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QUALIFICATION PAPER

On

**“THE PROBLEMS OF ANTONYMOUS TRANSLATION”
(TRANSLATION OF THE ESSAY ‘MUQADDAS’ BY
ADYL YAKUBOV)**

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INTRODUCTION

The presented qualification paper is devoted to the translation of the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov and the problems of antonymous translation in the process of translation, especially, in translating original literary text.

The actuality of the given qualification paper is in the possibility to deliver original Uzbek text about younger generation of Uzbekistan to foreign readers and the problem of translation and its type antonymous translation while translating from Uzbek into English create many problems and the actuality of this translation is obvious.

The object of the investigation is translation of the Uzbek literary text from Uzbek into English and the use of antonymous translation to give the adequate and understandable translation.

The subject of the investigation is the problem of antonymous translation on the base of Adyl Yakubov's essay 'Muqaddas'.

The aim of this qualification paper is to define the way of translation: antonymous translation in the literary text 'Muqaddas'. According to this aim the following **tasks** are set:

- to translate the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov;
- to analyze the ways of translation
- to study antonymous translation.

The novelty of the given qualification paper is in the fair and wide description of the ways of translation especially antonymous translation used in the translation of the original work – essay 'Muqaddas' by modern Uzbek writer Adyl Yakubov.

The following **methods** were used to investigate antonymous translation while translating the Uzbek text: content-componential, content-contextual analyses, analytical and comparative analyses.

The theoretical significant of the given work is in the scientific approach to the investigation and analyses of the methods and ways of translation, especially antonymous translation.

The practical significance of the work is in the fact that the results of the research can be used at the practical lessons of the translation as translation from Uzbek into English is rather difficult for native students.

While investigating the problem of antonymous translation a lot of sources of information were used, among them Barkhudarov L. S., Koonin A. V., Komissarov V. N., Salomov G., Musayev K., Nida E. who developed the problem of translation from one language into another and gave nice acceptable methods of translation.

Chapter I is dedicated to the theory of translation where the ways and transformations of translation are described and different opinions of scholars and translators on this topic.

In the Chapter II the student tries to give her version of translation of the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov.

In the Chapter III the way of translation: antonymous translation was explained and supported with the examples from the original text:

If you *don't mind*, we will go to our places. – Agar *xohlasangiz*, biz tomonlarga boramiz.

Yes, I believe, -said Muqaddas. – *Yo'q*, ishonaman, -dedi Muqaddas.

However, *it would be better* if you studied by correspondence. – Lekin sirtidan o'qiganingda ham *yomon bo'lmasdi*.

In silence we left the alley. – Biz *indamasdan* parkdan chiqdik.

In the conclusion some results are summed up and inferences are given.

In the list of literature all used references are included.

Chapter I. Translation Problems of a literary text

Translation is a very ancient kind of human activities without which it would be difficult to provide such good known historical facts, as the creation of great empires, human numerous and multilingual people, the culture of dominant nation, its high social prestige, dissemination of religious and social teachings. He plays a role in rapprochement of people and growing interest in literary translation. And since literary translation is a creative process, it requires corresponding approach. [www.google.com]

A creative nature of literary translation captured the soul original was expressed in the following words: 'The proximity to the original is not passed to the letter and spirit of consciousness. Appropriately, so same as the corresponding words are not always visible by the words: so that the inner life of the translated expression consistent with the internal life of the original expression.

And to achieve this different translation transformations are used, involving changes phraseological, grammatical and lexical.

1.1. Phraseological difficulties of translation

Any literary work appears on the national ground, reflects national problems, features and at the same time the problems common to all mankind. Passing from one nation to another literature enriches and extends the notion of people about each other. [Barkhudarov L. S. General linguistic meanings of translation. L., 1962.]

It is one of the most difficult cases to convey national coloring. Owing to the translation very important literary works were able to appear in many other countries and became available for people speaking other languages. The translation helps mutual knowing and people's enrichment.

