the village to visit distant relatives. The mother was walking quickly; the boy was watching the surrounding scenery in amusement.

There was a large sycamore, half of which had been blown away by lightening, in the center of the village. The child got petrified seeing the tree. There was a nest like large sifter on the crooked branch of the sycamore. There was a long-legged and long-necked bird in the nest. The boy was not able to move as if he had seen a miracle.

“What’s that, mummy?” - he asked unable looking away from that side. “Stork, my baby, stork!” - the mother stroked her son’s head. –Come on, honey!” The child has never seen such a bird. The bird was standing on one leg for what reason. He stopped again.

- What is it, mummy? He asked, staring at the crown of the tree.

- Stork, baby, stork.

- Why it is standing in one leg?

Mother laughed - Maybe, its other leg may be tired. Come on, honey, let’s go. The child had never seen such a bird. For some reason, when the bird stretched its neck and shook its beak towards the sky, a clattering sound was heard.

- What’s that, mummy?

The child got a gleam in his eyes. There was a twinkle in his eyes. The mother was in a hurry. She had a lot of work. She had to return to the city too.

-It is still a stork, silly - she said and bent over slowly to kiss his face. It is greeting you.

The mother was young and youthful.

Thirty-five years passed. The child became a young man. The women got older. She found It harder to see. Her bones became more brittle. One day, mother and son went to the village together. The young man was walking quickly, the mother breathed heavily, walked quietly. There was a large sycamore, half of which had been

blown away by lightening, in the center of village. There was a nest like large sifter on the crooked branch of the sycamore, a long-legged and long-necked bird was standing in the nest. The young man glanced at the stork carelessly and kept on quicker. The mother following her son stared at the stork and something on the branch of the stork. The thing which was on the branch seemed weird

She stopped walking and asked “What's that, my dear?”

-Stork, mother, stork!

She didn't hear well. After she'd only walked several steps, she stopped again. There is something white inside the basket. - I wonder what it is. What's it, my dear? - she said, blinking her eyes.

The son stopped suddenly. He was irritated. He was in a hurry. He had lots of works. “People become garrulous after getting old” he said.

“Stork” he replied angrily.

-Are you deaf? I have already told you, saying that he walked quickly in anger.

He is young and youthful. He has lots of work. In addition, He should go back to the city. He has young and pure children. Well, that's quite natural.

*Translated by Muxitdinova Diyora*

## **AFORIZMLAR**

(“Daftar hoshiyasidagi bitiklar” asaridan olingan)

**O‘tkir Hoshimov**

## **APHORISMS**

(Taken from “Inscriptions in the Frame of the *Notebook*”)

**Utkir Hoshimov**

### **Taqdiri azal**

Xudo yozganini bandasi o‘chirolmaydi.  
Xudo berganini bandasi tortib olaolmaydi.

### **Density**

*No one can erase that Alloh has written.  
No one can steal that Alloh has given.*

### **Devonai haqgo‘y**

Telbaga ta‘zim qiling.  
Yuzta donishmand aytmagan haqiqatni bitta telba aytadi.

### **Veracious madman**

*Bow down to the mad.  
A mad tells the truth that a hundred philosopher can't.*

### **Darvinga e‘tiroz**

Darvin ta‘limoti noto‘g‘ri. Odam maymundan emas, maymun odamdan tarqagan. Oyog‘i yerdan uzilmaganlar odam bo‘lib qolgan. Oyog‘i yerdan uzilganlar esa maymun bolib daraxtga chiqib ketgan... Bu jarayon hamon davom etmoqda...

### **Objection to Darwin**

*Darwinizm is erroneous. Human isn't descended from monkeys. Monkeys are descended from humans. People who have both feet on the ground have been human. People who don't have their feet on the ground have turned into monkeys and have climbed a tree. This process is still ongoing.*

## **Munojot**

Xudodan, umr ber, deb so‘raganlarni ko‘dim.  
Xudodan, baxt ber, deb so‘raganlarni ko‘dim.  
Xudodan, farzand ber, deb so‘raganlarni ko‘dim.  
Xudodan, davlat ber, deb so‘raganlarni ko‘dim.  
Xudodan, omad ber, deb so‘raganlarni ko‘dim.  
Faqat... Xudodan, ey, yaratgan Egam, men – nodonga bir  
chiqim aql ber, deb so‘ragan bandasini ko‘rganim yo‘q.

