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Translation/Interpretation Faculty
Translation Theory and
Practice Department

QUALIFICATION PAPER

*On Translation of the extract of the book “OVER A PRECIPICE” written
by Shukurullo*

(Translation of probability into English)

(pp. 56 – 102)

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INTRODUCTION

Upbringing the comprehensively advanced generation is the greatest goal of the bright future. No matter which development goals are set by the country, seeing our youth grow physically and morally healthy is the basis of all achievements, the President said. Over the years of Uzbekistan's independence, a huge work has been implemented in this direction. The National Professionals Preparation Program, acknowledged world-wide as the Uzbek model of continuous education, is the basis for solution of the long-term tasks.

The present graduation qualification paper entitled “**Translation of the extract of the book “Over a precipice” by Shukurullo (56 - 102 pages) and the analysis of translation of probability into English**” is devoted to one of the interesting topics in lexicography and translation theory.

The integrity of probability is manifested in its indivisibility that is impossibility of inserting another word or word-group between its elements. Translation Studies is nowadays overwhelmed by a number of attempts to discard prescriptive standpoints and adopt new, descriptive directions. As a consequence, the research effort has been shifted from an investigation of things that should be done to an investigation of things that are considered in this paper.

Actuality of the present qualification paper. The present work under the discussion attempts to study and work out necessary points on the analysis of translation of probability into English from Uzbek. We decided to carry out such a task and the actuality is that this work covers every possible ways of translation and analysis of probability into English.

The aim of the paper is to study thoroughly translation of probability into English and their analysis in English and their comparison with Uzbek ones. The investigation is very significant by the view of translation point because the translation of extract of the book may cause some difficulty and to show some ways of solving the problems lay upon our shoulder.

The tasks of the paper are:

- a. to advance the practice of translation from Uzbek into English
- b. to determine the translation difficulties between translating from Uzbek into English or vice versa.
- c. translation difficulties of translation of probability into English
- d. to compare English and Uzbek probability
- e. and other related problems

The theoretical significance of the present qualification paper. By learning translation problems of probability into English and their analysis, difficulties of translation of the extract of the book we think, the results of the present work will enrich new attempts in this field. Detailed analysis and different reader-oriented results of this paper will give an opportunity for a translator/interpreter to gain much knowledge on how to deal with probability. And present qualification paper will help to learn the different laterally probability and rules of translation of it.

The practical value of the paper is that it is of great importance by either lexical or theoretical point. Due to its connection to translation this very work can also be useful in the seminars of translation theory and be helpful in writing textbooks, manuals, scientific researches, etc. on translation.

The structure of the paper. The qualification paper consists of an introduction, two chapters, conclusion and bibliography.

Introduction covers the actuality, aim, tasks, theoretical and practical importance and the structure.

The first chapter consists of translation of the extract of the book “Over a precipice”.

The second chapter deals with probability and its semantic structure, the translation theory, equivalence problems, adequacy and translation analysis of probability.

CHAPTER I

§-1. Translation of 56-102 pages of the novel “Over a Precipice”

ANGER DIVINE

I do not know, for what sins, than I have made angry the Lord of the God, but me today have tired out in such chamber, that it seemed to me: has got to a hell. This chamber was a little bit more spacious others, but there was in it such dense caustic stench, that the person was turned at once inside out. It seemed, here the dead dog or a cat, and even both together long-long rolls. Even for the person who has got used to bitter smoke densely hanging in the chamber of makhorka, to evaporations co-prisoner at the forty-degree heat, mixed with a smell not emptied close-stool, this stench seemed intolerable.

Three beds walled in a cement floor, were empty, on the fourth, at a distant wall, the person without uniform movement laid, having turned away to a wall. I have thrown the things on the nearest bed and have failed on it. To disappear from an intolerable stench there was no place. Perhaps me have tired out in this chamber too for punishment? Well, it is necessary to pass and through this test. To disappear there is no place.

Who is this person laying at a wall? He, apparently, at all did not notice a stench reigning in the chamber or for a long time has got used to it. Has not moved at all at my occurrence. Usually concluded with interest meet each beginner appearing in the chamber. From it it is possible to hear any news it is possible to share with it the sorrows. And this lays precisely smothering for a long time has left its transitory body. Perhaps it really is dead also I wish I adjoin to a corpse?

I have approached more close to the laying person. My God, stinking proceeded from it! It laid blindly, tirelessly whispering something about itself (himself). It was about seventy-seventy five to the person.

Having felt me near to itself (himself), it through a shoulder has looked at me, has then turned away. After a while the old man has sighed and with tears in a voice has sung quietly:

The god you mine, hope washing,
I could not save myself.
If you do not help me,
My God, I will be lost here!

Who have I such passed still sufficient time then the old man has asked. I have not had time to answer, as the old man have precisely broken through, and he began to tell hotly to me about itself (himself) as if hoping, that I can facilitate something its fate:

- The person, to which for seventy, which one foot here, and another already in a tomb can be what enemy?! Now also it is not known, where I will be buried: in a tomb or the general hole. I the dark, unfortunate person, drug, I after all here will be gone, to their courts I will not live, croak. Feet at all do not hold, I can not neither go, nor stand. Help me to rise the sonny, unfortunate. For what sins so the God has punished me, interestingly? Help to sit down on a push, the sonny what to do, a stomach at me upset, you do not judge too severely...

Indeed, feet of the old man were swelled at knees, go without crutches it could not.

I have helped it to rise, - from it struck an intolerable stench. Has helped to sit down on close-stool, then it has helped to be wiped: it could do nothing. Continuing bitterly to complain about destiny, the old man has thanked me for kindness. I listened to its lamentations and thought: and me for what this punishment, really I have had time to create such sins for the short life what to wash off them it is fated similar tests? I have thought so and somehow the suffocating stench in the chamber, and this stranger at once became more imperceptible, the stinking person began to cause not disgust, and feeling of deep compassion, pity.

Compassion, pity, kindness... Whether in that our most important sin, what we have forgotten for a long time about them?

What is the kindness? Unless the person, not capable to create good will manage to facilitate someone's fate? Kindness is born from love to near, from desire to answer good on good. The person trusting in kindness, is not capable of a sin, cannot be severe. Kindness does the person merciful.

I have helped the old man to return into place, holding it under mice. It was in such condition, that it did not interest at all who I such, for what has got here. Its thoughts have been occupied absolutely by another. And I felt, that I somewhere met the old man of it earlier, even communicated with it. But I have not had time to recollect, where it saw, to ask, who it such.

- Forgive, the sonny, I understand, I am hard to adjoin to you to me, and such awful condition, - he has started talking here sam.-yes there's nothing to be done, other exit after all is not present, to lift me on feet, rescue from death the unique means can. You, please, call the heads, tell to it that have returned mine drug, selected during a search. I do not know a word in Russian. A diarrhoeia at me that has ceased to accept drug. After two-three days of a diarrhoeia I will start to swell already all. And it means true death. Explain you to the heads, if do not wish to receive soon here a corpse, let will return to me if not everything for the first day at least seven portions druga, will give next day less, then is even less, and so, reducing a dose, I for a week can to reduce the sufferings some. In the same conditions it is impossible to throw at once it, not been lost definitively.

I have stated the request of the old man to the prison heads. I do not know, whether it has indeed regretted the old man, whether did not want, that it was knocked over here to court, but to it began to give out daily gradually druga. And immediately the person to whom all divine light was unpleasant which incessantly complained of destiny, damning day when was born, has changed and, having forgotten even, that is in prison, began to recollect cheerfully the young years, junkets in which participated,

even to tell instructive histories from the epos «Yusuf and Zuleyha¹». However, in process of intoxication dispersion, excitation left the old man as a burning down candle, and soon plaints again began complaints of a pas destiny and continuous circulations to close-stool. Most of all old addicts was afraid, that it will condemn for the big term, despite old age, and he will be buried without a shroud God knows in what strange lands.

To me all continued to seem, that I already somewhere met the old man earlier. In one of the moments of an enlightenment at it, I have told to it about it.

- Yes for certain met in **chayhana**² on Katarterak, - he has answered. - I there on a trifle traded. Cigarettes that yes...

Precisely! I have recollected low, with weak-sighted windows, chayhana which was on a corner between Katarterak and the most brisk street of Tashkent - street Navoi. Has recollected, that in the bottom part of one of windows the wooden door has been done, and on a window sill packs of cigarettes, pyramidions were exposed. People, and sitting in chayhana could buy them both passing on Katarterak. Called old man Iljas-ata.

- And what such you have done, what have appeared here? - I was surprised.

- Wished to dethrone the Soviet power, - has answered Iljas-ata. In its voice such inexpressible bitterness and irony sounded, that to me became not on itself. Still. To guess to sew similar charge to the old illiterate and sick person! To what we have lived, if even similar people began to declare enemies of the people!

- Itself you see, the sonny, I am already on what not fit, by the evening forget, that ate in the morning, - continued Iljas-ata, seeing my surprise. - and from me demand, that has recollected everything, that spoke against the Soviet power in chayhana as slandered our life. Really such near, silly people who cannot understand what demand from me impossible here have gathered? First, I speak, I do not

¹ «Yusuf and Zuleyha» – uzbek people’s national epos

remember, that said, that got up yesterday, especially, if was under a high drug. And secondly, I at all do not know, it is possible to consider what conversations against the Soviet power, and what - for. Chayhanaa after all these places similar to a caravan-shed, itself you understand. Who only there does not get, about what only there is not spoken. How I can remember, to whom that spoke, who that answered me?! Have started to extort from me with whom was on friendly terms with whom I was close, and, the old simpleton, named sellers of collective-farm bench Khakimdjan yes Khamidkhan, that lived in the neighbourhood with chayhanaoñ and constantly vanished in it. And for it, it appears, took them too, have put here, in prison, as my accomplices. But what we conspirators, the sonny?! Really the state possessing infinite quantity of the weapon and the soldiers, is afraid of us a three, poor and poor people? Yes that about all it to speak, laughter and a sin - and only!

To prisoners usually not to fun, however, listening to the old man, I could not be kept from laughter. It is good «great and wise» which is afraid even of the old addict and its same friends-friends! What people respecting could listen seriously to their speeches, attach their significance? And meanwhile the old man is arrested, accusation, terrible and ominous is brought to it!

- I think, you do not need to worry especially, - I have tried to calm Iljas-ata. - you the person elderly, for you is so much children and grandsons, - they not begin to pursue especially you. Here we are absolutely an another matter...

- But whether you understand, my son... With whoever I interpreted, all unanimously repeat that if who has got here back without term does not leave. Twenty-twenty five - yes will necessarily receive. To you here now how many, years twenty five probably? Means, even if you will receive full term, years in fifty you will leave on freedom. Well, in fifty five... And how many I will stretch still? The year, two, three from force... So, the sin to complain, your position is easier than mine... Vaj-vaj, vaj-vaj where will find calm my remains, to one Allah it is conducted...

The question - to whom is easier, to whom it is heavier - was, of course, disputable. Iljas-ata, anxious by the destiny, with ease sentenced us, young, on twenty or all twenty five years and for some reason considered thus, that we this term will leave players. Nevertheless, I have not taken offence, sincerely sympathising with it which have appeared on an old age of years in such difficult situation. The kitten perishes - and that it is a pity. And here the person is waited by death in camp, in the conclusion - death, is worse than the dog!

The old man was afraid not so much of the death, how many death in another's edges, was afraid of parting with the native earth on which there is no time blood from its umbilical cord has spilt, was afraid, that on its tomb will not be thrown though a handful of the native earth. And whether was lost at us people here so, far from the darling earth-mother, in another's, cold, deserted edges a little?!

Iljas-ata was about what to cry and complain. And when at it the intoxicated condition passed, being replaced by despair and a hopelessness to listen to its complaints and стенанья became above forces human.

The god you mine, hope washing,
Itself could not save.
If you do not help me,
My God, I will be lost here!

These lines, it seemed to me, the destiny of all unfortunate, appeared in prison under the waves which have fallen upon them of slander was most full embodied. Hopes to avoid them was not any if only there will be no miracle.

Unexpectedly, having interrupted lamentations, the old man has fallen upon someone with curses and damnations, then has turned to me, precisely going to inform something important, but here the security guard has called to him and ordered to gather to an exit. Iljas-ata all has drooped, has stooped, becoming similar to the scorched, charred match.

Where have withdrawn the old man, what for?

Probably, in hospital a little to treat the poor fellow or most likely in a court to soldier in more likely years twenty five and to send in camp. Whoever you were, but time has got here - that will do, except the road conducting in camp, another here пер.

Whether it - to accuse of hostile actions of the old person to which needed to live practically nothing. I have tried to present, what «hostile actions» the old man could admit, trading in the trifle in chayhana on Katarterak. The person, probably, the buyer of a couple кypta or packs of "Tonic", could reproach him: why supposedly you give for ten copecks not four, and two, or you sell cigarettes for two roubles, instead of for rouble twenty, on what, of course, Iljas-ata could answer reasonably: «You these claims not to me, and the state of presentations. If it has filled with the goods shops the need in my services either would disappear by itself, or I would sell the goods more cheaply. You think why seller gives it to me for nothing? So, if I also earn, only on a daily bread...»

Really it is possible to name it antistate activity? After all it on street or the area did not leave, did not shout: «Down with the state-blood-sucker!» Did not try to blow up together with friends-friends any object. How to live in this world if it is impossible to tell, what is expensive therefore and is expensive, what in shops is empty, will not find the most necessary and if it has broken from your lips - you will be there and then declared by the enemy of the people? Leaves, it is better to say lies, say, what in shops of all loads and loads, what you are full, when is hungry? If you have let out all the same it, and heard have informed on you, all of you will be seized, declared by the organised criminal group planning black plot against the existing power. What state in mankind history so addressed with the citizens, condemning aged people on prison quarter of the century, obviously knowing, what their corpses will be soon betrayed to the earth in any camp?! Unless it is possible to condemn people for pair the words told in a temper or on thoughtlessness?! Anxiety Iljas-ata on where will find calm its old bones, has especially worked on me. Ah, if who has

penetrated into its position, has taken part in its destiny! But unless it is possible to hope on such in these walls through impregnated with an arbitrariness cruelty?

I all soul sympathised Iljas-ata though my own position by anything and at all was not better. To the person it is not let know, that it is prepared by destiny. However to foresee in these walls that expects it tomorrow, did not make special work...

"Feeding trough" has opened, and the security guard declared, that has brought meal. I have stretched it the iron bowl entirely covered with dents and scratches. The security guard has splashed in it a scoop of a fast millet soup. Eat on health. Also thank the Allah that does not allow to you to kick the bucket here. You do not admit "crimes", - means, you should not receive transfers, at the very least throw your house, and from buffet on the money you can buy nothing, - means, sup skilly and be happy, that you do not die from hunger. You will exchange conscience on a drink, you will think up and you will name names of "accomplices", having made in what not guilty people participants of crimes not existing never, - your stomach will be full and pacified.

