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QUALIFICATION PAPER

PIRIMKUL KADYROV “The Diamond Belt”

Pages 516-566

Translation of Joking (Playful) Words

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Contents

Introduction	3
CHAPTER I. Translation of the Passage from the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirmkul Kadyrov, pages 516-566.....	5
CHAPTER II. Analysis of the Translated Joking (Playful) Words in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirmkul Kadyrov.....	60
2.1. Theoretical Problems of Present Day Semasiology.....	60
2.2. Different Approaches in the Classification of Words.....	65
2.3. The Word “Joke”: Origin and Definition.....	72
2.4. Types of Joking (Playful) Words.....	78
2.5. The Collection of Units on Translation of Joking (Playful) Words met in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirmkul Kadyrov.....	81
2.6. The Ways and Difficulties in the Translation of Joking (Playful) Words met in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirmkul Kadyrov.....	84
Conclusion	86
Bibliography.....	88
Appendix.....	90

Introduction

From the first days of independence in our country as a result of maintenance of careful preservation and propagation of national values the questions on increasing levels of spirituality of the youth became one of priority directions of the state policy. In the centre of large-scale work carried out in the country there is a problem of education spiritually rich and harmoniously developed generation. In this connection the successes reached during the realization of the Government program «The year of harmoniously developed generation» become more notable. The role of common spent work of educational institutions, culture and art institutions, museums, creative associations, the sports organizations, institutes of a civil society, makhallas, youth social movement «Kamalot», women committees, mass media and others, directed on development of an inner world of young generation by deep and all-round studying of national values by it, formations of creative spirit and development of social activity of youth is invaluable. It is remarkable, that as a result of constant perfection of work in the given direction for last years the number of the youth grows which is interested in the sources and traditions.¹

The present graduation qualification paper deals with the matter of the present day linguistics - the analysis of the structural – semantic and functional properties of joking words and their translation in the novel “The Diamond Belt” by the well-known Uzbek writer Pirimkul Kadyrov.

The actuality of the investigation is explained on one hand by the profound interest to the function of the joking (playful) words in the Russian and English languages, their structural, semantic features and the ways of their translation, also their use in the literary text and in speech, and, on the other hand by the absence of widely approved analysis of joking (playful) words from the semantic, stylistic, structural and transnational points of view.

¹ Islam Karimov «High spirituality – invincible power»

The novelty of the Qualification Paper is defined by concrete results of the investigation. Special emphasis is laid on rendering the structure, the stylistic features, the translation of the joking words from Russian into English.

The main aim of the present graduation qualification paper is to work out a thorough and detailed description of the structural, semantic and functional features of the joking words and find their correct translations in the novel.

On the basis of this main aim we've determined some concrete tasks:

- 1) To analyze the actual problems of Present – Day Semasiology.
- 2) To analyze the essential features of joking words.
- 3) To analyze the role of the context in determining the meaning of joking words.
- 4) To find translations of joking words and ways of translating them from Russian into English.

The methods of investigation used in this Qualification Paper are as follows semantic, stylistic, structural and translation.

The theoretical importance of the present graduation paper is explained by the fact that this paper presents solution to some problems which were not solved to our days, like the comparative study of joking words in two non related languages, like English and Russian.

Practical importance of the present work is doubtless due to the fact that the material of the work, as well as the conclusions and practical recommendations can be helpful for the teachers and the students of the translation faculty in learning lexicology and translation theory.

The structure of the present graduation qualification paper was determined by the main aim and tasks of the work. So it has an Introduction, 2 Chapters, a Conclusion and a Bibliography.

**CHAPTER I. Translation of the Passage from the Novel “The Diamond Belt”
by Pirimkul Kadyrov**

Abror had already said his parents that the private houses were settled down on the coast of Bozsus would be demolished.

-It turns out not in vain you spoke about it, sonny not in vain. They have come, read the decision of the Executive Committee to us today.

Today’s conversation in the office of Saifullah Rahmanovich and the conversation, which have been here are the subject of some one, but two point of view.

-But here it seems has construction not been yet- Abror asked of Shakir, who work on the construction.

-It seems they are going to elevate a bridge near,-the brother answered looking away.-Did Vazira-apa² say nothing about it?

Agzam-ata³ listened his sons, and then asked Abror, with the new hope:

Sonny may be some mistake was there. You’ll better try to help us. Why nothing yards to demolish?

-These yards will not still be here-said Shakir.

-But if the bridge is not build here, what will need to demolish us? – didn’t surrender Agzam-ata.

Here thing is not only in the bridge, about the construction in the whole,-said Shakir.

-And can construction halt?

Shakir has already not to keep irritation:

-What does it mean, to suspend, father? You know how many times Abror Has acted with the call: “Let turns the coast of Bozsus in the landscaped recreation area

² Apa – respectful address to woman

³ Ata – respectful address to man

for the population!” The projects have been developed. And that to take up of their implementation, it is necessary to clear it coasts.

-It is indeed true?-Agzam-ata watched on his eldest son.

Though hidden, but a reproach: “That means because of your work this yard would destroy, house where you was burn and grow up would demolish! Abror wanted to explain his father that the project about which Shakir said developed by specialists from other institute. Many project organization in the republic which doesn’t report to each other that are going to do. Abror heard about bridge over Bozsu from his father for the first time himself. But if the relevant authorities approved not this project and his own project, old buildings on the coast of Bozsu would be demolished, too.

Abror sighed:

-We don’t have other variants, father one way or another, but these coasts will be rebuilt.

Hanifa came to the men, brought and placed the kettle with freshly brewed tea on the low table. Nobody pay attention on her.

-You take such a big post! – Reproachfully said Hanifa her eldest son. – Really can nothing do for your parents?

-If the resolution adopted... Shakir, do you read it? When is the relocation provided?

-The three-month period. They pay money compensation and provide equivalent apartment those who wish it.

So, do we have time to play a wedding?-asked Abror.

How can you think about the wedding!-with the pain exclaimed Agzam-ata.-We are stayed without shelter, without home.

-Father understand me, I also value this home. When I think it will take down, hear become painfully. But do we respect the decision of one? How many old streets had disappeared after the earthquake, how many people moved to new houses!

-Well, now due to the earthquake all town upside-down should be put?-mother had already very agreed: leaning her hands on the edge of the platform, drilling Abror with eyes. –Is end of the world coming, or what? Seven years have passed and it still doesn't give the rest people!

-Old houses, old streets would be demolished and without the earthquake, mother, - said Abror as possible calmer.-The coast of Bozsu to Master Plan building of Tashkent were intended for the recreation areas as early as ten years before.

Agzam-ata knew that his son was right. But obiter old man was aware that his Abror and Vazira themselves are just one of those people whose work turns out make it inevitable destruction of their beloved home, in which was long but that did not end today or tomorrow life. And not the whole truth belong Abror, not all.

-To landscaped area, yes it is required! Why the canals dug to ruin with our hands? I am watered and raised thirty years old Tashkent's trees, and like you geeks cut down it in one fell swoop. Many irrigation canals have destroyed. And what did they give instead them? Is asphalt and concrete? Where are you new gardens, where are promised paradise?

Abror understood not only he shared mental pain that plagued the old man.

Agzam-ata was known Mirabeau in Tashkent prior to the earthquake. More then twenty people worked under his beginning. They watched in a timely watering of trees and flower beds. Agzam-ata managed to hold the water it had never been: looking at the bare, well hot san wasteland trees began to rustle-timidly, but distinctly. People were saying: “Agzam-ata knows the conspiracy... Agzam-ata can cause water to flow uphill”. Such as skilled craftsmen paved the current track of Bozsu-he thought- they are natural burns Mirabeau.

Sometimes Mirab⁴ Agzam loved to walk on the streets of Tashkent. Especially summer. Walked and walked down the sidewalk-in the deep shadow of tall trees that lined up in endless rows with the cheerful gurgle of the water in irrigation

⁴ Mirab – the people is responsible for the irrigation

ditches. Certain worker was attached for certain streets, who were obliged to make sure that on his area was always enough water. Agzam-ata walked on the pedestrian path was listen the talk of water Mirabeau sent there where this talk stopped. If he found that ditch chide or channel drifted by silt, that the trees began to wither without waited, he would go for irrigators immediately angry resolute. He would help himself first if the assistance would be needed. You look the ditch is alive, a tight stream begin to ring fun.

It can be seen the day's mirabs have gone! Irrigators were now miechanics are!.. – Agzam-ata crippled the word “mechanic” in voluntary and rather even intentionally. We should reach so strived for miechanics although... take this court... It is in the green like a fly, well – groomed well, eh? Give it to you miechanicer you convert it into a desert in a trice. You poke reinforced here. My heart bleeds son.

Abror swallowed nervously: it is not easy to refute the father now, it is very difficult.

- Father, you don't lump me together those hasty people whom I can't endure myself. I want to this coast are ten times greener and more beautiful than today. At the same time, today I have ran out again with our director because of.

- What is the use of your arguments and fights! – muttered Shakir, staring at the ground. – Should move... don't pull with this case.

- And where do you get the apartment, it is aware?

- They release in Yunusabad⁵, in new dwelling massif.

Hanifa felt that there the most crucial moment came in the family council and also climbed to chorpou⁶.

- All ready in new houses – said Abror looking at his mother. – None you will not think of wood or of coal for the winter. Cold and hot water, gas will be...

⁵ Yunusabad – the region of the city of Tashkent

⁶ Chorpou – big, wood bed

- And is in the summer? – interrupted Hanifa-Hola⁷. - Does to climb to the fourth or fifth floor and down there?

- They will give at the bottom, if you ask. – said again and again Shakir. It is hurry, hurry to get a new apartment, and don't pull a move.

Agzam-ata was silent sitting down his head to pulling his beard.

- What is this came out – persisted Hanifa-Hola. – To drop a well-kept cool yard, and let's to steam in your stuffy and overheated home? And the curt don't have wherever possible mattresses and carpets spread out.

- But will the balcony be? – said with a grin Abror.

- Shut up already about these balconies! Rested there, get some fresh air! Swallow dust, become deaf from street's noise – that's all fun... And try to go to sleep on the cement at night. And stuffiness is.

- Well, I don't know... Father, so far you're going to move, if is not a new house.

Agzam-ata lifted his head:

- Son, God alone knows how many of us the old woman would live. I had a dream my life to live in this yard, and there too have moved to my right the cemetery. Minor on the shore of Bozsu too, near... Yes, dream is not destined comes true... I and your mother are as the trees, only they grow on the ground. If you tear away us from the earth – we will not long hold out, fad... I know it is hard to get a new site now, more difficult the construction would be to mediate on it... But the trees only take roots into the ground. Into the ground...

- So, go where it is necessary, let shall give the place of land close to as... Father has given Tashkent forty ears of labor. Still alive who had seen how Ahunbabaev pinned on his chest order... They will confirm if it to be necessary! – caught Hanofa-Hola.

⁷ Hola – respectful address to woman

- Yes, but the matter is not on the order! –muttered Agzam-ata. Why order to play a trump?

- Vacant land ended in the city limits. – shrugged Abror. And now multi-storey houses become tighter than before. And site... They are almost ceased to produce.

- Well, of course when we reach our turn, you stop everything! – Almost shrieked Hanofa-Hola. And those who offer money – they will get everything.

Abror also lost his temper, expressed sharply:

- Well, then take and buy!

- Well, we shall buy, - replied his father in the tone.

He had heard the state pays a lot of money, those whose private houses were demolished. The representative of the executive committee has already calculated how much they have of the trees in the court yard, wine roots, how much of the forest were used at homes building in due course and the other materials, he measured everything from roof to floor, and also took account the interior decoration. Approximately thought and said: - “You will get at the very least seven, even eight thousand rubles by today’s standards”. Agzam-ata didn’t say this figure to his son, it appeared him unduly large.

- I give myself, but I’ll buy this site. – said he strongly. – Though it is unfinished. There are abandoned sites, where the hosts have managed to lay some foundations...

Shakir’s heart pounded with a hummer, from excitement, he jumped down from the dais.

- Very expensive matter you have solved to do, father! – He exclaimed. – This site find necessary, to register formally and then take the materials, and how much will cost the building?.. Why all this confusion? Would have lived quietly in a normal apartment, you can get it without the hassle!..

- You want to have a rest, so go and take your apartment! – Said Agzam-ata – and a section it is my problem. I'll do everything myself.

Shakir is not one of those children, how can lie down quietly in his comfortable apartment, when his father will be knead the clay and pull the bricks. This Agzam-ata knew like that Abror will not leave without help. And he himself... has strength, although he is for seventies, Thank Allah. Worker must stand on his hardly and will not refuse from his plans. Shakir gave the last his argument.

- Well, we will be building. But we should leave this place no later than two months, shouldn't we? And we are not set in order the section earlier than one year... Where shall we live during the nine or ten months?

Abror keep silent although knew that last word of him. Hanifa-Hola looked at him askance and began to speak about the eldest daughter:

- We shall live in Mukambar. I don't think that she will drive out us.

Is Mukambar? Is she with four children, husband and mother-in-law in on the sixth floor of the nine floor house? There was youngest daughter in the family. Her names is Risolat, she lived in own home. But Risolat has recently given birth to the first-born, and Hanifa-Hola has not had time to manage the beshik-toy⁸, that's why she said nothing about her.

- But the family of Mukambar includes seven people in three rooms! And we are there! – Amazement said Shakir.

- The more, the merrier. – said Agzam-ata.

Abror understood that the parents would not want to inhibit the big family of son-in-law. And he understood, it would be ashamed for him if the parents moved in the eldest daughter.

- Why walk around until about, Mom? – said he finely. – Don't worries you are not stay on the street! I have a four room apartment. I'll be liberating any room what you like – living how much want to!

⁸ The beshik-toy – the celebration of the birth of the boy

Agzam-ata was waiting these words from his son.

- Of course, son if we can live in your apartment we will not inhibit our son-in-law – sighed he.

Everyone understood how difficult caring Abror shoulder. Relations between Hanifa-Hola and Vazira formed uneasy. Abror married here at home on the shore of Bozsu, here Malika and Zaphar were born. Over the years together life a lot of mutual grievances and misunderstandings have accumulated between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Of course good relations were too, support and concessions (it is true from the side of Vazira's more) and it was especially general gladness was. But at the last Abror and Vazira get their apartment then both women sighed with relief. And now will they live together again? In the big court they can disperse and don't see each other after the quarrel and in the small apartment?

- Has your wife gone away to Moscow again? – asked Hanifa-Hola. And looked at her son compassionately, if she wanted toad: “That's how you had to live! Daughter-in-law travels on business trips, and leaves the home and children at her husband!..”

Abror answered his mother monosyllabic to fearing that his mother would be continuing with questioning:

- Yes, she has.

- And when go back?

- She will come soon... Three days later... Then agree so father!

- I'll visit some necessary institutions find out everything.

- Yes, so, you are investigating everything. We will be decided to relocate firm or what? And you know. Will we get area?

- Well, well then to drop in, tell you. And now I'm going to home.

Agzam-ata has packed his hands in accustomed farewell pose for him, but in this moment his glance fell on teapot:

- Oh, Shakir we have forgotten about tea!
- Probably cool, winnowed from water, has calmed resent thirst of Abror.
- I don't want tea, well my father...

Agzam-ats blessed his sons as usually from top to down and held on their face with the hands clasped together.

Abror stood up and looked for his son:

- Zaphar, where are you?

Zaphar appeared from under an awning with colorful cat in his arms.

- You have found it all the same... Let's get ready. Let's go home... You want to pick only cats and dogs... Let's here go!

- Well, why not? Let's take it with us.

- She has been accosting on to this curt she will not live with us.

- Then I'll stay with her here.

Hanifa-Hola was satisfied, that her grandson didn't want to leave them.

- You are clever! You are gladness of the grandmother! Stay with us!

- If he isn't to stay... - Abror has not wanted to argue with his mother. The school quarter has finished. The holidays will begin soon, and then I have brought Zaphar to you.