## **Munajat**

*I have seen people asking for life from Alloh  
I have seen people asking for luck from Alloh  
I have seen people asking for child from Alloh  
I have seen people asking for happiness from Alloh  
I have seen people asking for success from Alloh  
Only I haven't seen people asking for "Oh, my Creator, give  
some intelligence to a fool like me".*

## **Eng aqlli jonivor**

Dunyoda eng aqlli jonivor-baliq!  
Birinchi dan, soqov. Ikkinchi dan, muttasil dumini likillatadi!

## **The cleaverest creature**

*The cleaverest creature in the world is fish!  
Firstly, it is mute. Secondly, moves its tail intensively.*

## **“Tabiat gultoji”**

Kiyik och qolmaslik uchun ko‘kat yeydi. Amma bir-birini o‘ldirmaydi. Sher och qolmaslik uchun kiyikni yeydi. Ammo bir-birini o‘ldirmaydi. Odam ko‘katni ham yeydi. Kiyikni ham yeydi. Ko‘ngil hushi uchun sherni ham o‘ldiradi... Keyin.. urush qilib, bir-birining boshini yeydi...

## **“The Supreme creation”**

*The Deer eats grass to survive, but don't kill each other. The Lion eats the deer to survive, but don't kill each other. Human eats both the deer and the grass. They kill the lion for fun too. Then starting a war, kill each other.*

### **“Bilimdon”**

Hamma narsani bilaman, deydigan odam hech nimani bilmaydi.

### **“Scholar”**

*A person who thinks they know everything doesn't know anything.*

### **Ayol qalbi**

Ayol qalbi teskari magnitga o‘xshaydi: yaqinlashsang-uzoqlashadi, uzoqlashsang yaqinlashadi.

### **A Woman’s heart**

*A woman heart is opposite of magnet. If you move toward them, they move back. If you move back, they move toward you.*

### **O‘kinch**

Daraxtning meva tugishga shay turgan qanchadan-qancha gullarini bemavrid shamollar uchirib ketgani singari umrimning qanchadan-qancha onlari hasadgo‘y va munofiqlar yetkazgan jaroxatlardan og‘rinishu, turmush ikir-chikirlarini o‘ylash bilan besamar o‘tayotganiga o‘kinaman...

### **Regret**

*As ill wind blew flowers of tree which was ready to bear fruit. I regret wasting my time thinking about burdens of life and suffering damages incurred by jealous and hypocrite people.*

### **Xudbin**

O‘zidan boshqa hammani yomon ko‘radigan odam oxir oqibat o‘zidan boshqa hammaning nafratiga yo‘liqadi.

### **Egoist**

*In the end all people have a deep hatred of them who hate all people except themselves.*

### **Yoqimli dushman**

Umrbod ortingdan ergashib yuradigan yoqimli dushman - nafs!

### **Lovely enemy**

*Temptation is a lovely enemy that follows you at the end of your life!*

### **Saltanat**

Saltanat – quyoshga o‘xshaydi. Juda yaqin borsang, yonib ketishing, juda uzoq ketsang, muzlab qolishing mumkin.

### **Dominion**

*Dominion is like sun. If you get too close it, you may be burnt. If you go too far away, you may be frozen.*

### **Go‘dak isi**

Ayol go‘dak isini birinchi farzandi tug‘ilganidayoq his etadi.  
Erkak esa go‘dak isi

nimaligini nevarali bo‘lganidan keyin anglaydi!... Biz-erkaklar doim kechikib yuramiz...

### **The scent of a baby**

*As her first child was born, a woman feels the scent of a baby, yet a man realize what is the scent of a baby after his grandchildren were born! We are men who are always late!*

### **Ishonch, Orzu, Umid, Ilinj**

Ishonch yo‘qolsa, Orzu qoladi.

**Orzu** yo‘qolsa, **Umid** qoladi.

**Umid** yo‘qolsa, **Ilinj** qoladi.

**Ilinj**yo‘qolsa... Hech nima qolmaydi!

### **Trust, Dream, Hope, Aim**

*If trust is lost, dream stays.*

*If dream is lost, hope stays.*

*If hope is lost, aim stays.*

*If aim is lost, nothing stays.*

## **Haqiqat**

Shu qadar shirinki, totib ko‘rging keladi. Shu qadar achchiqki, tilingni kuydiradi!