I was hungry, but the food drink did not go to a throat. Iljas-ata have withdrawn, but the stench extended by it, remained. I have asked of the permission and the supervisor to carry, empty close-stool, on what, of course, was refused. It was authorised to do it only during vespers mandrel.

What could I do?!

Has passed a few time as somewhere with an opposite scratch and a roar the iron door has opened and has slammed. I have defined at once, that the entrance door in a cellar has worked. The people who long are in prison, learn unmistakably to define, which door from the next chambers has opened or closed.

Steps to a corridor have stood at a door of my chamber, the voice of the security guard was heard: «Stand!» The door has opened, and the person has entered into the chamber of average growth, white as snow, unusually pleasant appearance.

I have learnt it at once. He was Nasreddin Hodzhaev, radical, a member of Communist party since 1919. He has entered party one of the first in our corner of the world. Did not regret forces and the stomach, putting into practice in the twentieth years of the decision and the decision «mind, honour and conscience of our epoch». And here this iron Bolshevik in my chamber with a bag of belongings behind shoulders. To it to breathe together with me chamber miasmata, to sup from the crumpled bowl prison skilly.

Of what this was guilty?

On my this, apparently, an innocent question, he with an unexpected rage has answered: «In the same, as you!».

After such answer, certainly, at me any hunting to continue inquiries was gone. The bitter and sad destiny of the cousin, true communist Bahoviddin-aka was involuntarily recollected. It too has entered Bolshevik party in 1918-1919 with the best promptings and hopes. And to what has come as a result? Yes, it did not put, did not banish, did not force to admit nonexistent sins, but its best hopes were how much justified?

Nasreddin Hodzhaev has not wished to tell to me, for what is arrested, but knowing character, destiny of the relative, I did not need to understand work of what it is accused and for what is concluded in these walls.

Having entered party, uncle's son Bahoviddin-aka, precisely person who has caught for a tail a bird of happiness, was released from own house and an economy, from related relations and even from a marriage more full to execute all orders and orders of the God-party and the government. In 1924 combed villages in structure. With big pleasure and readiness has joined in struggle against basmatch¹. Subsequently it appointed that the chairman of collective farm, the director of state farm the secretary of a Communist Party committee and if, as it chanced a case, it was possible to it to get to Tashkent, sometimes looked on the for a long time forgotten

¹ Basmatch - Muslim anti-Bolshevik fighter in Central Asia during 1917-26

relatives. By then the parental house of Bahoviddin left without supervision and due leaving, has come to full desolation: the roof worn out also sagged, someone has broken out and has carried away windows and doors, passers-by ran in it on small and big need. At relatives of a shower supported the house, and as required they tried to teach the figure: «Bahoviddin if you think sometime to return to live here though would look after the house, repaired it. And if is not present, whether that to sell it is better?» - «What for the communist the house, a court yard, an economy? - Answered it Bahoviddin-aka. - the Communist should be the disinterested person and struggle against private-ownership instincts! ».

This person has refused everything that did not concern interests of the Soviet power, was ready to offer itself for socialist ideas, believed that the happiness will find in their realisation during a life. On all the rest - on related relations both on belief, and on the God it spat from a high belltower.

Father Bahoviddina, my uncle Nasreddin by nickname Rokhlya, was the believer so, that own hands has decorated a facade mosques with inscriptions from moralizing bytes of Navai, ayahs from the Koran. And the father of uncle Nasreddin, Zayniddin, was one of teachers Sheyhantaursky madrasah, used the deepest respect for the honesty and responsiveness. It was such deep belief and belief the person, that when city has decided to choose its qadi¹, he has flatly refused, as was afraid, that the wordly post can restrain its belief somehow. In the fidelity to principles, aspiration to serve to idea Bahoviddin very much reminded the grandfather. Both of them not on the power, on riches, but at all this similarity of natures and sights results of their life have appeared strikingly not similar. Spoke, when Zajniddin-bobo has died, the pale-yellow coverlet by which the dead man has been covered, has been torn apart on slices by the people who have come on funeral. These rags they took as a sacred relic, memory of the disinterested, kind, sacred person.

And than its grandson Bahoviddin has terminated?

¹ Qadi - The Muslim judge

After long years of true service and «performance-overfulfillment of grandiose plans of party Bahoviddin, as a result, was to us home, conducting for itself of the four daughters, one son and the wife which it has picked up somewhere during the wanderings. And where it could go still? Its house has collapsed for a long time and was compare with the earth. Its all property consisted of several scrappy blankets and the pillows, one rug, ten drinking bowl and teapots.

Summer, as is known, narrownesses to feel does not allow, - homeless relatives lived at us till late autumn, for the winter have rented a part of houses at the nearest our neighbours. I thought, that the person, it is so much years of a life given to public service in the most distant corners of republic forgotten by the god, have saved up though what means for rainy day. However, it has appeared, not a stiver at it behind soul is not present, - where here to think of building even the most mean a house. It was found out, that the authorities promised to provide with its habitation through establishment where it will be arranged on service.

With work Bahoviddin has carried: it have appointed the director of the central Tashkent meat-packing plant. But it has worked there absolutely not for long, something year with superfluous, - has suddenly left at own will. This act me has extremely surprised him: after all the places profitable, nourishing to be arranged on it it is difficult, even possessing good communications or money.

- I have left not to go to prison, - have explained to me Bahoviddin-aka. - Stuff - meat, sausage, oil, cocoa that became was to bring to me home the driver from a certain mysterious management fund as I have understood, all stolen.

I have seen that my assistant, workers of accounts department consider it quite lawful: in the evening from work all of them left, loaded heavy bags and grids. The same do, it appears, all workers, up to cleaners and watchmen. The present robbery of the state! I have tried to stop this disgrace. Time has warned everything, two - where there, anybody and an eyebrow has not led. Has taken some measures - and has immediately drawn upon itself anger of collective. My assistant, engineers,

bookkeepers began to dig under me, to search for the compromising evidence, to write denunciations to all instances. The commissions, auditors have become constant visitor. Seeing, that me so simply not to fall down, my enemies have passed to open slander. I look - their majority, and they to recede from the do not gather. The heads too, I feel, on their party, will not be against if I leave. With any irritation perceive my conversations on larceny, squandering of the state property. While I here, they know, it will be nothing occur. How I one can resist to them? Yes they with giblets will swallow me! The fair person now, I see, in the afternoon with fire you will not find. I on a secret speak it to you, consider. And that one never knows slander on an existing system will sew. Here so I also have left work.

I was near relation to Bahoviddin-aka, he knew, that I will not run to inform on it, therefore he fearlessly said everything, that has become painful at it for long years.

- You here explain to me, the brother, what for we have made revolution? To create expanse for thieves and swindlers? That they on slices took away national property? That you have been declared at once by the enemy, if you will try to tell the truth? Never thought, that we will roll down in such hole, serving ideas, not regretting the stomach.

He spoke hotly, with tears on eyes. Thus through a word repeated, that conversation should remain between us, that the truth now to speak in publicly it is impossible.

Bahoviddin-aka some months went gloomy, with an air of detachment, then, at a meeting have stopped me.

- I was convinced, that in a city people absolutely have lost conscience. Especially the heads. Unscrupulous, impudent thieves. In kishlaks, that speak, people are purer. I will leave from here. To me have offered a place of the secretary of a Communist Party committee of Mirzachulsky trust of kolhozno-state-farm building. I have agreed with pleasure. The salary not to tell, that big, but among fair people I will work, fresh air I will breathe.

But also in Mirzachul Bahoviddin-aka has held on not for long. The family remained in Tashkent, to it once a week was necessary to come to capital. On a place of work the poor creature ate as it is necessary, had even no corner for a normal life. Was ill with a pneumonia in the winter, has fallen down from feet. It has brought to Tashkent, have placed in hospital. Here he soon also has died. When took away things, in suit pockets it was found out eight roubles: rumped five rubles and three.

Not in a reproach be told, the house at the dead was not four metres of coarse calico, in what it would be possible to wrap up the dead body.

If Zajniddin-bobo, grandfather of Bahoviddin, all city buried, considering it as honour though for some minutes to substitute the shoulder under it, and a material which last has been wrapped up, burying have torn up to pieces on small slices to take to itself for memory as a sacred relic grandson Zajniddin-bobo, Bahoviddina, it is so much years served belief and the truth to the state, having refused for this purpose from own house, an economy, from the family, followed to the grave five-six compassionate old men, so to say, on public principles.

I recollected life Bahoviddin-aka, looking at Nasreddin Hodzhaev, sitting having bent a head and having combined hands in a lap, and started to understand, for what it has lost. The matter is that Bahoviddin-aka, being the person the extremely cautious with anybody did not share the thoughts, all pain and grief has carried away with itself in a tomb. Thereby has avoided arrest and prison. And Nasreddin Hodzhaev openly struggled with injustice our society, and it, naturally, has resulted him in prison.

After long burdensome silence Nasreddin Hodzhaev was suddenly threw up, has slapped palms on knees and has sadly exclaimed: «My God, well justice droplets!» - also has begun by nervous steps to measure the chamber.

"Feeding trough" has opened, and the security guard has ordered to prepare to mandrele. Soon we undertook handles close-stool - the poet and the old party worker - and have incurred it on poorly shined prison corridor. And it was not the worst that expected still us ahead.

FIG IN THE POCKET OR A FIGURE TRACED BY IRONY

Unless probably such - to draw irony a figure? What thus the figure will turn out, interestingly?

But after all it appears, what from water it is possible to weld halvah so why, in that case, not to create from irony a figure? As it becomes, very much even inhabitants of internal prison MGB well know.

I already many have seen for some months of the stay here. Today I have resulted not in the acquaintance therefore a room, and in an office of the chief of department Konjuhov.

He has met me with a curve smile on the thin yellow person, asked about health, state of health.

I have fallen on a chair screwed on a floor in a corner of an office, have combined hands in a lap. Grooms any time silently considered me, has then asked to tell, that has thought over, has realised during a finding in prison. Its voice was polite, equal, but in it the latent threat was felt.

- I do not know, for what here hold me, - I have begun. - what I did in a life whatever has written, all has been directed on bringing up in people fidelity to the Soviet state, love to the leader of the people Stalin. For it called my verses and poems. Unless positive responses to them do not give an objective estimation to my creativity?

- But and poems it is possible to write verses, exhausting hostile thoughts in implied sense.

- I hid what hostile thoughts in implied sense? My true service for the blessing of the Soviet people on a kind at all.

Causing me on interrogation to itself, Grooms wished to show, that if ordinary inspectors cannot consult with me it in no time will make knuckle under me.

It is visible, so was agreed in advance: colonel Kozyrev has entered into an office. Grooms has risen to him towards.

- I interrogate the enemy of Yusupov's people, a companion the colonel, - has reported it.

- Well and how, the criminal admitted the acts?

- Opens, a companion the colonel.

- Anything, to us to hasten there is no place. We will necessarily expose it sooner or later. Continue interrogation. - with value having had a look at any papers on a table, Kozyrev has turned and left an office.

- Accused Yusupov, tell ell, with whom in arrangement and what crime you have made against the Soviet state? - Has addressed to me of Grooms. - consider, the frank recognition will facilitate your fate. Then we will resolve appointment to a family, reception of transfers from the house.

- And you tell, in what I am guilty. And if thus I see, that really is guilty, I admit at once. If you even shoot me, bustle I will not be.

- We shoot nobody. To whom what punishment to appoint solves of court. Our problem - to prove fault of the accused.

- But what fault?

- You have friends?

- Is, certainly.

- Who they, name names?

My God, what for names of friends still were necessary for them? Whom to name?

I as before eyes there was a picture have not had time to collect the thoughts. From the amplifier established over a pediment of a building of a cinema "Khiva", cheerful cheerful music flows. Unexpectedly it breaks, and the announcer a solemnly-terrible voice reads the text. In it there is a speech about «ideological enemies-cosmopolitans», the "nationalists" till now skilfully hiding the real face, but now the

exposed. In a long train names of recently arrested Uzbek writers Mirzakalon, Khamin Suleyman are called. At me has darkened in eyes, heart was hammered is disturbing and brought to bay. Leaves, times when here as by radio blackened Akmal Ikromov, Fayzulla Khodjaev repeat, Abdulla Kadyri, created around their names hatred and bloodthirstiness atmosphere. During that instant I have felt, as arrest possibility over me has inevitably hung. And that, both will arrest, and will shoot, it for them not a problem. And it is quite possible, as me will brand here as by radio, and friends, the relatives, close will be afraid to say aloud my name. And hardly there will be a daredevil who will dare in something to doubt, will demand to explain, of what this person was guilty.

Yes, but unless we demanded explanations when many other things have been arrested? No, it was not found then such man of courage. And in my case will not be.

To believe in my innocence I could the father and mother, be they are live, and only they could spill on me sincere tears. This such time when people have ceased to trust each other, are afraid of the shade, there was no neither honour, nor a conscience.

The father and mother are not present. There are most close people - two sisters-widows, the wife, children. They, it is final, will not turn away from me. The wife... About, poor, unfortunate mine! What becomes with it meeting the twenty fifth spring on сносях and still with two children is small-is small less?! On whom, except it, I still can rely?!

My heavy, gloomy thoughts were interrupted with unexpected occurrence in doors of inspector Sukhanov. Certainly, he was in advance planed. Occurrence of the inspector should show to me, that any resistance is useless, that against me not one Sukhanov, and all system in the name of captain Konjuhov, colonel Kozyrev, and more much more high ranks. Unless not silly to hope to escape from their tenacious paws? Recollect, that became with the former first secretary пеккома parties Akmal Ikramov! And Abdulla Kadyri, without any exaggeration - to outstanding writers? If

we even have broken them with ease how break matches really you hope, what we fall down before your silly obstinacy?

To me have already strong soldered in article on nationalism for has been proved", that I read verses of Usman Nasir, praised them, means wrote also veins, being under its influence. Now followed обкатать following article - to expose me that I conducted anti-Soviet propagation, showed discontent with an existing system. For this purpose followed find out, where, with whom about what I spoke what told the jokes discrediting the Soviet way of life and so forth. As a result it was possible to accuse me in aspiration to create the secret harmful organisation.

Similar charge is such wide network, that to the person who has got to it to get out it is impossible. Because it grasps not one of you, and set of others too. Not you, so somebody another yes will tremble, admits desire to create the organisation and as you were on friendly terms or were a sign with this person automatically you become a member of this organisation.

To achieve the, my teachers have thought up such absolutely deprived of sense and logicians of a thing that should cause laughter if was not so bitterly. However of what they accused me if and it seemed at first sight amusing, actually was sufficient that to me till the end of a life to decay in prison.

Stalin has already been glorified in those days to deity heights so even the thin thought on it was equated to the horrible crime. Perished not only the person who has admitted such "blasphemy", but also weigh its sort.

