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Department

# ***QUALIFICATION PAPER***

***Chingiz Aytmatov “Echo of the World”***

***(p.58-107)***

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## Introduction

The present qualification paper is devoted to the translation of the novel “Echo of the World” by well-known writer Chingiz Aytmatov from Russian into English and analyzing the representation of polar emotions in belles-letter text. Analyzing the process of translation in its development, learning to overcome translation problems, the ways of achieving adequacy when the text of the source language contains certain emotive estimation is the aim of the present paper. And **the main aim** of our research is define and investigate representation of polar emotions in belles-letter text used in the novel and its ways of translation.

The **actuality** of the investigation is explained on one hand by the profound interest to the function of polar emotions in the process of interpreting; and on the other hand by the absence of widely approved analysis of the belles-letter text from Russian into English.

**The relevance** of the paper is defined by an attempt to find the ways of representation of polar emotions from Russian into English.

**The novelty** of the paper is determined by specific approach to translating poems from Russian into English though the representation of polar emotions has been explored thoroughly. Belles-letter text has not been investigated properly in terms of translation them from Russian into English. Translation aspect of emotions is still actual nowadays.

In order to achieve the aim of the research the following **tasks** are to be solved:

- 1) to analyze the process of translation in its development;
- 2) to find the ways of overcoming translation problems related to belles-letter text;
- 3) to determined the ways of achievement of adequacy in translation of Russian belles-letter text into English;

The following methods are used to achieve the tasks: method of comparison, stylistic analysis, method of translation, contextual analysis and analysis of dictionary definitions.

The paper has both **theoretical and practical value**. Some of the theoretical points can be used in conducting lectures on translation theory and it can be also used in practically during the oral and written translation classes.

The **practical value** of the research is that the material and the results of the given qualification paper can serve as the material for theoretical courses of Lexicology, Stylistics, Grammar, Translation Theory and Comparative Typology, as well as can be used for practical lessons in translation, home reading, conversational practice and current events.

The material includes:

- 1) Monographs, dissertations, articles, textbooks, manuals on the Problems of Translation Theory and Stylistics.
- 2) Different types of dictionaries, both translational and explanatory.
- 3) Information taken from different Internet sites.

The **theoretical importance** of the qualification paper is determined by the necessity of detailed and comprehensive analysis of the belles-letter text from Russian into English.

The qualification paper consists of Introduction, two chapters, conclusion and bibliography.

The examples of emotions are taken from the novel and have been used as a material for the paper.

We would like to stress not only the specific and theoretical significance of the qualification paper, but also the practical value of this work, the results of which may be used in the academic course at the seminars on text interpretation, lexicology, translation

## **CHAPTER I. Translation of the extract from the novel “Echo of the World” by Ch. Aytmatov (7-57 pages)**

However high they may be, is hardly too soon you can see them at such a distance, but for me they always felt, always visible. How many times do I have to return to Kurkureu from afar, and always with the aching sadness, I thought, "How soon will I see them, poplars twin? Haste to come to the village, rather on the mound to the poplars. And then stand under the trees, and long before the ecstasy listening to the sound of leaves. " In ail this as much as any trees, but the poplars special they have their own special language, and must have their own special, melodious soul. When not come here, day or at night if they are shaken, branches and leaves rustling incessantly in different ways. It seems as if the quiet rush of waves lapping on the sand, it will run along the branches, as if an invisible flame, hot passionate whisper, then suddenly, got silence for a moment, Poplar at once, all the leaves noisily agitated sigh, as if longing for someone. And when the storm cloud accumulates and the storm, wringing the branch breaks off leaves, poplar, elastic rocking, humming, like the raging flames.

Later, many years later, I learned the secret of the two poplars. They stand on a hill, open to all winds, and respond to the slightest movement of air, every leaf sensitively detects the slightest breeze.

But the discovery of this simple truth does not disappoint me, do not deprive the child's perception of which I retain to this day. To this day, these two poplars on the hill seem to me extraordinary, alive. There, beside them, left my childhood as a magical piece of green piece of glass ...

On the last day of school before the start of summer vacation, we boys raced here to ruin birds' nests. Whenever we are whooping and whistling, ran up the hill, the poplar-giant, swaying from side to side, seemingly welcomed us with its cool shade and gentle rustle of leaves. And we, barefoot urchins, sitting down beside each other, climbing up the twigs and branches, raising a stir in the bird kingdom. Flocks of birds are alarmed with the cry floated over us. But we were all

uneasy, where out there! We climbed higher and higher - as well, who are braver and more agile! - And suddenly from a great height, with a bird's-eye view, as if by magic, opened before us a wonderful world of space and light. We were amazed by the grandeur of the earth. With bated breath, we froze everyone on the thread and forgot about the birds and nests. Collective farm stables, which we considered the largest building in the world, it seemed to us an ordinary shed. And for a moment lost in the dim haze of prostrate virgin steppe. We looked into her blue-gray was given as the eye could see and have seen many, many lands, which had never suspected, saw the river, which they did not know before. Rivers on the horizon, thin silvery thread. We thought, hiding in the trees: it is the world's end or beyond the sky is the same, the same clouds, grasslands and rivers? We listened, hiding in the trees, unearthly sound of wind and the leaves in response to them whispering together about the attractive, mysterious edges that were hidden in bluish dallas. I listened to the sound of poplar trees, and my heart was thumping with fear and joy, and under this incessant rustling, I tried to imagine the far distance. Only one thing, it turns out I was not thinking at the time: who planted these trees here? What was wanted was talking about the unknown, dropping to the ground roots of the tree, with what hope he had reared them here on the hill?

This hill, where stood a poplar, for some reason we called the "School Duishen." I remember when someone happened to find the missing horse and the man turned to the counter, "Hey, you have not seen my bay?" - He often said, "Look at the top, near the school Duishen, horses graze at night, go, maybe they'll find her." Imitating the adults, we boys did not hesitate, saying: "Aida, boys, school Duishen on poplar, sparrows disperse!"

It was said that once on this hill was a school. We did not find a trace of her. As a child I have often tried to find even the ruins, wandering, searching, but found nothing. Then I began to seem strange that a bare hillock called "school Duishen," and I once asked the old men, who he is, this Duishen. One of them

casually waved his hand: "Who is Duishen! Yes, the one that lives here and now, from a sort of lame sheep. That was long ago, Duishen at that time was a member of the Komsomol. On the Mount of someone that was an abandoned barn. A Duishen opened a school there, taught the children. But is it the same school was - the name of one! Oh, and interesting times were the same: then who could grab the horse's mane and vet foot in the stirrup, the chief himself. So Duishen. As he took it in the head, it did. And now you will not find a pebble from the shed, a benefit that the name has stuck ... "

I knew little Duishen. I remember it was an elderly man, tall and angular, with overhanging eyebrows, aquiline. His yard was on the other side of the river, on the street the second team. When I still lived in the village, worked as a collective farm Duishen mirabs<sup>1</sup>, and eternally lost in the fields. Occasionally he was driving on the street, tied up to the saddle a large hoe<sup>2</sup>, \*\* and his horse was like something on the host - a bony, thin-legged. And then Duishen old, and said that he was to carry the mail. But this is the way. It's just different. In my concept of what was then the Komsomolets - is hot on the job and the word brave, the most militant of all in the village, who will speak at the meeting, and in the newspaper about the disaster and write a loafer. And I could not imagine that this bearded man was once a meek member of the Komsomol, and besides, what is most surprising, and taught the children, being very ignorant. No, it did not fit this in my head! Frankly, I thought it was one of the many tales that are prevalent in our ail. But all was not so ...

Last fall I received a telegram from ail. Neighbors were invited me to the grand opening of the new school, which built the farm on their own. I decided at once - to go. I could not in such a joyous day for our ail sit at home! I left for even a few days earlier. Wander, I thought, look, make new drawings. From the guest waiting, it appears, and academician Sulaimanov. I was told that she will stay here

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<sup>1</sup> Mirab - the person in charge of the irrigation system.

<sup>2</sup> Ketmen \*\* - agricultural implements such as hoes

a day or two and go away to Moscow. I knew that this woman is now celebrated as a child left out of our ail the city .Becoming a city dweller, I met her. She was already at an advanced age, plump, with thick gray hair combed smoothly to. Our famous compatriot was in charge of the department at the University, lectured on philosophy and worked in academia, often traveled abroad. In short, the man she was engaged, and I could not get to know her better, but every time, no matter where we met, she was always interested in the life of our ail, and certainly, even briefly, expressed an opinion about my works. One day I decided to tell her: - Altynai Sulaymanovna, well do not you go to the village, to see his countrymen. You all know there are proud of you, but they know something more than hearsay, and happens to say, that, say, our famous scientist, is seen stranger to us, had forgotten the way to his Kurkureu.

- We ought, of course, to go - then smiled ruefully Altynai Sulaymanovna. - I myself have long been a dream to visit Kurkureu, age was not really there. However, I have relatives in the village there. But it's not the point. Be sure to go, I must go, mother yearned for the edges.

Academic ... Sulaimanova came to the village, where a solemn assembly at the school was already about to begin. The collective farmers saw in the window of her car, and everything was thrown into the street. Familiar and unfamiliar, old and small all wanted to shake her hand. Perhaps Altynai Sulaymanovna did not expect such a meeting, and it seemed to me, even confused. With a hand to her chest, she bowed to the people and with difficulty made its way to the presidium of the stage. Probably more than once in his lifetime Altynai Sulaymanovna been to a solemn assemblies, and met her, probably, always happy, and with honors, but here, in an ordinary village school, a very cordial fellow touched her, excited, and she tried to hide unbidden tears.

After the official part of the Pioneers tied a red tie dear guest, gave flowers, and her name opened the book of honor of the new school. Then there was a concert of school initiative - a very interesting and fun, followed by the

headmaster invited us - the guests, teachers and activists of the farm - to themselves.

And here they could not get enough of arrival of Altynai Sulaymanovna. It was put on the most honorable place, decorated with carpets, and tried hard to emphasize their respect for her. As always in such cases, it was noisy, lively guests talking propose a toast. But here's a local boy went home and gave the owner a packet of telegrams. Telegrams have gone on his hands: former students congratulated his fellow countrymen with the opening of school.

- Hey, those old telegrams Duishen brought, or what? - Said the director.

- Yes, - said the guy. - All the way, says, spurred his horse, and would keep up the meeting, so that when people read it. A little late for our elder, came grieved.

- So what he's worth it, let dismount from his horse and call him!

The guy came to call Duishen. Altynai Sulaymanovna, who was sitting next to me, for some reason, and roused herself in a strange way, as if suddenly remembering something, she asked me about what is Dyuyshen say.

- A collective farm is a postman, Altynai Sulaymanovna. You know the old Duishen?

She nodded vaguely, and then tried to get up, but at this point past the window, someone with a whisper rode on horseback, and the guy who returned back, the owner said:

- I called him, Agay, but he left; he has to deliver the letter.

- Well, let delivers, no reason to detain him. Then the old men sit - someone said irritably.

- Oh! You do not know our Duishen! He is a man of the law. While the case does not comply, will not turn.

- True, it is a strange man. After the war, came out of the hospital - in Ukraine, it was - and remained there to live, just five years, as he returned. Dying, said he returned to his homeland. All my life all alone and living ...

- And yet he would go now ... Oh well. - And the owner gave up.  
- Comrades, once we have learned, if anyone remembers the school Duishen. One of the most respectable people ail raised his glass. - And he himself was certainly not aware of all the letters of the alphabet. - The speaker closed his eyes and at the same time shook his head. The whole appearance and expressed his surprise and ridicule.

- And it's true, it was so, - echoed several voices.

Around people all laughed.

- What is there to speak! What did not start then Duishen! And we seriously considered it because the teacher.

When the laughter died down, the man raised his glass and continued:  
- Well, now people have grown up before our eyes. Academic Altynai known throughout the country. Almost all of us with secondary education, and many are higher. Today we have opened in the village at his new high school; this in itself says how much life has changed. So let us, countrymen, let's drink to it, to continue the sons and daughters were Kurkureu progressive people of his time! All again murmured, happily supporting the toast, and only Altynai Sulaymanovna blushed, something very embarrassed, and just sip a glass. But the festive mood of the people engaged in conversation, did not notice her condition. Altynai Sulaymanovna several times glanced at his watch. And then, when the guests took to the streets, I saw that it stands apart from all of a ditch, and staring at the mound - where swaying in the wind, rusty autumn poplar. The sun was in the twilight - a twilight purple lines distant steppe. It shone out the light fading, staining the tops of the poplars dim, sad purple. I went to Altynai Sulaymanovna.

- Now they are dropping their leaves, and you look at these poplars in the spring, at the time of color - I told her.

- And I do think about it - sigh Altynai Sulaymanovna and, after a pause, she added, as if to him: - Yes, all life has its own spring and autumn.

According to her aging, with lots of wrinkles around the eyes face ran a sad, brooding shadow. She looked at Poplar something very like a woman sadly. And I suddenly saw in front of me is not an academician Sulaimanova, and most ordinary Kyrgyz woman, guileless, and the joys and sorrows of. This scholarly woman, apparently, is now remembered the time of his youth, which, in the words of our songs, not to murmur the highest mountain peaks. She seems to want to say something, looking at a poplar, but then, perhaps, abruptly changed her mind and wore glasses, which she held in her hand.

- Moscow train passes here, it seems, at eleven?

- Yes, at eleven at night.

- So, I need to get together.

- Why suddenly? Altynai Sulaymanovna, you are promised to be here a few days. The people you will not let go.

- No, I have urgent business. I must now go.

It may persuade her fellow countrymen, however, they expressed their resentment Altynai Sulaymanovna was relentless. In the meantime, it became dark. Distressed countrymen put her in the car, taking the word that it will come another time for a week, sometimes more. I went to hold Altynai Sulaymanovna to the station. Why Altynai Sulaymanovna so suddenly hurried? Offend his countrymen, especially in this day, it seemed to me simply unreasonable. On the way, several times I was going to ask her about it, but dared not. Not because he was afraid to seem tactless - I just realized that it still will not say anything. All the way she rode in silence, thinking hard about something. At the station, I finally asked her:

- Altynai Sulaymanovna you upset about something, we might have offended you?

- Well, thank you! And do not dare to think so! To whom could I be offended? Is that for themselves. Yes, in a cold, perhaps, be offended.

And so it went Altynai Sulaymanovna. I'm back in town and a few days later received an unexpected letter from her. Reporting that it be delayed in Moscow longer than expected, Altynai Sulaymanovna wrote:

"Although I have a lot of important and urgent matters, I have decided to postpone all and write this letter to you ... If you find it interesting that here I am writing, I urge you to think about how it can be used to tell people everything that I tell you. I think it is necessary not only to our fellow countrymen - is necessary for all, especially young people. to such a conviction I came to after much thought. This is my confession to the people. I must fulfill my duty. more people know about it, the less will torment me remorse. Do not be afraid to put me in an awkward position. Do not hide ... "

A few days later I walked under the influence of her letters. And nothing better figured out how to tell all on behalf of itself Altynai Sulaymanovny.

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That was in 1924. Yes, it was in that year ...

Where now is our farm, then had a little settled ail the poor? At that time I was fourteen, and I lived with a cousin of his late father. Mother, I was not there. Back in the fall, shortly after those richer, migrated to the mountains for winter quarters for us to the village came to a strange man in a soldier's overcoat. I remember his cloak, because she was somehow out of black cloth. The emergence of man in a greatcoat was a government for our village, distant from the road, huddled around a corner, a real event.

First claimed that the army he went to the commanders and, therefore, in the village will be the head, then turned out that he had not altogether commander and son of the Tashtanbek, who passed away ail the railroad back in the famine, many years ago, And so it went missing. But he, his son Duishen, if sent to the village to open a school and teach children.

In those days, words like "school", "training" were a novelty, and people do not really understand them. Some people believe rumors, someone thought it all womanish gossip, and, perhaps, would have completely forgotten about the school, if not quickly summoned the people to the meeting. My uncle is a long grumbled: "What is that for such a meeting, always tear off from the case on every little things" - but then still saddled his horse and rode to a meeting on horseback, as befits any self-respecting man. Behind him, along with the neighborhood kids and I'm stuck right.

When we are out of breath, came running up the hill, where rallies are usually held there just before a handful of cavalry and infantry men spoke the same pale-faced guy in a black overcoat. We could not hear his words and moved it closer, but then an old man in a tattered coat, as if waking up, hastily interrupted him.

- Listen, my son - he began, stammering hurriedly, - before children were taught to the mullahs, and your father, we know that the poor is the same as we do. So tell me, please, when did you become a mullah?

- I am not a mullah, elder, I Komsomolets - quickly responded Duishen. - And now the children will not teach the mullahs and teachers. I learned to read and write in the army, and to this little studied. That's what I mullah.

- Well, that's the case ...

- Well done! - Heard the cheers.

- So, the Young Communist League has sent me to teach your children. And for this we need some space. I think the school to arrange - with your help, of course - out in the old barn, which stands on the mound. What do you say so, countrymen? People hesitated, as if wondering in my mind: what he driving this comes from? The silence was interrupted Satymkul-debater, so named because of its intractability. He had been listening to the conversation, leaning on the pommel, and occasionally spitting through his teeth.

- Wait, the guy - Satymkul said, screwing up his eyes, as if taking aim. - You better tell me why it is we, the school?

- Why? - Duishen confused.

- And is not it! - Picked up someone from the crowd.

And all at once began to stir, murmur.

- We live for centuries dehqan work, we feed the hoe. And our children will live in the same way the hell his teachings. The Charter requires the heads, but we the common people. And do not fool us down! The voting was toned down.

- So do you mind that your children go to school? - Asked Duishen stunned, staring at the faces surrounding him people.

- And if the mind is that, by force compel? Gone are the days. We the people are now free, as we want and we will live! Blood Duishen subsided from the face. Tearing off his coat hooks with trembling fingers, he pulled from his shirt pocket a sheet of paper folded in four, and, hastily deploying it, raised above his head.

- So you're against this paper, which says about the teaching of children, where the seal of the Soviet regime? And who gave you the land, water, and who gave you the will? Well, who can be against the laws of the Soviet government, who? Answer!

He shouted the word "answer" with a ringing, angry force that it, like a bullet cut through the silence and the warmth of autumn, like a shot, a short echo resounded in the rocks. No one said a word. People were silent, with bowed head.