## **The truth**

*The truth is so sweet that you want to taste. The truth is so hot that It makes your tongue burn.*

## **Pul**

“Pul makruh narsa, odamni buzadi!”

Kambag‘al shunday deb, o‘zini yupatadi va bora-bora qashshoqqa aylanadi. Boyvachcha shunday deb, o‘zgalarni yupatadi va bora-bora boy otaga aylanadi.

## **Money**

*Money is makruh, it spoils people. A poor man comfort himself with these words and gradually became a beggar. A rich man comfort others with these words and gradually became a rich dad.*

*(Mahruh is a disliked and offensive act in Islam.)*

## **Katalizator**

Boshingizga sinov tushsa ko‘p narsani yo‘qotishingiz mumkin. Lekin har yomonning bir yaxshisi bo‘lganidek, ancha narsa yutasiz ham. Kim do‘stu kim dushman, kim sodig‘u kim munofiq - bilib olasiz...

Ishoning: bu - ozmuncha yutuk emas...

## **Catalyst**

*If you get in trouble, you may lose lots of things. But as in every bad there is a little good, you win lots of things too. You know who is friend, who is enemy, who is loyal, who is hypocrite.*

*Believe: it is not little achievement.*

## **Debocha**

Adolat Haqiqatni aytish va tinglashdan boshlanadi...

## **Prologue**

*Justice begins telling and listening the truth.*



### **Kulgi vayig‘i**

Kulishni bilmaydigan odam - baxtsiz odam.

Yig‘lashni bilmaydigan odam ikki hissa baxtsiz!

### **Smile and cry**

*A man who can't smile is unhappy.*

*A man who can't cry is even more unhappy.*

### **Qaldirg‘och**

E'tibor berganmisiz: qaldirg‘ochlar fayzsiz, noahil xonadonga hech qachon in qurmaydi. Goho qaldirg‘och odamdan aqlliroqmikin, deb o‘ylab qolaman.

### **A swallow**

*Did you pay attention: Swallows never nest in an unattractive and (unaccompanied) unfriendly house. Sometimes I think Swallows might be cleverer than man.*

### **Hushyor bo‘ling**

Ayol sizni juda qattiq sevsa, hushyor bo‘ling. Otashin muhabbat-rashkka, rashk-shubhaga, shubha-hudbinlikka, xudbinlik-dushmanlikka aylanishi mumkin

### **Be careful**

*If a woman loves you deeply, be careful! Hot love may turn into jealousy. Jealousy may turn into doubt, doubt may turn into selfishness, selfishness may turn into enmity.*

### **Baxtli va baxtsiz**

Baxtli odam xudbin bo‘ladi: baxtsizlarga achinmaydi. Baxtsiz odam ham xudbin bo‘ladi: baxtilarga g‘ayirligi keladi.

### **The happy and the unhappy**

*Happy people are selfish. They don't feel pity for the unhappy. Unhappy people are selfish. They envy the happy.*

## **Gumroh bandalar**

Odamlarga hayronsan. Ota-onasi tirikligida ikki og‘iz shirin so‘zni tekinga aytmaydi-da, ular o‘lganidan keyin ming-ming pul sarflab, o‘sha so‘zlarni qabrtoshga yozdirib qo‘yadi...

### **Gumraah (mislead) slaves.**

*You are surprised by people. People who don't speak any honeyed words to their parents when they are alive. They have those words written to the gravestone, after their parents have died.*

## **Da'vo**

Donolik bilan nodonlik shu qadar yaqinki, odam donolikni qancha ko‘p da‘vo qilsa, shuncha nodon bo‘ladi!

### **A claim**

*Wisdom and ignorance are so close that people who claim the more wisdom are the more ignorant.*

## **“DAHO” ekansiz!**

“Ayol qavmini ipidan ignasigacha bilaman”, deysizmi? O-o-o, siz daho ekansiz! Aytingchi, sharkdan sekundiga besh-etti metr tezlikda esayotgan shamol o‘n daqiqadan keyin shimolga buriladimi, janubgami? Yarim soatdan keyin izg‘iringa aylanadimi, bo‘rongami...

### **You are “GENIUS”**

*Do you say? I know wemon inside out. Ooh, you are genius. Could you tell me? Does the wind blowing 5 or 7 m/sec from east change its direction to north or south? Does is turn into snowstorm or mistral after half an hour.*

## **Xudoning qudrati**

Tangri shunaqangi qudratliki, xohlasa, gulshanning ko‘k o‘rtasida sassiq alaf o‘stiradi. Xohlasa, botqoqning qoq o‘rtasida nilufarni gullatib qo‘yadi...