Here today they tried to accuse me that I, ostensibly, incorrectly quoted companion Stalin on wedding of one of the companions, more truly, that has said saying of the great leader «to live it became better, to live became more cheerful» with irony, even with obvious jeer. Attempt to sneer at these words, tried to inspire to me, the present slander on the validity How it is possible to establish where the person normally quotes the leader and where with irony? And even if the person sneers, having found in a familiar expression obvious lie?

After all if to speak the truth, on that wedding was not even that in a mouth to put, and in general - there was no at us a superfluous shirt and that was available - has turned in rags. I, for example, coming to somebody on a visit, did not go to bed, while owners will not extinguish a lamp. Because the kind at my shirt was such that before the stranger a jacket was go balmy it is a shame.

In days of war, the clear business, all factories and factories worked on front, let out military production. A chintz on one shirt - that egg of fantastic bird Anko, - it seems get. And you will find - not to everyone such cut was on a pocket. And simple galoshes too in the afternoon with fire were not to find. Handicraftsmen - able fingers - began to weave in house conditions coarse calico. In the markets there were heavy, with the smooth sole, too galoshes made by handicraft way. Extraction of livelihood, clothes all has been shouldered the people. Both you can, and turn. But people, somebody yes spending on front - whether brother senior or younger, whether husband, the son, - agreed to live half-starving, to go undressed-razutymi, if only to wait the end of war, returning of people expensive by it.

On the eater in a month 400 grammes of oil stood out. It how many is necessary per day? Grains stood out for the same term of a kilogramme of two hundred grammes. Present: not per day, not two and at all for a week, and for the whole month! About what fun, weddings-feasts there could be a speech at such "rich" diet? Such position reigned, unfortunately, not only in days of war, but also long after it, - there was no superfluous piece to put before the unexpected or expensive visitor.

Unless it was possible to name it «a cheerful life», a prosperity? And my fault what I have told the truth? For it followed me plant?

War has come to an end. Someone remained without the father, someone - without the son, someone - without the husband. Wounds of people bled, in one in other house the mourning set in, and these days, when still pekoю tears flew instead of dividing a grief human, whether humanly it - to declare, what «the life became better, to live became more cheerful»?!

Yes, I admitted, that quoted a familiar expression of the leader. To be christened it was impossible. But I was surprised with that one of my "friends", informed on me, has seen irony in my words, moreover, even jeer. I did not represent, as it will prove, that was covered in my words: admiration or jeer. Or it has photographed, what person at me was during that instant, moreover has written down my voice on a plate?

No, inspectors did not try to prove, them even especially did not interest, whether I in the words have enclosed irony or jeer, the main thing for them was - to find out, that I quoted that phrase of the leader. And what conclusions from this to make - there was their will. Could attribute both jeer, and irony, and sarcasm, and all together.

Here what conclusion was made by the inspector after long interrogations and has written down in the report: «Quoting Stalin's phrase, I pursued the aim not only to show discontent with the Soviet validity, to blacken it, but also to generate among people mistrust to words of the great leader of the people... Being the poet, during Councils I did not become the owner of one even a decent shirt, I declared, and these words - the bright proof of my jeer over words of the leader...» Etc., Etc.

What it was possible to tell, having heard in the address such charge? To seize for a head and only.

And what punishment expected the person in those days, dared to scoff at the leader of the people? Even execution for such villain was a little!

Today there can be sceptics who will not believe, that people were condemned with similar charges. Say, there is no crime structure. Such I ask not to hasten, it still florets, and will go such berries further...

As following charge in my address the ridiculous case with a fan, told by me served one acquaintance. Having heard it, can to believe my words or simply to burst out laughing: well a pier, miracles!

With a fan there was a following.

Somehow, driving about on areas with performances, I have decided to call in home to the familiar chairman of collective farm. Go on a visit with empty hands

badly. Followed buy what-any gift. But what to buy? Vegetables-fruit home to the chairman you will not drag, this good, I believed, at it it is a lot of. Not knowing what to do, has come in shop. But regiments - though a sphere drive. Under glass fans and dusty sun glasses laid. The chairman was well-fad enough person and I have decided, that it, should be, strongly suffers from a heat. The purchase, I have solved, a couple of the fans, one will be to the chairman, another - his wife. паиc will fan and speak well about me.

Truly, the friend very much was delighted to my modest gift. And when he has decided to test my gift - failure: at attempt to use a fan for the designated purpose, it was literally scattered at it in hands. The same happens and with the second. The chairman has, of course, decided that I have specially given such gift to laugh over it. And actually, I repeat, anything such at me and in thoughts was not.

I have called in shop, where bought to show, so to say, the claim. Having listened to me, the seller has burst out laughing.

- Our fault that вееры were scattered, no, - he has told. - show how it used. I am assured, that service regulations have been broken.

The extremely interested, I have shown, how it used, that is, holding in a hand, brushed away the person. The seller has again laughed.

- Ey, brother, certainly, you incorrectly used them. So and ten fans will not suffice you per day. You should open a fan, hold it before yourselves, and the person to wave before it here so, - it has shown as, - and the adaptation would remain. Yes, brother, our fans need to be able to use!

In the beginning I listened to the seller seriously, then, having understood, that he laughs at quality of the fans which are let out by our industry, has burst out laughing. Than not a joke? Why not to tell to his friends?

Whom - I do not remember, but that someone has there and then informed, it is exact.

When I have told to the inspector as there was a business, he has with all the heart laughed. But the conclusion has made such that though stand, though fall. In the report of interrogation he has written down so: «Inventing this tale, I aspired to assert thought, that the Soviet state lets out the poor-quality goods and is engaged in people deceit; unreasonably slandered the Soviet trading system». What on it you will tell? Neither it is a lot of, nor it is not enough: «... on the Soviet trading system».

What slander was found here by the inspector? Unless were not issued, the poor-quality goods are not issued at us? Unless criminally to criticise such state of affairs unless it is bad, if people, laughing at bad quality of the goods, struggle for its improvement? What then at us it is possible to consider as criticism, what - slander? Unless the inspector most does not know, what at us marriage pretty often is issued? With what conscience it can hang up on me such terrible charges?

To prove, that I intentionally told this joke, the inspector has reminded me my quatrain:

Grief national I am in heart nestle,
Kill, I will not recede even before death.

If you were happy with a policy of the Soviet state would not write such verses, he spoke thus. Just because it is dissatisfied with it, you and told in an environment of friends-adherents Shuhrat, Mirza Kalon, Hamid Suleyman, Alimuhamed Abdurahmonov the jokes discrediting the Soviet power.

But I to these people did not tell about a case with fans. Why the inspector writes, what I told it in their environment?

Clearly, this statement the inspector pursued the far-reaching aim. It left, that we, that is the group of people mentioned above, made the secret organisation, often gathering, was engaged in provocative performances against the Soviet power.

How many, interestingly, still such charges will invent here?!

I thought of all it and the head went around. I did not know what to do, what to speak, for all turned around against me. Late mum who constantly repeated to me,

sincerely wishing that I for all life have acquired this true was recollected; «the Truth is bitter, but there is nothing is more sweet its bitterness». These words were recollected, and on a shower at me it became easier, has felt inflow of any new forces.

When in 1932-1933 in the country hunger reigned bread stood out strictly by cards. However the possession this piece of paper a little that meant: at times bread did not arrive in shops for two-three days on end and if arrived in insufficient quantity. Outfitted cards the quickest and successful, other remained with a nose. The small little shop on Khadra served workers and consequently bread here was delivered more or less regularly. But to "get" bread even here was business hard: a crush, noise-din, fights. There were others compassionate, seeing, that I just about will fall down from an exhaustion and a cold, passed me forward. It was the present happiness. Usually it was necessary to occupy turn since night. Given out bread was such black and viscous, that the seller each time dipped a knife in water that it was possible to cut a loaf. But people had in a prosperity even some no such bread. Such bread still followed in an integrity-safety inform to the house. I hid it at once in a bag that nobody saw and did not guess, what exactly I bear, and went home with great precautions. Those years under walls of Tashtrama on Khadra even in severe frosts lousy and dirty men, women with children sat turned in inconceivable rags, swollen, as a pack, or become unproductive, as a skeleton. In the mornings I often saw, how threw, is exact a log, on bullock cart corpses of the people who have frozen here for night. Existed then special bullock cart which drove about on a city, selecting corpses of the people who have died for a night.

Unless people could be happy with such life? Certainly, no. But whether it is possible to consider them for it as enemies? «The person to be the person should be able to divide another's grief», - words often repeated by mum were recollected to me, and I sometimes specially brought and gave to women with children a makeweight of bread from the ration. Thus I on a shower always had an extraordinary light ease.

In the spring hunger has reached apogee. We with impatience waited maturing hoping, that these berries will rescue us from starvation. The cherry growing in a distant corner of our garden here has kept up. Hunger, infinite stickings of the chairman of commissions Mamanbeja with the requirement to pay taxes for the house and a site still any «sentry money», have forced me to collect kgs ten cherries and to carry on a market. Having sold the goods, I have begun to turn in table-cloth haunch in which has brought cherries, and has suddenly found out, that to a bottom haunch the denomination has stuck.

Such money at me was not, I knew it precisely. In me manual of mum which she did not get tired deeply sat to repeat day after day: «Be fair, the sonny, never begin to roar on another's, greed yet did not lead up anybody to good». Remember it, I have asked neighbours in a counter, whether who from them has lost five-ten. It has appeared, no. Then I have given a denomination old peasant, too trading in a cherry, have explained to it, that I am late in school and to wait, when the owner appears, I can not. «To you still to sit here, - I have told. - if the owner of money will be found out, please, return to it». The old man has agreed to take five-ten with a condition, that if the owner will not appear, it will give money to the beggar. Then it has uplifted a thankful pray that who has brought up me such fair, has wished, that I such remained all life.

Till now I see, with what love and respect associates looked then at me, and I, honestly, always and in all tried to follow a precept grey-bearded unfamiliar peasant.

And now, answering questions of the inspector, I aspired to answer truthfully, as though it difficultly was. «The truth is bitter, but there is nothing is more sweet its bitterness».

One more case.

There were to me then years seventeen-eighteen. I went in the forward car of a tram. Unexpectedly at a stop when passengers crowd stormed doors, the guy of my years has broken a down scarf from a head of the woman, has put it for a bosom and,

indifferently, villages in the second car. All has occurred so quickly, that many at all have not understood, that happens, but I in a window all perfectly saw. At the following stop I have jumped out outside, have risen in the second car and have taken the pilferer by the collar. Then, clear business, a scarf has been taken because of a bosom of the villain, returned the mistress, the pilferer is taken away accompanied by suffered and two-three witnesses in militia.

It is asked, what for I have made it? Whether therefore, what the victim was the Uzbek, and the pilferer - Russian, the Ukrainian or the Jew? Unless those minutes I thought of a nationality and suffered? In the same way, probably, I would arrive, if the victim was Russian, and the pilferer - the Uzbek, howl the coreligionist. After all it is sin - to see nationalism in my act.

Rushing to expose the villain, I wished to see pleasure of the woman who have lost, perhaps, unique riches, on it have pushed me, of course, eternal my desire to struggle for the truth and justice, desire to test as my mum used to say, sweet of the bitter truth.

Why I should please the inspector, having agreed with its slanderous fabrications? Having agreed on it, I after all will doom myself to spiritual unrest till the end of a life. Why I should deprive myself sweets of the bitter truth? I always sincerely considered that punishment should serve correction of the person. And these? Put, that pure to make dirty, truthful - false, the slanderer.

In my mind turned, as well as possible reflecting my mood, crying-complaint Iljas-ata: «Vaj-vaj, vaj-vaj!»

Who in forces to release you from a vice of this slander and injustice? Who will hear your entreaties and groaning? Stalin? No, certainly. Unless it has protected such outstanding persons, how marshals Tukhachevsky, Blucher and tens other military leaders, the famous writers, scientific? Whether ridiculously to assume, what Stalin did not know, what with them became? Thought on participation of the leader to

murders, and that happens with them, differently as murder you will not name, - made me tremble. So it was seditious and is dangerous to a life.

Happiness of the first love
Has choked with a bitter smoke,
The visitor unbidden has entered as the owner
In a native land.
And, perhaps,
For ever I have said goodbye about the first favourite.
Mother costs at a threshold,
The road lays on war.
I dig trenches in snow
Under frosty moon.
From shells has become deaf.
For weariness I fall from feet.
The destruction looks in the face.
But sounds and sounds it is necessary me:
- Save up you my God
From a bullet deadly, the sonny.
The bullet has by passed.
And under sounds of victorious May
The nice leader and the teacher
Looks at the country from height.
And with happiness in tears
My mum embraces me.
And orchestras rattle
And eyes dim flowers.
But have burnt down flowers.
And country orchestras have become silent.

Behind a denunciation - interrogation.
Behind interrogation - a lattice and term.
But after to a stage
The voice sad reaches:
- Save up you my God
From camp death, the sonny.
Who will answer - for what?
Behind myself of fault I did not know.
Who will answer,
What for over tower barracks in a haze?
Really for this purpose
I without a captivity have reached a victory,
That in native land
Under an escort to go by the ground?
You answer me, destiny, -
Who in fatherland my lawyers?
Tears of the loving woman?
The friend casts down a look?
Over the great country
Declines are poured by blood,
And the moon stump is brought at night, as an axe.
For justice to search -
That in a bog to grope road.
Our teacher and the leader
Presents to the people a lesson.
It shines brightly a smile.
But it is heard to me from apart:
- Save up you my God

From this smile, the sonny....
... barracks Have become empty.
Old plank beds are disassembled.
All breathe freedom wind those,
Who sat without fault,
Do not sob, my mum.
On an ox your son.
And not without reason
Buried the tyrant has coincided with the beginning of spring.
I know - the life is short.
Just with me happens,
In heart I will bear a word of mother
Through a year.
My people. My mum.
My dear fatherland,
Keep you my God
From a grief and tears for ever.

I do not know, how others but however many uplifted in Stalin's heavens, I somehow soul felt, how much at it malicious, severe heart. Whether good quality it for the person - cruelty? Perhaps, just because I so considered, I did not have any poem specially devoted to the leader, whereas my contemporaries-poets write a lot of in their tens. And I seriously was afraid, that the inspector can find out in me criminal intention and in this part.

We everywhere and often said, that before баи, khans, the mighty of this world in every possible way tormented, tyrannised the people, scoffed at it. Yes, probably, the miscellaneous occurred in those days. Selected the most part grown peasant a crop, did not give water for glaze, selected the earth. What there still? Took away to itself in the wife, frequently by force, attracted poor man, the daughter. (However it is

necessary to remember, not in the concubine took, and in the wife, and the wife, as is known, irrespective of an origin, on Sheriyat was the successor of property of the husband).

What else injustice met? How business with arrests was?