The national beginning of one or another country reflected in its literary culture

and in written culture that is especially interesting for us from the translation point of view. It is the aggregate of characteristic peculiarities and features that are specific for this nation and the constant historical development of this nation.

What does every translator imply and what kind of tasks are in front of him? Why does he begin to translate works from another national literature?

At first, He must know and understand the individuality, unique of figures. Every artistic figure is unique according to its nature and irrespective of its national origin.

Secondly, he must know and understand the essence of figures and ideas of works of social class.

Thirdly, he must take into account the national originality reflected in the work: its plot, form, images, style, language, etc.

Fourthly, he must reveal international coloring of the work that is significant for different countries, states and nation elements.

Fifthly, he must reveal elements common to all mankind irrespective of their belonging to any country, epoch and nation.

And, at last, he must pay his attention to the phraseological difficulties of translation, i.e. the translation of phraseological units and idioms. [**Koonin A. V. English-Russian phraseology language. M., 1967.**]

Translating a phraseological unit is not an easy matter as it depends on several factors: different combinability of words, homonymy, polysemy, synonymy of phraseological units and presence of falsely identical units, which makes it necessary to take into account of the context. Besides, a large number of phraseological units have a stylistic – expressive component in meaning, which usually has a specific national feature. The afore-cited determines the necessary to get acquainted with the main principles of the general theory of phraseology.

The following types of phraseological units may be observed: phrasemes and idioms. A unit of constant context consists of a dependent and a constant indicator may be called a phraseme. An idiom is a unit of constant context which is

characterized by an integral meaning of the whole and by weakened meanings of the components, and in which the dependant and the indicating elements are identical and equal to the whole lexical structure of the phrase.

Any type of phraseological unit can be presented as a definite micro- system. In the process of translating of phraseological units functional adequate linguistic units are selected / by comparing two specific linguistic principles. These principles reveal elements of likeness and distinction. Certain parts of these systems may correspond in form and content (completely or partially) or have no adequacy. [N. N. Amasova. *English contextology*, L., 1968, pp. 87-100.]

The main types of phraseological conformities are as follows:

Phraseological equivalent

Phraseological equivalent is the phraseological unit of the TL, which are equal in all sign. As a rule independent from the context it must have the same denotative and connotative meanings, i.e. there mustn't be differences between correlative phraseological units in correspondence to semantic contents, the meaning, metaphority and stylistic-emotional coloring, they must have approximately alike component composition, posses a number of lexica- grammatical indexes: combinability, be one of grammatical categories, usage, connection with other contextual words, etc. and one more thing-absence of national coloring.

E.g.: **Black ingratitude-o'ta noshukurlik**

Here we speak mainly about full and absolute equivalency, pointing extremely high requirements, which are brought to phraseological units. All of them are ready existing not to so many units. While working with them translator has to find them in the text; the main role in his work belongs to the excellent knowledge of TL and dictionaries.

Partial phraseological equivalent

Partial phraseological equivalent is different from the full in that, the expression of the TL differs from the source one only in one aspect; others are often synonymous components, little changes of the form, syntactic construction, other morphologic attribute, combinability and others. In other respects it is the full correspondence of the target phraseological unit, the relativeness of which is concealed by context. For example, in English **to turn one's back**, but in Uzbek we use to show, instead of turn: *orqasini (belini) ko'rsatmoq*.

Non-Phraseological translation

Non-phraseological translation as its name shows renders the given phraseological unit with the help of lexical, but not phraseological means. They are used when any of the phraseological equivalent or analogues can't be used. Such kind of translation cannot be considered as even taking into account compensation possibilities of the text: there are always some losses (figurativeness, expressiveness, color of meanings). That makes translators to address them only in case of emergency. Non-phraseological translation includes lexical, verbatim, descriptive kinds of translation.

Lexical Translation

Strictly, the lexical translation is used as a rule in cases, when the given notion is marked in one language by phraseology, in other by a word. Thus, many English verbs, expressed by expression can be easily rendered by their lexical equivalent marked in one word: **drum someone out of the crops-** *haydamoq, quvmoq*.