Zaphar went to the car with his father unwillingly.

Abror had already held the rudder when he looked through the window of the cabin on the part of their court, which he saw from the gate, on the home, on the vine yard, it was such a native for him that he had not to keep of the hard sigh... The native home will disappear soon. And now Abror felt all the gravity of events on his shoulders.

Abror drove quickly along narrow winding road, didn't pay attention on the shaking. He was in the power of the tomorrow troubles: he thought where necessary addressed to matter about the site was, whom necessary visited, which room would be comfortable for his parents, his study or his and Vazira's bed-

room? And Shakir would be with them. The young man lived together with old men and women on a room. That means Shakir need in separate room. And how they would be in two rooms? Malika has already grown and she need in separate room. And what Vazira said about everything? She must suffer three adult men in her flat during a year and with their caprices will be.

Abror felt his fault before his wife. And bad mood which was because of the behavior of Vazira in airport morning was disappeared. Abror watched the time on the lit place. It was half past ten. And it was half past seven in Moscow. Vazira promised to call.

It was possible they had time to her call.

IV

Vazira settled in the Hotel “Russia” on the eleventh floor, the room was two-berth with the windows through which Kremlin and Moscow-River was seen. Latvian was her neighbor, she was tall, thin woman, fifty years old. She came to posting from theater society of her republic. She was very energetic, lively woman. She introduced with Vazira quickly. She glided down her day also quickly. And she went to her matter, even didn't take a rest.

And Vazira was tired a little. When she stayed alone, she takes off her dress and went to bed to have a rest.

And in that moment the phone rang up, which was on the bedside table near her head. Vazira stretched her hand and took the phone didn't stand up.

-How are you settle down, Vazirahon⁹?

She recognized Sherzod and set down on the bed to cover her leg with blanket.

-Thank you, Sherzod, very well.

⁹ Vazirahon – respectful address to woman

- Do you have everything about administration has said?

They were going to gave not such a good room on the thirteenth floor, when they came in the hotel. But Sherzod said:

“How can do you so!?” You can settle in such rooms us, but this woman must have the best room..!”

The woman-administrator began to laugh became a kind.

-Well good. Please... She gave a card to Vazira. - It is very good room with the beautiful look on Kremlin.

Vazira remembered how Sherzod had stood up for her:

-Here more better than they have promised. I see not only Kremlin even the watching on the Spasskaya tower. I own watch have cranked on Moscow time on it.

-I congratulate you!

She heard Sherzod such as he was sitting near he, she even heard his breath.

-And you, what floor have you occupied? – interested Vazira.

-Oh, it will be better if you don't ask about it! We are on the thirteenth. And my friend, our sputnik doesn't like this number. And our windows look on the noisy street...

-That means, you have tried for me...

- What you say... Do you know the proverb? If you want to the carpet sell, to sell it your friend than and you can to sit on it. I hope will you invite me?

-Of course...

Sherzod hoped that Vazira invited him immediately. He kept a silent, on a minute, in the waiting. But Vazira didn't hurry to say it. She didn't want to go on the step of the familiarity to which Sherzod strived.

-Now my neighbor... has a rest, -suddenly for her she deceived him, and she became shamefully.

- All right, - Sherzod cheered up. – Than will we go to have a dinner, ok?

- We are having eaten recently, you are indefatigable!

- What the food in the airplane! I already have got hungry.

Vazira decided to keep a little further from the danger.

- Sherzod, you will have dinner without me. Well... I am very tired after the flight.

- Do you want to have a rest a little?

- Yes, I want. I shall be having a meeting with a man. I feel with conversation will be hardly.

- May be get a taxi for her, Vazirahon?

“Vazira thought, that he was sticking in the institute, and now the same.” But Sherzod has forgotten: If somebody obtained something from her persistently, Vazira became inaccessible.

- Thank you, Sherzod, but you also have much matter probably. So we will be free and calm. I have friends here. A can stay to long.

- That means, have we not met more? - offended asked Sherzod.

- Why? We can meet tomorrow. Or the day after tomorrow. I shall call you if you give me a number of your telephone.

Sherzod said his number. His voice became kind again:

- Vazira, I think, Are you afraid something?

Vazira decided to joke.

- I think you understand everything.

- Yes, I understand. But you are woman, who is free from prejudice. I remember Institute. You and your friends did be afraid nothing then, you was without grimaces. Or Am I not right?

- It is evidently I have grown old, Sherzod – for some reason merrily said Vazira. – Yes, and the freedom of the woman don't exclude the feeling of the measure. Is it really?

- Please, don't say so... I think your husband has made the hardest frame for you.

- It is not my husband, I am myself... I am east woman all the same. I have borders, which I can't step over.
- This borders have already become obsolete, Vazira. Here is an example: my wife is an artist. She is in the tour the whole month, but I don't constrain her in anything. She is freedom, independent woman. She is freedom in her actions. Of course I also have freedom.
- Everybody has own, Sherzod. I like to be such as I have. My freedom in it. And let do fasten nothing each other. The good from it didn't be and wouldn't be. Vazira hinted on the case which broke their relations in the institute. One day in the lecture-room they stayed together, "that to be explained", said Sherzod. But instead of explanation, he seized her for shoulders, pressed to him and wanted to kiss in lips by force. Vazira broke free and slapped him in the face. Not only was he slapped in the face, so that case brought the victory to his rival.
- Ax, Vazira, Vazira... - The sad voice as pierce the telephone. I wish only one that our student's friendship continues. I am already forty six, and only now I become understand how important the friendship of the youth. Sherzod gave to understand that he recognized the border in their relations, which Vazira set up, and he promised reckon with her liberty. Shersod is an egoist and may be it is really he need in the sincere friendship, and melancholy on it may be sincere. Vazira felt in her heart the feeling of the sympathy and even compassion to her companion, to a man, who to attitude to her respectfully, though he a little carried by her. In the end the friendship between the man and woman is possibly. Why is it necessary to suppose something bad between the friendship of the man and woman? Vazira wanted to say Sherzod something cheerful.
- You are right absolutely, Sherzod, we are classmate needs each other... And how we have flown today. And if I was alone I was exhausted in the way and the hotel...

- Vazira, and I even didn't notice, how time passed. As if I came back in the student's years. And all this is because of you.

Vazira kept silent a little and then began the conversation on the other theme:

- To the point you have said about Katinov, metro-builder, I think that we need in such a specialist on our matter.

- Then I will find his phone number. May I make the meeting tomorrow?

- Tomorrow I will be... A moment I look through my calendar. I will be busy the whole day unfortunately. Maybe the day after tomorrow.

- Well, Vazira. The day after tomorrow.

The conversation finished on it. Vazira put down the receiver on the phone and again stretched on the bed on the whole growth. She felt pleasure from that she didn't allow Sherzod to thrust her his style of relations to which at first he strived, and because she wouldn't make his enemy for her and her family, when she quieted him in his tempers. It was small progress, which she could be developing it...

Vazira smiled satisfied and covered herself by sheet to chin and closed her eyes.

She felt light noise in her head as plan's motors continued to make a noise. To listen to that level noise, Vazira didn't note how she slept. She had slept only about fifteen minutes, even didn't change her pose as she was rewinded strongly. Then she opened her eyes: she heard ring of Kremlin chimes through the window, which drowned city's noise.

It was thirty minutes past fourteen. Vazira felt light in the whole body, she washed quickly, dressed, scratched. Five minutes later she had already been on the street; she had black case for the driving in her hand, slight bag on her shoulder and good mood.

She was caught and taken away with mighty and swift streams of the peoples and cars. She turned out in the power of unaccustomed for her rhythms of great, always urgent, purposeful city. She had to always be collected inwardly, to ready to immediate and well-founded decision, to fast and precise actions if she walked on

the street, drove in the bus, in the carriage of the metro or she searched somebody, reported back to somebody, consulted with somebody in the planning organizations which continued with her work. Every time, when Vazira came to Moscow she torment from that she couldn't become free from her pre rhythm quickly. And today she thought to come back at the hotel to nine o'clock that would call her family. But she had to stay at the architectural management till the end of the work day. The specialists, whose had taken part in the creation of the Metro in Kiev researched new projections. The opinions were expressed so much how much peoples were on the discussion.

Two from its participants, wife and husband visited Vazira and Abror when they had worked in the Tashkent after the earthquake, during three months. Now they have invited Vazira to have a supper in the Restaurant "Prague" on Arbat "that finished the discussion". After the supper all they walked across Red Square till Hotel "Russia". Of course, Vazira didn't allow her guests to leave her without a cup of tea; they went up in the hotel-room to have a cap of tea, her neighbor had been on Latvian theatric society, Vazira gave her guests to a melon as present as memory about Tashkent.

Vazira was in a hurry in the hotel-room when the guests were had seen of to the lift, but to call her family had already been late. Now it is thirty minutes past one in the Tashkent. Abror had already finished his project, from which he didn't sleep all nights, he had to catch up on his sleep, and he such as if she woke him, and he wouldn't sleep again.

Vazira decided to postpone the call till the morning.

She woke early as her neighbor had left the room. For the present she ordered the conversation, for the present the stations continue each other on the clock was eight. It means in Tashkent was eleven. Abror was in the work, Malika at school, and Zafar played in the yard, and nobody answered. Vazira said operator the

work's number of Abror. When they continued, he went out to director. It is not luck.

Vazira was busy all day she could go to market only evening that would buy the shoes. She looked for the shoes for Malika till the closed of the market, but didn't find it. She was very tired from the crowd of the people, was hungry and she entered the café in the Stolesnikov side street to have a snack. She came in the hotel; it was a quarter to eleven to the Moscow time. Vazira imagined how Abror waited her call and how he was nervous. She called on the telephone station again and to ordered the call on next morning in five o'clock to Moscow time. I shall wake my neighbor, - thought Vazira, and looked at neat bed of the public figure of VTO (she has still absented). – But how to do differently.

At five o'clock when Vazira slept as she was died, the telephone rang up. Vazira rubbed her sleepy eyes, stood up and prepared to speak.

- Do you order Tashkent? – was heard from the far of the operator.
- Yes, I do.
- Unfortunately the line doesn't work. It is damage. To transfer your telephone calls on the other time.
- Well. – Vazira thinks when she can to become free today. – On the three o'clock, please.
- The order is transferred at fifteen o'clock, - said operator and put down the phone receiver.

At twelve o'clock Vazira met with Sherzod in the office of the metro builder Pavel Danilovich Katinov, they had arranged about it at the morning on the telephone. Pavel Danilovich has a hearing aid behind the left ear, from what the neat white lace stretch down to left pocket of the jacket. During the conversation Katinov take out his hearing aid from the pocket and giving it to his interlocutor: Pavel Danilovich broke his hearing during the explosion, when he entranced one of the

tunnels. He look well, he is energetic and smart. He is a little more than fifty, not oldest, visible man. He jokes gallantly to address to Vazira:

- We are glad infinitely those so beautiful women are muses of the metro building!

- Thank you, Pavel Danilovich! Only muses...are need in your help. They have had a little experience yet.

Vazira told about the line of underground, which would be necessary to lie under the bottom of Bozsu, about the questions, which hadn't decisive yet, - on those questions the citizens of Tashkent wanted to get the advice of the specialist.

- You must go to Tashkent yourself and look everything. We ask to you very, - said Vazira. – Now I want to know only one. Can you arrive on five or ten days, when the matter become urgent and we shall invite you for consultation? I want to arrive to you. I saw Tashkent only once in nineteen fifty five year. It will be good to be again in your nice city.

- Well, Tashkent is another today!

- Pavel Danilovich, - join in the conversation Sherzod, - I have an offer.

Today's conversation is unofficial. But it is the security of the future collaboration

– It is necessary to celebrate! How do you think, Vazira, may be we invite Pavel Danilovich on the modest friendly supper in our Moscow “Uzbekistan”?

- Vazira didn't want to that supper with other man... but the voice of the hospitality (Sherzod invited in “Our Tashkent”) didn't allow saying “not”. It will be well, - agreed she.

- I know the food in the “Uzbekistan” very tasty, - said Pavel Danilovich. – But the restaurant overcrowded every time. I am afraid we shall not the places. It is my problem, - said Sherzod. The places will be, will be. What we shall want to.

Pavel Danilovech begins to laugh and Vazira wanted to he refuse from this suggestion under any pretext.

Shersod Islamovich... I go to theatre tonight.

Vazira had the relief at heart, but exclaimed she, that didn't present her:

- It is a pity!

And Sherzod was distressed sincerely. It was very good occasion to entice Vazira in restaurant.

- Pavel Danilovich, - he continued, than let have a dinner together. The break will be soon.

- We shall not have time in the restaurant.

- It is a quarter to five. The restaurant is near.

Vazira remembered that in half past two she had to be in the hotel: she ordered the telephone call in Tashkent, - all day she holds it in her head and now almost forgotten about it.

- Only I must be here in a quarter past two, - noticed Pavel Danilovich.

- We pledge our self to bring you're here at two o'clock, is it so Vazira?

“We don't have time”, Vazira wanted to say, but... she nodded:

- We pledge!

They rushed quickly from Gercen Street to Neglina. Sherzod managed to take a taxi.

On the front trees the table hung. “Not places”. The figure of porter in black suit with gold stripes was visible behind the windows. The turn crowded on the pavement – about thirty peoples. Over three minutes after that Sherzod had entered secondary entrance which was in side from the main entrance, - the doors fly opened. Maitre d'hôtel¹⁰ invited to enter their in small hole. The crowd began to make a noise, but the porter explained imperturbable:

- The places for these people have ordered from morning.

God, how time passed from those time when she was in real restaurant in last time!

Scent of the plov to season with the caraway was heard from the kitchen to tease the appetite: she knows how is tasty! They walked among the small table

¹⁰ Maitre d'hôtel – метрдотель (French)

which standing on the colorful carpet on the snipe mattress, through the mirrors in the niches to their places. Pavel Danilovich didn't endure and exclaimed:

- It is designed so beautiful!

The people were been little in the small hall.

We are glad to see you! – greeted the метрдотель to Vazira and moved aside her chair to helped her to sit down at the table.

Sherzod has already managed to speak with his familiar manager of the hall: “The guests from the ministry, they are experts and gourmets, but will try to surprise them”. On the table at first was appeared fragrant green tea in the teapot of crimson color and the same bright-red pialas¹¹ on the tray to paint with the flower of snow-white cotton, it is accepted on the Middle Asiatic dinner, and then was splendid baked in the tandir¹² scones, the slice of the kazi¹³ and five stars Uzbek cognac, “Hosilot¹⁴” and “Gulob¹⁵”.

Sherzod wanted to pour it in the glass of Vazira, but she refused.

- No-no. It is better the “Gulob”, please.

Pavel Danilovich took off his hearing aid and put down it in pocket. Vazira was necessary to raise her voice and to bended to him:

- PAvel Danilovich, pay attention... you don't find the “Gulob” and in Tashkent. It is big rarity.

- What are you saying? Then and I begin with it, too.

Sherzod poured wine into big glass to the guest. He said first toast for Pavel Danilovich, for friendship, for collaboration of the citizen of Moscow and Tashkent. Pavel Danilovich took a sip of gulp and screwed up his eyes from the pleasure:

- It is divinely! I have tried something like in Paris.

¹¹ Piala – small bowl

¹² Tandir – clay stove in which to bake scones

¹³ Kazi – horse's sausage

¹⁴ “Hosilot” – dry Uzbek wine

¹⁵ “Gulob” – pink water, rose's liqueur

Sherzod remembered the case when he and Pavel Danilovich had been in Japan. He repeated his “airplane” story about exhibition. It was probably Sherzod liked to emphasize that he was often abroad. Pavel Danilovich looked at Vazira and smiled:

- Yes, Japan is wonderfully original country. But and our republic can affect imagination with its bright and inimitable. For example Uzbekistan. It is a wonder the country! Where you have find Samarkand, Bukhara, Xiva their wonderful architecture, and their clothes, dishes, music! Yes and in this hall the carving, pattern, painting on the china is so beautiful. So silks, carpets it is high art!