In Tashkent nobody could remember, where there was a city prison earlier. Could not remember only because it simply was not, as there was no also a larceny. Truly, happened sometimes, that withdrew another's horses. But this larceny of a special kind, under usual it you will not bring. To contain the possible criminals, appearing times for some years, there was no need to have special prison, a police station. The destiny of the criminal dared simply - crowd, on a crime place.

And prison, that is dungeons? - You will tell. Truly, dungeons existed. But they were in capitals in which there lived padishahs. Also these dungeons on three-four persons have been calculated. The hearing that in a dungeon of infections is thrown some person seemed for the then inhabitant something wild, unnatural. And now? How many the unfortunate pine on all country in cellars, nothing differing from khan's prison and to whom it seems unnatural?

The word "prison" is nowadays used by people much more often, rather than words "resort", "sanatorium". If earlier on all khanate, on all district there was one prison, one prison, and those almost always were empty, now in each area there is own prison, capable to contain one hundred-other person. And each organisation still aspires to have the own. For example, the militia has the prison, the agencies of state security - the. If earlier kinds of crimes could be re-read on fingers of one hand now them it has appeared so much, how many different ways of humiliation, pressure and destruction of inhabitants of dungeons.

Early in the morning after interrogation, I have found out, that in the chamber there is no place to step: in a four-seater premise it has been filled the person forty prisoners. They laid in passes between beds, and - sideways for in other position

would not go in it. Others dozed, sitting on corners and having drawn in under themselves feet. The place close-stool has been taken even.

Whence for a night have overtaken so much prisoners?

It were the republics brought from different areas Germans (Soviet), Chechens (deported in 1944 from native places in our corners of the world), participants of war, the former prisoners of war, elderly believing Uzbeks, the Jewish priests. Some of them have been brought from camps for confrontations with the prisoners who are in Tashkent under a consequence, others, whose communication with local criminals was "is proved, delivered to court as witnesses. Was among them much and such who has appeared the arrested person again, already after ten-pjatnadtsatiletnej prison term. In the chamber it was difficult to breathe from the settled smell of sweat, makhorka and close-stool (it nevertheless have soon returned into place as many older persons could not wait time mandrel, celebrated the big and small need here). What to do, it was necessary to suffer. The chamber had the window taken away by a lattice at the ceiling, but it did not open all year long. About premise airing could not be and speeches.

The people who were in prison year, two and more, being content ladle up a millet cereal or fish баланды, with impatience expected the vessels ready for any camp term, even execution if only these tortures within the precincts of prison have more likely come to an end.

There has passed any time, and the concluded steels to resolve. Soon in the chamber us remains three: the young guy, the collective-farm machine operator, I and Nasreddin Hodzhaev.

And here this person who has much made for an establishment of the Soviet power in republic, with a rag in a hand wipes copper sides close-stool, soiled by a sewage at carrying out from the chamber. I have tried to take from it from hands a rag to you supposedly not to the person such work. But Khodjaev has discharged me: «So far as we passengers of one ship and in it the rules for everything, I should carry out

the duties». Khodjaev was the person who has recognised the Soviet laws and orders sacred and got used to carry out them implicitly. Such to the weapon in hands selflessly battled with so-called basmatch in Civil. It is known, they have spilt as those basmatch, and suspected of sympathy for them. Considerable selflessness has shown such and« in struggle for high indicators cotton spinning to the state »: to hold on to the plan, they forced people even to rip up bedding and to bear the taken out cotton wool in places of acceptance. It they active orators villagers, meetings on which people of an average prosperity appeared fists, believers and even simply competent people, the first lifted hands at voting and sharp-sightedly inspected crowd, finding out who votes pro who - contra. It they, Khodjaev, created these excesses. About what, interestingly, he thinks now? Really he agrees with the new role of the enemy of the system, which himself and erected? Unless it not delirium - to assert, what the person himself wished to set fire to the house which with such work built?! No sane person will believe in it. Then why this Khodjaev has appeared in prison?

I am still young. The non-party also is not present at me, similarly Khodjaev, any special merits before the Soviet state. But really this grey-haired communist, all life given to building of "a new life», implicitly executing any orders of the party, has committed so big crime for which followed imprison him?!

Cleaning by a rag close-stool is an individual humiliation. At prison set of the diverse ways for continuous pressure upon the person, destructions of its originality. Night interrogations, unwinking an eye of supervisors, a lack of movement, air, light, a flea, bugs... The Most ardent enemies of prisoners were here these parasites, the bugs which were not giving to them rest day, at night. Usually in chambers light constantly burns: those prisoners always were in the public eye, that they could not be engaged in something inadmissible in darkness or, antiaris my God, to plan runaway. Bugs have got used to these conditions therefore they do not wait nights to attack on a victim. To get rid of them it was possible only day on two-three. Supervisors brought to us in teapots and copper jugs boiled water and we poured it over our beds. The

scalded bugs were strewed by handfuls on a floor. But then they appeared again, even in even more quantity...

The eye has opened, and in the chamber has glanced guard on a nickname the Swan.

- Hey, move! Also look at me that close-stool shone as the newcomer! - it has roared on Khodjaev. The woman, and was it the most malicious and rough of all security guards. For it close-stool was much blue-chip, than all of us together taken. Nobody dared to contradict it, being afraid to run into serious troubles.

The prison doctor looked in chambers of times in a month or two. He never paid attention to the iced over walls of chambers in the winter or impossible closeness and a stench in the summer, - it interested, whether is well polished close-stool, whether is not present on its what precious sides of stains or smudges. It became, of course, at all from care of cleanliness and healthful, no, certainly. Simply the doctor tried to show, that for it close-stool main, more important, than we, prisoners. Having found out a stain on this precious vessel, it could tyre out guilty of a punishment cell, deprive of the right of reception of transfers from the house.

During the lunchtime the same day the security guard has ordered Khodjaev to gather with things. I have helped it. Usually constrained, not sharing the secrets, Khodjaev, saying goodbye, has changed to the habit.

- Yesterday I have familiarised with the charges which have been put forward against me, - he has told. - business is transferred in court. Will judge, though I in what it is not guilty. Forgive, if that was not so. We will meet more or not - it is not known. Farewell. - he has put a hand to me on a shoulder. - do not despair, keep the good fellow. You should survive then to tell to people about everything, that we here saw.

HONOUR ABOVE ALL

Today, reflecting on the relation of inspectors to, I for some reason all time recollected breaking in horses that observed there is no time in a caravan-shed located in ours. It was hard to get hot, unusual to bullock cart a horse between two shafts to put on a bridle, to pull a girth and to walk all on it. All mounted patrol made it, having fastened a stallion of an eye. Nevertheless the animal a skin felt approach of shafts, at once became on racks, desperately kicked, калеча people, carrying in bullock cart. Completely enraged by behaviour of a horse mounted patrol, terribly using foul language, began to whip in vain how much it anywhere: on eyes, a head, a neck, a croup. The poor animal from a pain and horror jumped aside extensively, turned on a place, snoring and splashing with foam from a mouth, but could not be liberated from a bridle in any way, were in strong hands. And so, gradually, the horse ceased to resist. There passed time, and it is already obedient, nervously shuddering a skin, dragged hated bullock cart...

What difference between my fate and a fate of a gone round horse?

In the first days of arrest, knowing, that in what it is not guilty, you think, that you took by mistake, that misunderstanding will soon be found out also you will release. There is on light a conscience and justice! But gradually this belief supporting you in the first days, thaws, disappears, you are convinced, that all your attempts to prove the innocence break as a wave about firm stone rocks. Having understood, that anything to you will not help to leave these walls, you obey destiny, resting now all hopes only on one God: perhaps, will take pity over the slave. Whether a little that can happen: there will be changes in the state, new people will come to a management and they will lead new, more fair policy in relation to the citizens...

Here the spring has again come. The second spring I meet in prison. More than fifteen months from the date of arrest. All this time ate one prison food, smoked makhorka given out here. And in the spring the cherry, a strawberry, a mulberry, and hardly - «chillaki» ripen later, an early grade of grapes. And there already there are melons, water-melons. But you are deprived all these gifts of the nature. Thank the

God if during the lunchtime will give a borsch in which cabbage slices float. You realise, who you such in general? You are an enemy! You understand how your destiny will turn tomorrow? Your crimes, probably, deserve the higher measure. And you here were lost in day-dreams: a cherry, a strawberry. Such cherry you will receive, will not be glad.

Here so, shuddering, you come back in the validity.

The consequence is ended. Business is transferred in court. More than two months I am in the chamber one. Four cement walls around, empty iron beds in the neighbourhood. People to whom it was possible to talk about that this to share sorrows, for a long time have already listened to sentences, already probably pull a camp strap. Inspectors as if have forgotten about me. And about the promise to give appointment to a family after an end of the investigation. Radio is not present, newspapers do not give, the unique interlocutor - own thoughts.

I have solved was, that it is time arrests passed, as long enough occupied the chamber one, but as though showing, that I severely am mistaken, soon to me have installed high growth of the thin old man of years of seventy. Having lowered things on a floor, it has greeted me, has inspected the chamber and has told: «Thank God!».

For what he has thanked the God? What at last has appeared in prison? Or very long was in the single and now it is glad to my neighbourhood, hoping, what with whom will unburden the heart in long conversations? Otherwise it is difficult to present the person who would thank Supreme that he at last in prison.

Has come to me and other thought. And suddenly this person long was in the chamber of condemned men, then the death sentence have cancelled also the poor creature have translated in my chamber. How here you will not render thanks to the Lord of the God?!

Later I have learnt the reason of this gratitude. My offers were not justified.

The old man from Khoresm came, it went to Tashkent, to relatives, but has not reached, it took directly at station. He more plainly also did not know, of what is

accused. Considered, that have arrested him by mistake, instead of someone, all is fast to be found out and it will release. Thanked the God that there is a roof over a head, the corner where it is possible to oversleep, and the rest will soon clear up, it doesn't matter, on light everyone happens...

Eh, sacred simplicity! It, the poor thing, and thoughts did not suppose, that even if have arrested him by mistake, reverse motion to it already is not present and never will be.

More than annual experience of a prison life has learnt me to distinguish concerning inspectors, they aspire to what conclusions. Therefore I have taken an interest at the old man about what there was a speech on the first interrogations.

- Honestly, about any nonsenses, - the old man has grinned. - this young nice guy, my inspector, appears, the same fan of the mutton fights, as well as I. Only about it also talked. Where, when looked the mutton fights who with me was about what spoke-argued. It's enough to make a cat laugh and only.

The poor old man! Has decided, that the inspector the same fan of the mutton fights, as well as he. But has not pricked up the ears, why this question so interests the nice young man. And everyone who with them meets tries to learn more from them about this exotic competition. Here and the inspector, it is visible, such curious. The old man still should learn true underlying reason of this interest.

Has passed weeks two or three, and once the old man has returned from interrogation boiling over with rage and disappointments.

- No, it, I consider, a doomsday! The world has gone mad! - he has cried from a threshold. - let they will shoot me, but I will not utter now a word at this swindler-inspector! Any question to answer I will not begin. I still will write to Stalin, I will complain! Same bosh dog: I, appear, the supporter of the White tsar! Nikolay! That to me it to praise, if I have not seen it in eye, and neither the matchmaker it to me, nor the brother! How it is possible to consider, what I praise the White padishah if I have simply praised white fighting a cock?! Same nonsense extreme!

It has appeared, on one of the cockfights the old man has appeared which zealous fan also, someone has asked it:

«How you consider, the white cock will win or red? You for whom from them are ill?»

«On all point the white cock is stronger red, - the old man answered. - I put on white».

Here and all conversation. However the nice inspector has written down in the report about the following:

«Khorezm shah Dzhunaidhan had to me the distant relative, and I concerned it with sympathy. Having taken advantage of fight of cocks, I tried to inspire present thought that the White padishah who treated kindly to Dzhunaidhan, is better, stronger red, the Soviet power, and he, of course, will win sooner or later».

Certainly, it is difficult to present youth to believe in such absurdity.

The turn has not reached me yet, and I thought, that, probably, the majority of arrested persons nevertheless in something is guilty. Having appeared in torture chambers, I have understood, that severely was mistaken. Here from height of this experience I also could try to calm the old man.

«You in vain so are boiled, the father, - would tell I. - in your arrest the White tsar, a white cock at anything, it was important to them to arrest you to accuse in everything, to condemn. For what it is necessary for them? I will try, to explain. Here you can personally complain, what at you the small salary, does not suffice even to support kiddies? No, certainly. Dare to declare, what we do not have the freedom of speech, freedom, democracy? Do not dare, will keep the mouth shut. In what state kiddies of the first-second classes since October till the winter are occupied by clap gathering under a rain and snow, before performance of the notorious plan? Thus should sing songs that the clap is their riches and they are happy it to clean. Who will dare to doubt, what the happiness of children should be such? At Uzbeks thousand-year history, these people has created such cities as Samarkand, Bukhara, Khiva with

which all world admires, it has grown up such sons as Navai, Ulugbek, Babur before which all world bends a head. And these people at every turn are called as dark, poor and hammered, and it, ostensibly, has found happiness only after an establishment on its earth of the Soviet power. You can agree with it? Is not present? And why cannot tell about it in publicly? You can admit what at night listen to foreign radio? Try only. You about what do not dare to tell openly. But you all it feels hold in heart, truly? And you not one such, others too it see, feel, hold about yourself. And here now present, suddenly these people will sometime grow bolder yes will declare the discontent. What then it will turn out? It will turn out, that will blow up it would seem forever the dozed off volcano, the mass discontent will outgrow in popular uprising. How to prevent all it? It is necessary so to intimidate, hammer in the people that it about all it even to think is not dared. Here for this purpose also put, root out. Any in the slightest degree conceiving, capable clearly and accurately to express the thought».

But unless I could tell to the old man all it, and on the tip of the tongue? And suddenly it has placed to me specially to hear from me something similar.

The old man enraged by a conclusion, made the inspector from fight of cocks, did not know, where itself to put, covered with last words «the nice guy», his father, mother and the pra-pra-great-grandfather. Here when, it appears, it is possible to comprehend all depth of our popular wisdom saying:

You will tell "leave", I will leave already to Kashgar,
Only here loneliness unbearable.
However, anybody did not die of loneliness yet,
Worst of all bitter insult.

The prison is and there is a form of loneliness, separation, but suffer it in hope of fast clearing, at least on appointment to people expensive to you. But how to stand tests, humiliations to which you here constantly are exposed? If the God does not support, it will not give forces and patience, to transfer it over human possibilities.

The old man could not calm down, in a breast the insult and anger storm still bubbled. Suddenly the door has swung open, and in the chamber two security guards have become hollow. Having ordered to stand at walls on the different parties of the chamber, they were accepted to a frisk: have turned bed-clothes, have felt each seam, have examined ware, have touched makhorka, have glanced even in close-stool.

The search in chambers was made almost every week each ten-fifteen days with methodicalness of a clockwork though till now I did not see that something was thus revealed forbidden, not speaking there about the weapon, an explosive and to that similar.