- We are the poor - has quietly said Duishen. - We are all life trampled and humiliated. We lived in the dark. And now, the Soviet government wants us to see the light that we have learned to read and write. And for this it is necessary to teach children...

Duishen expectantly silent. And then the one in a ragged coat, which asked him how he became a mullah and muttered a conciliatory tone:  
- Okay so, teach, if you're hunting, we have something that ... We are not against the law.

- But I beg you to help me. We need to fix this Bahia barn on the hill, we must build a bridge across the river, the wood needs school ...

- Hold on, brave, very much you quick! - Cut Duishen Satymkul difficile. Spitting through his teeth, he narrowed his eyes again, as if taking aim.

- Here you have the whole ail shouting: "School will be open!" And look at you - no coat on you, no horse under you, no piece of land plowed in the field, even to the palm, not a single skotinki in the yard! So how do you think live, my dear man? Is that wrong to steal herds ... Only we do not. And who is the herds - those in the mountains.

Duishen wanted to say something sharp, but restrained himself and said softly:

- Live somehow. Salaries will receive.

- Ah, would have long since! - And Satymkul very pleased with himself, triumphantly straightened in the saddle. - Now everything is clear. You're a brave, he made his case and to teach children their wages. In the treasury enough money. And leave us in peace, we have, thank God, their concerns mouthful ...

With these words Satymkul turned his horse and rode home. Behind him stretched out, and others. A Duishen and remained standing, holding his paper. He, poor fellow, did not know where to go to him now ... I felt sorry for Duishen. I looked at him without taking his eyes, until my uncle, passing by, not called out to me:

- And you, shaggy, what you doing here, that the mouth jaw, as well, run home! - And I rushed to catch up with the guys. - Look at that, and they've got into the habit at the rallies!

The next day, when we girls went to the water, we met at the river Duishen. He waded to move to the other side with a shovel, hoe, ax, and some old hands in the bucket.

On this day every morning a lone figure in a black overcoat Duishen raised bump on the path to an abandoned barn. It was only late in the evening Duishen descended to ail. Often we have seen a tremendous bundle of straw or kurai on the back. Seeing it from afar, people stood up in his stirrups and, putting his hand to his eyes in astonishment talking:

- Listen, it does Duishen teacher is a bundle?

- The same.

- Ah, poor fellow! Teachers' work, too, we see no easy task.

- What do you think? Look how many rushing on you, not worse, than bey laborer.

- And listen to his speech, so much there!

- Well, it's because the paper had to print: it has all the power. One day, coming back with full bags of dung, which is usually collected in the foothills above the ail, we turned to the school: it was interesting to see what was doing a teacher. The old adobe barn before Bahia was stable. In winter, keep mares foaled in bad weather. After the arrival of the Soviet government buy migrated somewhere, and a stable and remained standing. No one here did not go, and everything overgrown with thorns repel yes. Now, weeds, cut the roots, lay aside, gathered together, the court was cleared. Crumbling walls were washed by rains grease mud, as good behaved, cracked the door, always hang on one hinge, was repaired and attached place. When we dropped our bags on the ground to rest a little, walked out the door Duishen, all spattered with mud. Seeing us, he was surprised, and then smiled warmly, wiping the sweat from his face.

- Where are you girls?

We sat on the ground beside the bag and looked at each other awkwardly. Duishen realized that we say nothing of shyness, and winked encouragingly to us.

- Sacks, then more of you. Very nice girl, stopping by here, because here you will learn. And your school, you can say, is almost ready. Just folded in the corner of something like a stove pipe, and even brought over the roof, you see what! Now we have to procure fuel for the winter, so nothing - kurai many around. And on the floor Postel more straw and start studying. Well, you want to learn, you go to school?

I was older than her friends and so decided to reply.

- If you let my aunt, I will go - I said.

- Well, why not let go, let go, of course. And what's your name?

- Altynai - I said, putting his hand over his knee, vidnevsheesya through a hole in the hem.

- Altynai - a good name. - He smiled something good that warmed the heart. - You will be whose?

I was silent: Do not like it when I was spared.

- An orphan she is living with his uncle - a friend suggested.

- So, Altynai - again smiled at me Duishen - you and the other guys lead the school. Okay? And you girls come.

- Okay, mister.

- Call me a teacher. Do you want to see a school? Come, do not be afraid.

- No, we go, we go home - we are shy.

- Well, well, run home. Take a look and then, when you come to learn. And I'll go one more time for the chicken, until it got dark. Grabbed the rope and sickle Duishen went into the field. We also went up, shouldered the bags and trotted back to the ail. I suddenly came up with an unexpected idea.

- Hold on, girls! - I called my friends. - Let sleep dung in school - more fuel for the winter will be.

- And we come home empty-handed? Oh, you clever what!

- Yes, we go back and gather up a few more.

- No, it's too late to be at home zarugayut.

And, not waiting for me, the girls hurried home. So far, I cannot understand what made me decide that day to such a thing. That I was mad at her friends for not having listened to me, and therefore decided to have his own, or because from an early age my will, my desires have been buried under the shouts and cuffs rough people, but I suddenly wanted to at least than-something to thank a stranger, in fact, a man for his smile, which warmed up from the heart, for his little trust in me, for him a few kind words. And I know, I am convinced of this, that this is my fate, my whole life with all its joys and torments began on the day, with the addition of the bag dung. I say this because that's the day I was the first time in his life, without hesitation, without fear of punishment, agreed to and did what is considered appropriate. When the girlfriend left me, I ran back to school Duishen, emptied the bag at the door, and immediately set off on foot from all the rivers, and the foothills of the beams to collect dung. I ran without thinking much, as if from an excess of power, and my heart was beating in my chest so happy, as if I made a great feat. The sun seemed to be aware why I am so happy. Yes, I believe that it knew why I was so easily and freely run, because I did a little good deed. The sun was already inclined to the hills, but it seemed to me, slowly, not hidden, it will look enough like me. It graced my way: faded autumn crept under the feet of the land in purple, pink and purple colors. Flickering flames raced through the sides of the panicle dry places. The sun was burning with fire on the silver-plated buttons dotted with patches of my bushmen. And I ran ahead and mentally exulting, referring to the earth to the sky

and the wind: "Look at me Look what I am proud, I'll learn, I'm going to school and will lead to another! .."

I do not know how long I ran, but then suddenly came to her: it is necessary to collect dung. And what a strange thing: the summer is fermented so many cattle and dung was always there at every step, and now he just swallowed the land. Or maybe I'm just not looking? I ran across from place to place and more and more rarely found dung. Then I thought I did not have time to collect a bag full of daylight, and frightened, and tossed in the bushes encase, hurried. Somehow gained half a sack. Meanwhile, the faded sunset, in the valleys was rapidly getting dark.

Never had I stayed in a field in a later time. Above the deserted, silent hills hung black wing night. Beside himself with terror, I threw the bag over his shoulder and ran away to ailu. It was scary, maybe I even cried, would cry, but I kept on it, oddly enough, instinctive idea that a teacher would say Duishen if he saw me so helpless. And I was fastened, barring a look once again, as if the teacher was watching me from the side.

I ran back panting in sweat and dust. Breathing heavily, crossed the threshold. My aunt, who was sitting by the fire, rose menacingly towards me. She was angry and rude woman.

- Where you been? - She came over to me and I had no time to utter a word as she grabbed my bag and threw it aside. - And this is all that you have gathered all day? My girlfriend, it turns out she had gossiped.

- Oh, swarthy creature! What you suffered at school? Why do not you have died there in this school! - My aunt grabbed me by the ear and began pounding on the head. - Orphan filthy! The cub will never be a dog. In humans, children are being dragged into the house, and she - from home. I'll show you a school, only to dare to come close, his legs broken. You're in my school ... remind me I said nothing, I just tried not to cry. But then, watching the fire on the hearth, I

cried silently, stealthily, slowly stroking our gray cat, a cat, by the way, always knew when I cry, and jumped on my lap. I cried not from Auntie's beating, not - to them I was not accustomed to - I was crying because I realized: my aunt would not let me in school ...

Two days after this early morning in the village anxiously barking dogs, loud voices were heard. Turns out it Duishen went from house to house, collecting children to school. There were no streets, our weak-sighted gray huts were randomly scattered ail, every man dwelt, where he pleases. Duishen and with a noisy crowd of kids went from yard to yard. Our yard was from the very edge. We just pulled down her aunt in wooden mortar millet, wheat, and his uncle dug, stored in a pit near the barn, he was going to carry grain to market. We, as a blacksmith, in turn hit by heavy pestles, but I still manage to sneak to look how far a teacher. I was afraid that he will not come to our yard. And although I knew that my aunt did not let me go to school, yet I wanted to come here Duishen that he saw at least where I live. And I prayed to myself a teacher, so he did not turn back before reaching us.

- Hello, hostess, so help you God! And God does not help, so we all can help in bulk, see how many of us! - A joke welcomed Duishen aunt, leading the future of students. She mumbled something in reply, and his uncle - that evens the head of the pit is not raised. It does not bother Duishen. He briskly down on the deck, which lay in the middle of the yard, took out a pencil and paper.  
- Today we begin in school. How old is your daughter? Without answering, the aunt angrily drove pestle in a mortar. She obviously was not going to keep talking. I cringed inwardly all: what will happen now? Duishen looked at me and smiled. And, at that time, I warmed the heart.

- Altynai, how old are you? - He asked. I did not dare to answer.

- Why do you want to know what you are for a validator! - Irritably replied her aunt.- It is not to study! Not as rootless, and those that his father but the mother,

and then not attend. You got there a horde and drive them to school, but here you do nothing.

Duishen jumped from their seats.

- Think about what you say! Is she to blame for his orphanage? Or is there a law that orphans do not go to school?

- And I do not care about your laws! I have my own laws, and you pointed out I did not!

- Laws of our own. And if the girl you do not need, we need it, the Soviet power is needed. And you go against us, and we point out!

- Yes, how did you come from, the head of this! - Defiantly akimbo aunt. - Who do you think should dispose of it? I feed her and sing, or do you, son and he a wanderer a tramp? Who knows what would have ended if this moment is not struck out of the pit shirtless uncle. He could not stand it when my wife slipped up in other people's affairs, forgetting that the house is my husband, my master. He mercilessly beat her for it. And this time, we see it boiling anger.

- Hey, woman! - He shouted, getting out of the pit. - Since when did you become head of the house, since when you started to dispose of? Less chatter, more do. And you, son Tashtanbeka, take a girl, you want - teach, you want - roasted it. Come on, get out of the yard!

- Ah, so it will hang around to schools and homes, and the household who? All I?

Wail was her aunt.

But her husband tsyknul it:

- It is said - everything!

There is a blessing in disguise. That's how I was destined to go the first time in school.

On this day every morning Duishen we collect from house to house.

When we first arrived at the school, the teacher sat us on the floor to spread out the straw, and gave to each according to his notebook, in pencil and tablet. - Put the plates on their knees to make it easier to write, - explained Duishen. Then he pointed to a portrait of the Russian people, glued to the wall. - It's Lenin! - He said.

All my life I remember the portrait. Subsequently, he for some reason I no longer met, and to myself I call it "Dyushen's." At the portrait of Lenin was in a somewhat baggy military fatigues, haggard, with a beard reground. The injured hand was hung on a sling from under the cap pushed back on his head, calmly watching the attentive eye. Their soft, warming sight seemed to say to us: "If you knew the children, what a bright future awaits you!" It seemed to me in that quiet moment, that he really thought about my future. Apparently, the Duishen long kept this portrait, printed on a simple poster paper - he rubbed at the folds, the edges of his frayed. But apart from this portrait, nothing else in the school did not have four walls.

- I teach your children to read and count, to show how written letters and numbers - Duishen said. - I will teach you everything that I know ...

In fact, he taught us everything he knew, at the same time showing remarkable patience. Leaning on each student, he showed how to hold a pencil, and then enthusiastically explained to us the incomprehensible words. I think about it now and marvel given: how this uneducated man, he hardly had read syllable by syllable, not having at hand a single textbook, even the most ordinary primer, as he could venture on such a truly great deal! The joke is to teach children whose grandparents and great-grandparents to the seventh generation were illiterate. And, of course, Duishen had no idea about the program and teaching methods. Most likely, he did not suspect the existence of such things. Duishen taught us as best he could, as he could, as he thought fit, as they say, on a whim. But I am more than convinced that his open-hearted enthusiasm with which he set to work, not in vain. Without knowing it, he made the feat. Yes, it was a feat, because in those days, we,

the Kyrgyz children who have never been anywhere outside the village, the school, if you can call that same mud hut with a gaping slit, through which were always visible to the snowy peaks of the mountains, suddenly opened a new, unheard and unseen before the world ... That's when we learned that the city of Moscow, where Lenin lived, in many, many times greater than Aulieat than even Tashkent, and that there is light at the sea, big-as big as the Talas valley, and that in those seas the ships, huge as mountains. We learned that kerosene, which is brought from the market, is extracted from the ground. And then we have firmly believed that when people begin to live richer, our school will be placed in a large white house with large windows and that the students will be there to sit at the tables. Somehow perceiving the basics, not knowing how to write "Mom" "Dad," we have brought to the paper: "Lenin." Our political vocabulary consisted of concepts such as "buy", "laborer", "Tips." A year later Duishen promised to teach us how to write the word "revolution."

Listening Duishen, we mentally fought with him at the front with white. And he talked about Lenin as excitedly as if he had seen with my own eyes. Much of what he was saying, as I now realize, was folded in the legends of the people of the great leader, but for us, Dyuyshe's students all seemed the same truth as the fact that milk is white. One without a second thought, we asked:

- Teacher, and you and Lenin greeted by the hand?

And then our teacher shook his head:

- No, kids, I never saw Lenin.

He sighed guiltily - he was embarrassed in front of us. At the end of each month Duishen went about their business in the county. He went there on foot and returned after two or three days. We really missed these days. If I had a brother, and I probably would not wait so impatiently, waiting for a return Duishen. Secretly, so as not to notice his aunt, now and then I ran out to the backyard and looked long into the steppe to the road: when the teacher will appear

with a wallet on his back, when I see him smile that warms the heart, but when I hear the words that bring knowledge. Among the students Duishen I was the eldest. Perhaps that's why I learned better than others, though, I think, not only because of that. Every word of the teacher, every letter, shown to them - everything was sacred to me. And there was nothing to me is more important in the world, to comprehend what is taught Duishen. I treasured notebook, which he gave me, and so exasperated letters sharp sickle on the earth, written in charcoal on sofas, a stick in the snow and road dust. And for me there was no one on earth more learned and more intelligent Duishen. The case went to the winter.

Before the first snow we went to school to wade through the Rocky River that roared under the hill. And then it became unbearable to walk - ice water burned his feet. Particularly affected kids, they even shedding tears to the eyes. And then Duishen was on hand to carry them across the river. He planted one on her back, took the hands of another, and so in turn, shipped all students. Now, when I think about it, I just cannot believe that's the way it was. But then, whether out of ignorance own way, either through thoughtlessness people laughed at Dyuyschen. Especially rich people that wintered in the mountains and came here only to the mill. How many times, coming up with us at the ford, they stared at the Duishen eye, passing by in their red fox fur hat and sheepskin coats in rich, well-fed on wild horses. Did any of them with laughter, nod his neighbor? - Look, one pulls on the back, another on his hands!

And then another, snoring whipping up his horse, he added: - Oh, I fall into the ground, I did not know before, so someone had to take into the second wife!

And, enveloping us with spray, and clods of dirt from the hooves, they were removed with a laugh.

Like if I wanted to catch up with these stupid people, seize their horses by the bridle and shouting in their faces mocking: "Do not you dare talk like that about our teacher, you are stupid, evil people!" But who would have heeded the voice of

the meek girl? And I could only swallow the bitter tears hurt. A Duishen just would not notice the insult, as if nothing had not heard. Devise used to joke, some jokes and make us laugh and forget about everything. No matter how Duishen tried, he could not get the wood to build a bridge across the river. Once, returning from school and sent the kids, we are left with Dyuysen on the shore. We decided to build a stone and turf to no more wet feet. If you judge with justice, the worth of our citizens so ail to meet together to throw a stream of two or three Lessin, you see - and a bridge for students would be ready. But the point is that in those days people did not give her the dark values learning, and Duishen considered eccentric at best, which is busy with the kids something to do. Hunting you - teach, and not - Acceleration of the houses. They themselves rode the ferries and did not need. And yet should, of course, to our people to think about: for what this young guy who is no worse and no more stupid than others, for which he was suffering hardship and deprivation, carrying taunts and insults, teaches their children, and with such extraordinary perseverance, with such superhuman perseverance? On the day when we laid stones across the stream, on the ground already covered with snow and the water was so icy that the breath away. I cannot imagine how Duishen suffered because he was barefoot, without a break. I hardly set foot on the bottom; it seemed strewn with burning coals. And in the middle of the river cramp in the calf suddenly squirmed me in a knot. I could not cry, nor straighten up and began to slowly fall into the water. Duishen cast stone, ran up to me, picked up in his arms, ran with me to the shore and sat me on his overcoat. He then rubbed my blue, numb feet, clenched in the palms of my hands frozen, then bring them to his mouth and warmed breathing.

- No, Altynai, sit here, warm, - muttering Duishen. - I can handle myself ... When, finally, the transition was ready Duishen, pulling on his boots, looked at me, frozen and frozen, and smiled.