The rice soup was brought in the chin plates (kaccax) spicy aroma of the smells from various seasonings issued from it. The “Gulob” seemed weak, but the cheeks of Vazira were rosy and eyes shined.

- Pavel Danilovich, I and Vazira Badalovna was a student together. And how you see we are friends till now. I want to open a secret Vazira in your presence. I am interested with the line of metro under the channel of Anxor. I have cherished creative project, too...

- That’s right a news! – The words of Sherzod cheered up Vazira.

- Yes –yes, not only landscaping architect dream... It is necessary to me to consult you, Pavel Danilovich that to realize my dreams.

- Please Sherzod Islamovich, I am always for you.

- Pavel Danilovich, - began Sherzod loudly, that the guest could catch everything, - all dignities of our country, about you have said now so eloquently are embodied in Vazira. Are you agreeing with me?

Vazira blushed, turn down her head confusedly and whispered on Uzbek language:

- Don’t say so, I ask to you.

- Yes, yes I think so sincerely, - continued Sherzod to raising his glass for new toast.

The attraction and womanly manner of Vazia, her special soft glance, elegance of the gestures, beautiful breast voice had effected on Pavel Danilovich.

- You are charming and me Vazira Badalovna, - confessed Pavel Danilovich ingenuously. And when Sherzod continued the toast about Vazira, Katinov stood up and added: - For such nice women the men drink on foot!

- Sherzod jumped up from the place urgently and devastated the glass one swing.

To gave the aromatic plov. Suddenly Vazira became sad, she put aside her glass. Sherzod whispered imploring:

- To drink up, please... I have said sincerely, from my heart, I assure you. Vazira did a gulp. Sherzod filled her glass, and looked at her as conspirator: - We wait for your words, Vaziraxon.

She looked at men with whom she had a dinner shyly, the eyes became shining. Sherzod thought that Vazira was looking on twenty five or thirty years old. He knew that Vazira was thirty six, but he had never wanted to her so as now. He noticed that Pavel Danilovich hit under her charm.

- That to value highly other people, - began to say Vazira, - the man who to value must have special qualities himself.

- All right! – answered Pavel Danilovich.

- Pavel Danilovich I see you for the first time today, but I feel you have kind eyes, special qualities of the benevolence. I want to say that you can value with originality of other peoples.

- Well and... how is differently? The originality of each people enriches everybody.

- My husband will support you if he has been here; he is an architect, too.

- Oh, and your husband is also architect! – was glad Pavel Danilovich. – It means he is here, I see it on your face.

Sherzod folded back and screwed up his eyes as if he became to discern Vazira, her face, hand, and breast.

- Yes, he is landscape architect. – Vazira looked at Sherzod. – I am sure Pavel Danilovich, when you introduce with him, you'll be friends, as with Sherzod Islamovich. – Vazira couldn't be angry for a long time today. And didn't want to somebody set with stone face! – If I am with such nice men alone, I'll tell you about sparse dignities of other my friend, Sherzod, he is my student friend. Pavel Danilovich we have word “djomard” it means gentlemen on your language. Sherzod is such djomard.

Did somebody sit with stone face here? The gladness blazed up in the eyes of Sherzod.

- I have been enraptured by today that... - continued Vazira, - that craft, with which Sherzod has organized this dinner so quickly and beautifully.

And Pavel Danilovich was astounded how the face of Sherzod changed so quickly depending on what and how Vazira said about him.

- Yes, yes, it is amazingly! – nod Pavel Danilovich.

- Well, my toast is for the Pavel Danilovich and his wife, for their arrival in Tashkent and for Sherzod Islamovich, for realization of his dreams in assistance with Pavel Danilovich.

- And with your assistance Vaziraxon, thank you! – Sherzod clinked glasses and looked on to your eyes.

She said the toast herself and had to devastate her glass to bottom to custom. Vazira drank and felt how the heat enveloped her hand and feet, how head began whirl, it was pleasantly and awfully. “Don't get drunk! – was afraid she, - They say, it is necessary to eat more”. But there and then she had forgotten about it. She drank the whole glass of borjomy, which was poured by preventive Sherzod.

The dinner finished at two o'clock. Vazira quicken her step when they walked through big hall. There were many peoples from Uzbekistan: satin dresses of women and black skull-caps of men were striking. Vazira felt your cheeks burnt from the wine, she was afraid that she met somebody from her familiars, and that

the gossips would go to your husband. She knew that it old-fashioned to think so, but she couldn't do anything with herself, she was ashamed.

Sherzod stayed too long that to pay off waiter. And Pavel Danilovich caught up Vazira quickly and helped her to go down in the lobby.

- I am charmed by you Vazira Ba-da-lov-na. And Sherzod Islamovich is nice man and gentleman.

Sherzod arrived. Pavel Danilovich had already said on the street:

- I want to introduce your both with my wife. Do you free tonight? May be you go to theatre with us?

- We shall go. Thank you! – agreed Sherzod quickly.

- And what is the theatre? – Oscillated Vazira, something held her, to remain about promise which she hadn't done.

- In “Sovremennik”

- Oh, it is famous theatre! – Vazira threw up her hands.

- I be able to help with tickets, - continued Pavel Danilovich.

Sherzod began rejoice:

- It is very good! There we shall introduce with waif of Pavel Danilovich in the theatre.

- Well. Let's try, - said Vazira indecisively.

And now Sherzod has found taxi quickly. Vazira sat near driver, the men are behind.

- To cart away Pavel Danilovich at first, we has promised to him, - reminded Vazira.

Sherzod had to go out with Pavel Danilovich. But he stayed. He didn't want to leave Vazira.

- I craft away you myself,- said he to her. – And I shall call you Pavel Danilovich from “Russia”.

The taxi passed the square of Derjinskiy and along the street of Razin drove out to the hotel. Sherzod stooped behind Vazira and said in Uzbek language:

- So, are you pleased, hanum?

“All this is for you!” – So she heard his words, she didn’t turn out and said politely to try didn’t worry:

- I have done so many discomforts for you...

- It is gladness for me to worry for you, Vazira.

- I don’t understand.

- Now I am get even for my mistake.

- About what mistake do you say? I don’t understand.

- About that I have let go you... About that have married on other woman... I repent...

You are as if come back me in our student years.

Sherzod spoke loudly and frankly as if him deciding on something.

She turned out. She looked in his eyes. Really now he is looking on ten or fifteen years younger. And she smiled.

Once when Vazira was twenty years old, she dreamed sometimes that Sherzod who thought he had already subdued her, who was charming, self-confident egoist, would suffer to her from unrequited love. She had never loved him, but his attraction to her excited her and flattered to her.

On one moment she seemed she returned in that student years, when she was unbalanced girl, and Sherzod was twenty years old beautiful in love to her fellow, and he even incited his parents that they propose her without her agreement... “It is without her agreement!” And there and then her memoirs of girl finished, and an underwater stone, which was beaten by stream of the adult life, was uncovered in reality.

-Sherzod, I think you are happy... - Vazira turned out and began to look through the windscreen. – You have such a wife... She is beautiful and famous! Not in vain she is considered by star of scene.

-That's right- She is celebrity, she has a bright, but doesn't heat.

Vazira began to laugh. She raised her fist in humorous threat in the same way didn't turn.

- Enough, Sherzod. I don't like when husbands criticize his wife in their absence.

- I can say it in her present. I will be better with small candle, which will be by the light the end heat for the shack of poor man, than with far and cold star.

- Of course you consider yourself such a poor man, comrade poet.

- Don't joke. Don't you see it yourself, Vazira. It would seem I have all in the life. But I intend my soul life. Your life is more rich than my. And now I have sensation that I will be more rich and clever man if I be with you.

The eyes of Vazira are shined and Sherzod had saw it in the mirror of the driver. The words of Sherzod made a hole in the reservation of Vazira in which she had chained herself. Vazira was embarrassed and treated his confession in love favorably!

- Our fate has already made, Sherzod. It is late to change it. – said Vazira in the same way not to turned.

- I understand, but...

- We are always together, we have been students together, we are colleagues and now we are together. To the point do your projects have attitude to Bozsu? – asked she to change the theme of the conversation. It is really news for me. And honestly is pleasant.

Sherzod rubbed his forehead and collected thoughts. I haven't wanted to about it, Vazira. I will tel you about project later... Well, don't be overcast...If you brew... Main point of my suggestion is: it will be expediently to lay exact river-bed as

arrow and to trimmed the coast of the channel in the marble and the concrete on the place of present winding and curved river-bed of Anxor.

Vazira was remembering the plan-project of Abror... He has very interesting ideas, too.

And she answered herself.

- There will be many works with Bozsu. It is enough everybody. And there will be many disputes, till we don't find the right solution.

“Really, why is it suppose “or-or”, and don't to unite all ideas?” – asked she herself mentally.

The taxi passed under the trestle bridge, lengthwise “Russia” and stayed near the door of the hotel. Vazira looked at the electron watch on the wall when she was entering hall; she saw that it was forty minutes to three. At ones she remembered about telephone call to Tashkent, which had been unfortunate to connect with Abror till now. She was hurry to the lift, almost rudely was passing Sherzod.

Sherzod delayed her for the elbow carefully in front of the opening lift.

- May I see of you to your full wonderful room?

Vazira was dressed in the dress with short sleeves. To felt the hot hand of Sherzod on her nude hand, she moved in the deep of the cabin of the lift and nestled up to the wall. Sherzod didn't take away his hand.

- Well, Sherzod, - on purpose calmly said Vazira when the lift stooped on the tenth floor, - you are going to go fo the tickets in theatre... So till the evening. – She became free and stepped across the threshold of the lift.

Sherzod decided not to hurry.

- To the till of soon meeting. Am I entering her with tickets, well? You have a rest for the present. – And Sherzod put pressure on the button 13.

Energetic neighbor was again absent. Vazira had already opened the door, when heard long telephone ring. She opened the door hastily run in and took the telephone.

- Have you ordered the call? – asked operator.
- Yes, I have!
- So, why are you absent in the room in setting time? – Irritably continued the operator. – I have already called two times... Hello. Tashkent!... It is Moscow. To say!

- Who is it? – asked Vazira. – Is it Abror?

She heard woman's voice.

- Mother, this is I am, Malika.

- And is father at home?

- No, he is not. Why don't you call two days? The father has waited for!

Audibility was bad, and the daughter's voice was interrupted. It seemed Malika was disordered and said through the tears. Vazira began to explain that she was busy; the telephone didn't work morning and then asked:

- Are you all right? Is father on the work? Where is Zaphar?

- Zaphar... Zaphar... - hesitated Malika. – The father has taken away.

- Where has taken away?

- So... I have been at school... our neighbor, aunt Saxiba, has said... Mother when will you come back?

Malika has already crying openly.

- So, what has happened, Malika? Is Zaphar fall ill?

- No... Zaphar hasn't listened the father. And I had said him hundred times. We have a building in our yard. Zaphar all time has gone to play in the neighbor's yard.

- Something has matter with Zaphar?

- The dog has bitted him.

- Is the dog? Whose is it?

- It is vagrant. It hasn't had the host. Zaphar has wanted to stroke her head.

And she was evil, bitted him.

- For the hand?
- No, for the leg.

Vazira saw naked defenseless in short shorts legs of her son, bleeding wound – track of the bite of the dog; her knees tremble from the weakness. She sat down on the edge of the bed and asked:

- What... has she betted strongly?
- I don't know. Father takes him to the doctor.
- In the hospital?
- I don't know... And father doesn't call. It has already three o'clock as take away. And I am waiting for, waiting for!..
- So, don't cry. Has the dog been rabid?
- Nobody knows it. She hasn't caught yet.
- What's the misfortune! – exclaimed Vazira in despair.
- When will you come back, mother? When?

Of course the girl was afraid by that situation. It would be better to calm her. Vazira her matter finished in Moscow. She was going to go in the shops tomorrow. No heaters, no the shops.

- Now I am going to the airport! Do you hear, Malika? I have already gathered... Malika, Malika, tell your father, I'll fly tonight or next morning without fail. Let will not meet me. And treat Zaphar!

- All right, mother. I tell him everything, - had already said Malika cheerfully.
- And Zaphar will be glad, too. Bon voyage! To come back more quickly!

- When Vazira finished the conversation she felt that there were dry up in the mouth.

There was beginning bottle of borjomy on the table. She filled the glass and drank it without pausing for breath as had done it in the restaurant. Ah this is restaurant, Sherzod with his conversation in the taxi! With her son caused so, and she went to

restaurant, rank wine, melt from Sherzod's words. To became so painfully as physical pain, as she was bitted.

Several long minutes the woman was setting on the bad immovably, to let down her hand impotently. Then stood up and caught her things. Run in the bathroom. Washed her, scratched quickly, and took off her dress with short sleeves. When she had already been calm Vazira dressed other dress.

Somebody knocked in the door quiet.

- May I come in?

- Sherzod was shining. He wave with two tickets in theatre. He took a stroll in the carpet confidently. Looked round. Stood near open window.

- Oh, such a prospect! And this is the tickets to the theatre!.. Where are you neighbor?

Vazira continued prepare the suitcase. Said quickly:

- Now I need the ticket on the plane, and the theatre.

Sherzod saw opened suitcase and stone face of Vazira. He sobered up momentarily.

- What's the happen?

Vazira told him that she had known from Malika, scarcely to kept tears.

- Don't be upset so. – began to calm her Sherzod. – I was bitten with dog in the childhood, too. All will be right, Vaziraxon. We are looking performance tonight and next morning I'll see off you in the airport.

- Sherzod, the dog may be rabid. He is ten years old...No I'm not to the theatre, not to the theatre! To say Pavel Danilovich I bring my apologies. He will understand. And now I go to the airport.

- And tickets?

- To try buy there.

It was clearly that nothing stooped Vazira.

- It is a quarter past four...And is nearest flight...? Yes, the matters are bad...
But, waiting! I have a friend in the representation of Uzbekistan I try to call him.

- Please. – Vazira moved up telephone.

Sherzod began dial a number of the representation of Uzbekistan in Moscow standing. He asked Vazira:

- Are you deputy?

- Yes, I am. I deputy of district soviet. It hasn't had mean.

- How hasn't it had? Every district of Tashkent equal of regional town.

To fond the friend with phone, Sherzod, as seemed Vazira very long time exchanged with compliments, asked about health, children, affairs and then noticed slightly:

- I have a request. Our deputy comrade Agzamova must fly in Tashkent tonight. You may be having heard about her... Vazira Badalovna Agzamova...

Can you call in Domodedovo? Yes-yes, on account of your reservation... Is in the hall of deputy? Well, very well! Thank you! – Sherzod put down the receiver and turned Vazira: - All right. Enter in the hall of deputy.

Vazira closed the suitcase. To stayed in front of mirror and looked round her. To took some flask automatically. Sharzod understood that she had to stay alone.

- Well, - said he with deep sigh. – You finish preparing, and I go to down to take a taxi.

Vazira was affected his prevention and put her hand on his shoulder:

- Thank you everything, Sherzod.

Vazira went down over ten minutes. Sherzod was waiting her on the street with the taxi.

- Call me, Sherzod, when you will come back in Tashkent, - said Vazira. You know the project about you have said today is interested me. We can to add it in our plan.

Of course, Sherzod waited from Vazira other on farewell, but... to add his project in the plan of her authoritative establishment... Oh, how it is difficulty! But, Vazira has strong. She has strong, energy, friendly for everything. Sherzod looked on to her eyes with adoration, brought her hand to her lips and kissed. And at last said good by didn't set free her hand:

- Bon voyage, Vazira! Till the meeting in Tashkent!

V

Abror had a much work in the workshop, so still the trouble with the demolition of the parent's house. He got tired: now one way now other necessary to went, endless conversations... So and turned up that his son had bitted with dog he heard from the neighbor whom was met him near the door of district executive committee.