### **The power of God**

*Nature is so powerful that If it wants, grows savebrush In the middle of a flower-garden. If it wants, make lily bloom in the middle of a marsh.*

### **“Otchopar” da**

“Otchopar” bozorida eski do‘stimni uchratib qoldim. Matematik... Olim... Sigaret sotib o‘tirgan ekan... Meni ko‘rib ko‘zini yashirdi. Men ham burilib ketdim... Ikkalamiz birbirimizdan nega uyalganimizni bilmayman. Negadir.. yig‘lagim keldi...

#### **At the market**

*At the “Otchopar” market I came across my close friend. Mathematician... Scientist... He was selling cigarettes. Having seen me, he averted his eyes. I turned away from him as if I hadn’t seen him. It was an awkward situation for both of us. I didn’t know why I wanted to cry.*

### **Farishtalar**

Xonadoningizda keksa odam bormi? Baxtli ekansiz! Dunyo tashvishlaridan to‘yib ketsangiz shularni ziyorat qiling: hayot abadiy emasligini o‘ylab, taskin topasiz.

Xonadoningizda go‘dak bormi? Siz ham baxtli ekansiz... dunyo tashvishlaridan to‘yib ketsangiz, go‘dakni bag‘ringizga bosing: hayot abadiy ekanini o‘ylab, taskin topasiz...

#### **Angels**

*Is there elderly person in your house? You are happy. When you’re tired of highs and lows of life, look at them. Realizing that life isn’t eternal gives you peace of mind.*

*Is there a baby in your house? You are happy as well. When you are tired of highs and lows of life, hug the baby. Realizing that life is eternal gives you peace of mind.*

### **Rost va yolg‘on**

Haqiqatdan qo‘rqqan odam yolg‘onning panasiga berkinadi.

#### **The truth and a lie**

*Those who are afraid of telling the truth hide behind their lies.*

## **Gunohi - azim**

Do'stni ho'rlash-gunoh.

Umr yo'ldoshini ho'rlash- yuz hissa gunoh.

Ota-onani ho'rlash ming hissa gunoh.

Go'dakni ho'rlash- cheksiz gunoh

### **A mortal sin**

*Humiliating your friend is a sin.*

*Humiliating your spouse is a greater sin.*

*Humiliating your parents is the worst sin.*

*Humiliating a child is a mortal sin.*

## **Qismat**

Inson hayoti shatranj taxtasidagi piyodaning yurishiga o'xshaydi. Goh oq katakdan o'tadi, goh qora katakdan... farqi shuki, birovning qismatida oq kataklar ko'proq bo'ladi, birovnikida-qora kataklar...

### **Fate**

*People's life is like movement of pawns on a chessboard. Sometimes they move on a light square, sometimes on a dark square. The difference is there are more light squares on someone's fate, there are more dark squares on the others' fate.*

**Translated by Muxitdinova Diyora**

## Mumtoz adabiyot namunalari

### Bobur ruboiylari

*Hajri aro orom-u qarorim yo 'qtur,  
Vasliga yetarga ixtiyorim yo 'qtur.  
Kimga ochayin rozki, yo 'q mahrami roz,  
G'am kimga deyinki, g'amgusorim yo 'qtur.*

In separation with her I am restless,  
To meet her I am not fetterless  
I have no friend to share my secret to.  
To tell my grief, I've no man with kindness.

*Jismimda isitma kunda mahkam bo 'ladur,  
Ko 'zdin qochadur uyqu, chu aqsham bo 'ladur.  
Har ikkalasi g'amim bila sabrimdek,  
Borg'on sari bu ortadur, ul kam bo 'ladur.*

The fire in my body is constant in daylight  
I cannot sleep even at night  
Both are like my grief and my patience  
One increases and one decreases right.

*Sen gulsenu men haqir bulbuldurmen,  
Sen shulasen, ul shulaga men kuldurmen.  
Nisbat yuqtur, deb ijtinob aylamakim,  
Shahmen elga, vale senga quldurmen!*

You are - flower, poor nightingale is who I am.  
You are - flame; this flame's residue is who I am.  
Don't leave me saying that there's no relationship,  
I am people's king, but your slave is who I am.