For a year with superfluous I have got used to such intrusions, but for my new neighbour the frisk has appeared unpleasant unexpectedness. I already well knew, at what security guard what character. Other of them did a search pro forma, examined things somehow, but came across such diligent that did not refuse to itself in pleasure to strip you naked, to glance even in back, having forced to bend.

This time to us such red-tape-mongers were. Probably because it was the newcomer, the first to undress they ordered to mine to the neighbour. The old man, not absolutely understanding that from it want has removed only outer clothing. Security guards have ordered not to play for time, become bare up to the end. For an instant before confused and upset, the old man has blown up:

- You that my member wish to look? - It has shouted. - do not doubt, not the woman, - it at me! I have conceived in due time ten kiddies!

Certainly, I could tell to security guards, what for supposedly these precautions, after all we are eternal under your vigilant supervision. If where we go, in an office of the inspector, yes twice on day on mandrel, besides under your support. In the street we do not happen, with anybody we do not communicate, and you meanwhile every week, each ten-fifteen days repeat this humiliating procedure. But I have kept silent, as by prison rules had no right to start an argument with security guards. Not to run into troubles, it was necessary to swallow the anger.

Besides, unless they. Did not know it? Perfectly knew. But fulfilled the duty directed on once again to humiliate prisoners, making over them everyone's foulness.

The second security guard, the person elderly, truly, was weighed upon this duty. He stealthily glanced at the partner, as though wishing to tell: «Truly, that to torment the person in vain, leave it», but did not dare. After all and they, security guards, did not trust each other, were afraid of a denunciation: and suddenly will tell, what has regretted the enemy, has interceded for it, will tell, what, can, he/she is your acquaintance or even the relative? It is impossible to trust the person supposing spinelessness in relation to the class enemy, such not a place in bodies, such itself should feed bugs on prison plank beds.

Whether so had sense to address with an appeal to mercy to the people, which to be afraid for itself, tremble for own skin? At them after all the feeling of pity, the kindness, all human is etched!

And the old man, the poor creature, still believed that in our world these properties, such ordinary at normal people, still exist. It still reminded not travelled horse, angrily rose against humiliation and injustice. Now the old man was so is enraged, that I was afraid, as though it has not attacked on security guards with fists. He has not calmed down, even when to it have threatened with a punishment cell, has sent them far away. It also has withdrawn, where promised. In a punishment cell.

I have understood: for this person honour was above all. Even death.

Has not avoided punishments that day. There was at me an amber mouthpiece which has somehow fallen to a cement floor and has broken up just on that place where the cigarette is inserted. In time prison in bulk, I long pored, repairing improvised means (a grain crumb. Matches and threads) the mouthpiece, also has resulted it in such condition, that through it it became possible to smoke. And so, it is necessary, one of security guards, that is younger, it is visible, angered by that could not unburden the heart, having glanced in back obstinate, has beheld my mouthpiece, has crumbed it on small slices and has thrown on a floor. Than has prevented or this

subject threatened it? Anything, certainly. The security guard on the obstinate old man has vented easier rage on me, in passing having reminded, by itself, that I the enemy to trust me it is impossible, that with me it is possible to address in an any way and I am obliged it patiently to take down.

What purpose of these несправедливостей, mockeries at the innocent person, humiliation of its advantage? The prisoner has the right to take a breath of fresh air of minutes fifteen-twenty a day during walk. On it can sometimes lose and this pleasure for the whole weeks. At times, having deduced on walk, do not allow even to eyes to get used to a bright daylight, there and then drive back to chambers: «it is enough! Enough, a march in the chamber!» And after all has not passed also half of put twenty minutes of walk. What compels security guards to be such malicious, mean, low? The character traits inherent in them by nature, or they have installation from the owners so to behave? Most likely, the last.

Happens, will result in put by the schedule in a bath, and in it only hot water, cold is not present. Wash, if you can, and is not present - wait, perhaps will give the cold. You wait. Submit cold, but hot water has already run low. And security guards hurry: «Give, give, enough, in camp you will be finished washing, you here not on a visit at the mother-in-law!» - and you are compelled to be wiped, not having washed off from yourself plainly even soap. You put on, and entrance doors are already open, security guards over soul: «Give, give, make haste, that it is dug?!» A floor-mat-refloor-mat. Who has had time to put on - all right who was not in time, and it usually old men, cripples, ailing - bear clothes on hands.

Here all is based on lie. On an established order, in certain days of the chamber the chief of prison Krasnogolovov or the assistant to the public prosecutor of republic bypassed, like to listen to complaints and requirements of prisoners. Certainly, at their occurrence all of us have been obliged to stand, holding hands behind the back. The heads gave a sign, I listen, a pier give. Any beginner began hotly and confusedly, with tears on eyes to complain, that him have arrested due to a misunderstanding, the fault

for it any is not present, as if believing, that the fair public prosecutor will listen to him and there and then orders to let out unfortunate on will. Another said, that the second year contain it here without court, the third demanded papers and a pencil, the fourth was indignant with that though at it the consequence is finished, to it do not give appointment with native, the fifth complained, that it is sick, and to it do not allow to receive transfer from the house. I never complained and about what did not ask. Long being in prison, I have understood, how many time and whoever came to the chamber, nor listened to complaints and requests of the prisoners, to any have not helped, have not facilitated a fate; I knew, that the public prosecutor, inspectors, security guards - all are tied among themselves, to complain of somebody from them - time waste. How to be spoken, dog does not eat dog, only to yourself you can make worse.

The public prosecutor accurately wrote down complaints of prisoners to cruelty of inspectors, mockeries of security guards. So it has made and this time, yes that to sense?! I already was undeceived for a long time, that the public prosecutor in forces though somehow to facilitate a fate of prisoners, that he aspires to it. It was necessary to hope for court. If he too, of course, does not sing by ear what it is difficult to doubt.

Well, have understood, that the public prosecutor, court are dependent from Hebe, obediently execute its will. And I? Here I accuse these unfortunate of cowardice, and suddenly me would ask: «You consider yourself as the fair, truthful person, the poet, obliged to struggle for the truth and justice. What have you written such up to the end to expose foulness about which you know, and whether you any more do not wish to tell, what are not afraid?»

One of these days has received from the wife transfer: eight puff flat cakes, some packs of makhorka "Saratov" there is some raisin and chipped greek nutlets. Certainly, for you valuable flat cakes that they were moulded by hands of the favourite wife, they have reminded at once you of kiddies, on a clod you so have yearned. Each slice of this bread jammed in a throat, pile up tear eyes. The pain of

unexpected separation, clearly, is intolerable. You after all have not left, when have got into the prison which has been laid up for rainy day a heap of money. On what the wife knock this transfer? Whether easily to support three children nowadays? Going to write a poem, I took in one thousand roubles of the loan, and suddenly local officials will take in head to collect a debt immediately? How the wife will pay off with them? If you believe, what the Soviet literature is truthful, there is on a position of protection of interests of simple people you in the poems could describe all bitterness of separation from a family, melancholy on native, the sea of tears spilt by them in these rainy days? Whether you if you will write trust, what they will be published? You will not be afraid to be declared in the hostile relation to the validity, in aspiration to find and describe only its negative sides? Unless you will dare to tell, what in this society there is no creativity freedom?

No, you will not dare.

The decision of party of 1946 about cosmopolitanism and lack of principles, performance of Zhdanov on magazines "Leningrad" and "Star" such nail have sat down at your consciousness, have so cooled your heart, that even if now would give you a paper and a pencil, would order to write all truth what only you know, about the Soviet life, I am assured, would give birth to verses on happiness of the Soviet person, its blossoming life, and they would come to the end with the lines thanking Stalin for this life. Perhaps I in something am mistaken, someone will correct me?

I thought of all it, and to me was recollected quatrain, written in 4939 year.

My God, help me,
Any more for whom to hope.
Is not present the friend with whom could share troubles,
Except you there is nobody to lean!

What seditious not to tell - hostile these lines? But I, being afraid to be accused of pessimism, in religion propagation, did not show this poem to anybody, did not read, at all did not write down, holding in memory to this day.

Other poem:

About, a case! A case that happiness,

The death and grief brings that.

I am happy with a case immensely,

The case with happiness has reduced this time...

In what idea of this poem? Whether there is in it something directed against the Soviet people and the Soviet policy? The poem was not printed anywhere, everywhere was rejected. In editions to me have explained, that its theme "small", that «we do not trust owing to a blind case, we live under dialectics laws» etc., Etc.

I suffered such thoughts before court, found signs of the correctness, and on heart became quieter, prison horrors started to seem not such terrible. I knew, knew, that inspectors aspire to blacken by all means innocent, that the public prosecutors, obliged to be on guard of legality, in every possible way promote extreme violence lawlessnesses, and nevertheless - it seems you! - fed any not clear hope of court. What it was, but carries the name the "court" obliged on the basis of the code of laws to solve, the person is guilty or not. You never can tell, it is impossible after all to live without belief!

Mean inspectors, ignorant security guards could not estimate, of course, on advantage the person formed, creative, to hear its appeals to remove blinkers, to approach to business unbiassedly, but in court people of high qualification, experts of the top quality, - not a couple to these small dogs work. Besides, on process there will be a defender who only even having glanced in "business", will understand at once, that it lime and in no time will prove it.

So I tried to calm myself, amused hopes.

The executioner from scientists, speak, it is more terrible than the executioner from butchers. The executioner from butchers owing to the ignorance, inurbanity operates at random, can commit errors and misses. But the scientific executioner of it in any way will not admit, it will create the business with mind, with inspiration, with

looking back, yes so that to create at people visibility righteousness the acts. From hands such it is the extremely difficult to escape.

My God, give judges fair, fair, just!

Realising a hopelessness of the position, I nevertheless mentally hurried forthcoming court: than it has come to the end, the end to prison tortures will come. Well, what crimes at me to give to me not ten years, and even year?! After all all literary trash of inspectors - lie, slander, absurdity!

Unless it is possible to declare the person «the enemy of the people» for a silly joke about a fan? Really the court can accept such charge seriously?

Or here charge in a sneer over Stalin. I demanded a confrontation with the person, attributed to me a sneer at words of the leader, - have not given. And can I quote them without any expression, quite seriously? The irony whence undertook? Same it is necessary to prove. We will tell, let even I sneered, what here slander? After all our life so not paradise, difficulties, lacks in bulk. It those who will manage court over me perhaps will understand?

So I waited for court, sitting in the chamber which doors did not open some days and air in which became such smelly and dense that though knife. So I hurried up, that on court in publicly to declare the full innocence! The Soviet state, eventually, consists, probably, not of one ignorant and spiteful Tashkent inspectors and public prosecutors. After all is on light on whom to lean-Moscow, Stalin, for example. They will understand, where the truth where lie, will not give so simply and with impunity to trample on justice.

My hope of a favorable outcome of court was strengthened still by that I have started to receive from the transfer house. To the prisoners expecting a severe sentence, usually it was not authorised neither appointments, nor reception of transfers. And to me even, after the reference to the public prosecutor, began to give out books for reading. It too strengthened in me hope of the best, it seemed to me,

with me began to address more humanely, as with the person who can be quite defensible court.

Today I as if have met the dear friend, with which at us the general thoughts, cares and grieves. Today to me have allowed to esteem the book of verses of Russian poet-mystic Alexander Vostokov and the collection of stories of Georgian writer Dzhavahashvili. I was especially excited with stories of the last about people strong with the spirit, not giving in under blows of severe destiny. The history of "innocent Abdulla», the arrested person the same as also I, with absurd charges, but managed to achieve the justification, and other hero, the chemist who has freezed in Siberia not only hands and feet, but also «man's advantage», however managed to stand, survive and make even the important discovery, forces and confidence of the future have given to me. These books though and for a short while, but have relieved me of oppression of the loneliness, different heavy thoughts.

I do not remember, in whose transfer Goethe's poem "Hope" has got to me at that time, but before court it became for me such support and a source feeding with hope, that I there and then, before book returning in prison library, have translated it on the Uzbek language and have learnt by heart.

I pray, incapable hope,
Be present at my works.
Do not allow to me to get tired before,
While I will not terminate them!

So I trust, justify myself,
Your consolatory verb
Only terpens, work will be awarded
Will give there is no time fruits and to leaves it will be dawned.

In prison conditions this poem became for me as though encouraging word of the close friend. It has facilitated my torments, became my medicine. I repeated it,

when bad presentiments leant, overcame sad thoughts. What with forces still to help the prisoner and to support it, how not kind thoughts and kind hopes?!

Only in prison the person, appears, can especially estimate, what force of partnership, encouragement the book, a poetic line possesses.

If the grief and grief visits you,
Do not forget «E prophet!» To tell.

When you at deadlock, are lonely also to your thoughts there is no end, the book is capable to help you only. To you become an example and the heroes unshakably struggling for a celebration of the truth will help to stand. Defeat of slanderers, their exposure will give you confidence, that your truth will get the best. The consciousness of it will fill you with force, patience and hope. When you separated with favourite, will burn on fire of zealous thoughts and experiences, in them, in books, you see each other, that are live on light fidelity in love, firmness and as if they are an example for your beloved which has remained without you; though for a short while, but you will find calm, you will believe, that it not so not invented concepts.

Here today like the end of my tortures in prison and on a consequence approaches. To me declared forthcoming court. There will be a court! However, accused, I do not know, for what sins court!

Forcing to admit crimes which you did not make, in speeches, which, you did not conduct, forcing to sign the papers necessary to them, inspectors know repeated, that if they in something are wrong, in something accuse is insolvent, anything terrible does not happen: ahead it is necessary fair court on which there will be fair judges, assessors, the public prosecutor, and they will by all means understand, where the truth, where lie. So sign reports dared, and than it is dissatisfied - you will declare to court!

Assurances of inspectors gave rise to a very narrow ray of hope in a shower, but destinies of my predecessors were hardly recollected, whose share now has divided also itself, heart was instantly clouded by black clouds. After all them too subjected to

interrogations in these walls, their same judges before whom I should appear now and itself judged. Hopes scattered into smithereens, the melancholy and despair seized with new force.

Fair court, the fair public prosecutor! What our writers, statesmen were arrested, but and public prosecutors their business did not reach court. Them simply shot somewhere on suburbs of Tashkent or in cellars of the most internal prison MGB! Where their tombs, it is not known and to this day to anybody!

We so often heard that at us in the country the most fair in the world court, the most fair laws, that, not knowing that, have believed in this myth. Unless we reflected, what such justice of what it consists, tried to understand its roots? No for we have got used to consider, that expression of own opinion, a recognition of the errors and omissions - are illegal. Have got used to consider, though obviously and saw, that laws are broken, believed, that so it and should be, that here it, probably and lawfully.

Unless that almost all political processes were spent behind the closed doors for which anybody was not supposed was lawful, fair, except workers of bodies who conducted inquiry, - neither relatives, nor representatives of the public. Unless it is possible to trust in the fair decision of court which hides from human sights, manages the business secretly?