Abror went back a car at once and rushed home.

The flat was closed; Malika had been at school yet. Abror rang in the door of neighbor's flat. Pale Zaphar was sitting there.

The boy wanted, but couldn't overcome his fear. His lips trembled and big tears were on the cheeks. "Father... Father..." just could say Zaphar. Abror come running son. The neighbor had already lubricated with iodine the place was bitted with the dog higher the knee and bandaged the leg of boy. Abror asked:

- Powerfully ached?

Zaphar nodded and cried, not so much from the ache as from fright and shock.

Three boys sent on errands small light-red dog and threw stones in her in the neighbor's yard. "Don't hit her! – crying Zaphar. – I take her and will be look after her!..." He came running the dog and wanted to caress her. But the dog began growl as she avenged something and bitted him for the leg. And to went away.

Abror touched the son's forehead.

- Not a temperature, don't be afraid all will heal, - he began to calm Zafar. – You get accustomed to play with the dog and cat in the grandfather's yard, so has come to it strange dog. Grandfather dog knows you. And may come to other and stroke her? – Abror banged the shoulders of his son and turned to neighbor: thank you for your help Sakhiba-apa.

- Oh, what you are! Not a pleasure... The holidays are beginning only today for Poor thing Zafar and so...

- Have you seen this dog yourself, Sakhiba-apa?

- Yes I have. It is better room... they are so small. – Sakhiba-apa began tell and went as duck along the room. – I had wanted to give her some piece, but I hadn't known your nickname. “Hey-hey, come here!” – But hasn't come. Nobody knows from where it is. One said it is from the village, other – from neighbor's makhalya¹⁶. I think some old yard has been broken and the host has moved in new home and the dog has been leaved. It is unthinkable to bring up animals in the flat. So it walks along the streets... - fat Sakhiba deeply and noisily sighed. – It is necessary to consult with doctor about Zaphar.

At last she remembered the question of Abror.

- I have seen, seen, but who knows her, she is ill or healthy.

Abror was afraid that the dog might be rabid and decided to connect with doctor. Now he called polyclinic found familiar doctor and told him everything.

The doctor worried.

- It is bad that the dog is rabid, without host. Forty injections may be prescribed to the boy. On the lower part of the stomach. It is very painful.

- Can you examine Zaphar at first?

- No I can't. Special polyclinic has been existed for it. It is from you across the street Samarkand-Darbaza, and then turns to the right, don't reach Aktepe. And

¹⁶ Makhalya – the block

bring the child more quickly. It is necessary to do injection from stupor... And it is necessary to catch the dog and bring, too.

- May be is it necessary make a noise?

- No, no it is very dangerous for life. It is impossible be slow.

Abror put down the receiver. He clasped his had with hand. It is necessary collect thoughts, to aim the plan of actions, where will vet find? No, at first to catch the dog and tied her. Where will her tied? And urgent work has stopped in the workshop. Abror took the telephone again and called in his institute. There were all right, it was very good.

- I think I'll be delayed, - said he Lenya. - I must take my son in the hospital. It is urgently. And the wife is in business trip. If somebody from management ask me will tell them what has happened.

Zaphar drank thick sour milk with bread in the kitchen. Abror compelled to joke:

- So, how are you, mulla Zaphar? Is the tail-end by pistol? And doesn't so draw in as that dog?

Zaphar smiled and nodded guilty and shyly.

The time of dinner finished, But Abror didn't want to eat although it was necessary: would be many matters till the evening. He drank a glass of thick sour milk. And then began drinking tea through the nose of teapot. He went out on balcony and took the rope, which Vazira used to spread linen. Than took out sausage from a refrigerator cut off some pieces from it and wrapped in old newspaper.

- So, Zaphar go with me, to show your dog.

They went down, set in the car. Abror had crossed Broad Street and stopped his car on the shadow of the four-storey. They went out here, went round the home and reached the yard. Abror began to ask children and reached success. They found the dog quickly.

And really it was light-red with small ears, thin tail-end. Calmly she lapped from the puddle.

Old man with short white beard was sitting on the rostrum under the tree. Abror greeted him and asked:

- Father, may I catch with dog? – Old man nodded. – Nobody knows her nickname. May be are you hear?

- Is light-red? I hear. But don't remember. May be Sirtlan... she is homeless.

Abror came to the dog near.

- Sirtlan, Sirtlan! – The dog looked back with danger. – take Sirtlan, take!

Abror threw down two pieces of sausage on the ground near him.

The dog came in. Abror took out the rope from the pocket and began come in to light-red dog so that it would be easy throw a loop on neck.

- Father it bites! – cried Zafar stay on the rostrum.

Abror waved hand: pier didn't make a noise. “And if is it biting really? Vagrant dogs are evil, especially when they are tried to lure or touch. But Sirtlan doesn't rabid dog probably. The rabid dogs are afraid of water and don't come the food. And Sirtlan has recently drunk the water from the puddle, and see the sausage has been eaten (будь здоров)! It is only hungry and vagrant...”

- Sirtlan, Sirtlan, small Sirtlan... To lie! To lie attention! Small Sirtlan...

Abror threw on the dog the rope and wined round the neck and breast of the dog twice. Sirtlan tried becoming free, but the loop was strong.

Old man on the rostrum was liked by the boldness and adroitness of Abror.

- Well done, sonny! Are you wanted to take Sirtlan for you? – asked he friendly.

- Not, daddy, - answered Abror to fixed the rope round dog's neck. – Sirtlan, this is bad dog has bitted that boy he is my son. Now doctor must examine him. We are go to there now... And for the present may I tie up it round a tree? Only how children will not untie it. And may be they will be teasing it.

- Nobody touch her, nobody come to her I keep an eye on her, - promised old men, to looked on Zaphar with sympathy.

- Thank you, father!

Abror tied the rope round the tree near from the rostrum and gave her last piece. There was small fountain in the middle of the yard. Abror and Zaphar washed up their hands.

- Father and you are not afraid quite! Quite-quite! – said Zaphar with childish sincere admiration.

- To be afraid or not, and I must caught Sirtland.

- Not. You have not afraid quite-quite! Quite – repeated Zaphar with pride for his father. His fear has been already passed; his face brightened up, came to life, and became pink.

Abror felt relief, too. He was surprised: how the men, father to attach to his child! He suffered more than the child himself, when something was happened with his son.

“Lade” was rushed to other end of the town. The Old town Chorsu they passed quickly. And narrow street Samarkand-Darbaza with it lifting and lowering also was passed. The policlinic was in the old unbeautiful building. There were the pictures with portrayal of rabid dogs and cats in the corridor. Abror looked at them while waited for the doctor and he was enveloped by the fear for Zaphar. Does light-red dog is rabid still? And dangerous virus has already bred in the organism of his son and prepared the death him.

Young doctor unwind the bandages, examined the wound on the leg of Zaphar and became thoughtful. Abror became to tell how boys had angered the dog and then after all that it drank the water and ate the sausage.

- It hasn't meaning... Vagrant dog is vagrant dog, - said the doctor. – That's way in accordance the roles; we must begin the series of the injections.

- Is these forty injections!?! No-no! Why will we be torment a child? The dog hasn't been ill.

- Have you certificated from the vet?

- I don't have it now, but I in that moment take her on the inspection.

Grey hair women laid the medicine on the wound of Zaphar. She has been already going to bandage his leg but it is evidently the medicine has already affected and the wound began to burn, pull and Zaphar shrieked slimly. He began to cry. The nurse turned to the doctor:

- Now there is haven't been rabid dogs in Tashkent according to our facts.

Young doctor became gloomy:

- Ok. Now we are doing only injection from the stupor.

Zaphar understood that it was useless to be obstinate and became take of the shorts.

- Now you are good boy, - praised him Abror. – Thank you for everything doctor! And now to prompt me how can I find the vat?

- So, have you not known yet? Well-well! It had been near the Turkmen market before. And now it is on the Kuluk. You can follow for the route of the tram number five. It is far from here, about fifteen kilometers.

It had already been three o'clock and cars were many on the roads. The street Kuybesheva was overcrowded them. There were and cars and more trucks on the street. They were as they jostle in the turn, now stopping, now again moving ahead slowly, to throw out black rings of exhaust gas, so it was difficult to breathe near big their wheels. It was necessary to passing twice along that street: that way in special hospital and other with the vet in own micro region.

The woman was specialist who knew her work. She coped with Sirtlan lightning pushing in a sack. And Abror and old man only gaped looking how adroitly she had thrown the sack on the dog, how quickly she had tied up the sack with special

cords. Sirtlan began to twitch in the sack and whine loudly, but the woman had calmed him named him tenderly, and then turned Abror and asked him:

- Take the other end of the sack! No, didn't here, didn't here... It is the dog still. It can bit. To take!

The sack was put in the luggage, and Abror had to do passing way third time. Lattice and iron cages were under the covering awning in the yard of the vet point. There were not dogs in the cages. Sirtlan was placed in one of them and the door was closed. "As in the zoo", - thought Abror.

- Now we are taking blood test, - said the vet.

- It is unlike that Sirtlan is ill, isn't he? – asked Abror with hope.

- He is looking good. But only if the dog has been infected recently we will know about it only through two or three days. That's why I cannot say something certain. To come for the results through several days.

Abror came to the doctor once more and asked with the alarm while Zafar was keeping an eye the car in the street:

- Does nothing happen with boy for this time?

- Do you begin the injections?

- Yes, we do, only one, from the stupor... I haven't made up my mind on others.

- It is risky act. You gave me your address and number of telephone. I'll call you if the dog turns out ill...

It has already been five o'clock when Abror went out in his "Lade" on smoky street Kuybesheva in fourth time. The speedometer has counted off one hundred fifty kilometers for today.

Abror quite got tired, but he was in a hurry in his institute. It was necessary to have time to come in institute at the end of the day and he had to take his plans and documents which he hadn't today. He must do it all night; there was nothing to be done.

The streets were overcrowded with cars. It was difficult moving. Now truck didn't give to outstrip now tractor with trailer re-covered the way. Abror's cherry "Jiguly" couldn't find the place for them, as the car was nervous, now it was fast now it stopped now it moved in right or in left... And as out of spite all unpleasant, severe, and nervy arise in the heart.

Really it was very difficult days for Abror. It is the demolition of father's home on the coast of Bozsu, his dreams which were out casting by his director of the institute. It was Sherzod who was near Vazira, and why hadn't she called two days. And It was Zaphar was bitted by dog. Abror didn't know what the test would show? Adror watched on Zaphar near sitting. It seemed that the boy grow up for today, he was prostrated. Abror touch him didn't he has a temperature? It seemed all right.

Alarms and care compressed his heart, crowded in the heart as the cars on the street.

At last the night came and everything calmed down. The tic of the watch was heard in the silence. Sometimes was heard the noise of the tram.

Abror put to bed on the place of Vazira near him.

It was twenty two o'clock when Zaphar fell asleep. Abror slumbered, sometimes he woke up and shuddered and he looked closely in the darkness. He touched on the forehead of his son by lips and understood that the temperature didn't was been. And it made happy him.

There was plan-project of the avenue of the fountain on the table in the room. It would have to be building in the east part of the central city square.

He knew that avenue hasn't been uninteresting yet. He didn't think up the elegance which would be attracting peoples with her unique beauty. The main cause of his irritation was incardination of his thoughts.

He thought that it was easily to find solution by night. And now he toke paper and began draw silhouette of the fountain. It was light, lively with water streams.

He made several quick moving with pencil and has raised complex, original ensemble-avenue. He thought that it would be enough five meters in the height and had to be very many streams. May be it was necessary two hundred or five hundred, one thousand or two thousand streams.

Abror imagined the fountain with about one hundred streams. They stream continuously as ten meter train. Thought the avenue of fountains must be another, some smaller. The solidity of the water “wall” must be more, two thousand. The plaits will be gleam in the sun ray. The ringing noise of the water will be recovering the noise of the main road. It will be attract peoples, too.

On that moment Abror was seemed that he heard splash of the water in the night silence, he felt nice coolness on his face, and he saw the streams of water in the screen of the greenery. He was plunged in the magic wonderful beauty. It was long-awaited moment in his work.

The soul which breaks on the parts was lighted up by idea, which increasing your inner vision. You began to see that what you hadn't before. And you throw away everything what had troubled you.

It is necessary take into account irregular relief. In previous fountain all this had been envisage. But Abror didn't want to use that plan.

Abror took another one paper and tried to draw the avenue in point of view and turn along all length. So the avenue will be more than the street on two meter in the height, and the square will be more avenues on two meter in the height. So water fans will be fall in three-dimensional level.

The heart of Abror pounded quickly, but the head was clear and the hand drew new details, forms and calculations automatic. In another time he makes find it whole days and weeks, and he can't find it.

Abror was plunged by his work. And he didn't at once understand what the shouts it was and where they were been heard. Then he came back in his flat mentally, remembered everything and ran into bedroom.

Zaphar was moving, but his eyes were close.

- G-g gets out! Get out! A-a-a!..

Abror raised a little son and pushed hand under his shoulder-blades.

- Zaphar! Have you seen bad dream? Have you seen a dog? Zaphar!

Abror raised him on the hand and pressed him to the breast. Yes Zaphar had been seen as big dogs surrounded him. But the temperature wasn't been.

- You has been frightened, it was only dream. – began to calm his Abror.

- Father I want to drink.

Abror poured the water in the piala.

- To drink, son. Does nothing ache?

- No, does nothing not. Haven't you slept yet, father?

Abror understand that son didn't want to stay alone.

- More than two hours... oh-oh-oh I sit very long. It is good that you say me. I'm going.

Abror gathered his plans and designs in the pile and pressed with metal line.

Then put on the pyjamas, switch off the light and laid near Zaphar.

- Father, what will be with Sirtlan?- probably Zaphar brought his dream.

- He is sitting in the cage. He will be tasted.

- And then in the box for the dog.

The boy has already known that "box for the dog" go away dogs on slaughter.

That to calm son Abror said Sirtlan would be free and somebody would take him.

- Father, let's we take him.

Abror was surprising:

- He has bitted you. Are you want else?

- But Sirtlan doesn't evil. He hasn't bitted you, doctor. We know his name. It will be pity if he is killed.

- And where will he be lived? He is wild. It is necessary the yard for him.

- Grandfather has a yard.

Abror sighed (Zafar affected forbidden theme).

- That yard will be demolished soon.

- Why?

- It is long story. Let's sleep. I must go to work in the morning. The kept silent, little. But he couldn't think about him. And he began anew:

- Father, we bring Sirtlan there, he has been free. I don't want to him dead in the cage.

Abror promised his son that they will take Sirtlan and gave him some good people if he is health. The boy believed in it and calmed.

It was early morning and Abror has slept yet, somebody was ringing in the door. Abror wake up with difficulty and asked dissatisfiedly:

- Who is it?

There was the voice of Vazira behind the door:

- I am I am. Open the door.

Vazira run in staying her suitcase at the door.

- How is Zaphar?

The tousled Abror dragged in the room the suitcase and looked at the wife silently. His bird has arrived as she hadn't flown away with Baxramov.

- What are you keeping silent? - lamented Vazira. – Why? Is Zaphar in the hospital?

Abror winded with his head and woke up finally: Vazira forgot about everything in that moment and it was right.

- He is sleeping. Has Malika frightened you?

- Oh! Let's everything bad news go away!

The girl woke up to hear the voice of her mother and shouted from the room:

- Mother comes back! Zaphar! To wake up! Our mother comes back!

Malika didn't come out at once. She has already felt to shy to be in the pyjamas in front of father. And Zaphar came out in t-shirt, trunks so quickly.

- Mother! My mother! Hurrah!

Vazira raised her son and pressed him. Zaphar stayed on her hand and she carry away in the bedroom. Malika take on and ran followed her.

Abror stayed near the window and smiled.