- Well, the assistant, warmed? Nakin on his coat, like this! - And, after a pause, he asked: - Is that you, Altynai, left dung at that time in school? - Yes, - I replied. He

smiled almost imperceptibly, the corners of the lips, as if saying to himself: "I thought so!" I remember how at that moment the fire blazed my cheeks: it means that the teacher knew and never forgot about it, it would seem a trifling case. I was happy, and Duishen understand my joy. - You are my bright brook, - he said, gently stroking me. - And you have a good ability to ... Oh, if I could send you to the big city! How would you become a man! Duishen abruptly stepped ashore. And now he stands before my eyes, as he was then a noisy rocky river with his hands on his head, gazing into the distance, looking bright-eyed at the white clouds, driven by the wind over the mountains. What was he thinking then? It may be true in his dreams sent me to study in a large city? I thought at that moment, wrapped in a cloak Duishen: "If a teacher was my brother, if I could rush to his neck and hug him, and, closing his eyes, whispering in his ear the very best in the world of speech! God, make him as my brother! " I guess we all loved when his teacher for his humanity, for his good intentions for his dream of our future. Although we were kids, I think we already knew. What else would make us every day to go this far, and climb a steep hill, panting from the wind, getting bogged down in the snow? We are going to school. No we did drive there. No one would force us to freeze in this cold barn, where the breath of a white frost settled on their faces, hands and clothes. We only allow them to turn the stove to get warm, while the rest were sitting in their seats, listening to Duishen. In one of those icy days - it was, as I remember now, in late January - Duishen gathered us, beating all the yards, and, as usual, led to the school. He went silent, austere, with shifted like the wings of eagles, eyebrows, and his face seemed forged of black, burnt iron. Never before have we seen such a teacher. Looking at it, we too quiet: sensed something was wrong.

When on the road met the big drifts, are usually Duishen he paved the way for him was I, for me the rest. And this time, at the foot of the hill, where a night of piled up a lot of snow, Duishen went ahead. Sometimes you look at the man from the back - and once you understand what it is in a state that is going on in his

heart. That's when it was evident that our teacher heartbroken. He walked with bowed head, with difficulty dragging his feet. I still remember the terrible alternation before the eyes of black and white: we climbed the hill in single file - a black overcoat hunched back Duishen and higher steepness of him hunched camel backbone of white snow and the wind tore them from drifting, and even higher - in white turbid sky darkened lone black cloud. When we arrived, did not Duishen melting furnace.

- Stand up - he ordered.

We climbed.

- Remove the cap.

We obediently bared head, and he also took off Budenovka. We did not understand what it is. And then the teacher said a hoarse, broken voice:  
- Lenin died. Across the land, people are now in mourning. And you stand in their places, freeze. Look over here, at the portrait. Suppose that you will remember this day.

In our school it was so quiet, as if it covered the avalanche. And you could hear the wind rushes into the gap. And he could hear the rustle of falling snowflakes with a straw.

In the hour when the numb incessant city fell silent when the earth shudders plants froze on the tracks when a train rumbling when the world was plunged into mourning - at a sad time and we are a small piece of a particle of the people held their breath, solemnly stood guard together with his teacher there, is not driven anyone frozen barn called the school and saying goodbye to Lenin, mentally counting themselves as the most people close to him, more than all those who mourn for him. And our Lenin, in his somewhat baggy military fatigues, with his arm in a sling, still staring at us from the wall. And also told us his clear, clean look, "If you knew the children, what a bright future awaits you!" And it seemed to

me in that quiet moment that he was indeed thinking about my future. Then he wiped his eyes Duishen sleeve and said:

- I'm now in the parish. I'm going to join the party. I'll be back in three days ... These three days I always seem the most severe of all winter days that I had to go through. It was as if some mighty force of nature trying to make up ground on the place of the great man departed from our world: buzzing, not verse, the wind in the ravine, circling snowstorms, cold iron rang ... Could find no rest element: rushing, writhing on the ground in mourning ...

Preity our village fell silent under the mountains, dimly darkening clouds in low fade. From tubes stretched thin haze, people did not go out of their homes. And besides all suddenly wolves came up. Came up Insolent, appeared on the roads during the day and at night prowled near the ail and howled until dawn hungry, heart-rending howl.

I was afraid for some reason, our teacher, as he is there in such cold without coats, one coat? And in that day when Duishen had to go back, I completely lost my head: shows the heart that something was wrong. Every now and then I ran out of the house, looked at the snow-covered steppe, deserted: the teacher does not seem on the road? But could not see a soul.

"Where are you, a teacher of ours, I implore you, do not keep long hours, come back quickly. We are waiting for you, you can hear the teacher, we are waiting for you!"

But the steppe did not respond to my silent cry, and for some reason I was crying. My aunt tired of walking.

- You give me peace of the door today? Come on, sit on his seat, and grab a yarn.Children freeze. Try it jumped again! - She shook her finger at me and never let out of the house.

It was getting dark already, and I did not know whether or not the teacher returned. And this does not find a place. That consoled with the thought that Duishen, perhaps, already in the village, because there was still the case that he did not return to the promised day. It suddenly struck me that he was ill and so is slow and the storm rises, and getting lost in the desert night long. The work did not go well, the hands would not obey me, yarn every now and then broke off, and it infuriated her aunt.

- What's the matter with you today? The hands you have wood, or what? - More calmed down, glancing at me. And then her patience snapped: - Oh, you do not have to ruin! Come Better Bring old woman Saykal theirs bag. I nearly jumped for joy. After Duishen lived just an old woman Saikal. Old men and Saykal Kartanbay brought my distant relatives on the mother. Before, I often visited them, and sometimes even stayed overnight. She remembered her aunt is about it, or God as she suggested, but, putting my bag, she added: - Are you sick of me now, like oatmeal in a year of famine. Go and, if they allow the elderly, Remain there. Come out of my sight ... I ran out into the yard. Wind raged like a shaman: choking, and then quickly snapped suddenly, throwing in a handful of hot face stinging snow. I squeezed the bag under his arm and started running to the other end of ail spreading fresh trail of horses' hoofs. A head sharpening only one thought: "Is Returned, returned to the teacher?"

Ran and it is not. Saykal scared when I froze in the doorway, barely breathing.

- What is it? Are you running so, what problem?

- No, that simple. A bag that's earned. Can I stay with you today?

- Stay, my thread. Phew, jade, fear-is caught up. You're something with the autumn looks. Sit by the fire, heating up.

- And you, old woman, put the meat in a large kettle, treated her daughter. And Duishen hour arrives - Kartanbay said, sitting beside the window and sutured old

boots. - It has long been a time for him to be home, well, so nothing will come as sparkling. Our best-selling horse is to the house.

Imperceptibly crept to the windows of the night. My heart seemed to have stood on guard; it is hard freeze when the dogs barked and the voices of people. A Duishen did not come. Its good Saykal conceals a call.

So we waited for him from hour to hour, and by midnight Kartanbay tired.  
- Come on, old woman, make the bed. He will not come today. It's late. Little did the chiefs of cases, detained, therefore, not long ago would have been at home. The old man began to pack.

My bed in the corner behind the stove. But I could not sleep. The old man kept coughing, tossing and turning, whispered in the night prayer, and then muttered nervously:

- Once there is my horse? After all, for nothing piece of hay is not to beg, and oats, and cannot get for the money.

Kartanbay soon fell asleep, but then the wind did not give a rest. He fumbled on the roof, eaves rough five fingers, scratching the glass. Could be heard outside the ground wind was beating against the walls.

Do not reassure me, old man's words. I always thought that the teacher will come, and I thought about it, he represented himself in the way of the desert of snow. I do not know how long I was asleep, but suddenly something made me tear my head from the pillow. Nasal, hollow howl echoed off the ground and stood around in the air. Wolf! And not alone are many of them. Echoing from all sides, wolves quickly approached. They whine merged into a single long-drawn howl, which, together with the wind rushing over the steppes, then away, then approached again. Sometimes they seemed to be somewhere very near, at the edge of the village.  
- Buran court! - Whispered the old woman.

The old man remained silent and listened, and then jumped out of bed.  
- No, the old woman, not without reason that! They chase somebody. A man is surrounded by a horse. Do you hear? God forbid, Duishen. After all, it all uneasy, it is sort of a fool. - Kartanbay startled, looking in the dark coat. - The light, the light come on, old lady! Yes, faster than you, for God's sake! Trembling with fear, we jumped up, and while Saykal found the lamp, while she lighted her fierce wolves howling had suddenly stopped, as if he vanished.  
- Caught up, devils! - Kartanbay cried, and seizing a crutch, was rushed to the door, but this time the dog barked. Someone ran under the windows, creaking soles on snow, and the loud banging on the door impatiently. The room burst into a cloud of frosty. When it faded, we saw Duishen. Pale and breathless, he staggered, stepped over the threshold and leaned against the wall.  
- Shotgun! - Duishen exhaled. But we did not seem to understand it. In my eyes went black and I heard just how old wailed:

- Black sheep - the victim, a white lamb - the sacrifice! Bless the holy Baubedin. Is it you?

- Gun, give the gun! - Repeated Duishen.

- No guns, what do you where?

The old men hanging on the shoulders of Duishen.

- Give the stick!

But the old men cried out:

- Do not go anywhere, anywhere, as long as we are alive. It is better to kill us on the spot!

I suddenly felt a strange weakness in the whole body, and silently went to bed.

- Do not have time, caught up in the house. - Duishen noisy breath and flung into a corner whip. - Horse back in the road Zamora, and then drove the wolves, she rode up to ail and collapsed like a sheaf. There they threw themselves at her.

- Well, God bless her with a horse, more importantly, that he was alive. And do not fall a horse, they would not have missed you! Thank keeper Baubedin that everything is over. Now take off your clothes, sit by the fire. Let us contract the boots, bustled Kartanbay. - And you, old woman, heated out there that you have. They sat by the fire, and then Kartanbay sigh of relief.

- Well, what will be, will pass. And why have you left so late?

- The meeting was delayed in wolves, Karak. I joined the party.

- It's good. Well went to the next day in the morning, because you, I do not think anyone drove the butt on the road.

- I promised the kids come back today - Duishen said. - Tomorrow morning will begin to deal with.

- Oh, you fool! - Even jumped up and Kartanbay of indignation shook his head. - You hear only the old woman: he, you know, the promise given to children, this jerk! And if it did not stay dead? Yes do you thinks your head, you say?

- It is my duty, my job, Karak. You tell me of another: usually walk upright, but now, hell I pulled, you have asked to borrow a horse and gave it to be eaten by wolves...

- Yes, is not about speech. , Curse, this nag. Let it be a sacrifice is brought to you!- Kartanbay got angry. - Age was horseless and no longer be lost. And the Soviet government would stand - lust for gain more ...

- The thing you say, old man - replied a voice from weeping nabryakshim Saikal. - Profit more ... Na-ka, son, sipped while hot.

They were silent. A minute later, raking heat Kartanbay thoughtfully said:

- I look at you, Duishen, like and you're not stupid, but rather a smart guy. And did not understand, why should you knock about with this school, with kids smiling? Or you will not find another case? Yes, you hire someone to shepherds in the warm and well fed will be ...

- I understand, Karak, goodness me what you want. But if these are silly now and then, just as you say, why to school, why should we teaching the works of Soviet power will go far. But you want it to be was that she lived. And because school for me, not a burden, Karak. If I could teach the guys better than I would about anything else not dreaming. That is after all, Lenin said ...

- Yes, by the way ... - Kartanbay Duishen interrupted and, after a pause, he said: Here you are all killed. But the tears did not resurrect Lenin! Oh, if there was such a force on the ground! Or, do you think others do not grieve, do not grieve? .. You Look me in the ribs: the heart of a bitter smoke it smoke. I do not know, really, it will converge with your politics, but although Lenin was a man of another faith, and I'm five times a day I pray for him. And sometimes I think, Duishen, no matter how much you and I may mourn him, all without benefit. So I put this in their own way, like an old man, reasoned Lenin in most people stayed Duishen, and go for blood - from fathers to sons.

- Thank you for your words, Karak, thank you. That's right you think. He went from us, and we measure the life of Lenin will be ... Listening to them talk, I kind of slowly coming back from far away to itself. At first all seemed like a dream. I am a long time could not bring myself to believe that Duishen returned alive and unharmed. And then, as the vernal stream flowed into my soul relaxed indefatigable, irrepressible joy, and choking on this hot thread, I wept bitterly. Perhaps no one has ever enjoyed such a way as I do. At this moment, for me, nothing existed, neither of the hut, nor Buranny night in the yard or wolf pack, on the outskirts of tormenting ail the only horse Kartanbaya. Nothing! Heart, mind, his whole being, I felt an infinite, boundless as the light, unusual happiness. I took refuge with his head and clamped his mouth, that I have not heard. But Duishen asked:

- Who's sobs behind the stove?

- Yes, it Altynai, frightened just now, that's crying - said Saikal.

- Altynai? Where is she? - Duishen jumped up and down on his knees at my bedside, touched my shoulder. - What is it, Altynai? Why are you crying? And I turned to the wall and burst into tears than ever.

- What are you, darling, why are you so scared? Well, unless one can, because you have a big ... Well, look at me ...

I hugged Duishen and buried in his shoulder, wet hot face, sobbing uncontrollably and could not do anything with them. I beat the joy in a fever, and I was powerless to relieve it.

- Yes, did her heart off the ground! - Worried Kartanbay and also went to the felt mat. - Well, the old woman, conspiracy is small, but waits ... And all of a sudden they were alarmed. Saykal whispered incantations, squirted in my face is cold, then hot water, steam and enveloped myself crying with me. Oh, if only they knew my heart, "budge" from the great happiness that I was not able to tell you, yes, perhaps, not been able to.

And until I calmed down and fell asleep, sitting next to me Duishen and softly stroked the cool hand of my hot forehead.

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Winter migrated to pass. Already drove their herds of blue spring. From thawed, swollen plains rolled down the mountain streams of warm air. They carried with them the spirit of spring, the earth, the smell of fresh milk. Already settled snow, ice, and set off in the mountains and streams started, and then, jumping the way, they poured a storm, rivers, filling eroded gullies noise.

Maybe it was the first spring of my youth. Anyway, she seemed more beautiful than previous springs. On the hill, where there was our school, opened his eyes the wonderful world of spring. The earth, as if his arms spread out, ran down from the mountains and swept, unable to stop in shimmering silver gave the steppe, overcome with the sun and light, ghostly mist. Somewhere far away was blue melt

water lake, somewhere far away neighing horses, somewhere far away in the sky, flying cranes, carrying on the wings of white clouds. Where cranes are flying and where they are called the heart so weary, so voices of the trumpet? .. With the arrival of spring, we began to live more fun. We came up with different games, laughed without cause, and after the lessons from the school all the way up to ail fled, echoing loudly. My aunt did not like it, and she never missed an opportunity to curse me

- Do something that romp, fool? And the things you do not have that stayed on the shelf. Do good men like you, long married, relatives added to the house, and you ... Found a fun - go to school ... But wait, I'll tidy your hands on ... In truth, I'm not very close to my heart took her aunt's threat: no news is - all my life cursing. And to say about me that I stayed on and did it wrong. I just stretched this spring.

- You are still shaggy girl - Duishen laughed. - And besides, think red! His words do not hurt me not even a bit. Of course, I thought to myself, I have shaggy, but still not quite red. But when I grow up, I will present the bride, then perhaps I'll be so? Let's aunt then look what I'll be beautiful. Duishen says that my eyes shine like stars, and his face open. Once, when I ran out of school in our yard were two other people horse. Judging from their saddles, the harness, their owners have come from the mountains. And before it happened that they turned to us on the path from the market or the mill. Ever since I was cut to a certain threshold, an unnatural laugh aunt: "Yes you are, nephew, do not really grieve, not impoverished. But then when you get into the hands of a dove, a good word for me. Hee-hee-hee!" In response I heard assent, laughing voice, and when I appeared at the door, all at once stopped. In the tablecloth spread on the rug sat a stout, red-faced stump people. He glanced at me out of a fox hat pulled down over his sweating forehead, and, clearing his throat, his eyes lowered. - A daughter, came back, come, my dear! - Gentle grin greeted me with her aunt. My uncle was sitting on the edge of the felt mat, too, with some unknown person

to me. They played cards, drank vodka and ate beshbarmak. Both were drunk, and their heads dangled strangely, when they beat maps.

We selected a gray cat was a cloth, but red-faced because it hit on the head with his knuckles, that she screamed wildly, sprang aside and crouched in a corner. Oh, how painful it was for her! I wanted to leave, but I do not know how to do it. Then I was saved by his aunt.

- My daughter - she said - there is food in the cauldron, eat while warm. I came out, but I really did not like this behavior aunt. And my heart was troubled. I involuntarily cringed. Two hours later, visitors sat on their horses and went into the mountains. The aunt immediately began showering me the usual oaths, and I was relieved from the heart. "So, it just was such a gentle drunk" - I decided.

Soon after this came to us once the old woman Saikal. I was in the yard, but I heard her say:

- What are you, God bless you! You'll ruin it. Interrupting each other, aunt and Saykal arguing passionately about something, and then the old woman came out of the house is very angry. She gave me an angry and at the same time compassionate eyes and silently walked away. And I was not myself. Why is she looked at me, what I told her not pleased? The next day at school I immediately noticed that Duishen gloomy and somewhat concerned, though, and tries not to show us the mind. And I noticed that for some reason he does not look in my direction. After school, when we all trooped out of school, Duishen called out to me:

- Wait, Altynai. - A teacher came up to me, looked into my eyes and put his hand on his shoulder. - You do not go home. Do you understand me, Altynai? I am half dead with fear. Only then it dawned on me that I was going to do with his aunt.

- I myself will answer for you, - said Duishen. - And thou shalt live as long as we do. And far from me, not out. Perhaps, on my face was not. Duishen took me by

the chin and looking into her eyes and smiled, as always. - Do not be afraid, Altynai! - He laughed. - When I'm with you, no one is afraid. Study, go to school, as before and nothing do not think ... And then as I know, you're a coward ... Oh, and for a long time were going to tell you. It can be seen, remembering something funny, he laughed again. - Remember that time rose early in the morning and Karak disappeared? Watching the results - who would you think? - Quack, Dzhaynakov old woman. "Why?" - I ask. "Suppose, he says, and then Altynai heart off the ground with fear." And I say, "Throw her out of the yard, on her way as a sheep will not get off. And we're not so rich. Horse, too, cannot give: the wolves gave ..." Are you still sleeping. So I shoved her. A week later Karak did not talk to me, offended, "You - said - let me down, old." And yet they are good old, rare kindness people. Well, now went home, went Altynai ... No matter how I tried to control myself so as not to unnecessarily upset teachers, anxious thoughts have not let me. After all, at any hour here to declare my aunt and strength to take me away. And then they will do with me what they want, and nobody in the village did not forbid them to do so. I have not slept all night, waiting for trouble.

Duishen, of course, understood my condition. And, perhaps, therefore, to distract me from my gloomy thoughts, he brought the next day at school two trees. And after school, took my hand and led him away.