THE STORY OF THE WIFE

I have learnt, that the consequence is ended. The court has begun. Here, of course, any hearings at once have spread. One said, that on court of all will release home as in what not guilty people, others asserted, that if the person has got there, to it of freedom not to see, if not all twenty five years though ten - yes will necessarily receive. The third frightened, that after court of native defendants will banish in far-away countries, and even will shoot. Hardly slightly you will rise from one conversations as there and then by others you are horrified, you fight in a hysterics. Thus, from the beginning till the end of court to be tormented with alarm without a

dream it was necessary not only to defendants, but also us, native. Thousand hearings, the rumours most contradictory, crept before the end of process. To me have advised to employ the lawyer necessarily.

I almost every day by ten o'clock came to a court building. There were cold, windy days. In a court hall, of course, we did not start up. We knew it and there especially and were not torn. With impatience occurrences of the covered black car waited. Hardly it drove to a back court yard of court and a collar slammed - we rushed to their cracks that though through them to notice for your feet, and then on footwear to define, who whom has had time to "see". Security guards, naturally, unmercifully drove away us and therefrom.

To this terrible place all of us came with fading heart, being afraid of new misfortunes and misfortunes. The matter is that have arrested one guy when he has brought transfer to the father who is imprisoned. We heard, that after two-three months after arrest of the husband have taken away the pregnant wife unfortunate, having accused it in partnership in husband's "crimes". Therefore, being afraid of any unexpectedness, to court came, basically, aged mothers, fathers of defendants. In those days inspectors urgently recommended to the wife arrested to get divorced, otherwise, they threatened, it will be fired. Were also such which were frightened of threats, have dispersed from husbands. Certainly, they can be condemned, despised, but it is necessary to present, in what conditions they have been put: to be registered married and to doom children to starvation or to divorce, somehow to survive.

Before the beginning of process I have learnt, that your business will be conducted by the chairman of court Muhiddinov. His wife Vazifa worked with me at one school, I with it had good relations. They and after on my head the trouble has appeared suddenly have not changed. Vazifa sympathised with me, encouraged, as could.

Somehow I have dared to consult to it. «Your husband, appears, will preside over process of our husbands, - I have told. - it is interesting, what he will tell, if I employ

the lawyer? Whether it will help than to the husband?» Vazifa, having warned that conversation remained between us, has transferred me statements of the husband about legal proceedings. Left, that any efforts to release or facilitate a fate accused are useless, will give nothing also attraction to process of the lawyer. Trustworthy tone of Vazifa as though said, that its husband sympathises with us, would render any help, but has no possibilities for this purpose; as court, and lawyers are entirely dependent from MGB. Vazifa, knowing my fidelity, was not afraid even completely to give of a word of the husband: «we do not have other exit how to follow the instructions lowered from above. One hope that times will soon change also all unfortunate, like Shukrullo-aka, leave on will».

What to do! We, families of arrested persons, communicated among themselves, shared sorrows and, of course, hoped, what not all remains how is, there will come sooner or later any changes and the happiness too will smile to us.

However, while within the whole infinite month the court lasted, stay idle I could not, - then all life would reproach itself with it: has met lawyer Juldash Tashkaraev. To its honour it is necessary to tell, he openly recognised, that any influence on the court decision to render not in forces. Therefore, truly, also has not wanted to take from me a payment for works. He could not answer anything and my questions, than the court can come to an end, whether will release you, or at least what term to you can give. Then I have understood, that for anything consolatory to wait from the defender does not follow.

FROM THE AUTHOR

Such is the price of human destiny! The price of a human life. The people who have appeared in prison own eyes saw all these of injustice, lawlessnesses, knew, for what purpose they are made and consequently especially did not complain, did not flutter, assured, that all and will be, if only there will be no miracle. In what this miracle could consist, knew many, but did not hasten to share with someone the

knowledge, remembering, than it can come to an end. However, there were nevertheless daredevils, as here, for example, Muhidbek Kamilov, sentenced for the frankness to the higher measure that has been then replaced by ten years of penal servitude.

- Silly to think, that public prosecutors do not know, that get up with us inspectors of MGB. Well, and if public prosecutors know how not to know about that to judges? After all not we one prisoners now, such poor fellows of thousand, hundred thousand, millions! How many years are already created this disgrace so really for this time members of the government had not time to learn about it, Stalin, at last! Stalin knows all, all sees. It and in the god of the present have transformed, so really someone would dare, has taken courage to create similar black affairs behind his back? And if so, what this deity? Leaves, there is no place to wait for the help, there is nobody to hope. There will be no abrupt changes - there is nothing and to hope to be pulled out from this drag-net!

About what changes, about what miracle all repeated: about the beginning of new war, change of structure of the government, Stalin's death? Nobody spoke about it loudly, simply shortly dropped, that changes that there can not be all in such kind are necessary. All lived with secret hope of the future.

«TO ALL SISTERS-ON TO EARRINGS»

Today judicial session has come to the end, and our judges-puppets have gone to confer. And us accused, have shipped in "funnels" and have taken away back in prison. What sentence when to us his declare will be?

While the investigatory tortures lasted, one hope remained on court, there supposedly the truth will triumph, all will rise on the place, but having seen own eyes as with improbable cynicism are crushed honour and human rights, having understood, that is easier to die, rather than to get out from here, us the uttermost indifference has seized. We any more were not afraid even of death. What can be

горьше and it is a pity if you considered someone as the friend, expensive person, has rushed to it with open hands, and that instead of embraces strike with you a fist on a muzzle and showered with damnations?!

Unless it will not want to break to you to yourself a head about stone walls, to die on a place if suddenly someone begins to assert, what you have offended, have encroached on honour of the only thing in the world, the favourite person for whom you were ready to give the life?

Or, how to take out and insult if you, the yesterday's soldier, from the beginning up to the end passed terrible, severe war, fought with the enemy, not regretting the stomach, and you have suddenly arrested, began to judge as the traitor? How, for example, the talented poet and the fine prose writer Shuhtrat, managed live-safe to return from this bloody slaughter-house, the heart which have written by blood the novel about fidelity, honour and advantage «Years in overcoats» and now here to gratitude for all sufferings of expecting sentence of court?

Or my fault that during any joyful, happy instant has hastened to embody this condition on a paper in the next rhymed lines:

To what it is free!.

It is easy, as a fuzz, the butterfly.

Tirelessly flied from a flower on a flower...

Has fallen asleep suddenly for a long time. And my thoughts

Has imperceptibly shipped in depth of a bud.

Has started, has shuddered, and the thought has flown away,

When it, the butterfly, satiate oneself appointment, has waved wings

I have had a look around, and then

Has felt a lung, joyful as that butterfly,

What it is possible to find out anti-Soviet, hostile to an existing mode in this poem? Unless it is not silly, not ridiculously to search for sedition in such lines?

No, it appears, it is quite possible. It was necessary, not having found in it of any suspicious thoughts to declare lacking ideas. Here one of the charges which have been put forward against me « fair from fair» courts. Lack of principles so, harm of this poem was shown, ostensibly, that has not found the reflexion in it heroic work of the Soviet people. Apolitical on spirit, it withdraws the reader from a true policy of the party and the government, baked about the blessing of the Soviet people.

Unless it not grateful work - to represent movements of soul human, to awake in the reader love to a life and fine, to bring up in it not meanness and meanness, and high ideals, kind feelings? What fair, fair sentence it is possible to expect from court which is not capable and does not wish to understand and realise it, all truths-nepravdami aspires to condemn you?!

About what the poet if to him is not permitted to write even similar innocent lines should sing? Unless it not deprivation of the creator of freedom of creativity? What does it need to do? To repeat, what it is full, though it is hungry, to sing of lie and falsehood? So after all it not creativity, and torments infernal! Destruction as creativity, and its creator. Unless you will not spit upon the, perhaps, the God the given calling of the poet if it is not allowed to you to write not only about injustice, about lawlessness that you see round yourself, but even about beauty of the nature, about feeling of tenderness, trembling that its inhabitants - birds cause, animal, any small insects and black beetles! You should write not that you saw that you know, love, and that is pleasant, will not cause discontent someone sitting above. Then your products will be recognised by high-principled, national. On you awards and high posts will fall down, to you always there will be a place in presidium, you will join in the delegations leaving abroad. Otherwise to you never to be published, not to get rid of the severe criticism, to be always unmercifully driven.

That me especially worried those days, threw from heat in a cold - so it is thoughts about remaining orphans at the live father three children it is small-is small less and the favourite wife. How they will live henceforth, whether my family will

remain, whether we will scatter into smithereens with the wife love? Especially tormented me doubts in a fortress of our love, consumed feeling of jealousy.

About, this all-devouring flame that is more terrible than the prison, court and its sentence!

I married in 1942, hungry year. Aged parents hurried me to marry, not without the basis being afraid, that me, the unique son, at any time can take away in army and they cannot see neither my wedding, nor the grandson of which so long dreamt. Soon after my marriage the father has died. The care of calculation with the debts made that more or less humanly to celebrate wedding, has entirely laid down on my shoulders. In a family the present poverty was established. Than I though time have pleased the young wife? Everything, that was at home valuable, is very long time ago sold. There was last our property - the wet nurse of a family a cow. Having sold it, have celebrated anniversary of death of the late father.

Days when not every day even there was in the house a bread have come, not speaking about that on the centre the copper with a soup boiled. I since morning before left the house, being afraid, that somebody can glance on a visit, and we have nothing to expose on table-cloth: neither a piece of a stale flat cake, nor dried apricots stone. Time it I spent in library, putting on a paper the verses which have developed in a head. The present holiday in a family became, if at school where the wife worked, someone was not on lessons and it brought home the doughnuts which were due to the absent pupil. Another during times did not drop out also such unintentional pleasure. All post-war period we lived on credit...

Waiting court decisions in the chamber, I reflected on the life, about the wife, its ineradicable kindness, fidelity and love, with bitterness understood that any pleasure to it did not deliver for all time of a joint life, could not be carried out to its any dream.

To me thirty, and the wife twenty six years. It is a high time to live. And our youth has flown by in hunger, a cold, in exile, heavy, sad work. How much still the

separation, what tests us now is necessary expect? My God, give to mine husband forces and patience, it was thought to me, do not take away my last hope and pleasure.

Today declared sentences. To me «the fair Soviet court» has broken off twenty five years of the camps, five years of the reference and five years of deprivation of the right to select and be the selected works. The same have received and «partner in crime». That is called, to all sisters - on earrings.

«FAREWELL, THE NATIVE EARTH»

It is easy to present, probably, how much hard, obeying strokes of bad luck to say these words. Round you the soldiers armed with automatic machines, on each side are afraid the enormous malicious dogs ready gnaw through to you a throat if you hardly step aside out of operation. It is not known, where you drive, but it is clear, that you leave the cradle, the earth, the native land! And how not to say goodbye to it?

Thoughts on a possible unbinding were eliminated, as an unnecessary, useless peel, having given way to new feeling and to the thoughts, it is more terrible than one, threateningly another. Today, loaded with things and bedding which, however, at the moment of arrest I at all did not wish to take, and occupied with thoughts on, whether it is possible to meet sometime a family, the family, I and have not noticed, how us have brought on the transit point, whence condemned, depending on a sentence, go who in camp, who - to prisons in the different ends of the country. The place is a time haven unfortunate and consequently, probably, in the big premise similar to a shed, have filled the person hundred, - and thieves and murderers, both swindlers, and political, - all together.

Hardly having stepped in this chamber occupied such various, motley people with what I still never could deal I have fallen asleep in confusion, having lowered on a floor the bag with belongings. «Hey, go to us!», «give, move here!» - exclamations were distributed from the different parties. Certainly, invited me to itself at all from hospitality or pity to the confused beginner-convict. Well-wishers bag contents, rather

than I more interested. It were criminals, «thieves in the law», rabble everyone. They selected at beginners from clothes and footwear more and more or less suitable, money and products. Criminals made some groups. One of them were hazardously cut in a corner in cards, others whispered, discussing any plans, the third, basically, young, with watchfulness looking back at a door, tried to boil water in a small pan for «very strong tea brew». To a kindling there was any paper, up to cardboard strips-loose leaves for peak-caps and caps.

It is natural, that the person who earlier has not experienced "delights" of a prison life, having appeared among thieves and robbers, considers, that has got to the present hell. For these people feel in prison, like a duck to water. They do not know feelings like love to children, the family, bitterness of separation, a regret concerning lost freedom. To lose freedom and to appear in prison for them, probably, the same, that moving for the normal person from a city in a city, from one house in another. As never there lived these people on freedom fair work, and here live at the expense of near, selecting or stealing at them products in money, at the expense of card prizes. They constantly fought among themselves, not having divided something steal, were ready to kill each other for any trifle. And it was considered as quite natural, self-evident act.

Really I should live twenty five years of the life near to such rabble?

Yes what there to speak. These twenty five years still should be lived; that only can happen for this quarter-century term! It is better to live for today, not looking so it is far. Where I will get tomorrow, than I will be engaged?

Thinking of it, I have recollected stories of Badriddin's nephew about his father, Shukur Kolonov, subjected to repression in 1937. It were the histories, one is more terrible another. Histories about to what the person is humiliated and deprived of civil rights, and at the same time - about inflexibility of its spirit, ability to survive, despite of everything.

Chapter II. The analysis of the scientific topic

§-1.Theoretical problems of topic under the investigation

Modal verbs of probability are often tricky for non native speakers of the English Language for a number of reasons. First, there is the notion that these words somehow express a percentage, or degree, of probability.

I've seen a number of grammar books over the years explain these modals using a 'percentage of certainty' -- saying that if you are 30% sure something is true then use should, 60% ought to, 90% and above, use must. (for example)

A quick illustration demonstrates that this line of thinking is erroneous, although for some practical purposes in teaching this subject, I can understand the thinking behind it. After all, teachers are trying to get their students to use the language according to rules.

While rules are good and necessary, a feel for the language needs to be developed at the advanced level.

For instance, there is no percentage of certainty that something is, or isn't, given the use of a certain modal verb. If we say "It must be him," "it ought to be him," and "it should be him," - depending on the situation - we are, in fact, saying the exact same thing. To the mind of the native speaker, we are certain that it IS him.

The modal verbs of probability are cannot, (can't,) must, ought, should, and will.

Must, ought, should, will, are used to express certainty. Should or ought express less certainty. Should is followed by the base form of a verb, or bare infinitive, while ought is followed by the full infinitive (to).

We should arrive by noon.

We ought to arrive by noon.

We will arrive by noon.

When you say that you are fairly certain that something has happened, we use should have or ought to have followed by a past participle.

He should have heard from them by now, it's been a week.

They ought to have arrived by now, their plane landed two hours ago.

We use should have or ought to have to say that you expected something to happen -- but it didn't.

Yesterday should have been the start of the basketball season.

She ought to have been made manager by now.

We use must to show that we are fairly certain about something.

Hello, you must be John's wife.