This kind of translation is used, though sometimes painfully, in translating phraseological units which have synonymous equivalents in the TL. They are mostly the idioms, i.e. expressions marking objects or notions.

Such kind of translations makes their job satisfactory in the dictionaries, pointing the exact semantic meaning of the unit. But in the context any correspondents must gain the phraseological type or at least stylistical coloring or expressiveness close to the original.

In one word in the lexical translation of the phraseological unit one should try to approach to the phraseological, and render at least some separate elements or parts. [Barkhudarov L. S. *Language and translation*. M., 1975.]

Verbatim (or Word for word translation)

Verbatim translation is preferred when with the help of other methods, and particularly with phraseology it's impossible to render phraseological unit completely: its stylistic, semantic, expressive and emotional meaning, but because of some reasons its better advisable 'to carry to vision' of reader the figurative base.

The reason for verbatim translation is always the sufficient motivate of the meaning of the phraseological unit with the meaning of its components, i.e. verbatim translation is possible in that case when word for word translation can carry to reader the real context of the whole phraseology (not the meaning of its components). It realizable first, in respect of figurative expressions, mainly in phraseological units which remained their metaphory (in real idioms-fusions the figurative base isn't almost perceived, and they seem to be a nonsense when they are translated verbatim); although a number of proverbs can be translated word for word firstly those which don't have any context. Some firm resemblances can be rendered in this way, but only after having make sure that carrier of the TL will perceive them correctly, For example; **like a red rag to a bull**-*buqaga qizil mato ko'rsatgandek*. [Shelley Vance Laflin. *Something to crow about*. First published 1993.]

Descriptive translation

In descriptive translation translated not the phraseological unit itself, but its interpretation, as it usually happens with units which have no equivalents in TL. It may be descriptions, comparisons, explanations, interpretations-all meanings rendering the meaning and context of given phraseology clearly and in short form. For example, **blue-g'amgin**, **run-of-the-mill-oddiy,odatiy**. [Shelley Vance Laflin. **Something to crow about**. First published 1993.]

1.2. Grammatical difficulties of translation

It is necessary to use grammatical transformations (change of structure) in the process of translation. It gets great importance while making translation to add or omit some words since the structures of languages are quite different.

Grammatical transformations are characterized by various principles-grammatical and lexical as well, though the principal role is given to grammatical ones. Very often these grammatical changes are mixed so that they have lexical-grammatical character. [Barkhudarov L. S. **General linguistic meanings of translation**. L., 1962.]

The vigil of the British Embassy, supported last week by many prominent people and still continuing, the marches last Saturday, the resolutions or organizations have done something to show that Blair doesn't speak for Britain.

O'tgan hafta ko'plab ko'zga ko'ringan shaxslar tomonidan qo'llab-quvvatlanib, hali ham Britaniya elchixonasi binosida davom etayotgan namoyish, shanba kuni bo'lib o'tadigan norozilik harakati va shuningdek, turli tashkilotlar tomonidan qabul qilingan qarorlar Bleyrning haligacha butun britaniya xalqi nomidan so'zlamayotganligi haqida aniq guvohlik bermoqda.

Thus, while translating this sentence we have made use of grammatical transformations and lexical as well.

As you know, English has an analytical character and therefore the relation between words is mostly expressed by word-order, that's by syntactic means, and morphological means play the secondary role. The priority of the role of syntactical changes appears in many cases but they don't always have similar conformities in Uzbek language which makes the translator make use of various transformations while translating a piece of any text. Here we can point to well-known features of the location of syntactic items in the English, i.e. the combination of logically incompatible homogenous part of the sentence, the essential use of introductory sentences, the break of logical chain of the sentence, and especially while expressing the noun and the attribute of the sentences.