- We are with you, Altynai, do one thing - he said, smiling mysteriously. - These Topolks I brought for you. We are with you imprison them. And as they grow up, gain the power until you grow up, too, will be a good person. You've got a good heart and mind searching. I always think that you'll be a learned man. I believe it, look here, you have to race well written. You're young, like a twig, the same as those Topolks. So let's plant them, Altynai, with his hands. And let your happiness will be in teaching, a star you are my clear ... The trees were as tall as me, young Topolks. And when we put them near the school, came running from the foothills

of the breeze and the first time they touched the still very small leaves, as if life is breathed into them. Leaves fluttered, stirred Topolks, swayed ...

- Take a look as well! - Duishen laughed, stepping back. - And now here carry out an irrigation ditch from the spring. And then you see what it will be beautiful poplar! They will be here on the hill, side by side, like two brothers. And always they will be in sight, and good people will enjoy it. Then there will be another life, Altynai. The best is yet to come ...

I still cannot find words to express in any way; I was touched by the generosity Duishen. And then I just stood there and looked at him. I looked as if for the first time she saw how pale beauty in his faces how much tenderness and kindness in his eyes, as if never before, I did not know how strong and agile in his hands as clean clear his smile warms the heart. And the hot wave rose in my breast a new, unfamiliar feeling of the unknown even to me the world. I rushed to the internal Dyuyshenu to tell him, "Teacher, thank you for what you were born ... so I want to hug and kiss you!" But I did not dare, ashamed to utter these words. Or maybe it was necessary...

But then we stood on the hill under a clear sky, among the verdant foothills of the spring, each dreaming of her. And in that hour, I had forgotten about the threat hanging over me. And I did not think that waiting for me tomorrow and not think of why this is the second day, my aunt did not seek me. Maybe they forgot about me, might have decided to leave alone? But Duishen, it turns out, I thought about it.

- You will not hurt sad, Altynai, find a way - he said, when we returned to the village. - The day after tomorrow I will go to parish. Will they talk about you? Maybe I'll get to send you to the city to study. Want to go?

- How to tell a teacher, and will, - I replied. Although I have no idea what he was, the city, but for me it was enough Duishen words that are already dreaming of urban life. I feared the unknown, waiting for me in foreign lands, it was decided

once again to hit the road - in other words, the city will no longer go out of my head.

And the next day at school I was thinking the same thing: how and who will live in the city. If someone shelter, I'll chop wood, carry water, wash, I'll do whatever is ordered. I was thinking while sitting in class, and started with surprise when the walls of our schools there was a ramshackle fractional hoofs. It was so sudden, and the horses galloped so swiftly, as if about to trample our school. We all pricked up their ears, froze.

- Do not be distracted, mind your own business - quickly Duishen said. But then the door banged open, and on the threshold, we saw my aunt. She stood with a malicious, causing a smile on his face. Duishen came to the door.  
- You are what business?

- And for this, which does not concern you. I will marry the girl to accompany her. Hey, homeless! - The aunt rushed to me, but Duishen blocked her way.  
- There are only schoolgirls, and the marriage issue has no one! - Firmly and calmly said Duishen.

- We'll see. Hey, guys, grab it, Drag, bitch!

My aunt beckoned hand of one of the horsemen. It was the fox in the red-cap. Behind him dismounted from their horses with two more with heavy sticks in their hands.

The teacher did not move.

- What are you, rootless dog, someone else to dispose of the girls as their wives? Well, away!

And red-faced bear moved on Duishen.

- You shall not enter here, this school! - Duishen said, holding fast to the door jambs.

- I told you! - Shrieked her aunt. - He has long been in collusion with it. Lure bitch for nothing!

- I spit on your school! - Roared the red-faced, raising his whip. But Duishen ahead of him. He kicked him with the force in the stomach with his foot, and he sighed fell. At the same moment the two men with sticks assaulted a teacher. Guys with a roar rushed to me. Under the blows of the door shattered to pieces. I rushed to the fighting, dragging the kids clinging to me. - Release the teacher! Do not hit! Here I am, take me, do not beat the teacher! Duishen looked back. He was covered in blood, scary and violent. Picking up from the ground board and waving it, he shouted:

- Run, children, run to the village! Run away, Altynai! - And drowned in a scream. He broke his hand. Pressing it to his chest, Duishen backed away, and those roaring like mad bulls, began to beat him, now defenseless. - Bay! Bay! Sadie's head! Bay on the spot!

I jumped to my aunt, along with an angry red-faced. They flung me on the neck of her hair and dragged him into the yard. I jerked hard and petrified for a moment saw a crying child, and the wall, dark blood spattered, Duishen. - Teacher

But Duishen could do nothing to help me. He still stayed on his feet, staggering like a drunk, under the blows of monsters, he tried to shake my head up, and they all beat and beat him. I was knocked to the ground and tied his hands. At this time Duishen rolled on the ground.

- Teacher

But I clamped my mouth and moved across the saddle. Red-faced was already on his horse and pressed my hands and chest. The two that beat Duishen, also jumped into the saddle, and his aunt ran alongside and banged my head.

- Wait, wait! Here's how, here's how I shoved you! And your teacher to the end ...  
But it was not the end. Behind came a sudden desperate cry:  
- Alti-on-a-ah!

I barely lifted my head dangling from his horse and looked. Behind us ran Duishen. Beaten to death, bleeding, he fled to the cobblestones in his hand. And behind him it is with weeping and crying the whole of our class.  
- Wait, animals! Stop! Release it, let go! Altynai! - He cried, catching up with us. Abusers were suspended, and the two men on horseback circled around Duishen. Grabbed the sleeve with his teeth, so as not to interfere with the hand slaughtered, Duishen try on and threw a stone, but missed. And then the two men piled into a puddle of his two-stroke stakes. In front of me dizzy, I only had time yet to see how our guys ran up to the teacher and stood in awe of him. I do not remember how and where I was brought. I woke up in the tent. In an open canopy looked early stars, quiet, nothing disturbed. Somewhere near the river roared yes voices night roosters guarding the flock. In an extinct hearth sat sullen, withered, like snag, an old woman. Her face was dark as the earth. I turned my head the other way ... Oh, if I could kill him with his eyes!

- Chernukha, raise it, - ordered the red-faced.

A black woman came up to me and shook her by the shoulder stiff, gnarled hand.  
- Pacified his companion, vtolkuy her. But no - all the same: a conversation with her will be short.

He came out of the yurt. And even the black woman did not move and did not utter a word. Maybe it was dumb? It is extinct, like the cold ashes, eyes, expressing nothing. There are dogs, all scored with puppyhood. Evil men beat them with anything on the head, and they gradually get used to it. But in their view such a settled hopeless, empty deafness, which takes the horror. I looked into the dead eyes of a black woman, and I felt that I myself no longer live, I'm in the

grave. I was ready to believe it, if not the noise of the river. Water with a splash and roar of rushing to extremes - it was free ...

His aunt, your soul is black, be thou damned for all eternity! Drunk in my tears and my blood! On this night, fifteen years old, I became a woman ... I was under the age of the child rapist...

On the third night I decided that at all costs to run. Let be lost on the road, let me catch up with the chase, but I will fight to the last breath - just like my teacher Duishen.

I quietly snuck into the darkness to the door, felt the doors were tightly tied hair noose. Tricky tight rope to the sites it was impossible to untie in the dark. Then I tried to lift the skeleton of the tent to crawl somehow. However much I struggled, I did not succeed - and outside the tent was also drawn to the land of lassos. It only remained to find something sharp and cut the rope on the door. I started fumbling around, but found nothing except a small wooden peg. In desperation, I started digging the ground under their yurt. The venture was, of course, hopeless, but I did not realize in this Report. My head was pounding just a hopeless idea - to break away or die, but would not hear his heavy breathing, snoring, unrestrained, but would not stay here, to die - so die in freedom, in the scrum, but would not surrender!

Tocol is the second wife. Oh, how I hate that word! Who, what wretched times invented it! What could be more humiliating position servile second wife, slave, body and soul? Arise, wretched of the graves, stand up, the ghosts ruined, desecrated, deprived of human dignity of women! Stand up, martyr, let shudder black darkness of those times! And this I say, the last one of you stepped through that fate!

I did not know that night that I was destined to utter these words. Frantically, furiously, I scraped the ground under the yurt. The soil was rocky, not yield. I dug the nails and fingers tore into the blood. And when, under the tent could put his hand has already dawned. Barking dog awakened the people in the

neighborhood. From a whisper to water the herd rushed, snorting, were sleeping flock. Then someone came up to the tent, pulling together untied it from the outside and began to shoot arcane felt mats. It was a silent black woman. This means that ail prepared for migrations. Then I remembered that last half an ear to hear talk about what the morning will have to withdraw from the place to migrate to the first pass, a new camp, and then the whole summer in the mountains to a depth pass. And it became even harder in my mind - to run out a hundred times harder.

As I sat in the place undermined, and sat there, I did not even move. And I was hiding, and why...

Black women still saw that the earth is dug under the yurt, but said nothing, quietly continued to do its job. Anyway, it behaved as if it did not touch, like nothing in life awakened no response in her feelings. She did not even wake her husband, did not dare ask him to help her for the journey. He snored like a bear, under the blankets and coats. All felt mats were rolled up, tent remained naked, and I sat in it, as if in a cage, and saw that the people near the river oxen and horses. Then I saw how people somewhere to Teach approached by three horsemen, and ask something from them toward us. At first I thought they were going to gather people on the road, and then looked closer and dumbfounded. It was Duishen, and two others - in police caps, with red tabs on the coats. I sat more dead than alive, I could not even scream. The joy swept over me - my teacher is alive! - And at the same time, the gaping void in my heart I am deceased, profane ...

In Duishen was bandaged head and arm hung by sling. He jumped from his horse. Kick knocked the door, rushed into the tent and pulled the blankets with red-faced. - Get up! - He shouted angrily. He raised his head, rubbed his eyes and threw it on the Duishen, but soon wilted on to his police revolver. Duishen grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, and pulled shake pulled his head to himself.

- Bastard! - He whispered with white lips. - Now, where you want to please everyone! Come on!

He went obediently, but Duishen again pulled him by the shoulder and, staring at him, said in a broken voice:

- Do you think that trampled it down like grass, destroy it? You're lying, your days have passed, now its time, and you're on this end!

Gave red-wear boots, tied his hands and perched on a horse. One of the policemen took the horse on the subject, followed by driving the second. I sat on the horse Duishen, he walked alongside.

When we moved, in the back there was a wild, unearthly howl. It ran us a black woman. She, like crazy, jumped to her husband and he was hit by a stone fox hat. - In my blood drunk, murderer! - Shouted she shrieked. - During the dark days of mine, murderer! I will not let you live!

Perhaps forty years, it did not raise his head. And now broke everything that had accumulated all that boiling in her heart. Her screams echoed in the rocks rushing gorge. She ran from one side or the other, threw in a cowardly man bent manure, stones, lumps of clay, all that came under her arm, and shouted curses: - That the grass is not growing where your foot will tread! Let your bones will remain in the field, so that the crows pecked your eyes. Do not bring God to see you again! Get away from my eyes, get away, monster get away, get away, get away! - She cried, then stopped, then ran off with a scream. It seemed that she ran away from his hair fluttering in the wind. Neighbors came to the rescue set off on horseback to catch up with her. It is like after a nightmare, buzzing in my head. Cowed, oppressed, I rode on horseback. Duishen was slightly ahead, holding the reins. He was silent, bowed his bandaged head.

It was some time before the ill-fated valley was left behind. The policemen had gone far ahead. Duishen stopped the horse and the first time looked at me with haggard eyes.

- Altynai, I could not save you, forgive me - he said. And then he took my hand and held it to her cheek. - But even if you will forgive me, I'll never forgive myself for this ...

I sobbed and clung to the mane of a horse. A Duishen stood silently stroked my hair and waited until I will cry up.

- Calm down, Altynai, let's go - he said finally. - Listen, I tell you. Two days ago I was in the parish. Are you going to study in the city? Do you hear? When we stopped at a light-sounding stream, Duishen said:

- Come down off his horse, Altynai, wash. - He took out a piece of soap. - On, Altynai not be sorry. And you want me to step aside, horse, and you undress, bathe in the river. And forget about everything that had happened, and never remember it. Bathed, Altynai, would be easier. Okay?

I nodded my head. And when Duishen walked away, I undressed and stepped carefully into the water. White, blue, green, red stones glanced at me from the bottom. Fast boil with a stream of blue accent at the ankles. I scooped handfuls of water and splashed it on his chest. Icy streams ran through the body, and I could not help laughing, for the first time these days. How good was the laugh! Again and again I have enveloped themselves with water, and then rushed into the depth of flow. Endured during the headlong me shallow, but I got up and rushed back to the cold, freezing stream.

- Will take away, the water with them all the dirt and trash these days! Make me as pure as you own the water! - I whispered and laughed, not knowing why. Why should people do not remain forever in expensive places them memorable? If now I have found that the path along which we were returning from Dyuyshen

from the mountains, I would have clung to the ground and kissed the traces of a teacher. The path for me, this road all the roads. Blessed be the day that is the path, the path of my return to life, to the new faith in himself, to new hope and light ... Thanks to the sun, thanks to the land that time ...

Two days later Duishen took me to the station. Staying in the village, after all that happened, I did not want to. A new life had to start at the new location. And people have found my solution correct. Accompanied me Saykal and Karak, they fussed and cried like little children, shoved my bags and bundles on the road. They came to say goodbye to me and other neighbors, even Satymkul debater.

- Well, good luck, kid - he said - you light the way. Do not be scared, live on the mandate Duishen teachers. - And do not get lost. What is there to speak, we also have to understand something.

Students from our school for a long time ran a chaise long and waved me to follow ...

I was leaving with a few guys who were also sent to Tashkent orphanage. At the station, we waited for a Russian woman in a leather jacket. How many times later, I drove past the poplars shaded a small station in the mountains. It seems to me that half of his heart, I always left there. In the shifting light lavender spring evening was something sad and aching, as if themselves knew the twilight of our parting. Duishen tried not to show how to hurt him, how hard his heart, but I used to know it: the same pain of hot rolled a lump in my throat. Duishen stared into my eyes, his hands stroking my hair, my face, even the buttons on my dress.

- I would have you Altynai, never a step did not let go of him, - he said. - But I have no right to interfere with you. You have to learn. But I'm not very literate. Go away, so it would be better ... Maybe you will become a real teacher, and then remember our school can, and laugh ... So be it, so be it ...

Announcing the station echoing gorge, thundered away train, train lights were seen. The people at the station began to move.

- Well, now you go - a trembling voice said Duishen, squeezing my hand. - Be happy, Altynai. And most importantly - learn, learn ... I could not answer, tears choked me.

- Do not cry, Altynai. - Duishen wiped my eyes. And then he remembered: - And those Topolks that we'll put, I myself will bring. And when you get back a big man, you'll see what they are beautiful. At that time arrived, the train. The cars stopped with noise and clang.

- Well, let's say goodbye! - Duishen hugged me and kissed on the forehead. - Be well, bon voyage, good-bye, dear ... Do not be afraid, come boldly. I jumped on the bandwagon and turned over his shoulder. I shall never forget how Duishen stood with his arm in a sling and looked at me with bleary eyes, and then stretched, as if to touch me, and at that moment the train started. - Farewell, Altynai! Farewell, my light! - He cried.

- Good-bye, teacher! Farewell, my dear teacher!

Duishen ran next to the car, then fell behind, then suddenly jerked and cried out: - Alti-on-ah!

He yelled as if he had forgotten to tell me something very important and remembered, even though he knew that it was too late ... Still stands in my ears the scream, pluck out the heart, from the depths of the soul ... The train passed through the tunnel, came to the line and picking up speed, carried me across the plains of the Kazakh steppe to a new life ... Goodbye, teacher, good-bye, my first school, farewell, childhood, farewell, my first, no one expressed the love ...

Yes, I was in a big city, which he dreamed Duishen in large schools with large windows, which he told me. Then he finished technical school, and I was sent to Moscow - to college.

How many difficulties I had to experience over many years of study, how many times I was in despair, it seemed, no, no, I will master intricacies of science, and every time in the darkest moments, I mentally have to answer to my first teacher, and dared not retreat. The fact that the other was given at once, I comprehended with the greatest difficulty, because I had to start from scratch. When I was in the Workers', I wrote a letter to the teacher and confessed that I love him and wait. He did not answer. At that ended is our correspondence. I think that he refused me, and currently, because I did not want to interfere with learning. Maybe he was right ... Maybe there were any other reasons? How I changed my mind and suffered at the time...

His first thesis I defended in Moscow. For me it was great, a major victory. During all these years I could not go in the village. And then the war began. In late autumn, evacuating from Moscow to Frunze, I left the train at the station itself, which accompanied me to my teacher. I was lucky: I just found a passing cart, which was sent to the farm through our ail.

On the side of my child, a troubled time of war we had to come back to me to you. No matter how happy I am, staring at the ground rose transfigured new ayily, plowed many fields, built new roads and bridges - but the war overshadowed the meeting.

Approaching ail, I was worried. I peered afar into new, unfamiliar streets, new homes and gardens, and then looked at the hill, where there was our school, and I caught my breath - on the hill side by side were two large poplars. They swayed in the wind. And the first time I called the man who all his life called "teacher," simply by name.

- Duishen! - I whispered. - Thank you, Duishen, for all you've done for me! Do not forget, then, I thought ... How it looks on you! ..

Seeing the tears on my face, boy-driver became alarmed: - What is it?

- Oh, nothing. Do you know any of this farm?

- I know, of course. Its all here.

- A Duishen know well that that teacher was?

- Duishen? So after he left the army. I am from his farm here in this chaise drove to the military.

At the entrance to the village, I asked the guy to stop and left the chaise. Gone, and thoughtful. Now go home, in such troubled times look familiar, ask if you remember me, I say, your compatriot, I did not dare. A Duishen was in the army. And again, I vowed never to go there, where my aunt lived, and his uncle. People can forgive a lot, but it is a crime, I do not think anyone will not forgive anyone. I do not want them to know that I came to the village. I turned off the road and went to the poplars on the hill.