We do NOT use mustn't in the same way, we use can't, or cannot.

Hello, you can't be John's wife. NOT MUSTN'T

Strong probability: must, should, ought to

The term "strong probability" means that something is highly probable or very likely to be true. In other words, the speaker is almost sure that something is true to reality because he has good reasons to expect that. Strong probability is expressed by the

modal verbs MUST, SHOULD, OUGHT TO. The verb MUST in the meaning "strong probability" is stronger than the verbs SHOULD, OUGHT TO and stresses the "almost sure" side of this meaning, while SHOULD, OUGHT TO express the speaker's strong expectation that something is true to reality, for example:

It's 10 o'clock, he must be in the office now. (I'm almost sure of that, because today is his working day and he is usually at his desk in the morning.)

She should be home around 8 in the evening. (I strongly expect her to come home around 8 in the evening, because she usually returns at this time.)

Is everything ready? The guests ought to be here soon. (I strongly expect them to be here soon, because we invited them to our party.)

The boy is reading a book and not paying attention to anything else. The book must be very interesting. (I'm almost sure that the book that he is reading is very interesting.)

Let's buy these books. They should be interesting. (I strongly expect these books to be interesting.)

MUST in the meaning "strong probability" forms two tenses - the present and the past. The present tense is usually formed by combining the modal verb MUST with the active / simple infinitive or the continuous infinitive. (There is information on infinitive forms in the file Modal Verbs Introduction in the section Grammar.)

He must be a teacher, I have seen him at teachers' conferences several times.

They have a huge house. They must be rich.

She is his close friend, she must know his telephone.

He must be working on his report at the library now.

There's no light in the windows, they must be sleeping.

Note about the future tense

Strong probability in the future is not expressed by MUST. Compare these examples:

His bag is here, he must be in the office. (Strong probability)

Tell him that he must be in the office tomorrow, we are going to have an important meeting. (Strong necessity)

With some verbs, strong probability in the future may be expressed by MUST with the continuous infinitive, for example: He must be arriving tomorrow.

MUST in the past

The past tense is formed by combining the modal verb MUST with one of the infinitive forms for the past tense: the perfect infinitive, the perfect continuous infinitive, or the perfect passive infinitive.

With perfect infinitive:

It must have been a mistake.

She must have been at home yesterday.

Someone brought you this package. - It must have been Victor.

She must have left for New York already.

She must not have known his address.

He must have told her the truth.

With perfect continuous infinitive:

She must have been walking her dog at 7 o'clock yesterday.

He must have been still sleeping when she called him in the morning.

With perfect passive infinitive:

He looks happy, he must have been offered a new job.

It must have been done already.

The meanings of MUST

MUST has two other meanings that are pretty strong. The first meaning of MUST is strong necessity to do something (He must do it right now), the second meaning, with a negative, is strong necessity not to do something (I must not forget to call her) or prohibition (You must not go there alone). Without sufficient context, it is sometimes difficult to understand in which meaning the verb MUST is used, e.g.:

He must read these magazines. (Strong necessity or strong probability?)

He must not speak Russian. (Is it "I don't allow him to speak Russian" or "I'm almost sure that he can't speak Russian"?)

We need additional context to make the meaning clear, for example:

He must read these magazines often, there are bookmarks and his notes in them. (Strong probability.)

James was silent during the whole conversation, he must not speak Russian. (Strong probability.)

Certain grammatical structures also provide additional context and help us choose the right meaning of MUST. For example, quite often the use of the infinitive "be" or other stative verbs (for example, know, like, feel) after the modal verb MUST is an indication that the meaning here is "strong probability".

He must be rich.

It must be a mistake.

He must know where to find her.

He hasn't eaten any vegetables, he must not like vegetables.

He must feel terrible after the accident.

The perfect infinitive of the main verb after MUST is a clear indication that the meaning here is "strong probability" because the other meanings of MUST do not have the past forms. Compare these examples:

He must go to the bank as soon as possible. (Strong necessity to go to the bank as soon as possible.)

He must have gone to the bank already. (Strong probability that he has gone to the bank already.)

I must be at the meeting tomorrow, it's very important. (Strong necessity to be at the meeting tomorrow.)

I must have been at the meeting when he called. (Strong probability that I was at the meeting when he called.)

She must not see this letter. (Prohibition: I don't allow showing this letter to her.)

She must not have seen this letter. (Strong probability: I'm almost sure that she hasn't seen this letter.)

§-2.The definition of the unit under the investigation

Modal verbs of probability are used to express an opinion of the speaker based on information that the speaker has. Example: He must be at work, it's 10 o'clock. In this case, the speaker is 100 % sure that the person is at work based on the speaker's knowledge that the person in question usually works at during the day.

Negative structures with MUST in the meaning "strong probability" are quite complicated and not always clear to students. It is better for a language learner to use substitutes (e.g., probably) instead of MUST with a negative, for example: He must not speak Russian. - He probably doesn't speak Russian. She must not have seen this letter. - Probably, she hasn't seen this letter.

The modal verbs SHOULD and OUGHT TO in the meaning "strong probability" express a strongly expected action referring to the present, future or past. (The speaker expects this action to happen with strong probability.) It is necessary to stress that strong probability in the future can't be expressed by MUST. The modal verbs SHOULD and OUGHT TO are used for the cases of strong probability referring to the future. The idea of the future is expressed by SHOULD, OUGHT TO with the help of the adverbs of time "soon, tomorrow, next week", etc., or without them, because expectation, naturally, refers to the future.

Usually, SHOULD or OUGHT TO are combined with the active / simple infinitive of the main verb for expected actions in the present or future, and with the perfect infinitive for expected actions in the past. OUGHT TO is a close synonym of SHOULD, but SHOULD is much more common than OUGHT TO. In American English, SHOULD usually replaces OUGHT TO in questions, in negative statements, and in the past.

Examples:

He should be in Rome by now, let's call him.

She should be back in about an hour.

The lecture should be interesting.

This task shouldn't be difficult for you.

He should arrive in Chicago tomorrow.

You should receive this package soon.

Where is Alexander? He should have arrived an hour ago.

She should have received my letter last week, but it was delivered only yesterday.

The meanings of SHOULD, OUGHT TO

The most common use of SHOULD, OUGHT TO is giving advice. (You should call her. You shouldn't go there alone.) It is not always easy to recognize or express strong probability with SHOULD and OUGHT TO without sufficient context. Compare these examples:

He should arrive by train. (Is it "I advise him to arrive by train" or "I expect him to arrive by train"?)

He should arrive by train, his daughter says that he is afraid of flying. (Strong probability: I expect him to arrive by train.)

Modal verbs are common auxiliary verbs in Germanic languages including English that indicate modality. Modality is the grammaticalized expression of the subjective attitudes and opinions of the speaker including possibility, probability, necessity, obligation, permissibility, ability, desire, and contingency.

In the English language, a modal verb is an auxiliary verb that can be used to change the grammatical mood of a sentence. The key way to identify a modal verb is by its defectiveness (they have neither participles nor infinitives).

May and might

May and might do not have common negative contractions (equivalents to shan't, won't, can't, couldn't etc), although mightn't can occur in asking questions. ("Mightn't I come in if I took my muddy boots off?" as a reply to "Don't come in here! You'll get the floor dirty!")

Both forms can be used to express a present time possibility or uncertainty ("That may be."). Might and could can also be used in this sense with no past time meaning. Might and may would carry the same meaning in "John is not in the office today, and he could be sick."

May is also used to express irrelevance in spite of certain or likely truth: "He may be taller than I am, but he is certainly not stronger" may mean roughly, "While it is true that he is taller than I am, that does not make a difference, as he is certainly not stronger." (However, it may also mean, "I am not sure whether he is taller than I am, but I am sure that he is not stronger.") This is the meaning in the phrase "Be that as it may." Might can be used in this sense as well.

Might can be used in the first person to express that future actions are being considered. "I might go to the mall later" means that the speaker is thinking about going to the mall.

May or might can be used in a question to ask for permission. One who is saying "May I use your phone?" is asking for permission to use the phone of the person being spoken to. 'Can' or 'could' can be used instead, although formal American English prefers 'may'. In both cases the preterit form is viewed as more hesitant or polite.

Can and could

The negation of can is the single word "cannot", occasionally written as two words "can not" or the contraction "can't". The negation of could is "could not", or "couldn't".

Can is used to express ability. "I can speak English" means "I am able to speak English", or "I know how to speak English".

It is also used to express that some state of affairs is possible, without referring to the ability of a person to do something: "There can be a very strong rivalry between siblings" can have the same meaning as "There is sometimes a very strong rivalry between siblings".

Cannot and can't can be used to express beliefs about situations: "He cannot have left already; why would he want to get there so early?" expresses with less certainty the same proposition as "He has not left already" does.

Both can and could can be used to make requests: "Can you pass me the cheese?" means "Please pass me the cheese". Could can be used in the same way, and might be considered more polite.

Would

The contracted form of would is "'d". The negation is either "would not" or "wouldn't".

Would can be used in some forms that are viewed as more formal or polite. For example, "I would like a glass of water" compared with "I want a glass of water"; and "Would you get me a glass of water?" compared with the bare "Get me a glass of water."

"Would" can also be used for the imperfect tense. In the sentence "Back then, I would eat early and would walk to school...." "would" signifies not the conditional mood, but rather, repeated past actions of imperfect tense in English and one must use care when translating to other languages.

Have to

Have to is used in a similar way to must, as discussed above. Except where Have to is used more with an outside obligation such as You have to wear a seatbelt when driving and must is used more commonly with personal obligations I must go to the dentist.

Must

Must has no corresponding preterit form. The negation is "must not" or "mustn't". An archaic variant is the word mote, as used in the expression "so mote it be".

Must and have to are used to express that something is obligatory ("He must leave"). It can be used to express a prohibition such as "You must not smoke in here", or a resolution such as "I mustn't make that mistake again".

There is a distinction between must and have to in the negative forms. In the sentence "You must not go", it is being expressed that it is obligatory for the person being spoken to not to go; whereas in the sentence "You do not have to go" it is being expressed that it is not obligatory for the person to go.

Dare and need

Dare and need are not commonly used as auxiliaries nowadays, but formerly they both were. Dare is rare with the exception of "How dare you!". "He dare not do it" is equivalent to "He does not dare to do it", while "It need not happen today" is equivalent to today's "It does not need to happen today" or "It might not happen today." However, in the sentence "I need to lose weight," need is not being used as an auxiliary, as takes the infinitive "to lose" as the head of the verb phrase rather than the bare infinitive "lose" that occurs in a phrase like "I can lose weight".

The meaning "strong probability" in the past isn't always evident either, because SHOULD, OUGHT TO in the meaning "advice" also form the past with the help of the perfect infinitive. We need clear context to bring out the meaning of "strong probability" with SHOULD, OUGHT TO. Note that SHOULD, OUGHT TO in the meaning "strong probability" in the past usually show the action that was strongly expected but didn't take place, for example:

I'm really worried. I should have heard from him an hour ago. (I expected him to call me an hour ago, but he didn't call.)

She should have arrived yesterday. (I expected her to arrive yesterday, but she didn't arrive.)

Note about probability in questions

The same as "may, might" in the meaning "possibility", the modal verbs **MUST, SHOULD, OUGHT TO** in the meaning "strong probability" are generally not used in questions. The phrases "Is it likely that; Is he likely to; Are you sure that" and their variants are used instead of these modal verbs in questions about the probability of something, e.g.:

Is he likely to be at home now?

Is it likely that he will come back soon?

Is she likely to go there tomorrow?

Was he likely to tell her the truth?

Are you sure that he is still in the office?

Do you think that they will help us?

The adverb "probably" is widely used to express probability in the present, future and past, for example:

He is probably a student.

He's probably at home now.

He probably lives near here.

She'll probably go to Spain in the summer.

I probably left my keys at home.

She probably hasn't seen him yet.

It probably wasn't difficult to do.

Most probably, they broke into the house at night.

The phrases "I'm sure that; I think that" and other similar phrases can be used as substitutes for the modal verbs of this group to express an opinion about the probability of some action or situation in the present, future and past, for example:

I'm sure that he lives near here.

I'm sure that he'll be able to help you.

I'm sure that he was at home yesterday.

I'm not sure that she has this book.

I think that he is rich.

I don't think that he can do it.

I think that he left for New York yesterday.

The phrase "I expect" and its variants can be used to express expectation of some action or situation, for example:

I expect him to arrive in an hour.

You can expect to receive our report tomorrow morning.

She expected him to bring flowers.

He didn't expect us to find out the truth.

Use "must be" in affirmative statements for the cases of strong probability in the present and "must have been, must have done, must have seen", etc., for such cases in the past. Use "should be" for the cases of strong probability in the future. Use substitutes (for example: probably; I think that; I'm sure that; I expect) if you want to express probability in the present, future or past without the modal verbs of this group.

§-3. Collection of the units under the investigation

Nahotki, meni ham o'shalardek xalq dushmani qilib umrimni qamoqda chiritsalar!
Shall I die like those who have died with the name the enemy of the nation!

Nahotki o'shlar qatori otib o'ldirsalar!
Shall I be killed like those!

Nahotki, radiodan bu gaplarni eshitgan xalq, meni do'stlarim, qarindosh –urug'larim shunga ishonib “xalq dushmanlariga nafrat” deyishga tillari borsa! Xo'sh, dushmanligi nimadan iborat, aytinglar deydigan biror mard topilmasmikan!
Will my friends and relatives, the nation who hear the news on the radio say “We hate enemies of nation”, can they? Well, who can say, who can prove that they are the enemy of the nation? Is there anyone?

Urush tugashi bilan huddi osmondan darhol noz-ne'mat yo'gilgandek hammayoq obod, hammayoq farovon desak, kim ishonardi!...
Who would believe if we say that everything was all right after war as everything had come from the sky.

Kutish imkoni bo'lmagani uchun sizga tashlab ketsam, mabodo egasi izlab kelgudek bo'lsa berarsiz, degan iltimos bilan murojaat qildim.
I came up to you because there isn't any opportunity to wait, I hope that you could give it to its owner for sure if someone comes for it.

Endi qayta qurish nasib etadimi, yo'qmi!
Can he rebuild it again or not?

Xayolimdan balki bu odam otishga hukm qilinib, o'lim kamerasida yotgan bo'lsa, hukmi bekor bo'lib, omon qolganiga shukr qiladimikan, degan fikr ham o'tdi.

I thought, maybe this man is sentenced for supreme punishment and now he is in the jail for the dead. Would he be obliged if he was released?

§-4. The structural and semantic analysis of units under the investigation

And now let's analyze some examples from the extract which I have translated.

Nahotki, meni ham o'sshalardek xalq dushmani qilib umrimni qamoqda chiritsalar!

Shall I die like those who have died with the name the enemy of the nation!

In Uzbek version the sentence is given with the help of Passive Voice but I have translated the sentence in Active Voice. In Uzbek version the probability is given by a word "nahotki". In English Version probability is expressed by modal verb "shall".