*Ey yor, sening vaslinga etmak mushkil,  
Farkhunda hadisingni epshtmak mushkil,  
Ishqingni dogi bartaraf etmak mushkil,  
Boshni olibon bir sari ketmak mushkil.*

To meet you hey sweetheart is hard,  
To hear your divine voice is hard.  
To overcome agony of love is hard  
To sake all for a lifetime is hard.

*Ishqingda ko 'ngul xarobdur, men ne qilay?  
Hajringda ko 'zum purobdur, men ne qilay?  
Jismim aro pech-u tobdur, men ne qilay?  
Jonimda ko 'p iztirobdur, men ne qilay?*

My heart is broken in love to you, what could I do?  
My eyes are full of tears sans you, what could I do?  
My body is in agony what could I do?  
My soul is in great anguish, what could I do?

*Translated by Gofforova Nazokat*

## **Bobur ruboiylari:**

*Har kimki vafo qilsa, vafo topqusidur,  
Har kimki jafo qilsa, jafo topqusidur.  
Yaxshi kishi ko 'rmag'ay yomonlig' hargiz,  
Har kimki yamon bo 'lsa, jazo topqusidur.*

Anyone who trusts, gets trust,  
Anyone who torments, gets torment.  
A good person never gets bad treatment,  
If anyone is bad, gets punishment.

*Jonimda mening hayoti jonim sensen,  
Jismimda mening ruhi ravonim sensen.  
Boburni seningdek yo 'q yori (azizi),  
Alqissaki, umri jovidonim sensen.*

In my soul, life of my heart – you are,  
In my body, creative of my spirit – you are.  
Babur has no other love rather than you,  
Ultimately, my life – and- death – you are.

*Beqaydmen-u xarobi siym ermasmen,  
Ham mol yig 'ishtirur laim ermasmen.  
Kobulda iqomat qildi Bobur dersiz,  
Andoq demangizlarki, muqim ermasmen.*

I am free, but wretched is not who I am,  
Poverty-stricken and needy is not who I am.  
Babur has settled in Kabul – you think,  
Do not say that, to the world just a guest I am.

*Ko 'pdin berikim, yor-u diyorim yo 'qtur,  
Bir lahza-u bir nafas qarorim yo 'qtur.  
Keldim bu sori o 'z ixtiyorim birla,  
Lekin borurimda ixtiyorim yo 'qtur.*

For a long time, neither love and nor land – I have,  
At no time and place ever peace I have.  
To this country with freewill – I have come,  
And yet going back, no freewill – I have.

*Ishqingda ko 'ngul harobdur, men ne qilay?  
Hajringda ko 'zum purobdur, men ne qilay?  
Jismim aro pechutobdur, men ne qilay?  
Jonimda ko 'p iztirobdur, men ne qilay?*

Your love's distressed my heart fiercely, what could I do?  
Your thought makes eyes cry intensely, what could I do?  
My whole body's in agony, what could I do?  
My soul's restless – profoundly, what could I do?

*Tole' yo 'qi jonimg 'a balolig' bo 'ldi,  
Har ishniki ayladim, xatolig' bo 'ldi.  
O 'z yerni qo 'yib Hind sori yuzlandim,  
Yo Rab, netay ne yuzqarolig' bo 'ldi.*

The unlucky times brought my soul misfortune,  
Everything that I did, it was mistaken,  
Leaving own land, turn round to India,  
Oh my Lord, what dishonor – it was.



*Hajri aro orom-u qarorim yo 'qtur,  
Vasliga yetarga ixtiyorim yo 'qtur.  
Kimga ochayin rozki, yo 'q mahrami roz,  
G'am kimga deyinki, g'amg 'usorim yo 'qtur.*

In her love neither calm nor peace – I have,  
Joining with beloved no freewill – I have.  
If I want to share my secret, no confident person,  
Whom could I say that no careful – I have.

*Shohim, sanga ma'lum emastur, ne qilay?  
Ohim sanga ma'lum emastur, ne qilay?  
Men yuz, qoshing dermen-u sen – badr-u hilol,  
Mohim, sanga ma'lum emastur ne qilay?*

My king – unknown to you, what could I do?  
Also my wail – unknown to you, what could I do?  
I praise your beauty and eyes, yet you think the crescent,  
My moon, (everything) unknown to you, what could I do?