Oh, poplar, poplar! How much water has flowed since then, when you were Young trees! All you dreamed all that people predicted, plant and grow you, come true. Why are you so sad to make noise, which is sad? Or complain that winter is approaching, cold winds that pluck your leaves? Or the pain and grief the people walking in your trunks?

Yes, it will still be winter, and cold will be, and fierce storms, but come spring, and...

I stood a long time, listening to the autumn foliage. Ditch at the foot of the trees had been recently cleared by someone: the land has been preserved almost deep fresh tracks Ketmen. Settle, clear water in the irrigation ditch full bit, and waved her yellow poplar leaves.

On the hill I could see the painted roof of the new school, and our already did not exist.

Then I went down to the road, met a passing gig and went to the station. There was a war, and then came the victory. How bitter happiness rolled to the people, the kids ran to the school field with bags fathers returned to work men's hands; soldier cried my eyes and silently resigned from his widow's share. And there were those that are still waiting for their loved ones. After all, not all at once returned home.

I did not know what happened to Dyuyshen. My fellow countrymen, who came to the city, said that he was missing; the paper has a village council. - Or maybe they died - they are expected - the time-it is, but about it, neither hearing nor spirit.

"So, do not come back so my teacher - I thought at times. - So we do not have to see that memorable day when we said goodbye at the station ..."

Remembering the times of the past, I had no idea, it turns out, how much has accumulated grief in my soul. In the forty-sixth year in late fall, I rode in Tomsk State University on a research trip. I was going to Siberia for the first time. Austere and gloomy was in Siberia that pre-winter season. Dark wall of windows sped ancient forests. In coppices flashed black roofs of villages with white smoke from the chimneys. In the field of cold settled first snow flew over them cold crow. The sky is constantly overcast. But I had fun on the train. The neighbor on the coupe - a former soldier, a disabled person on crutches - amused us funny stories and anecdotes of military life. I am amazed at his inexhaustible imagination, for which the naivety and innocent, it would seem, laughter always felt true. He is very fond of everyone in the car. So, somewhere in the Novosibirsk our train paused for a moment at some small junction. I stood at the window, staring at him, laughing at another joke of my neighbor. The train set off, gathering speed: floated outside the station lonely little house, and the arrow I drew back from the window and again nestled to the glass. There he was, Duishen! He stood at the booth with Puteisk's

flag in his hand. I do not know what happened to me.  
- Stop! - I cried the whole car and rushed to the door, not knowing what to do, but then I saw the stop-valve and the force tore it from the seals. Cars collided, the train braked abruptly and sharply as he gave back. With the roar of things fell down from shelves, rolled utensils, children and women wail. Someone shouted with a calm voice:

- A person under the train!

And I was already on the stairs, jumped, seeing the earth under, as in the abyss, and, just not seeing anything in front of him, not understanding, started running to the booth switchman to Dyuyshe. Behind the whistles there was sound of the conductors. Passengers jumped from the cars and ran over me. A spirit sped along, I ended, and already Duishen ran to meet him.  
- Duishen, teacher! - I cried, rushing towards him. Switchman paused, looked at me blankly. It was he, Duishen his face, his eyes, only a mustache; he had never worn a little older.

- What's wrong with you, sister, what are you? - He asked sympathetically in Kazakh. You probably recognized Dzhangazin switchman, my name is Beineu.  
- Beineu?

I do not know how I managed to hold his mouth to keep from screaming with grief, pain, shame. What have I done? I covered her face with her hands and bowed her head. Why not split open the ground beneath your feet? I had to apologize to the switchman, to ask forgiveness from the people, and I stood silent as a stone. A crowd of passengers escaped, too, was silent for some reason. I waited for that now begin to yell at me flamed. But all were silent. In this eerie silence of a woman sobbed:

- The poor, the husband's brother il acknowledged, but he was not, was wrong. People began to stir.

- And it must also be such, - one boomed.

- And that does not happen, just not what we experienced in the war ... - Said a female voice faltering.

Switchman took my hands from her face and said:

- Come, I will bring you up to the car is cold.

He took my arm. On the other hand took me by the hand of an officer.

- Come, citizen, we all know - he said.

People stepped aside, and they took me, like a funeral. We walked slowly in front and behind us all the rest. Counter-passengers, too, attached to a silent crowd. Someone threw me on the shoulder shawl. My neighbor is in the coupé hobbling on his crutches on the side. He almost ran forward, looked me in the face. Merry, a joker, kind and courageous man, for some reason he walked, bareheaded, and seems to weep. And I cried. And in this procession along the dimensional structure, and the buzz in the whistle of the wind in telegraph wires I could hear the funeral march. "No, I do not see him again."

In the car we were stopped by trainmaster. He was shouting, threatening finger at me and said something about justice, about the penalty. But I did not answer. I did not care. He handed me the protocol demanded that I sign, but I do not have the strength to pick up a pencil. And then my neighbor on the coupe drew his papers and, advancing on him on his crutches, he shouted in his face:

- Leave her alone! I sign it, I pulled the emergency brake, I'll answer!..

In the Siberian land on the edge of the age-old Russian was in a hurry train. Sadly rang in the night my neighbor's guitar. As the song lingering Russian widows, I took away in his heart the mournful echo of the meeting with cold war. The years passed. Went past, the future always was calling to his large and small concerns. I got married late. But it has met a good man. We have children, family, we live together. I am now Doctor of Philosophy. Often have to travel. Visited

many countries ... But in the village was no longer. The fact was, of course, the reasons are many, but I'm not going to justify myself. The fact that I broke contact with their compatriots is it is bad, unforgivable. But so it is my fate. I'm not exactly forgotten about the past, no, I could not forget this, and I somehow drifted away from him.

There are springs in the mountains: a new road will run, the path to them is forgotten, everything is wrapped at least there the travelers to drink water, springs, and a little overgrown with brambles so mint. And then you will not notice them from the outside. And hardly anyone thinks of such a spring but will turn to him with the highway on a hot day to quench their thirst. There will come a man would find it kept silent place moves thickets and quietly will say oh: long time no one had cool water turbidity extraordinary purity hit him with his composure and depth of their own. And he sees in the spring and myself, and the sun and sky, and mountains ...And thinks of the man that sin does not know such places, it is necessary and comrades tell the tale. Think and forget until next time. That is because sometimes in life it is. I thought of these springs ago, after visited in the village. Of course, you then wondered why I suddenly went from Kurkureu. Do not tell people it was all that I have now told you, out there on the spot? No. I was so upset, I was so ashamed, I was ashamed of her, and therefore decided to leave immediately. I realized that I could not meet Dyuysheh, I could not look him straight in the eye. I had to calm down, collect my thoughts, to think in the way of everything that I wanted to say, not only to our fellow countrymen, but also many other people.

I even felt guilty because I did not have to provide all sorts of honors, did not I had to sit in the place of honor at the opening of the new school. This right was first of all, our first teacher, the first Communist ail our - old Duishen. But the opposite happened. We sat at the banquet table, and this golden man in a hurry to take the mail, hurried to the opening of schools to deliver telegrams of its alumni. It is not an isolated case. More than once I watched it. So I'm wondering this

question: when we have lost the ability to truly respect the common man, as respected his Lenin?.. And thank God that we are talking now about these things without the sanctimony and hypocrisy. It is good that we have this come closer to Lenin.

Young people do not know what the teacher was Duishen at the time. And many of the older generation is gone. Many students Duishen died in the war, they were real Soviet soldiers. I was obliged to tell the youth about his teacher Dyuysheh. Everyone in my place would have to do it. But I have never been in the village, did not know anything about Dyuysheh, and in time his image has become to me as if in an expensive relic, stored in the museum's quiet. I have come to his teacher and will keep before him the answer. Ask for forgiveness.

On his return from Moscow, I want to go to Kurkureu and offer it to people to name the new boarding school "school Duishen." Yes, the name of this simple farmer, now a postman. I hope that you, as a countryman, support my proposal. I ask you about it.

Moscow is now the second hour of the night. I'm standing on the balcony of the hotel, looking at the expanse of Moscow lights and think about how to come to the village, meet with the teacher and kiss him in his gray beard ...  
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I open the windows wide. The room flows into the flow of fresh air. In bluish twilight I look at sketches and sketches I started at the painting. There are many, many times I started all over again. But the overall picture is still too early to judge. I have not found yet the main ... I go to the pre-dawn stillness, and keep thinking, I think, I think. And so every time it is. And every time I am convinced that my picture - yet the idea.

Still, I want to talk to you about his stuff is not written. I want to consult. Of course, you can guess that the picture will be dedicated to my first teacher of our village, the first communist - Dyuysheh old.

But I have no idea if I can express the colors of this complex life full of struggle, these various fates and passions of men. How do I make not to spill this cup, so I was able to bring it to you, my contemporaries, how do I make my plan not only came up to you, and would be our common creation? I cannot write this now, but many thoughts and worries over me! Sometimes it seems to me that I did not work. And then I thought: why fate would have it put into my hands a brush? What a martyr's life! And other times I feel so powerful, that is ready to move mountains. And then I think, see, study, pulling away. Write poplar and Duishen Altynai, the same poplar, which delivered to you in so many gratifying moments of my childhood, even though you did not know their history. Write tanned barefoot boy. He climbed up high, and sits on a branch of poplar, and looks enchanted eyes in the unknown distance.

Or write to the picture and call it the "first teacher". This can be a time when Duishen takes kids on his hands across the river, and passing on the well-fed wild horses passing over him mocking stupid people in the red fox fur hat ... And do not write it, as the teacher escorts Altynai the city. Remember how he cried for the last time! Write a pattern to it, like a cry Duishen, who still hears Altynai, replied in the heart of every human being.

This I say so myself. I've been telling myself something, but not always obtained. And now I do not know what I'll write more now. But I do know one thing: I'll look for it. In the old wagon drove an old man. Buckskin pacer Gulsary too was an old horse, a very old ...

The road climbed to the plateau agonizingly long. Among the gray hills of the desert in the winter always turns the drifting snow, in summer the heat is like hell.

For Tanabai this rise has always been existent punishment. He did not like the slow ride, well, just could not stand. In his youth, when quite often had to travel to the regional center, each time on the way he shot his horse up the hill at a gallop. Do not pity him, lashing whip. If traveling with fellow travelers on the Mazhar, even

though drawn by a bull, jump on the move, silently took his clothes and left foot. It was furious, both in attack and stopped, only rising to a plateau. There, gasping for air, waiting at the bottom of crawling carriages. From a quick walk to the heart pounding in my chest and cut is out. But even so, but still it is better than to drag on bulls.

Chore fond of late, used to tease each other over the eccentricity. He said:  
- Want to know Tanabai, why do not you lucky? With it is impatience. Honest to God. All of you probably even more. Give the world revolution now! But that revolution, the ordinary road of recovery and that you Alexandrovka is unbearable. All people are like people, go easy, but you come off - and ran up the hill Presov, like wolves chasing after you. What you win? Nothing is. Still sitting up there, wait for the others. And in a world revolution did not jump up, mind you, will you wait until all catch up.

But that was a long, long time ago. At this time Tanabai and did not notice the rise of Alexander passed. I'm used to, it turns out to old age. I was driving or will soon, no quiet. He rode as halos. Now, he always hit the road alone. Those who gang went with him once on this busy road, no longer find. Who died in war, who died, who sits at home, living out their eyelids. And young people riding in cars. On a miserable nag drag he will not.

The wheels clattered along the old road. For a long time to knock them. Ahead lay the steppe, and there, the canal, I had another go foothills. He has long since started to notice that the horse seems rents are weakening. But busy with his uneasy thoughts, not very worried. Is really a shame that the horse is on the road? Not this happened. Will take, will make it ... And how could he know that his old pacer Gulsary<sup>3</sup>, so named because of its unusual light yellow color, the last time in his life overcame Alexander's rise and is now carrying his last mile? How could he have known that the horse's head was spinning as if from intoxication that in his countenance darkened the earth floating

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<sup>3</sup> Gulsary - yellow flower, buttercup.

colored circles, banking from side to side, touching the sky is one, the other edge of the road in front suddenly broke off Gulsary times into the dark void and the horse seemed to come, where he was on his way to be and where the mountain is floating red fog or smoke?

## **CHAPTER II. Representation of polar emotions in belles-lettres text**

### **2.1. Theoretical Problems of polar emotions in belles-letter text**

The word-stock of any given language can be roughly divided into three uneven groups, differing from each other by the sphere of its possible use.

The biggest division is made up of neutral words, possessing no stylistic connotation and suitable for any communicative situation, two smaller ones are literary and colloquial strata respectively.

In order to get a more or less clear idea of the word-stock of any language, it must be presented as a system, the elements of which are interconnected, interrelated and yet independent. Some linguists, who clearly see the systematic character of language as a whole, deny, however, the possibility of systematically classifying the vocabulary. They say that the word-stock of any language is so large and so heterogeneous that it is impossible to formalize it and therefore present it in any system. The words of a language are thought of as a chaotic body whether viewed from their origin and development or from their present state.

Indeed, coinage of new lexical units, the development of meaning, the differentiation of words according to their stylistic evaluation and their spheres of usage, the correlation between meaning and concept and other problems connected with vocabulary are so multifarious and varied that it is difficult to grasp the systematic character of the word-stock of a language, though it coexists with the systems of other levels—phonetics, morphology and syntax.

To deny the systematic character of the word-stock of a language amounts to denying the systematic character of language as a whole, words being elements in the general system of language.

The word-stock of a language may be represented as a definite system in which different aspects of words may be singled out as interdependent. A special branch of linguistic science—lexicology—has done much to classify vocabulary. A

glance at the contents of any book on lexicology will suffice to ascertain the outline of the system of the word-stock of the given language.

For our purpose, i.e. for linguistic stylistics, a special type of classification, stylistic classification, is most important.

In accordance with the already mentioned division of language into literary and colloquial, we may represent the whole of the word-stock of the English language as being divided into three main layers: the literary layer, the neutral layer and the colloquial layer. The literary and the colloquial layers contain number of subgroups each of which has a property it shares with all the subgroups within the layer. This common property, which unites the different groups of words within the layer, may be called its aspect. The aspect of the literary layer is its markedly bookish character. It is this that makes the layer more or less stable. The aspect of the colloquial layer of words is its lively spoken character. It is this that makes it unstable, fleeting.

The aspect of the neutral layer is its universal character. That means it is unrestricted in its use. It can be employed in all styles of language and in all spheres of human activity. It is this that makes the layer the most stable of all.

The literary layer of words consists of groups accepted as legitimate members of the English vocabulary they have no local or dialectal character.

The colloquial layer of words as qualified in most English or American dictionaries is not infrequently limited to a definite language community or confined to a special locality where it circulates.

The literary vocabulary consist of the following groups of words: 1. common literary: 2. terms and learned words: 3. poetic words: 4. archaic words; 5. barbarisms and foreign words: 6. literary coinages including nonce-words.

The colloquial vocabulary falls into the following groups: 1. common colloquial words: 2. slang: 3. jargons: 4. professional words: 5. dialectal words: 6. vulgar words: 7. colloquial coinages.

Neutral words, which form the bulk of the English vocabulary, are used in both literary and colloquial language. Neutral words are the main source of synonymy and polysemy. It is the neutral stock of words that is so prolific in the production of new meanings.

The wealth of the neutral stratum of words is often overlooked. This is due to their inconspicuous character. But their faculty for assuming new meanings and generating new stylistic variants is often quite amazing. This generative power of the neutral words in English language is multiplied by the very nature of the language itself. It has been estimated that most neutral English words are of monosyllabic character, as, in the process of development from Old English to Modern English, most of the parts of speech lost their distinguish suffixes. This phenomenon has led to the development of conversion as the most productive means of word-building. Word compounding is not so productive as conversion or word shift in the part of speech in the first case and by the addition of an affix in the second. Unlike all other groups, the neutral group of words cannot be considered as having a special stylistic coloring.

Common literary words are chiefly used in writing and in polished speech. One can always tell a literary word from a colloquial word. The reason for this lies in certain objective features of the literary layer of words. What these objective features are, is difficult to say because as yet no objective criteria have been worked out. But one of the undoubtedly is that literary units stand in opposition to colloquial units. This is especially apparent when pairs of synonyms, literary and colloquial, can be formed which stand in contrasting relation.

The following synonyms illustrate the relations that exist between the neutral, literary and colloquial words in the English language.

Colloquial	Neutral	Literary
Kid	Child	Infant
Daddy	Father	Parent
Chap	Fellow	Associate
Get out	Go away	Retire
Go on	Continue	Proceed
Teenager	Boy (girl)	Youth (maiden)
Flapper	Young girl	Maiden
Go ahead	Begin	
Get going	Start	Commence

It goes without saying that these synonyms are not only stylistic but ideographic as a well, i.e. there is a definite, though slight, semantic difference between the words. But this is almost always the case with synonyms. There are very few absolute synonyms in English just as there are in any language. The main distinction between synonyms remains stylistic. But stylistic difference may be of various kinds: it may lie in the emotional tension connoted in a word, or in the sphere of application, or in the degree of the quality denoted. Colloquial words are always more emotionally colored than literary ones. The neutral stratum of words, as the term itself implies, has no degree of emotiveness, nor have they any distinctions in the sphere of usage.

Both literary and colloquial words have their upper and lower ranges. The lower range of literary words approaches the neutral layer and has a markedly obvious tendency to pass into that layer. The same may be said of the upper range of the colloquial layer: it can very easily pass into the neutral layer. The lines of demarcation between common colloquial and neutral, on the one hand, and

common literary and neutral, on the other, are blurred. It is here that the process of interpenetration of the stylistic strata becomes most apparent.

Still the extremes remain antagonistic and therefore are often used to bring about a collision of manners of speech for special stylistic purposes. The difference in the stylistic aspect of words may color the whole of an utterance.

In this example from «Fanny's First Play», the difference between the common literary and common colloquial vocabulary is clearly seen.

«Dora: Oh, I've let it out. Have I? (contemplating Juggins approvingly as he places a chair for her between the table and the sideboard). But he's the right sort: I can see that (button holing him). You won't let it out downstairs, old man, will you?

Juggins: The family can rely on my absolute discretion».

The words in Jugginses answer are on the border – line between common literary and neutral, whereas the words and expressions used by Dora are clearly common colloquial, not bordering on neutral.