The structure features of English language require structural completeness of the sentence. One can not omit a word without supplying another one instead. This criterion is governed by stylistic preference of the language to prevent word and make the sentence more emphatic. Even if the repetition is frequent in English its use in most cases is logically required and stylistically proved to be necessary. Otherwise, repetition is accepted as unnecessary component of the sentence or one of the stylistic shortcomings of the translation. The demand of syntactical completeness of the sentences and others stylistic criteria explain here the wide usage of structure filling words include pronouns (one, ones, this, that, these, those) and verbs (to do, to be, to have, shall, should, will, would, can, could, might, may, must, ought, need, dare). While translating the structure filling words we have to use words with complete meaning (sometimes pronouns) or make use of some other kinds of functional filling. [Levitskaya T.R, Fiterman A.M. The problems of translation on the material of the contemporary English language. M.1974.]

The new British Government will face many problems, both acute and

chronic: an acute one will be Northern Ireland, acute among chronic ones will be inflation and rising prices.

Yangi Britaniya hukumati bir qator dolzarb va xronik muammolarga duch keladi: dolzarb muammo bu-Shimoliy Irlandiyadagi vaziyat, xronik muammolar ichida eng dolzarbi esa pul qadrsizlanishi va narxlar ko'tarilishi masalalaridir.

When comparing the grammatical categories and forms of English and Uzbek languages we identify the following differences: a) the absence of the categories in one of the comparing languages; b) partial correspondence and c) complete correspondence. The necessity of grammatical transformations arises only on two first cases. When comparing English with Uzbek we should mention that Uzbek does not have the notions like article and gerund and absolute nominative constructions as well. Partial conformity and unconformity in meaning and usage of corresponding forms and constructions also demands grammatical transformations. We can refer to this case the partial unconformity of the category of number, partial unconformity of in the forms of passive constructions, partial unconformity of the form of infinitive and gerund and some other differences in expressing the modality of the clause and so on.

First of all we should consider the article for article both definite and indefinite which despite its abstract meaning very frequently demands semantic expression in translation. As we know both these articles originated from pronouns; the definite one originated from index pronoun and the indefinite one from indefinite pronoun, which refers to number one.

Yet, H.G. Wells had not an enemy on earth.

Biroq Gerbertning bironta ham dushmani yo'q edi.

Pretty often the definite article demands translation in cases when it comes before numerals.

The two sides also signed a Treaty in the Limitation of Underground Nuclear Tests. It is natural that transformation is required while translating sentences with participles of absolute nominative construction.

But often enough grammatical transformations are necessary while rendering conforming forms and constructions for some divergence in their meaning and usage. Such differences of opinions are observed in cases of usage of the category of number. This refers to both countable and uncountable nouns. Countable nouns have single and plural forms in both languages that usually coincide still we observe cases when their usage is different.

E.g.: **Increasingly, Southern Africa is becoming the arene of national liberation struggles.**

Bora-bora Janubiy Afrika milliy ozodlik harakatlari maydoniga aylanib bormoqda.

Concerning uncountable nouns, especially those expressing abstract notions we may have much more difficulties because most of them are paradigmatic. For example: ink – siyoh, money – pul and so on.

Sometimes, owing to some reasons some of constructions have wider usage in one language comparing with other languages. The best example of this is the passive form-widely used in English mostly due to disappearance of word flexion. As a result, both indirect and predicative object maybe transformed into the objects of passive construction.

Stones and bottles were showered upon a Negro demonstration in Milwaukee by white racists.

Oq tanlilar Miluokida qora tanli aholi tomonidan ko'tarilgan namoyishni toshbo'ron qildilar.

So we can see that in the majority cases of translation we have to make necessary changes. We should remind you that it is not always an English sentence completely corresponds to the Uzbek one. Very frequently the structure of an Uzbek

sentence absolutely differs from the one English. It has different word-order, parts of the sentences and pretty often even the order of sentences differs. In some instances, parts of speech expressed in English are translated into Uzbek by the help of different parts of speech. You should remember that the compressed way of expression in the English cannot be followed in Uzbek and we therefore have to 'decompress' them. [Levitskaya T.R, Fiterman A.M. The problems of translation on the material of the contemporary English language. M.1974.]