*Husn ahlig'a zor-u mubtalo ko 'z ermish,  
Jonim bila ko 'nglumga balo ko 'z ermish.  
Fahm ayladim emdi, Boburo, ishq ichra,  
Ko 'zumni qarortqon qaro ko 'z ermish.*

For beauty world the possessor that is eye,  
For my soul and heart- the calamity that is eye.  
I understood that, hey Babur, in the love,  
Made my eyes agonizing suspense that is black eye.

*Yo 'q dahrda bir besar-u sarson mendek,  
O 'z holig 'a sargashta-yu hayron mendek.  
G 'am ko 'yida xonumoni vayron mendek,  
Ya 'niki, aloxon-u alomon mendek.*

No one in the world – wondering like me,  
No one is surprised at own condition like me.  
Whose home is destroyed in pain like me,  
That is to say, homeless like me.

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## Navoiy ruboiylari:

*G'urbatda g'arib shodmon bo'lmas emish,  
El anga shafiq-u mehribon bo'lmas emish.  
Oltin qafas ichra gar qizil gul butsa,  
Bulbulg'a tikondek oshyon bo'lmas emish.*

The meagre could never be glad in disturbance,  
To him people are not merciful and lenient.  
Should the red rose bloom in a golden cage,  
For nightingale no happiness like a thorny place.

*Ko'zum uchadur, magarki yorim keladur,  
Es har dam ozar, magar nigorim keladur.  
Yo bodiyayi firoq sayrida qilib  
Yuz marhala qat' shahsuvorim keladur.*

The eyes twitch, may my adoration would come,  
Going mad, maybe my passion would come.  
Or after far-reaching separation  
On faraway path my affection would come.

*Kim istasa saltanat, saxodur anga shart,  
Har va'daki aylasa, vafodur anga shart.  
Kim faqr talab qilsa, fanodur anga shart,  
Ollig'a nekim kelsa, rizodur anga shart.*

Who seeks the authority, he needs generosity  
If he makes a promise, he keeps a word.  
Who pursues the humility, he needs mortality  
Whatever he accepts, he needs consent.

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## **Lutfiy ruboiylari:**

*Dilrabaro, Yusuf jamoli sendadur,  
Dilraboliqningki xoli sendadur  
Umr kechti-yu meni bir so'rmading,  
Bevafoliqning kamoli sendadur.*

Darling, beauty of Josef – you own,  
The sign of loveliness – you own.  
Life is over, yet you've not come to see,  
The symbol of loyalty – you own.

*Sen latofat paykarining xonisen,  
Husn avjining mohi tobonisen  
Gar pari desam seni, ma'zur tut,  
Chin ko'zum insonidin pinhonisen.*

The queen of beauty – You are,  
The elegance like a crescent – You are.  
If I say you are fairy, forgive me,  
Actually, my secret – You are.

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## **Umar Xayyom ruboiylari:**

*Dunyoning tilagi samari ham biz,  
Aql ko 'zin qorasi –javhari ham biz.  
To 'garak jahonni uzuk deb bilsak,  
Shaksiz uning ko 'zi – gavhari ham biz.*

The dream and result of the world - we are,  
Also the top of intelligence- we are.  
If the world is perceived to become a ring,  
The pearl stone of it -we are.

*Sen-mendan oldin ham tun-kun bor edi,  
Aylanma falak ham butun bor edi.  
Tuproqqa avaylab qadamingni qo 'y,  
Bu tuproq qora ko 'z bir nigor edi.*

Long before you and I, there were nights and days,  
The circular earth was existed already.  
Do take each step on the land carefully,  
As this soil long ago there was a beauty.

*Kulol do 'koniga kirdim bir safar,  
Dastgohda ishlardi usta ko 'zagar,  
Gado qo 'lidan-u, shohning boshidan,  
Ko 'zaning bo 'yni-yu dastasin yasar*

Once I had been at the potter's shop,  
Potter is working on the wheel.  
From a hand of beggar and a head of king,  
The vessel's part and handle he is making.

*Dilim ilmlardan mahrum bo‘lmabdi,  
Bir sir qolmabdiki mavhum bo‘lmabdi.  
Tun-u kun o‘yladim yetmish ikki yil,  
Angladim hech narsa ma‘lum bo‘lmabdi.*

My brain was able to receive all knowledge,  
There was no mystery any to acknowledge.  
I had thought it nights and days till 72 age,  
Realized – all weren’t enough to become a sage.