As I mentioned in above paragraphs, in most cases probability in English is expressed by modal verbs.

Nahotki o'sshlar qatori otib o'ldirsalar!

Shall I be killed like those!

In Uzbek version the sentence is given with the help of Passive Voice and I have translated the sentence in Passive Voice. In Uzbek version the probability is given by a word "nahotki". In English Version probability is expressed by modal verb "shall".

Nahotki, radiodan bu gaplarni eshitgan xalq, meni do'stlarim, qarindosh –urug'larim shunga ishonib "xalq dushmanlariga nafrat" deyishga tillari borsa! Xo'sh,

dushmanligi nimadan iborat, aytinglar deydigan biror mard topilmasmikan!

Will my friends and relatives, the nation who hear the news on the radio say "We hate enemies of nation", can they? Well, who can say, who can prove that they are the enemy of the nation? Is there anyone?

We can see that here probability is indicated by the word "nahotki" in Uzbek Version and in English variant it is expressed by modal verb "can". Here word combinations can they? Who can say and is there anyone can be distinguished as the ones which show the probability. As no one knows whether it will happen or not.

Urush tugashi bilan huddi osmondan darhol noz-ne'mat yo'gilgandek hammayoq obod, hammayoq farovon desak, kim ishonardi!...

Who would believe if we say that everything was all right after war as everything had come from the sky.

Probability in this sentence is expressed by the verb “would”. In most cases probability in The Uzbek language is expressed by the words “balki”, “nahotki”, “agar” and so on while in English it is expressed by modal verbs or with the words “probably”, “evidently” and others. Structurally it is a word.

Kutish imkoni bo'lmagani uchun sizga tashlab ketsam, mabodo egasi izlab kelgudek bo'lsa berarsiz, degan iltimos bilan murojaat qildim.

I came up to you because there isn't any opportunity to wait, I hope that you could give it to its owner for sure if someone comes for it.

Here probability is also expressed by modal verb. The modal verb is in Past Tense. When modal verb “can” is written in Past Tense it expresses politeness and probability. The same thing happens in this sentence. The speaker says “I hope” which means that he doesn't know exactly whether his requirement will be executed or not.

Endi qayta qurish nasib etadimi, yo'qmi!

Can he rebuild it again or not?

Here probability is also expressed by modal verb “can”. The modal verb is in Present Tense. When modal verb “can” is written in Present Tense it expresses politeness and probability and ability. The same thing happens in this sentence. Here author doesn't know exactly, so he says “can he”. He hesitates about the possibility.

Xayolimdan balki bu odam otishga hukm qilinib, o'lim kamerasida yotgan bo'lsa, hukmi bekor bo'lib, omon qolganiga shukr qiladimikan, degan fikr ham o'tdi.

I thought, may be this man who is sentenced for supreme punishment and now he is in the jail for the dead. Would he be obliged if he was released?

In Uzbek version probability is expressed by the verb “qiladimikan” and in English one probability is expressed by modal verb “may”. “may” has the ability to express possibility, permit and for sure probability. In this example, structurally it is word combination, because here “may” expressed probability with the help of verb “be”.

§-5.The ways of translation of the units under the investigation

This paragraph is devoted to the analysis translation ways of the verbs which express probability in both Uzbek and English languages.

Nahotki, meni ham o'sshalardek xalq dushmani qilib umrimni qamoqda chiritsalar!

Shall I die like those who have died with the name the enemy of the nation!

In uzbek version the sentence is given with the help of Passive Voice but I have translated the sentence in Active Voice. In Uzbek version the probability is given by a word "nahotki". In English Version probability is expressed by modal verb "shall".

As I mentioned in above paragraphs, in most cases probability in English is expressed by modal verbs.

And the sentence was translated into English with the help of adequate translation. Because, there was used grammatical substitution. In uzbek version probability is expressed by noun but in English it is expressed by modal verb.

Nahotki o'shlar qatori otib o'ldirsalar!

Shall I be killed like those!

In uzbek version the sentence is given with the help of Passive Voice and I have translated the sentence in Passive Voice. In Uzbek version the probability is given by a word "nahotki". In English Version probability is expressed by modal verb "shall". the sentence was translated into English with the help of adequate translation.

Because, there was used grammatical substitution. In uzbek version probability is expressed by noun but in English it is expressed by modal verb.

Nahotki, radiodan bu gaplarni eshitgan xalq, meni do'stlarim, qarindosh –urug'larim shunga ishonib “xalq dushmanlariga nafrat” deyishga tillari borsa! Xo'sh, dushmanligi nimadan iborat, aytinglar deydigan biror mard topilmasmikan!

Will my friends and relatives, the nation who hear the news on the radio say “We hate enemies of nation”, can they? Well, who can say, who can prove that they are the enemy of the nation? Is there anyone?

We can see that here probability is indicated by the word “nahotki” in Uzbek Version and in English variant it is expressed by modal verb “can”. Here word combinations can they? Who can say and is there anyone can be distinguished as the ones which show the probability. As no one knows whether it happens or not. In some situations there was used word for word translation. But as many scholars state word for word translation is not always right way to translate some text. That's why in most cases we tried to use adequate translation or meaning into meaning translation. When you translate something you should know the peculiarities of both TL and SL. In this case the translation will be worth to read.

Urush tugashi bilan huddi osmondan darhol noz-ne'mat yo'gilgandek hammayoq obod, hammayoq farovon desak, kim ishonardi!...

Who would believe if we say that everything was all right after war as everything had come from the sky.

The sentence was translated into English with the help of word for word translation. Because there is no need to substitution, omission, addition and others. When a translator gives just the translation of words from one language into another, it can be called word for word translation. Probability in this sentence is expressed by the verb “would”. In most cases probability in The Uzbek language is expressed by the words “balki”, “nahotki”, “agar” and so on while in English it is expressed by modal verbs or with the words “probably”, “evidently” and others. Structurally it is a word.

Kutish imkoni bo'lmagani uchun sizga tashlab ketsam, mabodo egasi izlab kelgudek bo'lsa berarsiz, degan iltimos bilan murojaat qildim.

I came up to you because there isn't any opportunity to wait, I hope that you could give it to its owner for sure if someone comes for it.

And the sentence was translated into English with the help of adequate translation. Because, there was used grammatical substitution. In uzbek version probability is expressed by noun but in English it is expressed by modal verb. Here probability is also expressed by modal verb. The modal verb is in Past Tense. When modal verb "can" is written in Past Tense it expresses politeness and probability. The same thing happens in this sentence. The speaker says "I hope" which means that he doesn't know exactly whether his requirement will be executed or not.

Endi qayta qurish nasib etadimi, yo'qmi!

Can he rebuild it again or not?

And the sentence was translated into English with the help of adequate translation. Because, there was used grammatical substitution. In uzbek version probability is expressed by verb but in English it is expressed by modal verb. Here probability is also expressed by modal verb "can". The modal verb is in Present Tense. When modal verb "can" is written in Present Tense it expresses politeness and probability and ability. The same thing happens in this sentence. Here author doesn't know exactly, so he says "can he". He hesitates about the possibility.

Xayolimdan balki bu odam otishga hukm qilinib, o'lim kamerasida yotgan bo'lsa, hukmi bekor bo'lib, omon qolganiga shukr qiladimikan, degan fikr ham o'tdi.

I thought, may be this man who is sentenced for supreme punishment and now he is in the jail for the dead. Would he be obliged if he was released?

In Uzbek version probability is expressed by the verb “qiladimikin” and in English one probability is expressed by modal verb “may”. “may” has the ability to express possibility, permit and for sure probability. In this example, structurally it is word combination, because here “may” expressed probability with the help of verb “be”.

And the sentence was translated into English with the help of adequate translation. Because, there was used grammatical substitution. In uzbek version probability is expressed by noun “balki” but in English it is expressed by modal verb “may”

§-6. The difficulties in the translation of the units under the investigation

During the translation of the probability from Uzbek into English and analysis of them I came across variety difficulties, but from the other side, it was easier to translate the words expressing probability than the translation of some terms and archaic words. As I said above, almost all the English probabilities are very close with the Uzbek ones.

In many cases we use modal verbs to express probability in the English language. For example:

may be this man who is sentenced for supreme punishment and now he is in the jail for the dead. Would he be obliged if he was released?

In this sentence we can see that the probability is expressed by modal verb. But in the Uzbek language there is not a modal verb. Probability and possibility are expressed by special words such as “balki”, “mabodo” and others. Such kind of probabilities require more attention and work at them from the translator. And we cannot translate them with the help of word for word translation. A translator should find appropriate word or word combination which can be changed in the target language. If we cannot find the required phrase in this case such kind of translation will be just nonsense. As we know every language has its own peculiarities and properties. So a translator must know both languages and the nations’ customs, traditions well. In this case he can translate, any unit and any novel perfectly.

In my point of view, we should work hard on the stylistic devices and read much about the English speaking countries. I think we started a new period in the Uzbek literature, as we began translating great novels from Uzbek into English and

every translator must do his best to show the world how the Uzbek nation is the great one.

In the nearest future we should create new dictionaries and volumes of book about the stylistic devices and their usage. As everyone knows a stylistic device is a pearl of the sentence and whole novel as well. Semantic stylistic features contracting set expressions into units of fixed context are simile, contrast, metaphor and synonymy. These are play upon words makes the phrase jocular. The comic effect is created by the absurdity of the combination making use of two different meanings of the word cross adj. and n.

The strongest thing in the world is word. That's why we should know to use them correctly, because translators are the bridge which connect nations.

Conclusion

As another kind of competency, you might have to practice reading certain kinds of literature, whose methods seem alien to you or particularly difficult for you, so that you can understand how that kind of literature works.

You may see that this idea that meaning requires competency in reading can bring us back, as meanings are cultural and as art is artifact, to different conventions and ways of reading and writing, and to the historically situated understandings of the section on the Author, above; at the least, 'meaning' requires a negotiation between cultural meanings across time, culture, gender, class. As readers you have in fact acquired a good deal of competency already; you are about to acquire more.

Words and objects have no inherent meanings. It is people, influenced by their social cultural environment and personal experiences, who assign meanings to words and objects. Many concepts, such as freedom, democracy, or I, carry different meanings in different cultures.

Words or concepts cannot be isolated from the cultural and social context in which the language resides. Therefore, social and cultural variables have important impact on the transfer of meanings from one language to another.

Knowing 2 languages is necessary but not sufficient to make one a competent translator or interpreter. A competent translator or interpreter must have been immersed in both cultures in order to appreciate the subtleties of the languages and be able to select codes with meanings closest to the meanings intended. The competent translator or interpreter must also be a good communicator with adequate knowledge of the subject matter being translated.

The text must be reader-focused when the intention of a text is to communicate something to its reader. In other words, a text in any language should be understandable by audience of that language within the context of their culture.

Each communication message has 2 dimensions: content, which is the information conveyed by the message, and relationship, which is the feeling the

message invokes in its audience. Messages with a positive relationship dimension generally have a much better chance of drawing the attention of the target audience to it. An effective health communication message for behavioral change needs to have a positive relationship as well as accurate content.

The translator may be an expert in the two languages involved, but may not be familiar with the subject matter being translated. Therefore, she may not understand some of the concepts presented in the source document. In some cases, the technical concepts may be expressed using common lay terms with slightly different meanings within a particular field. In such cases, the translator may think she understands the meaning of the concepts and chooses inappropriate terms to express them in the target language.

This frequent error of less experienced translators stems from the translators' belief that the bi-lingual dictionary is the final authority. Bi-lingual dictionaries often give word-for-word translation without providing explanations or definitions that clarify the different shades of meaning of a particular word within different contexts. Furthermore, sometimes, translations in bi-lingual dictionaries might be correct but not appropriate. For example, one bilingual dictionary used the term "impurity" for "scum."

Many concepts have different connotations or different meanings all together in different cultures. When these are translated literally, they are likely to be misunderstood by the target text readers. For example, Vietnamese may describe a food as being "hot," which refers to its health effects on the body, not its temperature or spiciness.

When a concept is new to target text readers, many translators use word-for-word translation since there is no written word to express such concepts in the target language. Such translation, if done without definition in the target text, might render the text incomprehensible or mis-understood.

False equivalents or false friends, as they are known in the field of professional

translation, are words that sound similar or share similar roots in two languages, but carry different meanings. They also include words that have more than one meaning and the translator chooses the wrong one to represent the meaning intended in the source text.

Strict faithfulness to source text without regard to the cultural and social norms in which the target text operates will give it a foreign accent that may alienate its readers. Awkward word use and sentence structure may render familiar words incomprehensible. Translation scholars call such translation as being "Third Language" or "Translationese" since it is neither the source nor target language.

Since there are variations within every culture, when the translator does not share certain social or cultural norms with the target readers, the translation may be accurate but inappropriate for its readers.

Few people appreciate the complexity of the translation process. Therefore, the task is rarely given adequate time, financial resource or expertise. Translators often find themselves given too little time and too few resources to do their job properly.

Since the complexity and skill level involved in doing quality translation is rarely understood, the decision on how translation should be done, including how much time to allocate and who qualifies to translate often rests on non-translation-experts. This results in inadequate resource allocation and inappropriate personnel assigned to the job.

Use professionals in the appropriate field in addition to technical dictionaries.

Use more than one bi-lingual dictionary for ideas. Check word choice with monolingual dictionaries (e.g. English only or Spanish only dictionaries) for detailed definitions and explanations of word use. Also use thesauruses for synonyms and connotations.

Bounce ideas off other bi-lingual and bi-cultural persons, native speakers of both target and source languages, friends, relatives, co-workers who fit criteria of target audience. Discuss not only meanings, but also connotations and feelings each

term invoke.

Develop own glossary as you work.

Further detailed analysis of metonymical translation may give much to understand inner process of language functioning and translation process.

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Appendix

Nahotki, meni ham o'shalardek xalq dushmani qilib umrimni qamoqda chiritsalar!
Shall I die like those who have died with the name the enemy of the nation!

Nahotki o'shlar qatori otib o'ldirsalar!
Shall I be killed like those!

Nahotki, radiodan bu gaplarni eshitgan xalq, meni do'stlarim, qarindosh –urug'larim shunga ishonib “xalq dushmanlariga nafrat” deyishga tillari borsa! Xo'sh, dushmanligi nimadan iborat, aytinglar deydigan biror mard topilmasmikan!
Will my friends and relatives, the nation who hear the news on the radio say “We hate enemies of nation”, can they? Well, who can say, who can prove that they are the enemy of the nation? Is there anyone?

Urush tugashi bilan huddi osmondan darhol noz-ne'mat yo'gilgandek hammayoq obod, hammayoq farovon desak, kim ishonardi!...
Who would believe if we say that everything was all right after war as everything had come from the sky.

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I thought, maybe this man is sentenced for supreme punishment and now he is in the jail for the dead. Would he be obliged if he was released?