1.3. Lexical difficulties of translation

Translation is used to be seen as a process of substituting words in a SL text by words in a TL. However, this is a limited and only partly true picture of a larger and more complex mosaic. Words, their meaning and form (in translation) can only be considered in relation to the text in which they function. Yet, the final product of a translator's work is accessed precisely via words and is evaluated in terms of words. No wonder then that lexical difficulties occupy an important position in translation and translation studies. They concern in particular word meanings and lexical equivalents, their morphological and morphophonemic makeup, word groups, as well as the selection of words for different linguistic functions. [www. google.com]

Despite distinguishing all kind of differences we should say that, both languages sufficiently reflect one and the same reception of reality. Therefore the difficulty stylistic devices represents to a translator is based on word play, if in corresponding words of both languages are featured different signs.

The second reason, causing lexical difficulties to translation of literary text is the difference in the semantic volume of a word. In every language a word exists in a close connection with the lexical-semantic system of a given language. It may have various kinds of lexical meanings (lexical-semantic) variants; it may widen or narrow

its meaning and make it more abstract or concrete.

The third reason presenting lexical difficulties in translation the difference in combinability. Words in languages have some definite relation characteristics only to the given language. It should be mentioned that word combinability is possible if words point to similar objects they denote. This difference of words combinability in various languages is very important; therefore some types of combinability are easily accepted in one of language and are completely unacceptable in other languages.

Translation studies showed that there are cases when due to the distinguished signs a word acquires wider semantic volume and can not be covered by corresponding equivalent in the TL. Let's take **teenager** for example: etymologically it is related to the numerals from thirteen till nineteen. The Uzbek *o'smir* does not semantically cover its meaning in complete volume for its narrower in its meaning. Therefore the word teenager is usually translated by different words - *o'smir*, *o'spirin*, *yoshlar*.

The semantic structure of a word predefines the possibility of its contextual use, and the translation of contextual meaning presents a hard task to translators.

Contextual meaning of a word in many instances depends on the character of semantic context, on the semantics of the words combining with it. Occasional meanings, suddenly originated in the context are not always arbitrary – it is based into the semantic structure of the word. In contextual usage of a word in poetry or prose – often point to the author's penetration into the depth of the word's semantic structure. Paradigmatic and semantic relations are characteristic to any words and the lexical potential of words that can be revealed in both cases. But revealing these potentials of words is closely connected with the specificity of lexical-semantic aspects of every language and here forth we may observe the difficulty of translation of contextual meaning of words. What is possible in one language may be impossible in another because of its difference in semantic structure and its usage.

In an atomic war women and children will be the first hostages.

The word *hostage* according to different dictionaries has got only one meaning – *garovdagi tutqun*. But in the given instance the *hostage* acquired the meaning *qurbon*. Its contextual meaning probably exists in its paradigmatic meaning; any *hostage* may get killed therefore while translating this example we have to use the word *qurbon* since *garovdagi tutqun* is not used in the given contextual meaning.

Ayollar va bolalar atom urushidagi dastlabki qurbonlar bo'ladi.

A peculiar group of words demanding transformation in translation are the words that possess different volume of meaning in Uzbek and English languages. To this group belong international words, some words of human perception, mental activity.

But we should mention that the words that belong to these groups are of different semantic structure. International words and the words of human perception, mental activity represents polysemantic words in English.

International words are words that are used in a wide range of languages in one or several forms. These words express scientific and social-politic notions. The volume meaning of these words does not usually coincide (except term-words). Though it is well-known that they comprise the false-friends of translators and the mistakes in their translation are frequent. These mistakes are caused not only by difference in their semantic structure but by the difference of their usage as well which demand lexical changes:

We are told that television this autumn will give a massive coverage to the General Election.

Ma'lumotlarga ko'ra, shu kuzda televizion ko'rsatuvlar Parlament saylovlarini keng miqyosda e'firog'a uzatishadi.

The word **massive** along with the meaning *juda katta* has other meanings like *keng*, *ulkan*, *buyuk*, *a'zim*, *muhim* and so on. For example: **massive success**-*muhim masalalar*, **massive problems**-*ulkan muvaffaqiyat*. [www.google.com]

Lexical transformations are also caused by necessity to concretize a word while

translating. It is characteristic to English languages the availability of words with wide spread meaning. They can be nouns, adjectives and verbs, for example: thing, point, stiff; nice, fine, bad; to say, to go, to come, to get.