The example from «David Copperfield» (Dickens) illustrates the use of literary English words which do not border on neutral:

«My dear Copperfield,» said Mr. Micawber, «this is luxurious. This is a way of life which reminds me of a period when I was myself in a state of celibacy, and Mrs. Micawber had not yet been solicited to plight her faith at the Hymeneal altar».

«He means, solicited by him, Mr. Copperfield,» said Mrs. Micawber, archly. «He cannot answer for others».

«My dear,» returned Mr. Micawber with sudden seriousness, «I have no desire to answer for others. I am too well aware that when, in the inscrutable decrees of Fate, you were reserved for me, it is possible you may have been

reserved for one destined, after protracted struggle, at length to fall a victim to pecuniary involvements of a complicated nature. I understand your allusion, my love, I regret it, but I can bear it.»

«Micawber!» exclaimed Mrs. Micawber, in tears. «Have I deserved this! I, who never have deserted you; who never will desert you, Micawber!»

«My love,» said Mr. Micawber, much affected, «you will forgive, and our old and tried friend Copperfield will, I am sure, forgive the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with the Minion of Power—in other words, with a ribald Turncock attached to the waterworks – and will pity, not condemn, its excesses».

There is a certain analogy between the interdependence of common literary words and neutral ones, on the one hand, and common colloquial words and neutral ones, on the other. Both sets can be viewed as being in invariant variant relations.

The neutral vocabulary may be viewed as the invariant of the standard English vocabulary. The stock of words forming the neutral stratum should in this case be regarded as an abstraction. The words of this stratum are generally deprived of any concrete associations and refer to the concept more or less directly. Synonyms of neutral words, both colloquial and literary, assume a far greater degree of concreteness. They generally present the same notions not abstractly but as a more or less concrete image, that is, in a form perceptible by the senses. This perceptibility by the senses causes subjective evaluations of the notion in question, or a mental image of the concept. Sometimes an impact of a definite kind on the reader or hearer is the aim lying behind the choice of a colloquial or a literary word rather than a neutral one.

In the diagram, common colloquial vocabulary is represented as overlapping into the standard English vocabulary and is therefore to be considered part of it. It borders both on the neutral vocabulary and on the special colloquial vocabulary

which, as we shall see later, falls out of standard English altogether. Just as common literary words lack homogeneity so do common colloquial words and set expressions. Some of the lexical items belonging to this stratum are close to the non-standard colloquial groups such as jargonisms, professionalisms, etc. There are on the border line between the common colloquial vocabulary and the special colloquial or non-standard vocabulary. Other words approach the neutral bulk of the English vocabulary.

Thus, the words *teenager* (a young girl or young man) and *hippie* (*hippy*) (a young person who leads an unordered and unconventional life) are colloquial words passing into the neutral vocabulary. They are gradually losing their non-standard character and becoming widely recognized. However, they have not lost their colloquial association and therefore still remain in the colloquial stratum of the English vocabulary. So also are the following words and expressions: **take** (in as I take it = as I understand); **to go for** (to be attracted by, like very much, as in «You think she still goes for the guy?»); **guy** (young man); **to be gone on** (to be madly in love with); **pro** (professional, e.g. a professional boxer, tennis – player, etc.)

The spoken language abounds in set expressions which are colloquial in character, e.g. **all sorts of things, just a bit, how is life treating you?, so-so, what time do you make it? To hob-nob** (to be very friendly with, to drink together), **so much the better, to be sick and tired of, to be up to something.**

The stylistic function of the different strata of the English vocabulary depends not so much on the inner qualities of each of the groups, as on their interaction when they are opposed to one another. However, the qualities themselves are not unaffected by the function of the words, in as much as these qualities have been acquired in certain environments. It is interesting to note that anything written assumes a greater degree of significance than what is only spoken. If the spoken takes the place of the written or vice versa, it means that we are faced with a stylistic device.

Certain set expressions have been coined within literary English and their use in ordinary speech will inevitably make the utterance sound bookish. In other words, it will become literary. The following are examples of set expressions which can be considered literary: in accordance with, with regard to, by virtue of, to speak at great length, to lend assistance, to draw a lesson, responsibility rest.

## **2.2. Emotions in belles-letter text**

The word-stock of a language is in an increasing state of change. Words change their meaning and sometimes drop out of the language altogether. New words sprig up and replace the old ones. Some words stay in the language a very long time and do not lose their faculty of gaining new meanings and becoming richer and richer polysemantically. Other words live but a short time are like bubbles on the surface of water they disappear leaving no trace of their existence.

In registering these processes the role of dictionaries can hardly be over-estimated. Dictionaries serve to retain this or that word in a language either as a relic of ancient times, where it lived and circulated, or as a still living unit of the system, though it may have lost some of its meaning. They may also preserve certain nonce-creations which were never intended for general use.

In every period in the development of a literary language one can find words which will show more or less apparent changes in their meaning or usage, from full vigour, through a moribund state to death, i.e. complete disappearance of the unit from the language.

We shall distinguish three stages in the aging process of words:

The beginning of the aging process when the word becomes rarely used. Such words are called obsolescent, i.e. they are in the stage of gradually passing out of general use. To this category first of all belong morphological forms belonging to the earlier stages in the development of the language. In the English language these are the pronouns thou and its forms thee, thy and thine: the

corresponding verbal ending – est and the verb-forms art, wilt (thou makest, thou wilt); the ending – (e) th instead of – (e) s (he maketh) and the pronoun ye.

To the category of obsolescent words belong many French borrowings which have been kept in the literary language as a means of preserving the spirit of earlier periods, e.g. a pallet (a straw mattress), a palfrey (a small horse); garniture (furniture); to emplume (to adorn with feathers of plumes).

The second group of archaic words are those that have already gone completely out of use but are still recognized by the English speaking community: e.g. methinks (it seems to me); nay (no). These words are called obsolete.

The third group, which may be called archaic proper, are words which are no longer recognizable in modern English, words that were in use in Old English and which have either dropped out of the language entirely or have changed in their appearance so much that they have become unrecognizable, e.g. troth (faith); a losel (a worthless, lazy fellow).

It will be noted that on the diagram the small circles denoting archaic and poetic words overlap and both extend beyond the large circle «special literary vocabulary». This indicates that some of the words in these layers do not belong to the present day English vocabulary.

The border lines between the groups are not distinct. In fact they interpenetrate. It is specially difficult to distinguish between obsolete and obsolescent words. But the difference is important when we come to deal with the stylistic aspect of an utterance in which the given word serves a certain stylistic purpose. Obsolete and obsolescent words have separate functions, as we shall point out later.

There is still another class of words which is erroneously classed as archaic, viz. historical words. By gone periods in the life of any society are marked by historical events, and by institutions, customs, material objects, etc. which are no

longer in use, for example.: Thane, yeoman, goblet, baldric, mace. Words of this type never disappear from the language. They are historical terms and remain as terms referring to definite stages in the development of society and cannot therefore be dispensed with, though the things and phenomena to which they refer have long passed into oblivion. Historical words have no synonyms, where as archaic words have been replaced by modern synonyms.

Archaic words are primarily and predominantly used in the creation of a realistic background to historical novels. It must be pointed out, however, that the use of historical words(terms) in a passage written in scientific style, say, in an essay on the history of the Danish invasion, will bear no stylistic function at all. But the same terms when used in historical novels assume a different stylistic value. They carry, as it were, a special volume of information adding to the logical aspect of the communication.

This, the main function of archaisms, finds different interpretation in different novels by different writers. Some writers overdo things in this respect, the result being that the reader finds all kinds of obstacles in his way others underestimate the necessity of introducing obsolete or obsolescent elements into their narration and thus fail to convey what is called «local colour»

In his «Letter to the Young Writer» A.N. Tolstoi states that the heroes of historical novels must think and speak in the way the time they live in, forces them to. If Stepan Razin, he maintain, were to speak of the initial accumulation of capital, the reader would throw the book under the table and he would be right. But the writer must know all about the initial accumulation of capital and view events from this particular position.

On the whole Tolstoy's idea does not call for criticism. But the way it is worded may lead to the misconception that heroes of historical novels should speak the language of the period they live in. If those heroes really spoke that

language of the time they lived in, the reader would undoubtedly throw the book under the table because he would be unable to understand it.

As a matter of fact the heroes of historical novels speak the language of the period the writer and the reader live in, and the skill of the writer is required to color the language with such obsolete or obsolescent elements as most naturally interweave with the texture of the modern literary language. These elements must not be archaic in the narrow sense.

They must be recognizable to the native reader and not hinder his understanding of the communication.

The difficulty in handling archaic words and phrases and the subtlety required was acutely felt by A.S. Pushkin. In his article «Juri Miloslavki, or the Russian of 1612,» Pushkin writes:

«Walter Scott carried along with him a crowd of imitators. But how far they are from the Scottish charmer! Like Agrippa's pupil, they summoned the demon of the past but they could not handle him and fell victims of their own imprudence».

Walter Scott was indeed an inimitable master in the creation of an historical atmosphere. He used the stylistic means that create this atmosphere with the stylistic means that create this atmosphere with such skill and discrimination, that the reader is scarcely aware that the heroes of the novels speak his language and not that of their own epoch. Walter Scott himself states the principles which he considers basic for the purpose; the writer's language must not be out of date and therefore incomprehensible, but words and phrases of modern coinage should be used.

«It is one thing to use the language to express feelings common both to us and to our forefathers,» says Scott, «but it is another thing to impose upon them the emotions and speech characteristics of their descendants».

In accordance with these principle Walter Scott never phonographs the language of earlier periods; he sparingly introduces into the texture of his language of few words and expressions more or less obsolescent in character and this is enough to convey the desired effect without unduly interlarding present day English with outdated elements of speech. Therefore we can find such words as methinks, haply, nay, travail, repast and the like in great number and, of course, a multiplicity of historical terms. But you will hardly find a true archaism of the nature indicated in our classification as archaisms proper.

Besides the function just mentioned, archaic words and phrases have other functions found in other styles. They are, first of all, frequently to be found in the style of official documents. In business letters, in legal language, in all kinds of statutes, in diplomatic documents and in all kind of legal documents one can find obsolescent words which would long ago have become obsolete if it were not for the preserving power of the special use within the above mentioned spheres of communication. It is the same with archaic and obsolete words in poetry. As has already been pointed out, they are employed in the poetic style as special terms and hence prevented from dropping completely our of the language.

Among the obsolescent elements of the English vocabulary preserved within the style of official documents, the following may be mentioned; aforesaid, hereby, there-within, herein after named.

The function of archaic words and constructions in official documents is terminological in character. They are used here because they help to maintain that exactness of expression so necessary in this style.

Archaic words and particularly archaic forms of words are some times used for satirical purposes. This is achieved through what is called Anticlimax. The situation in which the archaism is used is not appropriate to the context there appears a sort of discrepancy between the words actually used and the ordinary situation which includes the possibility of such a usage. The low predictability of

an archaism when it appears in ordinary speech produces the necessary satirical effect.

Here is an example of such a use of an archaic form. In Shaw's play «How He Lied to Her Husband» a youth of eighteen; speaking of his feeling towards a «female of thirty seven» expresses himself in a language which is not in conformity with the situation. His words are:

«Perfect love casteth off fear».

Archaic words, words-forms and word-combinations are also used to create an elevated effect. Language is specially moulded to suit a solemn occasion; all kinds of stylistic devices are used, and among them is the use of archaisms.

Some archaic words due to their inner qualities (sound – texture, nuances of meaning, morphological peculiarities combination power) may be revived in a given.

It is suggestive that there is a tendency in some modern dictionaries to replace the label slang by *informal or colloquial*.<sup>4</sup> Such a practice clearly manifests the dissatisfaction of some lexicographers with the term 'slang'. This is mainly due to the ambiguity of the term.

On the other hand, some lexicographers, as has already been pointed out, still make use of the term 'slang' as a substitute for 'jargon', 'cant', 'colloquialism', 'professionalism', 'vulgar', 'dialectal'. Thus, in his dictionary Prof. Barnhart gives the label st to such innovations as «grab – to cause (a person) to react; make an impression on», which, to my mind, should be classed as newspaper jargon; «grass or pot – marijuana», which are positively cant words (the quotation that follows proves it quite unambiguously); «groove–something very enjoyable,» «grunt – U.S. military slang», which in fact is a professionalism; «gyppy tummy, British

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<sup>4</sup> See also Prof. R.W. Burclifield's remark on the system of labelling in his Introduction to "A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary". Oxford, 1972, p. XVI.

slang, – a common intestinal upset experienced by travellers», which is a colloquialism; «hangup—a psychological or emotional problem», which is undoubtedly a professionalism which has undergone extension of meaning and now, according to Barnhart also means «any problem or difficulty, especially one that causes annoyance or irritation.»

The use of the label *sl* in this way is evidently due to the fact that Barnhart's Dictionary aims not so much at discrimination between different stylistic subtleties of neologisms but mainly at fixation of lexical units which have already won general recognition through constant repetition in newspaper language.

The term 'slang' is ambiguous because, to use a figurative expression, it has become a Jack of all trades and master of none.

In the non-literary vocabulary of the English language there is a group of words that are called *jargonisms*. *Jargon* is a recognized term for a group of words that exists in almost every language and whose aim is to preserve secrecy within one or another social group. Jargonisms are generally old words with entirely new meanings imposed on them. The traditional meaning of the words is immaterial, only the new, improvised meaning is of importance. Most of the jargonisms of any language, and of the English language too, are absolutely incomprehensible to those outside the social group which has invented them, They may be defined as a code within a code, that is special meanings of words that are imposed on the recognized code – the dictionary meaning of the words.

Thus the word grease means 'money'; loaf means 'head'; a tiger hunter is 'a gambler'; a lexic is 'a student preparing for a law course'.

Jargonisms are social in character. They are not regional. In Britain and in the US almost any social group of people has its own jargon. The following jargons are well known in the English language: the jargon of thieves and vagabonds, generally known as cant; the jargon of jazz people; the jargon of the army, known as military slang; the jargon of sportsmen, and many others.

The various jargons (which in fact are nothing but a definite group of words) remain a foreign language to the outsiders of any particular social group. It is interesting in connection with this to quote a stanza from «Don Juan» by Byron where the poet himself finds it necessary to comment on the jargonisms he has used for definite stylistic purposes.

«He from the world had cut off a great man,  
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.  
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,  
Booze in the ken<sup>5</sup>, or at the spellken<sup>6</sup> hustle?  
Who queer a flat<sup>7</sup>? Who (spite of Bow street's ban)  
On the high toby-spice<sup>8</sup> so flash the muzzle?  
Who on a lark<sup>9</sup>, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)<sup>10</sup>.  
So prime, so swell<sup>11</sup>, so nutty<sup>12</sup>, and so knowing?»

The – explanation of the words used here was made by Byron's editor because they were all jargonisms in Byron's time and no one would understand their meaning unless they were explained in normal English. Byron wrote the following ironic comment to this stanza:

«The advance of science and of language has rendered it un-necessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select nobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days;

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<sup>5</sup> ken = a house which harbors' thieves

<sup>6</sup> spellken = a play-house or theatre

<sup>7</sup> to queer a flat = to puzzle a silly fellow

<sup>8</sup> to flash the muzzle (gun) on the high toby-spice = to rob on horse back

<sup>9</sup> a lark = fun or sport of any kind

<sup>10</sup> a blowing = a girl

<sup>11</sup> swell = gentlemanly

<sup>12</sup> nutty = pleasing (to be nuts on = to be infatuated with)

«On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,  
In spite of each gallows old scout;  
If you at all spellken can't hustle,  
You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.  
Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,  
When she hears of your scaly mistake,  
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty–  
That her Jack may be regular weight.»

If there be any gemman (=gentleman) so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humor and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.» (John Murray. «The Poetical Works of Lord Byron»)

### **2.3. Specific features of belles –letter text**

All stylistic means of the English and Uzbek languages can be divided into expressive means (EM) and stylistic devices (SD). “The expressive means of a language are those phonetic, morphological, word building, lexical, preseological or syntactical forms which exist in language as-a-system for the purpose of logical and various dictionaries.

Among lexical EM we must mention words with emotive meanings, interjections, polysemantic words, vulgar words, slang etc. The fact that polysemantic words retain their primary and secondary meanings is of great importance for stylistics. It is quite easy to understand the meaning of the following phrases; He grasped the main idea; a burning question; pity melted her heart. The italicized words are used in their secondary transferred dictionary

meanings. But the primary and secondary meanings are realized simultaneously. The expressiveness of these words becomes obvious when compared with neutral equivalents; He understood the main idea; an important question; pity softened her heart. This expressiveness exists in the vocabulary of the Uzbek and any language. For example: Suv yuz gradus issiqlikda qaynaydi; gap qaynaydi. Ustaraniqayramoq. Ikki yoshni bir-biriga qayramoq. Dalalarda ish qaynaydi kimlar teradi, kimlar beda o`radi, kimlar shudgar qiladi.

In this short survey it is impossible to give a complete analysis of all E.M. of the both language. My task was to show some lexical EM of the English and Uzbek languages.

According to Prof I.R. Galperin`s definition Stylistic Devise is a conscious and intentional intensification of some type structural or semantic property of a language unit promoted to a generalized status and thus becoming a generative model.

SD must always have some function in the text, besides they bring some additional information. The conception that words possess several meanings gives rise to such SDS as metaphor, metonymy, irony, epithet and others. Thus, a metaphor is a conscious and intentional intensification of typical semantic properties of a word: "Oh, Rain"-said Mor. He enveloped her in a great embrace. (I. Murdoch). The dictionary meaning of the verb "envelope" is "to wrap up, cover on all sides". The contextual meaning is "to embrace" Here we can give example of the Uzbek: Imtixonida u sayrab ketdi. The dictionary meaning of the verb "sayramoq" is "qushlarning sayrashi, yoqimli yoki yoqimsiz ovoz chiqarishi" The contextual meaning is "tinmasdan so`zladi, yaxshi javob berdi".

The typical features of proverbs and sayings serve as the foundation for an SD which is called epigram, i.e. brevity, rhythm and other properties of proverbs constitute a generative model into which new content is poured

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. (J. Keats)

Sweet is pleasure after pain (J. Dryden)

If youth knew, if age could (Tl. Estienne)

What the eye does not see, the stomach doesn't get upset (J.K. Jerome).