Malika and Zaphar began to tell mother what had happened in her absent.

Abror thought that it would be better to come in the work earlier. That's why he decided to make tea himself while Vazira had conversation with children.

According to them Abror was the best father in the entire world. Zaphar spoke especially much. He was been full with pride for his father; how father caught and tied the dog. Abror smiled to hearing that delights, which announced to the study, where he took off his plans in the brief-case.

- Are you again working at night, aren't you? What is a project? Is it fountain?

Vazira appeared behind his back suddenly.

- Yes, it is. On the Lenin square. Abror kept and didn't turn at once.

- How and it work was assignment for you. – was glad Vazira. – It is so good!

- It is necessary to succeed on the anniversary.

- But this build was entrusted to you! I congratulate you comrade Agzamov!

Vazira stood on tip-toe and kissed her husband who at last turns to her.

Of course Abror was glad to see you but he didn't want to show it. He asked to continuous to take off his papers.

- So, does trip be successful?

- Yes, it does. To happiness I deal with everything earlier. And I had heard about Zaphar and now to arrive. That to lots of this dog.

- He is a boy, he must run. Bakhramov gave away the childish court for the building. If Bakhramov didn't do it Zaphar wouldn't go to that yard. And you laid with him in business trip as on the wings.

Vazira moved away and became serious.

- Must I hand in my ticket if our flight coincided?

- “Our flight”. – Abror pushed in his papers and closed the lock of the briefcase. – Yes, let’s they coincide, but you don’t forget who is it?
- And who is it? Is he institute enemy?
- In any case he doesn’t friend.
- But he is comrade to the work and colleague. And do you want to have a enemies? Let even mouse don’t be your enemy.

Before the beginning of the work day Abror had wanted to go to Lenin square and looked over the place where would be avenue of the fountains.

- That’s all. We continuous later. To remember all proverbs. Now I’m hurrying.

Vazira asked Malika.

- Daughter, have you something for the father at breakfast?
- I have milk and cheese.

Vazira asked husband with smile:

- Are you liked milk with tea, yet?
- But if with pinch of black paper.
- All right. The pinch of black paper will be in accordance with mood.

Abror smiled, too.

In big room with TV set Zafar already played with toy, which mother had brought.

VI

There is very hot at the end of May in Tashkent. So not only people but cars need shadow of the trees. And also big trucks look for the shadow under the maples for their cabin if they don’t in the trip. But there are more cars and fewer trees because of reconstruction of the streets and blocks in the city. At least it is difficult to find the cold place for the car. And Abror was very glad to see the dense shadow under the hundred-year-old oak on the Injenernaya Street. While he was busing by his

matter his car would be cool off and wouldn't become with the tin to happiness for his owner.

Abror came out on the Lenin square.

Abror opened tablet with small plan-project and began to compare the plan on the paper with the real place captiously. Here tram rose under from bridge across the channel along Abdulla Tukay Street with difficult, and then to turn on the east they hurry friskily along Injenernaya Street. Both this streets live out their last days.

Well, old building will disappear but what to do with hundred-year-old oriental plane tree, maple, oak? There was great pine-tree in Kommunarow square. It was higher than many houses. It is as neck of giraffe which rising under the fence on the zoo. How much peoples had done that this trees was so beautiful! The nature had worked about eighty or one hundred years that to create that grand oriental plane-tree with people's help. And Abror was given only six month on that project in which was take into account everything besides trees. There were the place of each avenue, each composition, even the lid of each sewerage hatch on the plan. And does the trees? The trees were not been mark on that plan. Because they were not considered as "object", they were not been in inventory documents. Nobody had responsibility for the trees; they could cut down all, or reserve some of them.

The great trees with lush crown was defenseless compared to peoples, for whom inventory documents, quantity of the expenditures for the material and the labour were of importance very, very much. Abror believed that the duty for the nature was to lie in the people, that it was naturally the influence of the conscience to take care of and love all lively. Differently children as Zafar wouldn't be conscientious, Abror thought naively. And Zafar worried for Sirtlan after that night. How to Abror would save his feeling of the gratitude to the nature. He knew that the evil would come back without fail.

Abror measured the distance between big oriental plane trees and the pine-giraffe, which had grown under the top of houses. It was impossible to save trees however to count. For example, some trees were on the place which was for the exit of water out of ground, the center of the fountain. But if the avenue removed to the west about five meters, so the greatest oak and higher pine would be saving. Abror decided for him hardly: “It is necessary to work on this project and add changes that it will be easily to persuade co-authors and direction in it...”

Sajfulla Rakhmanov had gone to the town soviet and then to the architectural administration at the morning. Abror found him in office only afternoon.

- I must be in the city committee in half an hour, - warned Abror his director.
– Do we have time? Or do we bridge the conversation next day?

He didn't want to lose one day else.

- I try to have time. – Answered Abror turning again the project on the director's table.

Sajfulla Rakhmanov stood up from the armchair.

- Do streams are very many?! We have had about eight steam, and there?
- More than two thousand. The quantity turns to quality. Am I right?
- All right. But you will have more work.
- But then, Saifulla Rakhmanovich, the beauty of the fountain, the use from them, the coolness and other advantages will make up for our works and expenses. You only imagine: it will be two thousand ringing streams, the choir of the nature, natural harmony of sounds! It all will be drown all street noises, and people will be hit the kingdom of the calm and beauty on the avenue of fountains.

Sajfulla Rakhmanov smiled.

- You describe it so poetically that I can't object you. I have only one apprehension that working projects will be done in time. Exactly working. That to begin builds at once.

- I answer for the deal in time. You have a graph. Everything will be on it.

- So I must praise you. You take unnecessary work for you that the avenue of fountain will be more grandiose and beautiful. It is laudable, Abror Agzamovich!

Abror dared and passed to more difficult question.

- Here hundred-year-old oriental plane trees and oaks are growing up. Sajfulla Rakhmanovich, you know the area is very extensive. To go round it along perimeter it means walk about four kilometers. If trees are absented, this latitude will be a minus, and a plus. The people will not go to bare square.

- We increase the number of silvery spruces...

- They don't give the shadow, Sajfulla Rakhmanovich.

There was electronic watch with green-blue numerals on the table. It stood so that a visitor of this office saw it and remembered they had to be laconic. Abror passed to the essence of the mater.

- I offer to move all avenue of fountain to the west.

- It is very serious changes by comparison that about that we have agreement. Such changes are required coordination with architectural governing and the governing of the city improvement. It necessary to ask possibilities. And the period has drawn in!

- Safulla Rakhmanovich of course it is easily nothing changing. But I hope on you architectural taste. If we save strong, ancient trees, if we give the shadow people on main square of city, they will say thank you, institute, director!

- Oh, I make do without "thank you" to the column "social services". And I will not be stroked on head for the breach of the column "economy of the money" or "the period of the realization". And than I imagine how newspaper, cigarettes-end, empty bottle will be wallowing in the shadow of your trees.

- Really cultured peoples disappeared in the city?

Not, they have been had of course. But Sajfulla Rakhmanov see the central square of the capital (to thinking, the capital!) other than Agzamov see it. It is strictness, solemnity, and splendor! Small public garden, the oriental plane trees and poplar should be in the park outskirts of the city. And the central square it is something incommensurable, incomparable, and exceptional! The most sparse trees and flowers of the world as they don't be expensive should be here. At the same time they have agreement with dendrologists of the city of Nalchik. They will sell several hundred of silver spruces. Tashkent's arboretum ill give a hundred liriodendrons. It is tulip trees from magnolia. There will be white birch, lankaran acacia, Crimean pine and Japanese plum – pisardy, Greek sophora in the square. The square which be decoration with them will acquire all-union even world scale. And he says about the shadow and benches.

- Sajfulla Rakhmanov, I'm also for the all-union and world scale. Let be and the silver spruces, tulip trees, Crimean pine and white birch. But let be and the oriental plane trees and spherical elm and east cypress and dzhamshidov trees. It's necessary to take into consideration climate of Tashkent. We have chosen the place for silver spruces and white birch in the middle of the square under the sun. And they need soft and damp air.

- We will make humidifiers, special microclimate under trees.

The director hurried, he was waited in the city committee. He got excited and strived to finish the argument more quick. But Abror got excited, too.

- It is impossible to go against the nature all time! The botany and dendrology are exact sciences. The flora can't grow right under the sun. It languishes and be ill. Long heat and dry wind will be oppress your spruces and pain; the branch of silver spruces will become grow coarse, lose the brightness, the symmetry and beauty, and the bark of white pine will become dark in our climate, will be seem yellow and even dirty.

Saifulla Rakhmanov tensioned and asked with caution:

- So, you offer... - and he finished the question.
- At first I offer plant silver spruces and birches near the buildings, there is more the shadows and that's why cooler. They will become acclimatized quickly there. And they will be hardy the heat in Middle Asia.
- Well, to show on the plan. So do you offer move aside it to the edge?

Sajfulla Rakhmanow looked at the door with fear. He wanted to show even if the door of the office closed strongly, they could be heard. May be it could be somebody from the reception room. Sajfulla Rakhmanow wanted listen all to the end and then would give him refusal.

- And secondly?
- And secondly, we don't have to be carried away with conifers trees unilaterally. Here in the general project hundreds places are appointed for the planting thujas and for the pines. So spruces are planned very many. Of course it is good when the trees are always green, for our people the thuja, pine and spruce will be original rarity. But Sajfulla Rakhmanow, the rarity is rarity because it is few. I often accompany guests from Moscow, Kiev and other city of our country in the trip along the streets of Tashkent. They asked me where they could see our famous spherical elm. Where the silver Judah grew? And how the Judah smell before the flowering!.. Thuja from the family of cypress and south-america juniper is planned. – Now Abror looked at the door spitefully. – Well, and cypress? This tree is from European, America, Africa and our Middle Asia. Why we almost don't see the cypress? It grew in Samarkand and Tashkent during the time of Ulugbek and Navoy. And now it is grown in the arboretum, - Abror become to speak calmly. For example, we have a guest from the Kislovodsk . He sees these beautiful silver spruces and pine about ten or fifteen meters every day. And we will have the same trees, they will be unbeautiful, the branches little. What the impression he will be having? And foe example, you and he visit Urgut and see

thousand-years-old plane-trees; he will be astounded by it. Or he will see great spherical elm-gudzhum in Khorezm. You have sight right about all-union scale, Sajfulla Rakhmanovich. Let be find the place for our plan-trees, cypress, elms and Judah in all-union scale.

- Really haven't you seen that gudzhum-elms near the Navoy Theater are dried?

- I have seen. The gudzhums don't guilty in that. It is necessary to treat with special solution. And then the elms react on the fumes in air very much. And round the Navoy they district with big streets. Here on new Central Square we will plant them near Bozsu and further from main road. And if we looking after them like silver spruces they will be growing very well. I promise you.

Sajfulla Rakhmanovich had heard out all that long speech patiently, he looked at the telephones again as he wished that and they understood each his word and said slowly solidly:

- The silver spruces are the trees of the respect, Abror Agzamovich. They grow hear Kremlin. Do you understand why exactly they must be on the most visible place of our Central Square? I reject your offer to move them inside, in the shadow and coolness absolutely. This offer is idea to essence, I think!

- Where dose the idea of? It is necessary to take into account all peculiarities of silver spruces. At the same time in Moscow on Red Square they are growing near Kremlin's walls. We must care of the nature.

- It is enough to trump with nature! It is not a decree, not God for us in the end. The question about the place for silver spruces and white birch has already coordinated and I don't want to discuss it more. But I must say you frankly that you will take into account in your feature work: it is parochialism to offer the plane-tree or the gudzhum or dzhida instead of Crimean pine I think.

Abror's eyes brightened from the anger and the voice trembled.

- You cheat Sajfullah Rakhmanovich! I said "together" and "instead of"!

- This dzhida grow in any village. And you want to take it here. May be we will plant the willow and the poplar in the middle of Central Square of the capital.
- It is incorrectly to scorn with poplar and willow. It is necessary oxygen for modern city. The citizens feel often the shortage of the oxygen. And the poplar gives the oxygen more in seven times than conifers! Have good Fergana sort of the poplar. All the same time you give me a good idea: the west part of the Square that near Bozsu is suitable for the poplar. Our artists create the poplars in the form of the pyramid with love. And it is bright details of the landscape. And do you say these poplars are short-lived? So oaks are had in the form of the pyramid. They like the poplars in form of pyramid and live very long. And we cant forget about them. Our square with world scale must be original nationally.
- Have you said everything? – said director hardly. Now I’m saying. Of course, you know your work as narrow specialist. But it isn’t enough. We need in specialist ideologically shoe is shoed.

Sajfullah Rakhmanovich and Abror were saying now Uzbek now Russian language during the conversation. The last sentence of the director was pronounced into Russian language with hesitation.

- Yes, I want to be ideological, but I don’t know why you say about the shoe. The horse usually is shoed and a people. – said Abror into Uzbek language quickly.
- Well, well, and here you have a swirl. You don’t understand the generally-accepted expression. You always have obsessive ideas and difficult questions in your mind.
- The difficult questions need in right solution especially. And every pain it isn’t important. Our Russian brothers say: “What the heart thinks the tongue speaks”.

- No, it isn't importunate idea. It is the symptom of ideological ill health. And I like a director am responsible for my workers. You are nationally limited. And you must lose it.

Abror wanted to object, but the director raised his head preventively:

- One a moment! At once when I had been in the encirclement of responsible peoples, one of them said that he had known you from the student's years and he said you was nationally limited. I hadn't been agree with him. But now I see he has been right. I must warn you about that your views will have to harm you and the institute. That's why I say you ace more: to get rid of you nationally limited and to the quick. It is my frank opinion.

- Let me to be frank with you, comrade director?

- Please.

- I don't know that respect man, who knows me from the student's years. May be he like Bakhramow. The special hormones of the valetudinarianism and suspicion function on these peoples. The comrade director, as you know these hormones have brought us much trouble in time. Many peoples work out in them the immunity from sickly hormones or viruses, if it is liked you more, - added Abror, to seeing how the director began to wave with hands to showing his dissatisfaction, - but I see not everyone has had the immunity yet. Differently how can explain that my offer is considered as nationally limited. Yes, dangerous disbalance provoking with hormone aforementioned has been to, Sajfullah Rakhmanow.

Rakhmanow stood up sharply, seized his folder nervously and pursed his chest like on the rostrum.

- I refuse from this unsubstantiated charge I don't have more time for debates with you. Don't you agree with me? You may address in main government. But I will be demand exact caring out of the projects and exact observance of the graph of the passing of the working of the plan in every case from your workshop.

Abror gathered his papers slowly. Pale and straight he went to the door. And he went out without a word.

He returned home with headache and with ache in left side of chest.

Nervous tension didn't fall and director's reproaches has rung and in his ears. After the visit of the director, Abror had knitted his brow as from a splinter which he couldn't pull out. In his mind he continued his dispute with director in the car, when he drove home. In the center he broke the right of the passing and was stopped by militiaman and got a "hole" on the coupon. At first Abror asked to excuse him, then began argue. Abror was nervous; he had passed two blocks and stopped near gourmet. He wanted to forgive everything and relaxed. And he bought two bottles.

Abror opened home's door with his key entered and waited to anybody with bad news about Zafar's illness some time. Unpleasantness didn't be alone like right.

But in that moment Zafar run out from the kitchen. He saw father and returned back.

- Mothe, father come! – shouted he joyfully.

Abror calmed down little. He felt the smell of the caraway and roast meat. Be fast! Quickly.

Zafar knew that his father liked flaky pasty and that's why he said loudly:

- We have the pasty today! And you father is late. Oh, we have eaten our fill!

- And we have stayed nothing for father! Almost nothing, - joked Vazira, opened an oven and became take out appetizing pasties.

- As I know that will be good snack, I'll buy something... - Abror set down on white stool and opened the brief-case. He takes out the bottle of Georgian cognac with four stars, and one more with unknown label. Vazira take the bottle:

- My God! "The Old Castle"! Where do you find it? You are well done!