Translation of these words depends on the context, which helps to identify their concrete meaning. Usually they are translated by various Uzbek words that have concrete meaning (importance), this or that the lexical-semantic variant of a verb depends on structure and lexical meaning of words that distribute them.

At the by-election victory went to the Labor candidate.

Qo'shimcha saylovlarda leyboristlar partiyasiga g'alaba nasib etdi.

Among nouns of wide meaning a special group comprises abstract nouns that frequently demand concrete definitions in translation. So, for example, despite the presence of a word *prezidentlik* in Uzbek-English word **presidency** usually refers to the words *prezidentlik lavozimi* or *prezidentlik vakolati (huquqi)*.

The following problem which demands careful consideration in lexical transformations of translation is problem of word combinability. In all languages there are typical norms of word combinability. The concept of norm is relative, on the one hand, with system of language, and on the other hand, it is closely connected with speech, in which the originality of speech formation is displayer. Each language can form uncountable number new word combination that will be understood by its bearers. In any language there exists generally accepted tradition of word combinations, which do not coincide with the corresponding tradition of word combinations in the other languages.

And it makes look for similarly accepted word combinations in the TL. The main part combined words usually coincides in translation, but the second one is frequently translated by a word possessing other logical meaning, but performing the same function, as for example, **trains run**-*poyezdlar harakatlanmoqda*, **rich feeding**-*mo'l ozuqa*.

The wider is the semantic volume of a word, the wider is its combinability, thus due to this feature it can interact with various word forms and word combinations. And this feature enables the translator to use his creativity in translation.

The last feature of lexical transformation to be discussed in this paper is traditional word usage for every language and which causes frequent lexical transformations. This traditional usage is to some extent related to another approach to the phenomena of reality. For example:

The military base is built on terraces rising from the lake.

For Uzbek the traditional use will be:

Harbiy baza ko'ldan yuqorida joylashgan terrasalarda qurildi.

In this case preposition is omitted in translation because as the originality of the English word usage required complete transformation.

To the traditional word usage can also be referred the so-called clichés- order and the clichés in the wider sense.

Hands up!

Qo'llar tepaga!

Long live America!

Gulla- yashna Amerika!

Chapter II. Translation of the essay 'Muqaddas'

2.1. Adyl Yakubov (1926 - 2009) and his literary activity

Adyl Yakubov was born in 1926 in the family of an employee. He finished school in 1944. During 1945-1950s he serviced at the front. In 1951-1956s Adyl Yakubov studied in the philology faculty of Central Asia State University (The National University of Uzbekistan in present time).

Adyl Yakubov worked as a consultant in The Writers Union of Uzbekistan, as a special correspondent of 'Literary Newspaper' in Uzbekistan, as a chief editor of the cinema studio 'Uzbekcinema' and The State Committee in cinematography. Besides he was a deputy of chief editor in The Literature and Art Publishing House named Gafur Gulyam, a chief editor of the newspaper 'Literature and Art of Uzbekistan', a representative of The Writers Union and of The Committee in terminology attached to The Cabinet and the first vice-president of The Assembly of cultural nations of Central Asia.

Adyl Yakubov passed a great and successful literary way. His first most essential literary work was the story 'Contemporaries' ('Tengdoshlar') which was published in 1951. During the half century literary activity Adyl Yakubov's scores of works in prose such as stories 'Two loves' ('Ikki muhabbat'), 'Muqaddas', 'Bird wings' ('Qanot juft bo'ladi'), 'Crystal chandelier' ('Billur qandillar'), 'I'm looking for you' ('Izlayman'); novels 'It isn't easy to be a man' ('Er boshiga ish tushsa'), 'Ulugbek's treasure' ('Ulug'bek xazinasi'), 'White and white swans' ('Oqqushlar, oppoq qushlar'), 'Justice' ('Adolat manzili') took worthy places in our literature. Many of these stories which reflect the great history of our industrious and generous nation, their life of today have been translated into many foreign languages and published abroad.