O`zing tashna bo`lsang, obi juy etar

Ko`zing tashna bo`lsa, obro`y ketar (X.Dexlaviy)

Aytur so`zni ayt, aytmas so`zdan qayt. (A.Navoiy)

These phrases are not proverbs; they are the creations of individual writers and poets. When such phrases are used in the text they accumulate great emotive force and function. They acquire a generalized status and thus easily become an SD while proverbs remain EM of the language.

The same may be said about syntax. The typical structural features of oral speech (violation of word order, omission of some parts of the sentence, repetition of certain words etc) may be intensified and promoted to a generalized status. Such SDs as inversion, parallel constructions, chiasmus is the result of these stylistic transformations.

It is important to know that the stylistic use of EM must not necessarily lead to the formation of an SD. For example, repetition is widely used in folk song and poetry and in oral speech to make our speech emotional and expressive, but we can't say that in such cases we use a SD.

When the weather is wet

We must not fret,-

When the weather is cold

We must not scold

When the weather is warm

We must not storm.

“Oltin edim, chuyan bo`ldim

Dono edim, somon bo`ldim

Qimmat edim, arzon bo`ldim

G`amga qolgan, ravshan bo`ldim.

Thus we may draw the conclusion that EM are the facts of the language, while SDs are the property of the speech. They are the creation of individuals (writers and poets) and are based on the peculiarities of existing EM of the language. This is in short the difference between EM and SD.

While speaking about SD we must always remember: the force of one and the same SD may be different. In some cases the emotive charge may be very strong, in others it may be weak. It depends on the use of a SD in one and the same function. Due to the overuse of the SD it may become hackneyed, trite and loses its freshness and brightness;

1. The best pens of the world

A sweet smile

Stly as a fox

Buloqning ko`zi

Tog`ning yon bag`ri

Oq oltin, zangori ekran

2. with his mousing walk

Buttoned strictness of his coat

O`ychan oqshomlar

Erning oppoq ko`rpasi

Solsovuldek yuzlar

In the first case we have trite SDs, in the second-fresh, genuine SD.

Speaking about SDs we must mention the cases when two or more EM or SD meet at one point, in one utterance. Such clusters of SDs are called convergence. "Together each SD adds its expressivity to that of the others. In general, the effects of these SDs converge into one especially striking emphasis" (M. Riffaterre) For example: When everyone had recovered George said; "She put in her thumb and pulled out a plum". Then away we were into our merciless hacking-hecking laughter again. (S.M.Maugham).

Mushtipar opalarimiz, fidoyi yanga va singillarymiz tiriklikningtuganmas yumushlary deb o`n besh-yigirma yoshlaridayoq "Qush uyqu", o`ttiz yoshlarida esa o`tin bo`lib qolmoqdalar...(Saodat jurnalidan)

In this Uzbek examples mushtipar, fidoyi, yumush, qush uyqu, o`tin is convergence.

In English examples we find the convergence of several SDs: decomposition of a proverb (to put one's thumb into smth), a bring case of an onomatopoeia in the function of an epithet (Hacking-hecking), inversion (adverbial modifier stand before the subject).

"... and heaved and heaved still unrestingly heaved the black sea as if its vast tides were a conscience. Here the convergence comprises repetition, inversion and simile"<sup>13</sup>.

Heterogeneity of the component parts of the utterance is the basis for a stylistic device called bathos. Unrelated elements are brought together as if they denoted things equal in rank or belonging to one class, as if they were of the same

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<sup>13</sup> See "Style in Language", ed. By T. Sebeok. N. Y., 1960, p.427.

stylistic aspect. By being forcibly linked together, the elements acquire a slight modification of meaning.

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)

Oh, Julia! What is every other woe? —

(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;

Pedro, Battista, help me down below)

Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—

Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—

Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"

(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

Such poetic expressions as 'heaven kiss earth', 'what is every other woe'; 'beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching' are joined in one flow of utterance with colloquial expressions—'For God's sake; you rascal; help me down below', 'this curst vessel pitches so'. This produces an effect which serves the purpose of lowering the loftiness of expression, inasmuch as there is a sudden drop from the elevated to the commonplace or even the ridiculous.

As is seen from this example, it is not so easy to distinguish whether the device is more linguistic or more logical. But the logical and linguistic are closely interwoven in problems of stylistics.

Another example is the following—

"But oh? ambrosial cash! Ah! who would lose thee?

When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!"

("Don Juan")

Ambrosial is a poetic word meaning 'delicious',- 'fragrant', 'divine'. Cash is a

common colloquial word meaning 'money', 'money that a person actually has', 'ready money'.

Whenever literary words come into collision with non-literary ones there arises incongruity, which in any style is always deliberate, inasmuch as a style presupposes a conscious selection of language means.

The following sentence from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" illustrates with what skill the author combines elevated words and phrases and common colloquial ones in order to achieve the desired impact on the reader—it being the combination of the supernatural and the ordinary.

"But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for."

The elevated ancestors, simile, unhallowed, disturb (in the now obsolete meaning of tear to pieces) are put alongside the colloquial contraction the Country^ (the country is) and the colloquial done for.

This device is a very subtle one and not always discernible even to an experienced literary critic, to say nothing of the rank-and-file reader. The difficulty lies first of all in the inability of the inexperienced reader to perceive the incongruity of the component parts of the utterance. Byron often uses bathos, for example,-

"They grieved for those who perished with the cutter

And also for the biscuit-casks and butter."

The copulative conjunction and as well as the adverb also suggest the homogeneity of the concepts those who perished and biscuit-casks and butter. The people who perished are placed on the same level as the biscuits and butter lost at the same time. This arrangement may lead to at least two inferences:

1) for the survivors the loss of food was as tragic as the loss of friends who

perished in the shipwreck;

2) the loss of food was even more disastrous, hence the elevated grieved ... for food.

It must be born in mind, however, that this interpretation of the subtle stylistic device employed here is prompted by purely linguistic analysis: the verbs to grieve and to perish, which are elevated in connotation, are more appropriate when used to refer to people—and are out of place when used to refer to food. The every-day-life cares and worries overshadow the grief for the dead, or at least are put on the same level. The verb to grieve, when used in reference to both the people who perished and the food which was lost, weakens, as it were, the effect of the first and strengthens the effect of the second.

The implications and inferences drawn from a detailed and meticulous analysis of language means and stylistic devices can draw additional information from the communication. This kind of implied meaning is derived not directly from the words but from a much finer analysis called supralingual or suprasegmental.

Almost of the same kind are the following lines, also from Byron:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter, .

Sermons and soda-water—the day after."

Again we have incongruity of concepts caused by the heterogeneity of the conventionally paired classes of things in the first line and the alliterated unconventional pair in the second line. It needs no proof that the words sermons and soda-water are used metonymically here signifying 'repentance' and 'sickness' correspondingly. The decoded form of this utterance will thus be: "Let us now enjoy ourselves in spite of consequences." But the most significant item in the linguistic analysis here will, of course, be the identical formal structure of the pairs 1. wine and women; 2. mirth and laughter and 3. sermons and soda-water. The

second pair consists of words so closely related that they may be considered almost synonymous. This affects the last pair and makes the words sermons and soda-water sound as if they were as closely related as the words in the first two pairs. A deeper insight into the author's intention may lead the reader to interpret them as a tedious but unavoidable remedy for the sins committed.

Byron especially favors the device of bathos in his "Don Juan." Almost every stanza contains ordinarily unconnected concepts linked together by a coordinating conjunction and producing a mocking effect or a realistic approach to those phenomena of life which imperatively demand recognition, no matter how elevated the subject-matter may be.

Here are other illustrations from this epoch-making poem:

"heaviness of heart or rather stomach;"

"There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion"

"...his tutor and his spaniel"

"who loved philosophy and a good dinner"

"I cried upon my first wife's dying day

And also when my second ran away."

We have already pointed out the peculiarity of the device, that it is half linguistic, half logical. But the linguistic side becomes especially conspicuous when there is a combination of stylistically heterogeneous words and phrases. Indeed, the juxtaposition of highly literary norms of expression and words or phrases that must be classed as non-literary, sometimes low colloquial or even vulgar, will again undoubtedly-produce a stylistic effect, and when decoded, will contribute to the content of the utterance, often adding an element of humour. Thus, for instance, the following from Somerset Maugham's "The Hour before

Dawn":

"Will you oblige me by keeping your trap shut, darling?' he retorted."

The device is frequently presented in the structural model which we shall call heterogeneous enumeration

#### **2.4. The Structural and Semantic Analysis of belles –letter text**

It has been pointed out that many English words have no regular equivalents, and a number of techniques has been suggested for rendering the meanings of such equivalent-lacking words in TT. Now the practicing translator most often has to resort to such techniques when he comes across some new-coined words in the source text or deals with names of objects or phenomena unknown to the TL community (the so-called «realia»). New words are coined in the language to give names to new objects, or phenomena which become known to the people. This process is going on a considerable scale as shown by the necessity of publishing dictionaries of new words. With the English vocabulary constantly expanding, no dictionary can catch up with the new arrivals and give a more or less complete list of the new words. Moreover there are numerous short-lived lexical units created ad hoc by the English-speaking people in the process of oral or written communication. Such words may never get in common use and will not be registered by the dictionaries but they are well understood by the communicants since they are coined on the familiar structural and semantic models. If someone is ever referred to as a «Polandologist», the meaning will be readily understood against such terms as «Kremlinologist» or «Sovietologist». If a politician is called «a nuclearist», the new coinage will obviously mean a supporter of nuclear arms race. «A zero-growther» would be associated with some zero-growth theory or policy and so on. When new words come into being to denote new objects or phenomena, they naturally cannot have regular equivalents in another language. Such equivalents may only gradually evolve as the result of extensive contacts between the two nations. Therefore the translator coming across a new coinage has

to interpret its meaning and to choose the appropriate way of rendering it in his translation. Consider the following sentence:

*«In many European capitals central streets have been recently pedestrianized.»*

First, the translator will recognize the origin of «pedestrianize» which is coined from the word «pedestrian» – «пешеход» and the verb-forming suffix – *ize*. Then he will realize the impossibility of a similar formation in Russian (опешеходить!) and will opt for a semantic transformation:

*«движение транспорта было запрещено», «улицы были закрыты для транспорта» or «улицы были отведены только для пешеходов».*

As often as not a whole set of new words may enter in common use, all formed on the same model. Thus, the anti-segregation movement in the United States in the 1960's introduced a number of new terms to name various kinds of public demonstrations formed from a verb + – *in* on the analogy of «sit-in»: «ride-in» (in segregated buses), «swim-in» (in segregated swimming pools), «pray-in» (in segregated churches) and many others. Various translators may select different ways of translating a new coinage, with several substitutes competing with one another. As a rule, one of them becomes more common and begins to be used predominantly. For instance, the new term «word-processor» was translated into Russian as «словообработчик», «словопроцессор» and «текстпроцессор», the last substitute gaining the upper hand. The translator should carefully watch the development of the usage and follow the predominant trend. Similar problems have to be solved by the translator when he deals with equivalent-lacking words referring to various SL realia. As often as not, the translator tries to transfer the name to TL by way of borrowing, loan word or approximate equivalents. Many English words have been introduced in Russian in this way: «бейсбол» (baseball), «небоскреб» (skyscraper), «саквояжники» (carpet baggers), etc. Quite a number of equivalent-lacking words of this type, however, still have no established substitutes in Russian, and the translator has to look for an occasional equivalent each time he comes across such a word in the source text. Mention can be made

here of 'filibustering», «baby-sitter», «tinkerer», «know-how», «ladykiller», and many others.

A large group of equivalent-lacking English words includes words of general semantics which may have a great number of substitutes in Russian which cannot be listed or enumerated. These are such words as «approach, control, corporate, pattern, record, facility», etc. Numerous lexical units of this type are created by conversion especially when compound verbs are nominalized. What is «a fix-up» for example? It can refer to anything that is fixed up. And «a set-up» is anything that is set up, literally or figuratively. The translator is expected to understand the general idea conveyed by the word and to see what referent it is denoting in each particular case.

Special attention should be paid to English conjunctions and prepositions which are often used differently from their apparent equivalents in Russian and are, in fact, equivalent-lacking. Such common conjunctions as «when, if, as, once, whichever» and some others are not infrequently the cause of errors in translation and should be most carefully studied.

Similar pitfalls can be set for the translator by such productive English «semi-suffixes» as

– *minded*, – *conscious*, – *oriented*, – *manship*, etc.

In conclusion, let us recall that any word may become equivalent-lacking if the particular context makes it impossible to use its regular equivalent and forces the translator to resort to some semantic transformation. Translating equivalent-lacking words calls for a good deal of ingenuity and imagination on the part of the translator who should be well trained to use the appropriate semantic transformations, whenever necessary. At the same time he must be prepared to look for new ways of solving his problems whenever the standard methods cannot be applied to the particular context.

There are words in the source and target languages which are more or less similar in form. Such words are of great interest to the translator since he is naturally inclined to take this formal similarity for the semantic proximity and to

regard the words that look alike as permanent equivalents. The formal similarity is usually the result of the two words having the common origin, mainly derived from either Greek or Latin. Since such words can be found in a number of languages, they are referred to as «international».

As a matter of fact, very few international words have the same meanings in different languages. In respect to English and Russian we can cite the words like the English «parliament, theorem, diameter» and their Russian counterparts «парламент, теорема, диаметр». In most cases, however, the semantics of such words in English and in Russian do not coincide and they should rather be named «pseudointernational». Their formal similarity suggesting that they are interchangeable, is, therefore, deceptive and may lead to translation errors. For that reason they are often referred to as the *translator's false friends*. The pseudointernational words can be classified in two main groups. First, there are words which are similar in form but completely different in meaning. Here the risk of making a bad mistake is very great whenever the translator fails to consult his dictionary. Lots of mistakes have been made translating such English words as «decade, complexion, lunatic, accurate, actual, aspirant» and the like.

(1) *It lasted the whole decade.*

(2) *She has a very fine complexion.*

(3) *Well, he must be a lunatic.*

The respective Russian words «декада, комплекция, лунатик» are pseudointernational and cannot be used in translation.

(1) *Это продолжалось целое десятилетие.*

(2) *У нее прекрасный цвет лица.*

(3) *Да он, должно быть, сумасшедший. [11, p. 153]*

Second, there are many pseudointernational words which are not fully interchangeable though there are some common elements in their semantics. They may become the false friends if the translator substitutes one of them for the other without due regard to the difference in their meaning or to the way the English word is used in the particular context. The translator should bear in mind that a

number of factors can preclude the possibility of using the formally similar word as an equivalent. Among these factors the following are most important: a) The semantic factor resulting from the different subsequent development of the words borrowed by the two languages from the same source. For instance, the English «idiom» can be well rendered by its Russian counterpart to convey the idea of an expression whose meaning cannot be derived from the conjoined meanings of its elements but has developed such additional meanings as dialect (local idiom) and individual style (Shakespeare's idiom). When the word is used in either of these meanings its equivalent in Russian will not be «идиом», but «диалект, наречие» or «стиль», respectively.

As often as not, the translator may opt for an occasional equivalent to a pseudointernational word just as he may do while dealing with any other type of the word:

*South Vietnam was a vast laboratory for the testing of weapons of counter-guerrilla warfare.*

*Южный Вьетнам стал полигоном для испытания оружия, используемого в войне против партизан.*

b) The stylistic factor resulting from the difference in the emotive or stylistic connotation of the correlated words. For example, the English «career» is neutral while the Russian «карьера» is largely negative. The translator has to reject the pseudointernational substitute and to look for another way out

*Davy took on Faraday as his assistant and thereby opened a scientific career for him.*

*Дэви взял Фарадея к себе в ассистенты и тем самым открыл ему путь в науку.*

c) The co-occurrence factor reflecting the difference in the lexical combinability rules in the two languages. The choice of an equivalent is often influenced by the usage preferring a standard combination of words to the formally similar substitute. So, a «defect» has a formal counterpart in the Russian «дефект» but «theoretical and organizational defects» will be rather «теоретические и

организационные просчеты». А «gesture» is usually translated as «жест» but the Russian word will not be used to translate the following sentence for the combinability factor:

*The reason for including only minor gestures of reforms in the program...*

*Причина включения в программу лишь жалкого подобия реформ...*

d) The pragmatic factor reflecting the difference in the background knowledge of the members of the two language communities which makes the translator reject the formal equivalent in favour of the more explicit or familiar variant. The reader of the English original will usually need no explanation concerning the meaning of such terms as «the American Revolution», «the Reconstruction» or «the Emancipation Proclamation» which refer to the familiar facts of the US history. In the Russian translation, however, these terms are usually not replaced by their pseudointernational equivalents. Instead, use is made of the descriptive terms better known to the Russian reader:

*The American Revolution was a close parallel to the wars of national liberation in the colonial and semi-colonial countries.*

*Война за независимость в Америке была прямым прототипом национально-освободительных войн в колониальных и полуколониальных странах.*

*This counter-revolutionary organization was set up to suppress the Negro – poor white alliance that sought to bring democracy in the South in the Reconstruction period.*

*Эта контрреволюционная организация была создана для подавления совместной борьбы негров и белых бедняков, которые добивались установления демократии на юге после отмены рабства.*

*The Senator knew Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation by heart.*

*Сенатор знал наизусть провозглашенную Линкольном декларацию об отмене рабства. [3, p. 66]*

With the knowledge of, and due regard to, these factors, the translator stands a good chance of making the pseudointernational words his good friends and allies.

## **2.5. The Ways of Translation of polar emotions in belles –letter texts**

Words in context, as has been pointed out, may acquire additional lexical meanings not fixed in dictionaries, what we have called con-textual meanings. The latter may sometimes deviate from the dictionary meaning to such a degree that the new meaning even becomes the opposite of the primary meaning, as, for example, with the word sophisticated. This is especially the case when we deal with transferred meanings. What is known in linguistics as transferred meaning is practically the interrelation between two types of lexical meaning: dictionary and contextual. The contextual meaning will always depend on the dictionary (logical) meaning to a greater or lesser extent. When the deviation from the acknowledged meaning is carried to a degree that it causes an unexpected turn in the recognized logical meanings, we register a stylistic device.