Vazira liked to show herself good hostess. And she liked to do favorite dishes of Abror for him when she stayed at home. They turned to each other with "you", but

it didn't remove them. On the contrary it was perceived like the expression of the tenderness and the respect. There is the pronoun "you" is usually used in Uzbek language. But when the peoples curse they use the pronoun "you", it mains haughty attitude, disrespect one people to another.

Abror was going to with his strength, that to had the mood like Vazira. He didn't want to show his hard impression from a day.

- Why do you keep silent, Abror-aka? Do you have the unpleasantness again?

- No, I don't. I had broken the rules of the passing and get the "hole" on the coupon.

- It isn't be upset because of it. It will be better if you say where you have bought this wine.

- I can say that I have taken this "The Old Castle" with the help of military cunning. The familiar seller had hidden for him and I saw it. And the cunning was that I had to buy a bottle of the cognac.

While Abror toke a shower Vazira set the table. She put the plate of the strawberry, fresh cucumbers and big plate with appetizing pasties.

Abror poured the wine into two goblets, only two goblets. The children were in the room and looked action movie. And nobody could take away them from there.

- Vazira, let's forgive about everything and again be bridegroom and bride!

- To return on fifteen years ago. – smiled Vazira.

- No, we rise on the height on which we have been fifteen years ago. We were happy and pleased with everything.

- And now? – asked Vazira seriously.

- Well, don't define more precisely. My toast about that now we have that we had had before.

- I agree. – said Vazira, raised her goblet and brought to her lips.

Abror was hungry and got drunk quickly: he felt how the tiredness disappeared, how good mood appeared, when he wanted to say eloquent words, to be witty.

Abror took the pasty, bit a piece and exclaimed:

- Wow! Only happy bridegrooms are cooked such a pasty!
- But let brides take a taste of, - answered Vazira and took the pasty, too.

The telephone rang in the lobby. Of course, children wouldn't move away from the TV set. Abror stood up and hurried to the telephone.

- Hello! – Abror waited the answer and asked: - Who is it? – Nobody answered and Abror began to blow to the receiver and repeated loudly: - Hello! Hello! – Nobody answered, although he heard any breath clearly. – Why do you keep silent? You must be bolder!

At last youthful voice asked:

- Is Malika at home?
- Yes, she is at home... And who are you?
- I want to ask her homework.
- Young man, do not you think the time is not right for such inquiries?
- I am sorry. But I must speak with Malika.
- Malika! – Asked Abror his daughter and added lowering his voice: - to say your classmates that they will not so lately. And generally...

Malika blushed. And she didn't raise eyes to whisper.

- Ok, father!

Then she took the receiver and warned interlocutor: "To wait, to wait...", - and she took away the telephone in her room, it was good a cable was long.

Daughter will be fifteen soon! Abror shook his head and returned in the kitchen. His happy, humorous mood disappeared.

- Who called? – asked Vazira.
- Our children want to continue the baton of love. But I think it is very early. Abror told about shy and persistent classmate of Malika.

- It will be better if you tell with daughter! Through not in a hurry!

Vazira kept silent. Abror changed the subject of conversation.

- It is good wine. To confess I haven't drunk such wine for a long time.

- Yes, - agreed Vazira monosyllabically and added after pause: - Only our "Golub" doesn't yield.

- The "Golub", "Golub" ... The name is had, and the wine isn't bought nowhere. I always ask in shops, it is all in vain. And were have you seen last?

Say where? The commotion will be: how? It would be with Sherzod in the restaurant? She answered calmly:

- It is imported in Moscow sometimes.

Abror kept silent on a moment, he thought Vazira added something. He looked in eyes of Vazra and understood: She had drunk "Golub" in Moscow, but she didn't want to say about now or feared.

Vazira understood guarded look of her husband.

- I shall tell you later in detail. It is our Uzbek hospitality. We had a dinner in restaurant "Uzbekistan" with my familiar metro builder. And we have "Golub" there.

"We had dinner" Abror remembered his morning conversation with Vazira, when they mentioned about Sherzod.

- Well, of course Bakhramow is a foreman to cajole right peoples.

Vazira could lie and said that they were Sherzod. But she didn't want to do it.

- Don't worry Othello. I didn't hit in his nooses, what he was not. And our familiar needs Tashkent.

- If you have said "nooses" in the meaning "love nets" I haven't thought about it. I don't Othello. But I can say only one; I have never seen this man. And ask you will be further from him.

- Do you command to do all your wishes? – Vazira was smiling meekly.

- No, I don't. Why? You are independent man, too.

CHAPTER II. Analysis of the Translated Joking (Playful) Words in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov

2.1. Theoretical Problems of Present Day Semasiology

A further subdivision within the lexico-grammatical groups is achieved in the well-known thematic subgroups, such as terms of kinship, names for parts of the human body, color terms, military terms and so on. The basis of grouping this time is not only linguistic but also extra-linguistic: the words are associated because the things they name occur together and are closely connected in reality. It has been found that these words constitute quite definitely articulated spheres held together by differences, oppositions and distinctive values. For an example it is convenient to turn to the adjectives. These are known to be subdivided into qualitative and relative. Among the first, adjectives that characterize a substance for shape, color, physical or mental qualities, speed, size,¹ etc. are distinguished.

The group of color terms has always attracted the attention of linguists because it permits research of lexical problems of primary importance. The most-prominent among them is the problem of the systematic or non-systematic character of vocabulary and of the relationship between thought and language. There are many hundreds of articles written about color terms².

V. A. Moskovitch gives a clear systematic description of this micro system in English. The basic color name system comprises four words: *blue, green, yellow, red*; they cover the whole spectrum. All the other words denoting colors bring details into this scheme and form subsystems of the first and second order, which may be

¹ See, for instance: Е.А. Отвар, Прилагательные со значением размера в английском языке (small. little. big. great), канд.лисс., Л., 1994

² См: В.А. Московичи. *Статистика и семантика*. М., 2002

considered as synonymic series with corresponding basic terms as their dominants. Thus *red* is taken as a dominant for the subsystem of the first order: *scarlet, orange, crimson, rose*, and the subsystem of the second degree is: *vermilion, wine red, cherry, coral, copper-red*, etc. Words belonging to the basic system differ from words belonging to subsystems not only semantically but in some other features as well. These features are: (1) frequency of use; (2) motivation; (3) simple or compound character; (4) stylistic coloring; (5) combining power. The basic terms, for instance, are frequent words belonging to the first thousand of words in H. S. Eaton's "semantic frequency list"; their motivation is lost in present-day English. They are all native words of long standing. The motivation of color terms in the subsystems is very clear: they are derived from the names of fruit (*orange*), flowers (*pink*), coloring stuffs (*indigo*). Basic system words and most of the first degree terms are root words, the second degree terms are derivatives or compounds: *copper-red, jade-green, sky-colored*. Stylistically the basic terms are definitely neutral; the second degree terms are either special or poetic. The meaning is widest in the four basic terms; it gradually narrows down from subsystem to subsystem.

Thematic groups as well as ideographic groups (in which words belonging to different parts of speech are linguistically and thematically related) are mostly studied diachronically on the principles of comparative linguistics.¹

A. A. Ufimtseva's monograph on the historical development of the words *eorpye, land, grand; middan-()eard, molde, folde* and *hruse*, centres round OE *eorpye* > *earth* and denoting various aspects of the same notion, describes in great detail the semantic evolution of these words from the Old English period up to the

1 The boundary between thematic groups and semantic fields is not always clear-cut, so that the treatment offered by Moskovitch can be also, referred to the latter.

2 Subsequent works of this scholar, including her doctoral dissertation, are also devoted to the problem of the lexical and lexico-semantic system. А.А. Уфимцева. Проблемы системной организации лексики, докт. днес. М.. 1970.

present. The set in this case is defined by enumerating all its elements as well as by naming the notion lying at the basis of their meanings. This author calls her group lexico-semantic and offers this investigation as a way of revealing the system underlying the vocabulary. The difficulty, however, lies in the transition from this very limited subset of nouns to the whole of the vocabulary. The possibilities of transferring the results on the vocabulary system remain undefined.

The author succeeds in bringing forth different types of within ties within a lexical system. Her comparative analysis of the semantic structures of the words *land*, *grand*, *middan-year* very definitely shows particular and concrete manifestations of general features. .Every feature of a notion (and consequently every component of meaning,— I. A.) may serve simultaneously as uniting for equivalent lexical elements and differentiating with respect to other units. Thus all the semantic variants of the word *land* are united by the meaning of the feature that characterizes extension in space; with respect to all the other words (*grund*, *eorpye*, *middan-weard*, *folde*, *molde*) the same feature is distinctive.²

All the elements of lexico-semantic groups remain within limits of the same part of speech and the same lexico-grammatical group. When grammatical meaning is not taken into consideration, we obtain the so-called ideographic groups.

The ideographic subgroups are independent of classification into parts of speech. Words and expressions are here classed not according to their lexico-grammatical meaning but strictly according to their signification, i.e. to the system of logical notions. These subgroups may comprise nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs together, provided they refer to the same notion. Thus V. I. Agamdzhanova unites into one group such words as *tight* n, *bright* a, *shine* v and other words connected with the notion of light as something permitting living beings to see the surrounding objects.

The approach resembles the much discussed theory of semantic fields but is much more precise, because this author gives purely linguistic criteria according to which words belonging to the group may be determined. The equivalence of words in this case is reflected in their valency.¹

The theory of semantic fields continues to engage the attention of linguists. A great number of articles and full-length monographs have been written on this topic and the discussion is far from being closed.

Jost Trier's conception of linguistic fields is based on Saussure's theory of language as a synchronous system of networks held together by differences, oppositions and distinctive values.² The starting point of the whole field theory was J. Trier's work on intellectual terms in Old and Middle High German. Trier shows that they form an interdependent lexical sphere where the significance of each unit is determined by its neighbors. The semantic areas of the units limit one another and cover up the whole sphere. This sphere he called a linguistic, conceptual or lexical field. His definition (here given in S. Ullmann's translation) is: "Fields are linguistic realities existing between single words and the total vocabulary; they are parts of a whole and resemble words in that they combine into some higher unit, and the vocabulary in that they resolve themselves into smaller units." Since the publication of Trier's book, the field theory has proceeded along different lines, and several definitions of the basic notion have been put forward. A search for objective criteria made W. Porzig, G. Ipsen and other authors narrow the conception down. Ipsen studies Indo-European names of metals and notices their connection with color adjectives. Porzig pays attention to

¹ В.И. Агамджанова, О лингвистической природе идеографической связи слов (на материале группы с доминантной light «совет» в современном английском языке). Ученые записки Латвийского гос. ун-та, т. 92. Филол. науки, вып. 2, 1996

" See: Jost Trier, *Der Deutsche Wortschatz im Sinnbezirk des Verstandes. Die Geschichte eines sprachlichen Feldes*, Heidelberg, 2003

See: S. Ullmann, *The Principles of Semantics*, p. 157.

regular contextual tics: *dog—bark, blind—see, see—eye*. A. Jolles takes up correlative pairs like *right—, left*. The greatest merit of the field theories lies in their attempt to find linguistic criteria disclosing the systematic character of language. Their structuralism orientation is consistent. Trier's most important shortcoming is his idealistic methodology. He regards language as a super-individual cultural product shaping our concepts and our whole knowledge of the world. His ideas about the influence of language upon thought, and the existence of an "intermediate universe" of concepts interposed between man and the universe, is wholly untenable.¹

Freed from its idealistic fetters, Trier's theory may, if properly developed, have far-reaching consequences in modern semantics. At this point mention should be made of influential and promising statistical work by A. Shaikevitch². This investigation is based on the hypothesis that semantically related words must occur near one another in the text, and vice versa, if the words often occur in the text together they must be semantic-ally related. Words (adjectives) were chosen from concordance dictionaries for Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and several other English poets. The material was studied statistically, and the results proved the hypothesis to be correct. Groups were obtained without making use of their meaning on a strictly formal basis, and their elements proved to be semantically related. For example: *faint, feeble, weary, sick, tedious* and *whole* 'healthy' formed one group. *Thin, thick, subtle* also came together. The experiment shows that a purely formal criterion of co-occurrence can serve as a basis of semantic equivalence.

A syntactic approach to the problem of semantic fields has been initiated by the Moscow structuralist group. From their point of view, the detailed syntactic properties of the word are its meaning. Y. Apresyan proposes an analysis the material of which includes a list of configuration patterns (phrase types) of the language as revealed by syntactic analysis, an indication of the frequency of each

configuration pattern and an enumeration of meanings (already known, no matter how discovered) that occur in each pattern.

Preliminary study of English verbs as constituents of each pattern has yielded corresponding sets of verbs with some semantic features in common. A semantic field can therefore be described on the basis of the valency potential of its members. Since a correlation has been found between the frequency of a configuration pattern and the number of word meanings which may appear in it, Apresyan proposes that a hierarchy of increasingly comprehensive word fields should be built by considering configuration patterns of increasing frequency.

2. 2. Different Approaches in the Classification of Words

As R.S. Ginzburg said “the word as well as any linguistic sign is a two-facet unit possessing both form and content or, to be more exact, sound form and meaning. Neither can exist without the other. For example, [θimbl] is a word within the framework of the English language primarily because it has the lexical meaning – “a small cap of metal, plastic etc worn on the finger in sewing...” (напёрсток) and the grammatical meaning of the Common case, singular. In the other languages it is not a word, but a meaningless sound- duster”¹⁷

The term word denotes the basic unit of a given language resulting from the association of a particular meaning with a particular group of sounds capable of a particular grammatical employment. A word therefore is simultaneously a semantic, grammatical and phonological unit”- said I. Arnold.¹⁸

The word is one of the fundamental units of language. It is dialectical unity of form and content. Its content or meaning is not identical to notion, but it may reflect human notions, and in this sense may be considered as the form of their existence. Notions fixed in the meanings of words are formed as generalized and approximately correct reflections or reality in signifying them words reflect in

¹⁷ R.S. Ginzburg “A course in modern lexicology” Moscow, 1979. page-10

¹⁸ I.V.Arnold “The English Word” Moscow,1973. page-9

reality in their content. There are several types of words. One of them mono semantic words, i.e. words having only one meaning are comparatively few in number, these are mainly scientific terms, such as hydrogen, molecule and the like. The bulk of English words are polysemantic, that is to say possess more than one meaning. The actual number of meanings of the commonly used ranges from five to about a hundred. In fact, the commoner the word the more meanings it has.

Polysemantic words are words which have more than two meanings. E.g. The word “man” has eleven meanings in modern English.

1) Человек; 2) адвокат; 3) мужчина; 4) храбрец; 5) человечество;
6) служащий; 7) рабочий; 8) муж; 9) моряк; 10) вассал; 11) пешка (в шахматах).

Many words, especially characterized by a high frequency rating, are not connected with meaning by one-to-one relationship. On the contrary, one symbol as a rule serves to render several different meanings. The phenomenon may be to be the reverse of synonymy where several symbols correspond to one meaning.

Words may be classified according to the concepts underlying their meaning. This classification is closely connected with the theory of conceptual or semantic fields. By the term “semantic fields” we understand a closely knit sectors of vocabulary each characterized by a common concept. For example the words blue, red yellow, black, etc may be described as making up the semantic field of colors, the word mother, father, brother, cousin, etc. –as members of the semantic field of kinship terms, the words joy, happiness, gaiety, enjoyment, etc. as belonging to the field of pleasurable emotions, and so on.

Semantic dependence of the word on the structure of the field may be also illustrated by comparing members of analogous conceptual fields in different languages. Comparing, for example, kinship terms in Russian and in English we observe that the meaning of the English term mother-in-law is different from the Russian тёща and свекровь as the English term covers the whole area, which in

Russian is divided between the two words. The same is true of the members of the semantic field of color (c.f. blue- синий, голубой), of human body (c.f. hand, arm-рука) and others.