Besides the literary prose he worked successfully in the genre of dramatic art and in publicity writing.

The famous writer's contribution to the development of Uzbek literature was regarded deservedly by the government. Adyl Yakubov was awarded with the honorary title 'National writer of Uzbekistan' in 1985.

Adyl Yakubov, the recognized national writer of Uzbekistan died on the 21 of December in 2009 when he was 83 years old. [[www. google.com](http://www.google.com)]

2.2. The essay of 'Muqaddas'

'Muqaddas' essay is one of the most famous essays of the youth of the 1960s. The essay is about love affair, actually, about tragic love. Real passion is a symbol of pureness and honesty. The main hero of the essay Sharifjon in his desire to gain his sweetheart's love became very selfish and that's why he lost his beloved girl. Because there where egoism exists love surely fades away and even dies. So this essay is very important for today's young generation and for the future too.

All these events happened because of one girl and her name is Muqaddas. I got acquainted with her for the first time at the Institute during the last consultation on chemistry before entrance examinations, no, it would be wrong if I said that I got acquainted just I was lucky to talk to her a little.

A day before that event I got a holiday from my work. Knowing that my holiday just the time with the entrance exams my mother and step father insisted on saying 'Try to take exams. If you can pass it will be nice, if you can't what will you lose?' Though I wasn't against the idea of trying of my fortune by taking exams I had

been hesitating feeling shy 'If my friends in the plant heard about it, would they say that I had escaped from my job not working even a year?' That day during the breakfast this problem was aroused again and I could do nothing but agree. I wonder, although I came to an agreement with them after leaving the house some thoughts like 'Will they say I have escaped?' lingered in my mind and grieved me. So before entering the examining body, in order to see the problem from another side I went to the room where the consultation was conducted.

When I entered a long half-dark class with the windows opened onto the yard it was brim-full of boys and girls. Knocking at the blackboard a pretty young teacher of middle height whose dark shining hair was combed smoothly had been filling it with some complicated and hardly understandable formulas.

Just below the large slightly open window there laying a vacant chair with a broken seat and next to it a long squashed bench which had been jerkily pulled down by someone. I didn't want the teacher to notice me. So I quickly set up the bench and sat at the edge of it.

It was stuffy, hot and some unpleasant smell of perspiration filled the room. The teacher's lecture was full of chemical terms: zinc, 'hydrogen', 'valency', 'sulphuric acid' that I couldn't catch the mind, his monotonous flow of sentences made me doze. From the girls and boys' squeezed eyes around me I noticed that they were participating in the teacher's lecture not because they needed it but just to regain their composure before the exam. However, it will be disrespectfulness to go out immediately after coming in; I thought and took a seat for a while.

I listened to the lecture a little and then understood that it was about simple chemical reactions. I was bored still more and began looking out of the window. Through the window it could be seen only a part of the wide square yard. One could see a large concrete pond with the fountain and a flower-bed around it and several old

elms there. A group of sunburn children whose skin became black like cast iron were swimming in the pond. One boy in the elm was throwing stones to the children below and they were splashing water to him. But as the water didn't reach the boy in the elm he was laughing and the children becoming angry tried to find some stones. I was so interested in this scene that from sudden words 'Can you move a little?' I came to conscious. The voice was so smooth and pleasant. So as though a mountain breeze touched my face I looked round quickly.

A girl of seventeen or eighteen years old in a white silk dress was standing just nearby. **She was probably afraid that the teacher would be offended if he noticed her to be late** and so she kept her eyes onto the teacher a little bending her body. Tips of her two auburn plaits came unplaited and covered the skirt of her dress wholly. It looked like she had come running in a hurry.

I had never seen such a girl before. Her face, even her whole figure reflected such fresh youth and pure girlish chastity that I was lost and forgot to give her a place to sit.