The transferred meaning of a word may be fixed in dictionaries as a result of long and frequent use of the word other than in its primary meaning. In this case we register a derivative meaning of the word. The term 'transferred' points to the process of formation of the derivative meaning. Hence the term 'transferred' should be used, to our mind, as a lexicographical term signifying diachronically the development of the semantic structure of the word. In this case we do not perceive two meanings.

When, however, we perceive two meanings of a word simultaneously, we are confronted with a stylistic device in which the two meanings interact.

The interaction or interplay between the primary dictionary meaning (the meaning which is registered in the language code as an easily recognized sign for an abstract notion designating a certain phenomenon or object) and a meaning which is imposed on the word by a micro-context may be maintained along different lines. One line is when the author identifies two objects which have nothing in common, but in which he subjectively sees a function, or a property, or

a feature, or a quality that may make the reader perceive these two objects as identical. Another line is when the author finds it possible to substitute one object for another on the grounds that there is some kind of interdependence or interrelation between the two corresponding objects. A third line is when a certain property or quality of an object is used in an opposite or contradictory sense.

The stylistic device based on the principle of identification of two objects is called a metaphor. The SD based on the principle of substitution of one object for another is called metonymy and the SD based on contrary concepts is called irony.

Let us now proceed with a detailed analysis of the ontology, structure and functions of these stylistic devices.

The relations between different types of lexical meanings may be, based on various principles:

- 1) The principle of affinity-metaphor,
- 2) The principle of contiguity-metonymy
- 3) The principle of opposition-irony.

As it has been stated above the lexical meanings of a word comprise various meanings. But the difference between these meanings not be great and unexpected. In most cases these meanings appear on the principal of affinity existing between the notions and objects surrounding us.

The interaction or interplay between the primary dictionary meaning-the meaning which is registered in the language code as an easily recognized sign for an abstract notion designating a certain phenomenon or object-and a meaning which is imposed on the word by a micro-context may be maintained along different lines. One line is when the author identifies two objects which have nothing in common, but in which he subjectively sees a function, or a property, or a feature, or a quality that may make the reader perceive these two objects as identical. Another line is when the author finds it possible to substitute one object

for another on the grounds that there is some kind of interdependence or interrelation between the two corresponding objects. A third line is when a certain property or contradictory sense.

The stylistic device based on the principle of identification of two objects is called a metaphor. The SD based on the principle of substitution of one object for another is called metonymy and the SD based on contrary concepts is called irony.

Metaphor. The term “metaphor”, as the etymology of the word reveal means transference of some quality from one object to another. From the times of ancient Greek and Roman rhetoric, the term has been known to denote the transference of meaning from one word to another. It is still widely used to designate the process in which a word acquires a derivative meaning. Quintilian remarks: It is due to the metaphor that each thing seems to have its name in language. “Language as a whole has been figuratively defined as a dictionary of faded metaphors.

Thus by transference of meaning the words grasp, get and see come to have the derivative meaning of understand. When these words are used with that meaning we can only register the derivative meaning existing in the semantic structures of the words.

Though the derivative meaning is metaphorical in origin, there is no stylistic effect because the primary meaning is no longer felt.

A metaphor becomes a stylistic device when two different phenomena—things, events, ideas, actions are simultaneously brought to mind by the imposition of some or all of the inherent properties of one object on the other which by nature is deprived of these properties .Such an imposition generally results when the creator of the metaphor finds in the two corresponding objects certain features which to his eye have something in common .

The idea that metaphor is based on similarity or affinity of two objects or notions is erroneous .The two objects are identified and the fact that a common

feature is pointed to and made prominent doesn't make them similar. The notion of similarity can be carried on ad absurdum, for example, animals and human beings move, breathe, eat, but if one of these features, i.e. movement, breathing, is pointed to in animals and at the same time in human beings the two objects will not necessarily cause the notion of affinity.

Metaphor is not merely an artificial device making discourse more vivid and poetical. It is also necessary for the apprehension and communication of new ideas. It is the way in which creative minds perceive things.

Metaphors like many SDs must be classified according to three aspects:

- 1) The degree of expressiveness,
- 2) The structure i.e. in what linguistic form it is presented or by what part of speech it is expressed,
- 3) The function, i.e. the role of SD in making up an image.

The expressiveness of a SD depends on various aspects. Different authors and literary trends or movements have different sources where they borrow the material for images. Favourite images in oriental poetry are: nightingale, rose, moon. Nature, art, war, fairy tales and myths, science may also serve as sources for metaphorical images.

If the interrelation between the dictionary and contextual meanings stands out clearly then we can speak about the expressiveness of metonymy and in this case we have genuine metonymy. In other cases we have only one of the lexicological problems – how new words and meanings are coined. In most traditional metonymies the contextual meanings are fixed in dictionaries and have a note –fig. Metonymy may be divided into figures of speech established in the language and individual speech. Metonymy established in the language is frequent in colloquial speech. E.g. the whole table was stirring with impatience. e.g. the people sitting round the table were impatient. Terim paytida ko'p qo'l kerak

buladi. Uning qalami qasos o'ti bilan yonardi . Green fingers , people who have skill for growing gardens blue –collars-workers, a symbol of non-manual labor .

1) a leading significant feature of a person can be used instead of its possessor: Who is the moustache ?-(who is the man?). Olive uniforms (young men); cotton prints (women ) . 'Tantanali majlis zalida "a'lo " , "yaxshi" qator o'tirdi.

2) a symbol can be used for an object : Then I think of taking silk ( to become a lawyer). Nicolay zamonida ostonam tuyuq ko'rmagan .

3) The name of the place can be used for somebody or something connected with it; It was too late for the river (a picnic on the riverside ) .Majlisga butun qishloq keldi. Auditoriya kuldi.

4) A concrete noun may stand for an abstract one: My mother's voice had the true.

5) An abstract notion may stand for a concrete one: Subservience sprang round the counter (weak and mild people were standing round the counter).

6) An abject may denote an action; When I awakened old sleepy Mary was up and gone ... and coffee and bacon were a foot (the break fast was ready).

Certainly the types of metonymy are not limited. There may appear new types of relations for the origin of metonymy. A metonymy differs from a metaphor by the fact that a metaphor may be paraphrased into a simile by the help of such words as: as if, so as, like etc. With metonymy you cannot do so.

The sources where images for metonymy are borrowed are quite different: features of a person, an object, facial appearance, names of writers and poets, names of their books, name of some instruments, etc.

The expressiveness of metonymy may be different. Metonymy used in emotive prose is often called contextual and in this case is considered to be genuine and unexpected.

Eg: The brown suit gaped at her. The blue suit grinned, might even have winked. But the big nose in the gray suit stared-and he had small angry eyes and even did not smile (J. Preistley). Qo`shiq kuylar qizaloq

Tinglar uni dala, bog`

Prof Galperin states that in order to decipher the true meaning of a genuine metonymy a broader context is necessary ( not the same with a metaphor). Though for trite metonymy the case is not the same. We can see this from the following examples: fifty sails (instead of fifty ships), smiling year (for spring). In the morning old Hitler-face questioned me again (S. Sillitoe). I get my living by the sweat of my brow (with difficulty); to earn one`s bread lone`s means of living); to live by the pen (by writing); to keep one`s mouth shut (be silent).

Synecdoche is the case when the part of an object is called instead of the whole object. It has given rise to many phraseological units under one`s roof (in one`s house); not to lift a foot (do not help, when help is needed);

Usually metonymy is expressed by nouns or substantivized numerals or attributive constructions; she was a pale and fresh a eighteen.

The functions of metonymy are different. The general function of metonymy is building up imagery and it mainly deals with generalization of concrete objects. Hence nouns in metonymy are mostly used with the definite article, or without it at all (definite and zero articles have a generalizing function).

Besides, metonymy have a characterizing function when it is used to make then character`s description significant or rather insignificant (by mentioning only his hat and collar. It ahs the function of introducing a new person into the book.

Irony is based on the realization of two logical meanings (dictionary and contextual). Which stand in opposition? It is the clash of two diametrically opposite meanings. Eg: The man they had got now was a jolly, light-hearted, thick-headed sort of a chap, with about as much sensitiveness in him. (J.K.)

Mana shu uchun ko'pchilik Yaponlar bunday "yoqimly" taasurotlaridan ko'raishlash ming marta afzal deydilar.

In this utterance two words: "thick-headed" means a stupid, dull person and "sensitiveness" means of sensitive person who is easily hurt in the spirit easily offended. And "yoqimli" means "yoqimsiz".

Sometimes irony is mixed up with sarcasm. Sarcasm is a bitter or wounding remark, taunt, especially ironically worded. Usually socially or politically aimed irony is also called sarcasm: once upon a time in a sceptered island ruled a Great white Queen and enchantress...

Beloved by her subjects, she ruled with a stern, but loving hand, disallowing anything that was not good for them...

In fact the majority of people did not have to work at all, only the rich, were punished, left with the worries that money brings.

In this text the author gives a sarcastic description of the former prime minister of Great Britain-M. Thatcher. Sarcasm appears due to the use of contradictory notions: a stern, but loving hand; a Queen and enchantress disallow anything that was not good for them, only rich people were left with worries etc. Sarcasm is kept whole due to the use of such devices as periphrasis: "a sceptered island" instead of Great Britain; litotes- disallowing anything that was not good for them; epithets-a sceptered island, a stern and loving hand.

Irony largely depends on the environment. We ought to distinguish between irony and humour. Humour causes laughter. But the function of irony is not to produce a humorous effect only. In some cases it can express a feeling of irritation, displeasure, pity or regret. Richard Attick says: "The effect of irony lies in the striking disparity between what is said and was meant "Eg: Stoney smiled the sweet smile of an alligator. "Xali uyga kelsang, boshingni silab, qo'yaman". "Imtixonga juda "yaxshi" tayorlanib kelibsiz, qizim, baxongiz "ikki"-dedi

o`qituvchi.

To mark out ironically used words in written language such graphic means as inverted commas and italicized words are used. Sometimes it is only the situation that can prompt the use of irony. In oral speech the main role in recognition of irony belongs to intonation and situation. The following phrase “There is gratitude for you!” (Thanks for you) may be said ironically, depending on the situation and the intonation with which you use it.

In the Uzbek language irony can be expressed by morphological form of plurality for example.

Sabohat xonaga sinchkov ko`z ugurtirarkan, nimadandir xursand bo`lganday og`zini tanobi qochib, ixtexzo bilaniljayardi.

-Nega aqalli qizlaringizniyo`qlab bormaysiz, desam turishlaringiz shoxona ekanda,-dedi nixoyatkesatliq bilan.

## **2.6. The Difficulties in the Translation of polar emotions in belles –letter texts from Russian into English.**

The more differences there are between the people who are communicating, the more difficult it is to communicate effectively. The major problems in inter-cultural business communication are language barriers, cultural differences, and ethnocentric reactions.

If we're doing business in London, we obviously won't have much of a language problem. We may encounter a few unusual terms or accents in the 29 countries in which English is an official language, but our problems will be relatively minor. Language barriers will also be relatively minor when we are dealing with people who use English as a second language (and some 650

million people fall into this category). Some of these millions are extremely fluent; others have only an elementary command of English. Although you may miss a few subtleties in dealing with those who are less fluent in English, we'll still be able to communicate. The **pitfall** to watch for is assuming that the other person understands everything we say, even slang, local idioms, and accents. One group of English-speaking Japanese who moved to the United States as employees of Toyota had to enroll in a special course to learn that "Jeat yet?" means "Did you eat yet?" and that "Cannahepya?" means "Can I help you?"

The real problem with language arises when we are dealing with people who speak virtually no English. In situations like this, we have very few options: We can learn their language, we can use an intermediary or a translator, or we can teach them our language. Becoming fluent in a new language (which we must do to conduct business in that language) is time consuming. The U.S. State Department, for example, gives its Foreign Service officers a six-month language training program and expects them to continue their language education at their foreign posts. Even the Berlitz method, which is famous for the speed of its results, requires a month of intensive effort — 13 hours a day, 5 days a week. It is estimated that minimum proficiency in another language requires at least 240 hours of study over 8 weeks; more complex languages, such as Arabic and Chinese, require more than 480 hours. Language courses can be quite expensive as well. Unless we are planning to spend several years abroad or to make frequent trips over an extended period, learning another language may take more time, effort, and money than we're able to spend.

A more practical approach may be to use an intermediary or a translator. For example, if our company has a foreign subsidiary, we can delegate the communication job to local nationals who are bilingual. Or we can hire bilingual advertising consultants, distributors, lobbyists, lawyers, translators, and

other professionals to help us. Even though Vons operates within the United States, management hires bilingual personnel to help its Hispanic customers feel more comfortable.

The option of teaching other people to speak our language doesn't appear to be very practical at first glance; however, many multinational companies do, in fact, have language training programs for their foreign employees. Tenneco, for example, instituted an English-language training program for its Spanish-speaking employees in a New Jersey plant. The classes concentrated on practical English for use on the job. According to the company, these classes were a success: Accidents and grievances declined, and productivity improved.

In general, the **magnitude** of the language barrier depends on whether you are writing or speaking. Written communication is generally easier to handle.

One survey of 100 companies engaged in international business revealed that between 95 and 99 percent of their business letters to other countries are written in English. Moreover, 59 percent of the respondents reported that the foreign letters they receive are usually written in English, although they also receive letters written in Spanish and French. Other languages are rare in international business correspondence.

Because many international business letters are written in English, North American firms do not always have to worry about translating their correspondence. However, even when both parties write in English, minor interpretation problems do exist because of different usage of technical terms. These problems do not usually pose a major barrier to communication, especially if correspondence between the two parties continues and each gradually learns the terminology of the other.

More significant problems arise in other forms of written communication that require translation. Advertisements, for example, are almost always

translated into the language of the country in which the products are being sold. Documents such as warranties, repair and maintenance manuals, and product labels also require translation. In addition, some multinational companies must translate policy and procedure manuals and benefit plans for use in overseas offices. Reports from foreign subsidiaries to the home office may also be written in one language and then translated into another.

Sometimes the translations aren't very good. For example, the well-known slogan "Come alive with Pepsi" was translated literally for Asian markets as "Pepsi brings your ancestors back from the grave," with unfortunate results. Part of the message is almost inevitably lost during any translation process, sometimes with major consequences.

Oral communication usually presents more problems than written communication. If you have ever studied a foreign language, you know from personal experience that it's easier to write in a foreign language than to conduct a conversation. Even if the other person is speaking English, you're likely to have a hard time understanding the pronunciation if the person is not proficient in English. For example, many foreigners notice no difference between the English sounds **v** and **w**, they say *wery* for *very*. At the same time, many people from North America cannot pronounce some of the sounds that are frequently used in other parts of the world.

In addition to pronouncing sounds differently, people use their voices in different ways, a fact that often leads to misunderstanding. The Russians, for example, speak in flat level tones in their native tongue. When they speak English, they maintain this pattern, and Westerners may assume that they are bored or rude. Middle Easterners tend to speak more loudly than Westerners and may therefore mistakenly be considered more emotional. On the other hand, the Japanese are soft-spoken, a characteristic that implies politeness or humility to Westerners.

Idiomatic expressions are another source of confusion. If you tell a foreigner that a certain product "doesn't cut the mustard," chances are that you will fail to communicate. Even when the words make sense, their meanings may differ according to the situation. For example, suppose that you are dining with a German woman who speaks English quite well. You inquire, "More bread?" She says, "Thank you," so you pass the bread. She looks confused, then takes the breadbasket and sets it down without taking any. In German, *thank you (danke)* can also be used as a polite refusal. If the woman had wanted more bread, she would have used the word *please (bitte)* in German).

When speaking in English to those for whom English is a second language, follow these simple guidelines:

- *Try to eliminate "noise."* Pronounce words clearly, and stop at distinct punctuation points. Make one point at a time.
- *Look for **feedback**.* Be alert to glazed eyes or signs of confusion in your listener. Realise that nods and smiles do not necessarily mean understanding. Don't be afraid to ask, "Is that clear?" and be sure to check the listener's comprehension through specific questions. Encourage the listener to ask questions.
- *Rephrase your sentence when necessary.* If someone doesn't seem to understand what you have said, choose simpler words; don't just repeat the sentence in a louder voice.
- *Don't talk down to the other person.* Americans tend to overenunciate and to "blame" the listener for lack of comprehension. It is preferable to use phrases such as "Am I going too fast?" rather than "Is this too difficult for you?"

- *Use objective, accurate language.* Americans tend to throw around adjectives such as *fantastic* and *fabulous*, which foreigners consider unreal and overly dramatic. Calling something a "disaster" will give rise to images of war and death; calling someone an "idiot" or a "prince" may be taken literally.

- *Let other people finish what they have to say.* If you interrupt, you may miss something important. And you'll show a lack of respect.

As we know, misunderstandings are especially likely to occur when the people who are communicating have different backgrounds. Party A encodes a message in one context, using assumptions common to people in his or her culture; Party B decodes the message using a different set of assumptions. The result is confusion and, often, hard feelings. For example, take the case of the computer sales representative who was calling on a client in China. Hoping to make a good impression, the salesperson brought along a gift to break the ice, an expensive grandfather clock. Unfortunately, the Chinese client was deeply offended because, in China, giving clocks as gifts is considered bad luck for the recipient.

Such problems arise because of our unconscious assumptions and non-verbal communication patterns. We ignore the fact that people from other cultures differ from us in many ways: in their religion and values, their ideas of status, their decision-making habits, their attitude toward time, their use of space, their body language, and their manners. We assume, wrongly, that other people are like us. At Vons, management has spent a great deal of time learning about the cultural preferences of the store's Hispanic customers.

## **Conclusion**

Having analyzed the structural-semantic, functional properties of belles – letter text in Russian and its correspondences in English we have come to the following conclusions.

1) The present graduation paper presents the results of the investigation produced in the course of working on the Qualification Paper. As the perspectives for the further investigation in this field there can be named the following:

1. the broadening of the specific language material;

2. the detailed investigation of the problems of the structural semantic features of representation of polar emotions in belles –letter text from Russian into English and their functioning and usage with regard to different national and cultural peculiarities;

3. the detailed study of the representation of polar emotions in belles-letter text and their correspondences in different literary trends.

2) We would like to stress not only the specific and theoretical significance of the qualification paper, but also the practical value of this work, the result of which may be used in the academic course at the seminars on text interpretation, lexicology, translation.

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

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