There is being comparatively small lexical groups of words belonging to the same part of speech and linked by a common concept. The words bread, cheese, milk, meat, etc. make up a group with the concept of food as the common denominator of meaning. Such smaller lexical groups consisting of words of the same part of speech are usually termed lexico –semantic groups. It is observed that the criterion for joining words together into semantic fields and lexico-semantic groups is the identity of one of the components of their meaning found in all the lexical units making up these lexical groups. Any of the semantic components may be chosen to represent the group. For example, the word saleswoman may be analyzed into the semantic components “human”, “female”, “professional”. Consequently the word saleswoman may be included into a lexico –semantic group under the heading of human together with the words man, woman, girl, etc. and under the heading female with the words girl, wife, woman and also together with the words teacher, pilot, butcher etc. as professionals.

Another approach to the classification of vocabulary items into lexico-semantic groups is the study hyponymic relations between words. By hyponymy is meant a semantic relationship of inclusion. Thus, e.g. vehicle includes car, bus, taxi and so on: oak implies tree; horse entails animal; table entails furniture. Thus the hyponymic relationship may be viewed as the hierarchical relationship between the meaning of the general and the individual terms.

The general term is sometimes referred to as the classifier and serves to describe the lexico-semantic groups, e.g. lexico-semantic groups of vehicles, movement, emotions, etc.

The individual terms can be said to contain or entail the meaning of the general term in addition to their individual meanings, which distinguish them from each other.

It is of importance to note that in such hierarchical structures certain words may be both classifiers and members of the group.

Another way to describe hyponymy is in terms of genus and differentia.

The more specific term is called the hyponym of the more general, and the more general is called the hyperonym or the classifier.

Hyponymic classification may be viewed as objectively reflecting the structure of vocabulary and is considered by many linguists as one of the most important principles for the description of meaning.

A general problem with this principle of classification (just as with lexico-semantic group criterion) is that there often exist overlapping classifications. For example, persons may be divided into adults (man, woman, husband, etc.) and children (boy, girl, lad, etc.)

but also into national groups (American, Russian, Chinese, etc.), professional groups (teacher, butcher, baker, etc.), social and economic groups, and so on.

Another problem of great importance for linguists is the dependence of the hierarchical structures of lexical units not only on the structure of the corresponding group of referents in real world but also on the structure of vocabulary in this or that language.

Neologism is any word which is formed according to the productive structural patterns or borrowed from another language and felt by the speakers as something new.

So neologism is newly coined words or phrase or a new meaning for an existing word or a word borrowed from another language. As a result of the development of science and industry many new words are appeared in the language.

e.g. isotope, tape-recorder, supermarket, sputnik, space rocket, lunik, space-ship.

Neologism may be divided into:

1) root words: e.g. jeep-a small light motor vehicle, zebra-street crossing place, sputnik, lunic etc:

2) derived words: e.g. collaborationist – one who in occupied territory works helpfully with the enemy: to accessorize to provide with dress accessories:

3) compound: e.g. space-rocket, air-drop, microfilm –reader.

New words are as a rule mono semantic. Terms used in various field of science and technique make the greater part of neologism. New words belong only to the notional parts of speech: to nouns, verbs, adjectives etc.

Neologisms are mainly formed by:

1) word formation (mainly productive type)

e.g.-gen, -ogen: carcinogen (biological term)

-ics: psycholinguistics, electronics.

Conversion: sputnik –to sputnik

-nik: filmnik, folknik.

2) Semantic extension: heel-a tractor (old meaning: heel –the back part of foot): to screen – to classify, to select methodically (old meaning was –to separate coal select methodically (old meaning was – to separate coal into different sizes.

3) Borrowing: telecast, telestor (Greek), sputnik, lunnik, undarnik(Russian).

Words may drop out as a result of the disappearance of the actual objects they denote.

These words are called absolote words.

The disappearance of words may be caused as a result of influence of borrowings.

e.g. the Scandinavian “take” and “die” ousted O.E. niman and sweldan.

The French “army” and “place” replaced the OE here and steps.

Words, which are not used generally, are called archaisms. They are used in poetic vocabulary e.g. steed (horse), slay (kile), welkin (sky).

Archaisms should be distinguished from historical terms or histories, which denote historical reality and commonly used in modern English.

e.g. cannon-ball, chain-mail, lance, archer, baldric speech also express the speakers attitude to what he is talking about. The speaker may to warn, to influence people, to express his approved and disapproval. Words expressing emotion are called emotionally colored words.

Diminutive and derogatory affixes play important role in forming emotionally colored words.

e.g. daddy, kiddykins, babykins, oldie, blackie,

папочка, сестренка, девчушка, зайка, солнышко, старичок, старушка.

Interjection also express emotion without naming them:

Ah!, Hush!, Hell!, Nonsense!, Pooh!;

Ах!, Ой!, Эх!, Ну и ну!, Ерунда!

The derogatory suffix may form emotionally colored words e.g.

drunkard – пьяница

dullard – тупица

It is very interesting that many personal nouns formed by the composition from complete sentences or phrases in most cases are derogatory:

e.g. also-run - ну и скакун,

never –say-die- не сдающийся, непреклонный

There are some words, which indicate the special importance of the thing expressed. They are called intensifiers.

e.g. even, ever, all, so, awfully, tremendously, wonderfully, terribly.

The Russian words: даже, ничто, все, ужасно, прекрасно, очень, сильно.

It should be pointed out that among the emotionally colored words we could find words which express evaluation, judgment. They are called **evaluatory words**. Mostly names of animals have a strong evaluator force e.g. cattwitted-мелочный, dirty dog –грязный подлец.

On different occasions and situations the speaker uses different words, chooses different words in different spheres of communication. There are some words which are used in lecture, in a poem or when speaking to a child, an official person, etc. They are very highly frequent words. These words are called stylistically neutral words.

e.g. evening, man, girl, table, read, write, speak, beautiful, nice etc.

Also we have a lot of words which cannot be used in any situation or we speak to any person. They are called stylistically marked words.

e.g. the English nouns “horse”, “gee-gee” have the same meaning, they all refer to the same animal but they are stylistically different.

“Horse” is stylistically neutral and may be used in any situation. “Steed” belongs to poetic vocabulary. It has a lofty meaning “Gee-gee” is a mersery words neutral in a child’s speech. And it is used in adult conversation. So, stylistically colored words are suitable only on certain definite occasions in specific conditions of communication.

2.3. The Word “Joke”: Origin and Definition

A **joke** is a question, short story, or depiction of a situation made with the intent of being humorous. To achieve this end, jokes may employ irony, sarcasm, word play and other devices. Jokes may have a punch line that will end the sentence to make it humorous.

A practical joke or prank differs from a spoken one in that the major component of the humor is physical rather than verbal (for example placing salt in the sugar bowl).

Purpose of jokes

Jokes are typically for the entertainment of friends and onlookers. The desired response is generally laughter; when this does not happen the joke is said to have "fallen flat" or "bombed".

However jokes have other purposes and functions, common to comedy/humour/satire in general.

Antiquity of jokes

Jokes have been a part of human culture since at least 1900 BC. According to research conducted by Dr Paul McDonald of the University of Wolverhampton, a fart joke from ancient Sumer is currently believed to be the world's oldest known joke. Britain's oldest joke, meanwhile, is a 1,000-year-old double-entendre that can be found in the Codex Exoniensis.

A recent discovery of a document called *Philogelos* (The Laughter Lover) gives us an insight into ancient humour. Written in Greek by Hierocles and Philagrius, it dates to the third or fourth century AD, and contains some 260 jokes. Considering humour from our own culture as recent as the 19th century is at times baffling to us today, the humour is surprisingly familiar. They had different stereotypes, the absent-minded professor, the eunuch, and people with hernias or bad breath were favourites. A lot of the jokes play on the idea of knowing who characters are:

A barber, a bald man and an absent minded professor take a journey together. They have to camp overnight, so decide to take turns watching the luggage. When it's the barber's turn, he gets bored, so amuses himself by shaving the head of the

professor. When the professor is woken up for his shift, he feels his head, and says "How stupid is that barber? He's woken up the bald man instead of me."

There is even a version of Monty Python's Dead Parrot sketch: a man buys a slave, who dies shortly afterwards. When he complains to the slave merchant, he is told: "He didn't die when I owned him." Comic Jim Bowen has presented them to a modern audience. "One or two of them are jokes I've seen in people's acts nowadays, slightly updated. They put in a motor car instead of a chariot - some of them are Tommy Cooper-esque."

Psychology of jokes

Why we laugh has been the subject of serious academic study, examples being:

- Immanuel Kant, in *Critique of Judgement* (1790) states that "Laughter is an effect that arises if a tense expectation is transformed into nothing." Here is Kant's 220-year old joke and his analysis:

"An Englishman at an Indian's table in Surat saw a bottle of ale being opened, and all the beer, turned to froth, rushed out. The Indian, by repeated exclamations, showed his great amazement. - Well, what's so amazing in that? asked the Englishman. - Oh, but I'm not amazed at its coming out, replied the Indian, but how you managed to get it all in. - This makes us laugh, and it gives us a hearty pleasure. This is not because, say, we think we are smarter than this ignorant man, nor are we laughing at anything else here that it is our liking and that we noticed through our understanding. It is rather that we had a tense expectation that suddenly vanished..."

- Henri Bergson, in his book *Le rire (Laughter, 1901)*, suggests that laughter evolved to make social life possible for human beings.
- Sigmund Freud's "*Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious*". (*Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unbewußten*).

- Arthur Koestler, in *The Act of Creation* (1964), analyses humour and compares it to other creative activities, such as literature and science.
- Marvin Minsky in *Society of Mind* (1986).

Marvin Minsky suggests that laughter has a specific function related to the human brain. In his opinion jokes and laughter are mechanisms for the brain to learn nonsense. For that reason, he argues, jokes are usually not as funny when you hear them repeatedly.

- Edward de Bono in *"The Mechanism of the Mind"* (1969) and *"I am Right, You are Wrong"* (1990).

Edward de Bono suggests that the mind is a pattern-matching machine, and that it works by recognising stories and behaviour and putting them into familiar patterns. When a familiar connection is disrupted and an alternative unexpected new link is made in the brain via a different route than expected, then laughter occurs *as the new connection is made*. This theory explains a lot about jokes. For example:

- Why jokes are only funny the first time they are told: once they are told the pattern is already there, so there can be no new connections, and so no laughter.
- Why jokes have an elaborate and often repetitive set up: The repetition establishes the familiar pattern in the brain. A common method used in jokes is to tell almost the same story twice and then deliver the punch line the third time the story is told. The first two telling of the story evoke a familiar pattern in the brain, thus priming the brain for the punch line.
- Why jokes often rely on stereotypes: the use of a stereotype links to familiar expected behaviour, thus saving time in the set-up.
- Why jokes are variants on well-known stories (e.g. the genie and a lamp and a man walks into a bar): This again saves time in the set up and establishes a familiar pattern.
- In 2002, Richard Wiseman conducted a study intended to discover the world's funniest joke.

Laughter, the intended human reaction to jokes, is healthy in moderation, uses the stomach muscles, and releases endorphins, natural "feel good" chemicals, into the brain.

Jokes in organizations

Jokes can be employed by workers as a way to identify with their jobs. For example, 9-1-1 operators often crack jokes about incongruous, threatening, or tragic situations they deal with on a daily basis. This use of humor and cracking jokes helps employees differentiate themselves from the people they serve while also assisting them in identifying with their jobs. In addition to employees, managers use joking, or jocularly, in strategic ways. Some managers attempt to suppress joking and humor use because they feel it relates to lower production, while others have attempted to manufacture joking through pranks, pajama or dress down days, and specific committees that are designed to increase fun in the workplace.

The rules of humour are analogous to those of poetry. These common rules are mainly timing, precision, synthesis, and rhythm. French philosopher Henri Bergson has said in an essay: "*In every wit there is something of a poet.*" In this essay Bergson views the essence of humour as the encrustation of the mechanical upon the living. He used as an instance a book by an English humorist, in which an elderly woman who desired a reputation as a philanthropist provided "homes within easy hail of her mansion for the conversion of atheists who have been specially manufactured for her, so to speak, and for a number of honest folk who have been made into drunkards so that she may cure them of their failing, etc." This idea seems funny because a genuine impulse of charity as a living, vital impulse has become encrusted by a mechanical conception of how it should manifest itself.

Synthesis

That a joke is best when it expresses the maximum level of humour with a minimal number of words, is today considered one of the key technical elements of a joke. An example from George Carlin:

I have as much authority as the Pope, I just don't have as many people who believe it.

Though, the familiarity of the pattern of "brevity" has led to numerous examples of jokes where the very length is itself the pattern-breaking "punchline". Numerous examples from Monty Python exist, for instance, the song "I like Traffic Lights". More recently, *Family Guy* often exploits such humor: for example in the episode "Wasted Talent", Peter Griffin bangs his shin, a classic slapstick routine, and tenderly nurses it while inhaling and exhaling to quiet the pain, for considerably longer than expected. Certain versions of the popular vaudevillian joke The Aristocrats can go on for several minutes, and it is considered an anti-joke, as the humour is more in the set-up than the punchline.

Rhythm

The joke's content (meaning) is not what provokes the laugh, it just makes the salience of the joke and provokes a smile. What makes us laugh is the joke mechanism. Milton Berle demonstrated this with a classic theatre experiment in the 1950s: if during a series of jokes you insert phrases that are not jokes, but with the same rhythm, the audience laughs anyway. A classic is the ternary rhythm, with three beats: Introduction, premise, antithesis (with the antithesis being the punch line).

In regards to the Milton Berle experiment, they can be taken to demonstrate the concept of "breaking context" or "breaking the pattern". It is not necessarily the rhythm that caused the audience to laugh, but the disparity between the expectation

of a "joke" and being instead given a non-sequitur "normal phrase." This normal phrase is, itself, unexpected, and a type of punchline.

Comic

In the comic field plays the 'economy of ideative expenditure'; in other words excessive energy is wasted or action-essential energy is saved. The profound meaning of a comic gag or a comic joke is "I'm a child"; the comic deals with the clumsy body of the child.

Laurel and Hardy are a classic example. An individual laughs because he recognizes the child that is in himself. In clowns stumbling is a childish tempo. In the comic, the visual gags may be translated into a joke. For example in *Side Effects (By Destiny Denied story)* by Woody Allen:

"My father used to wear loafers," she confessed. "Both on the same foot".

The typical comic technique is the disproportion.

Wit

In the wit field plays the "economy of censorship expenditure" (Freud calls it "the economy of psychic expenditure"); usually censorship prevents some 'dangerous ideas' from reaching the conscious mind, or helps us avoid saying everything that comes to mind; adversely, the wit circumvents the censorship and brings up those ideas. Different wit techniques allow one to express them in a funny way. The profound meaning behind a wit joke is "I have dangerous ideas".

An example from Woody Allen:

I contemplated suicide again - this time by inhaling next to an insurance salesman.

Or, when a bagpipe player was asked "How do you play that thing?" his answer was "Well." Wit is a branch of rhetoric, and there are about 200 techniques (technically they are called tropes, a particular kind of figure of speech) that can be used to make jokes. Irony can be seen as belonging to this field.

Humor

In the comedy field, humor induces an "economized expenditure of emotion" (Freud calls it "economy of affect" or "economy of sympathy". Freud produced this final part of his interpretation many years later, in a paper later supplemented to the book.) In other words, the joke erases an emotion that should be felt about an event, making us insensitive to it.e.g.: "yo momma" jokes. The profound meaning of the void feeling of a humor joke is "I'm a cynic". An example from Woody Allen:

Three times I've been mistaken for Robert Redford. Each time by a blind person.

This field of jokes is still a grey area, being mostly unexplored. Extensive use of this kind of humour can be found in the work of British satirist Chris Morris, like the sketches of the *Jam* television program. Black humor and sarcasm belong to this field.