*Keksa, yosh hayotga har kimki yetar-  
Hammasi izma-iz birma-bir o‘tar.  
Bu dunyo hech kimga qolmas abadiy,  
Keldilar, ketamiz, kelishar, ketar,*

The elderly and youth any has lived,  
Sequentially all of them one by one died.  
No one could stay for eternal in this world,  
They’d come, we’ll pass, they’ll come and leave.

*Bir qo‘lda Qur‘on-u bittasida jom,  
Ba‘zida halolmiz, ba‘zida harom,  
Feruz gumbazli osmon ostida  
Na chin musulmonmiz, na kofir tamom.*

The Quran in one hand in other’s wine,  
We keep on being halal and being haram,  
Under the blue heavenly dome  
Neither real Muslim and nor infidel complete.

*O'lik-tirik ishin tuzatguvchi-sen,  
Tarqoq koinotni kuzatguvchi-sen,  
Yomon bo'lsam hamki, sening bandangman,  
Men nima ham qilay? Yaratguvchi -Sen!*

The corrector all mistakes' - You are,  
The observer the celestial spaces' - You are,  
Even though I'm bad, I'm your slave,  
What could I ever do? The Creator You are!

*Translated by Abdazova Gulsanam*

## Uzbek translations of Emily Dickinson's poems

**BY EMILY DICKINSON**

*The Heart asks Pleasure—first—  
And then—Excuse from Pain—  
And then—those little Anodynes  
That deaden suffering—  
And then—to go to sleep—  
And then—if it should be  
The will of its Inquisitor  
The privilege to die—*

Qalb istagi avvalo rohat,  
Soʻng istaydi darddan farogʻat.  
Boshga tushgach azob uqubat,  
Istar dardin darmonin faqat.

Keyin istar mizgʻimoq – “uyqu”  
Kor qilmasa biron- bir ogʻu  
Najotkorga aylab tazarru  
Istaydi erk – uxlamoq mangu.



## **The Outlet (162)**

Emily Dickinson- 1830-1886

*My river runs to thee:  
Blue sea, wilt welcome me?*

*My river waits reply.  
Oh sea, look graciously!*

*I'll fetch thee brooks  
From spotted nooks, –*

*Say, sea,  
Take me!*

## **Chiqish yo'li**

*Sevgim – daryo oqar sen tomon,  
Movi dengiz deysanmu omon?*

*Daryom javob kutmoqda hamon,  
Dengizginam bo'lgin mehribon!*

*Muhabbatim aylamay pinhon,  
Irmoqlarim shoshar begumon.*

*Dengizginam so'ylagin shu on,  
Olib ketgin! Qolmasin armon.*

## **I'm Nobody! Who are you?**

*I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you – Nobody – too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!*

*How dreary – to be – Somebody!  
How public – like a Frog –  
To tell one's name – the livelong June –  
To an admiring Bog!*

## **Men hech kimman! Siz kimsiz?**

Men hech kimman! Siz kimsiz?  
Yo siz ham hech kimmisiz?  
Hech kim bo'ldik ikkimiz!  
Hech kimga bildirmangiz!

Kimdir bo'lmoqlik mahol,  
Avom bir baqa misol!  
O'z aziz botqog'ida  
Vaqillashadi darhol.  
(Shov-shuv qilishar darhol)

## **“Hope” is the thing with feathers**

*“Hope” is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -  
And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -  
And sore must be the storm -  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm -  
I’ve heard it in the chillest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.*

## **“Umid” momiq patli bir jonzot**

“Umid” - momiq patli bir jonzot,  
Ruhim ajib bog‘iga qo‘ngan.  
U so‘zlamay kuylovchi bir zot,  
Hazin kuyi abadga do‘ngan.

Uning kuyi yoqimli har dam,  
Hatto qallda bo‘ron tursa ham.  
Hamisha hush, iliq bir hamdam,  
Dovul qushim abgor qilsa ham.

Men uni eshitdim qahraton chog‘i,  
Tingladim begona ummonda uni.  
So‘ramadi hatto nonning urvog‘i,  
Eng buyuk malomat chulg‘agan oni!

*Translated by Gofforova Nazokat*

**Gulsanam Abdazova, Nazokat G‘offorova, Diyora Muxitdinova**

**A JOURNEY THROUGH LITERARY  
TRANSLATION**

**1<sup>st</sup> book**

**BADIIY TARJIMA OLAMIGA SAYOHAT**

**1-kitob**

*Risola*

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