2.4. Types of Joking (Playful) Words

Jokes often depend on the humor of the unexpected, the mildly taboo (which can include the distasteful or socially improper), or playing off stereotypes and other cultural beliefs. Many jokes fit into more than one category.

Subjects

Political jokes are usually a form of satire. They generally concern politicians and heads of state, but may also cover the absurdities of a country's political situation. A prominent example of political jokes would be political cartoons. Two large categories of this type of jokes exist. The first one makes fun of a negative attitude to political opponents or to politicians in general. The second one makes fun of political clichés, mottoes, catch phrases or simply blunders of

politicians. Some, especially the "you have two cows" genre, derive humour from comparing different political systems.

Professional humor includes caricatured portrayals of certain professions such as lawyers, and in-jokes told by professionals to each other.

Mathematical jokes are a form of in-joke, generally designed to be understandable only by insiders. (They are also often strictly visual jokes.)

Ethnic jokes exploit ethnic stereotypes. They are often racist and frequently considered offensive.

For example, the British tell jokes starting "*An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman...*" which exploit the supposed parsimony of the Scot, stupidity of the Irish or rigid conventionality of the English. Such jokes exist among numerous peoples.

Racially offensive humour is often considered funny, but similar jokes based on other stereotypes (such as blonde jokes) are often considered even more funny.

Religious jokes fall into several categories:

- Jokes based on stereotypes associated with people of religion (e.g. *nun jokes*, *priest jokes*, or *rabbi jokes*)
- Jokes on classical religious subjects: crucifixion, Adam and Eve, St. Peter at The Gates, etc.
- Jokes that collide different religious denominations: "A rabbi, a medicine man, and a pastor went fishing..."
- Letters and addresses to God.

Self-deprecating or self-effacing humour is superficially similar to racial and stereotype jokes, but involves the targets laughing at themselves. It is said to maintain a sense of perspective and to be powerful in defusing confrontations. Probably the best-known and most common example is Jewish humour. The egalitarian tradition was strong among the Jewish communities of Eastern Europe in which the powerful were often mocked subtly. Prominent members of the

community were kidded during social gatherings, part a good-natured tradition of humour as a leveling device. A similar situation exists in the Scandinavian "Ole and Lena" joke.

Self-deprecating humour has also been used by politicians, who recognise its ability to acknowledge controversial issues and steal the punch of criticism - for example, when Abraham Lincoln was accused of being two-faced he replied, "If I had two faces, do you think this is the one I'd be wearing"?

Dirty jokes are based on taboo, often sexual, content or vocabulary. Other taboos are challenged by *sick jokes* and *gallows humour*; to joke about disability is considered in this group.

Surrealist or minimalist jokes exploit semantic inconsistency, for example: *Q: What's red and invisible? A: No tomatoes..*

Anti-jokes are jokes that are not funny in regular sense, and often can be decidedly unfunny, but rely on the let-down from the expected joke to be funny in itself. A question was: *'What is the difference between a dead bird?* The answer came: *"His right leg is as different as his left one'*. An *elephant joke* is a joke, almost always a riddle or conundrum and often a sequence of connected riddles that involves an elephant.

Styles

A *shaggy dog story* is an extremely long and involved joke with an intentionally weak or completely non-existent punchline. The humour lies in building up the audience's anticipation and then letting them down completely. The longer the story can continue without the audience realising it is a joke, and not a serious anecdote, the more successful it is. Shaggy jokes appear to date from the 1930s, although there are several competing variants for the "original" shaggy dog story. According to one, an advertisement is placed in a newspaper, searching for the shaggiest dog in the world. The teller of the joke then relates the story of the search for the shaggiest dog in extreme and exaggerated detail (flying around the

world, climbing mountains, fending off sabre-toothed tigers, etc.); a good teller will be able to stretch the story out to over half an hour. When the winning dog is finally presented, the advertiser takes a look at the dog and states: "I don't think he's so shaggy."

Some shaggy dog stories are actually cleverly constructed stories, frequently interesting in themselves, that culminate in one or more puns whose first meaning is reasonable as part of the story but whose second meaning is a common aphorism, commercial jingle, or other recognisable word or phrase. As with other puns, there may be multiple separate rhyming meanings. Such stories treat the listener or reader with respect.

2.5. The Collection of Units on Translation of Joking (Playful) Words met in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov

Russian	English
Это что же выходит,— продолжала упорствовать Ханифа-хола,— бросай такой ухоженный прохладный двор и <i>давай-ка жарься</i> в вашем доме	What is this came out – persisted Hanifa-Hola. – To drop a well-kept cool yard, <i>and let’s to steam</i> in your stuffy and overheated home?
А попробуй ночью <i>засни на цементе</i>	But try to go to <i>sleep on the cement</i> at night
— <i>Себя заложу</i> , а участок куплю,— заявил он решительно.	<i>I’ll give myself</i> , but buy this site. – said he strongly
Если собрался	If you want to sell the carpet, <i>sell it to</i>

<p>ковер продавать, <i>продай другу, тогда и сам на краешке посидеть сможешь.</i></p>	<p><i>your friend, then you can sit on it either.</i></p>
<p>Галантно пошутил, обращаясь к Вазире:</p> <p>— Мы безгранично рады, что столь прелестные женщины становятся музами метростроения!</p>	<p>He gallantly joked addressing to Vazira: We are glad infinitely that these beautiful women are <i>muses of the metro building!</i></p>
<p>—И вы себя, конечно, считаете таким бедняком, да, товарищ поэт?</p>	<p>Of course you consider yourself such a <i>poor man</i>, comrade poet.</p>
<p>— Могу я проводить вас в ваш номер, полный чудес?</p>	<p>May I see you off to your <i>room full of wonders?</i></p>
<p>Аброр заставил себя пошутить:</p> <p>— Ну, как дела, мулла Зафар? Хвост пистолетом? А не так, как у той собачонки -- поджатый?</p>	<p>Abror compelled himself to joke: So, how are you, <i>mulla Zafar? Is your tail-end stands like a pistol? And not so as at that doggy – between your legs?</i></p>
<p>Взлохмаченный Аброр втащил чемодан в комнату, молча уставился на жену: <i>прилетела птица</i>, будто и не улетала вместе с этим Бахрамовым...</p>	<p>The tousled Abror dragged the suitcase in the room and looked at the wife silently. <i>His bird has flew back</i> as if she hadn't flown away with Bakhramov.</p>

<p>—Э, я как-нибудь обойдусь без «спасибо» по графе «бытовые удобства». <i>А вот за нарушения графы «экономия средств» или «сроки осуществления» меня но головке не погладят.</i> И потом, я хорошо себе представляю, как в тени прекрасных ваших деревьев валяются газеты, окурки, пустые бутылки.</p>	<p>- Oh, I'll do without "thank you" to the column "social services". <i>And I will not be stroked on head for the breach of the column "economy of the money" or "the period of the realization".</i> And than I imagine how newspaper, cigarettes-end, empty bottle will be wallowing in the shadow of your trees.</p>
<p>—Идейным — да, я хочу быть, но подкова в таких спорах ни при чем — <i>все-таки не человека подковывают,</i> а лошадь,— отпарировал Аброр по-узбекски.</p>	<p>Yes, I want to be ideological, but I don't know why you say about the shoe. <i>The horse usually is shod and not a man.</i> – said Abror into Uzbek language quickly.</p>
<p>У этих людей функционируют <i>особые гормоны мнительности, подозрительности</i></p>	<p>The <i>special hormones of the valetudinarianism and suspicion</i> function on these peoples.</p>
<p>- <i>Эстафету любви</i> хотят подхватить наши дети. Только не слишком ли рано?</p>	<p>Our children want to continue the <i>baton of love</i>. But I think it is very early.</p>
<p>— Можете успокоиться, <i>Отелло</i> Каким бы ловким на такие дела Бахрамов не был, я в его силки не, попала.</p>	<p>Don't worry <i>Othello</i>. I didn't hit in his nooses, what he was not.</p>

2.6. The Ways and Difficulties in the Translation of Joking (Playful) Words met in the Novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov

In the process of the translation of the passage from the novel “The Diamond Belt” by Pirimkul Kadyrov we faced to a lot of examples of using joking words and phrases, even we met whole sentences built on humour. In general our task didn't cause difficulties in the translation of Uzbek humour into English. But here we should note that the text of the novel contains more joking phrases and whole sentences rather than words, so several examples of them are given below:

“А попробуй ночью засни на цементе. But try to go to *sleep on the cement* at night” This example contains sheer nonsense and expresses even the feeling of reproach in the form of a joke. By this it makes a humorous effect.

Or analyze this one: *Если собрался ковер продавать, продай другу, тогда и сам на краешке посидеть сможешь.* If you want to sell the carpet, sell it to your friend, then you can sit on it either. Here the whole sentence is built on famous Uzbek proverb used in the as a case in point of joke.

“— Могу я проводить вас в ваш номер, полный чудес? May I see you off to your *room full of wonders?*” In this example the playfulness is expressed by the phrase “номер, полный чудес” and its equivalence “*room full of wonders*”.

The next unit under our analysis contains obvious comparison:

“Взломаченный Аброр втащил чемодан в комнату, молча уставился на жену: *прилетела птица*, будто и не улетала вместе с этим Бахрамовым... The tousled Abror dragged in the room the suitcase and looked at the wife silently. *His bird has flown back* as if and hadn't flown away with Bakxramov”. The hero of the novel compared his wife with a bird, as well as to direct the main thought into joking course.

Also we consider interesting these phrases on humorous effect:

*особые гормоны мнительности, подозрительности - special hormones of
the valetudinarianism and suspicion*

Эстафета любви - baton of love

“ — Можете успокоиться, *Отелло...* ” - “Don't worry *Othello...* ”

музы метростроения - muses of the metro building

Conclusion

After the translation of the passage from the novel ‘The Diamond Belt’ by Pirmkul Kadyrov and analysis of the units on joking (playful) words we’ve come to conclusion that:

As R.S. Ginzburg said “the word as well as any linguistic sign is a two-facet unit possessing both form and content or, to be more exact, sound form and meaning. Neither can exist without the other. For example, [θimbl] is a word within the framework of the English language primarily because it has the lexical meaning – “a small cap of metal, plastic etc worn on the finger in sewing...” (напёрсток) and the grammatical meaning of the Common case, singular. In the other languages it is not a word, but a meaningless sound- duster”¹⁹

The term word denotes the basic unit of a given language resulting from the association of a particular meaning with a particular group of sounds capable of a particular grammatical employment. A word therefore is simultaneously a semantic, grammatical and phonological unit”- said I. Arnold.²⁰

Words may be classified according to the concepts underlying their meaning. This classification is closely connected with the theory of conceptual or semantic fields. By the term “semantic fields” we understand a closely, knit sectors of vocabulary each characterized by a common concept. For example the words blue, red yellow, black, etc may be described as making up the semantic field of colors, the word mother, father, brother, cousin, etc. –as members of the semantic field of kinship terms, the words joy, happiness, gaiety, enjoyment, etc. as belonging to the field of pleasurable emotions, and so on.

A **joke** is a question, short story, or depiction of a situation made with the intent of being humorous. To achieve this end, jokes may employ irony, sarcasm, word play and other devices. Jokes may have a punch line that will end the

¹⁹ R.S. Ginzburg “A course in modern lexicology” Moscow, 1979. page-10

²⁰ I.V.Arnold “The English Word” Moscow,1973. page-9

sentence to make it humorous. A practical joke or prank differs from a spoken one in that the major component of the humor is physical rather than verbal (for example placing salt in the sugar bowl).

Jokes are typically for the entertainment of friends and onlookers. The desired response is generally laughter; when this does not happen the joke is said to have "fallen flat" or "bombed". However jokes have other purposes and functions, common to comedy/humour/satire in general.

Jokes often depend on the humor of the unexpected, the mildly taboo (which can include the distasteful or socially improper), or playing off stereotypes and other cultural beliefs. Many jokes fit into more than one category:

Political jokes

Professional humor

Mathematical jokes

Ethnic jokes

Racially offensive humour

Religious jokes

Self-deprecating or self-effacing humour

Dirty jokes

Surrealist or minimalist jokes

Anti-jokes

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Appendix

Russian	English
<p>Это что же выходит,— продолжала упорствовать Ханифа-хола,— бросай такой ухоженный прохладный двор и <i>давай-ка жарься</i> в вашем доме</p>	<p>What is this came out – persisted Hanifa-Hola. – To drop a well-kept cool yard, <i>and let's to steam</i> in your stuffy and overheated home?</p>
<p>А попробуй ночью <i>засни на цементе</i></p>	<p>But try to go <i>to sleep on the cement</i> at night</p>
<p>— <i>Себя заложу</i>, а участок куплю,— заявил он решительно.</p>	<p><i>I'll give myself</i>, but buy this site. – said he strongly</p>
<p>Если собрался ковер продавать, <i>продай другу, тогда и сам на краешке посидеть сможешь.</i></p>	<p>If you want to the carpet sell, <i>sell it to your friend, then you can sit on it either.</i></p>
<p>Галантно пошутил, обращаясь к Вазире:</p> <p>— Мы безгранично рады, что столь прелестные женщины становятся <i>музами метростроения!</i></p>	<p>He gallantly joked addressing to Vazira: We are glad infinitely that these beautiful women are <i>muses of the metro building!</i></p>
<p>—И вы себя, конечно, считаете <i>таким бедняком</i>, да,</p>	<p>Of course you consider yourself such a <i>poor man</i>, comrade poet.</p>

товарищ поэт?	
— Могу я проводить вас в ваш номер, полный чудес?	May I see you off to your <i>room full of wonders</i> ?
Аброр заставил себя пошутить: — Ну, как дела, <i>мулла Зафар</i> ? <i>Хвост пистолетом? А не так, как у той собачонки -- поджатый?</i>	Abror compelled himself to joke: So, how are you, <i>mulla Zafar</i> ? <i>Is your tail-end stands like a pistol? And not so as at that doggy – between your legs?</i>
Взлохмаченный Аброр втащил чемодан в комнату, молча уставился на жену: <i>прилетела птица</i> , будто и не улетала вместе с этим Бахрамовым...	The tousled Abror dragged the suitcase in the room and looked at the wife silently. <i>His bird has flown back</i> as if she hadn't flown away with Bakhrarov.
—Э, я как-нибудь обойдусь без «спасибо» по графе «бытовые удобства». <i>А вот за нарушения графы «экономия средств» или «сроки осуществления» меня по головке не погладят.</i> И потом, я хорошо себе представляю, как в тени прекрасных ваших деревьев валяются газеты, окурки, пустые бутылки.	- Oh, I'll do without “thank you” to the column “social services”. <i>And I will not be stroked on head for the breach of the column “economy of the money” or “the period of the realization”.</i> And than I imagine how newspaper, cigarettes-end, empty bottle will be wallowing in the shadow of your trees.

<p>—Идейным — да, я хочу быть, но подкова в таких спорах ни при чем — <i>все-таки не человека подковывают,</i> а лошадь,— отпарировал Аброр по-узбекски.</p>	<p>Yes, I want to be ideological, but I don't know why you say about the shoe. <i>The horse usually is shoed and not a man.</i> – said Abror into Uzbek language quickly.</p>
<p>У этих людей функционируют <i>особые гормоны мнительности, подозрительности</i></p>	<p><i>The special hormones of the valetudinarianism and suspicion</i> function on these peoples.</p>
<p>- <i>Эстафету любви</i> хотят подхватить наши дети. Только не слишком ли рано?</p>	<p>Our children want to continue the <i>baton of love</i>. But I think it is very early.</p>
<p>— Можете успокоиться, <i>Отелло</i> Каким бы ловким на такие дела Бахрамов не был, я в его силки не, попала.</p>	<p>Don't worry <i>Othello</i>. I didn't hit in his nooses, what he was not.</p>