The girl taking her eyes off the teacher looked at me and knitted her eyebrows a little as if being offended:

-Is it so difficult to move a little? -she said slowly. Only at that time realizing that she was going to sit next to me I moved hurriedly and gave her a place.

The girl took the seat. I don't know why, but my heart was thumping and it was difficult to breath. I sat in such a way for a second hesitating and not daring to look at her. Then I had a glance slowly. Either looking at the teacher or looking into her note-book the girl was copying out the formulas from the blackboard and was whispering repeating something to her.

From aside I saw her long eyelashes wriggling and thick velvet dark eyebrows

curling for some reason. My heart began thumping again and I took my eyes off her. It seemed that everybody was keeping eyes onto us. Suddenly the girl bending towards me asked:

-Sorry, the teacher rubbed off the board. Did I write this formula correctly? -she asked quietly.

Bending to her I felt her soft hair touching my forehead. I was lost and saw nothing.

-Right, -I said hurriedly.

-I wonder why the end is wrong in that case.

I hardly collected my thoughts and drew her note-book to myself. I stared at the long complicated formula consisting of letters and numbers.

At that time I was in such a posture that I let alone find the mistake of the formula. Even no idea came to my mind. But (perhaps it is also my fortune) abruptly something like a lightning flashed in my mind. I found out that she had mixed the conceptions of `valence` and `atom`.

-How long has hydrogen become two valenced? -I said looking at her. You have made oxygen four valenced then.

-I wrote the number of atoms, -the girl said and not allowing me to speak laughed nodding her head.

-Oh, yes. Clear, clear.

Then pulling the note-book towards herself she wrote the formula once more and had a look at me with her unusual shining eyes expressed thankfulness.

-Thank you, -she said and laughed quietly.-It appears that when one is tired it

will be like this.

When you are young and don't know enough what is love, sometimes your heart strives for it. And sometimes there are such moments that you lose your control and not only the beauty of a girl, not her attractiveness: even one smile, one look, one word can make you drunk.

Perhaps at that time I was in the same condition because I was lost of this nice sympathetic girl's pleasant manners.

I really felt like drunk. Her soft voice was sounding repeatedly in my ears; especially her thankful words 'Thank you' pampered my soul.

The consultation was over. Making a noise girls and boys moved towards the door. I took my books and note-books but for some reason I couldn't go out. I was waiting for her. But I didn't realize that I had stopped only for this. At that time I suddenly saw the young teacher with smooth hair coming up to us smiling. At first I couldn't understand why he was smiling. But looking at the girl I understood at once: the teacher was coming towards the girl. And for some reason she either piled her books and note-books or put them again on the table. Her ears were flashing. Her face reflected her emotions.

'Why is she so agitated?' I thought. And then I went at the boys leaving the room. But coming nearer to the door I stopped unwillingly. Something stronger than my will made me stop. At that moment I heard the teacher's gentle voice 'Hello, Muqaddasxon' and the girl greeted back quietly 'Hello'. I turned back. They were standing side by side in that place. The girl staring at the ground opened and closed her note-books, lying on the table. The fellow was staring at her face and neat eyebrows slightly knitted as the result of shyness. His staring at the girl in such a way irritated me. But why?

-Today you were late, -he said almost smiling. **The girl was in silent.** She just nodded.

-Did you understand all the questions?

-Yes, -Muqaddas said.

-If you have got any questions that you haven't understood...

-No, everything is clear, -the girl said. Suddenly she picked up all her books and note-books and passed by the teacher walking towards the door.

Turning to give her a way I looked at the teacher again. Merely bending his head he was staring at Muqaddas. He looked taken a back by her answer.

When I went out to the corridor, Muqaddas was at the end of it just one pace to the stairs. Quickening I shoved the boys and girls on my way and went out after her. She had just turned to the right and made several steps. I also turned in that direction. Again something stronger than my will made me follow her. But I didn't dare to come nearer to her. **My eyes were fixed on her untied auburn plaits covering the skirt of her dress and moving now right, now left.** I was afraid that she turned back. If she turned round and saw me she would notice me chasing her, I thought.

When Muqaddas reached the corner of the street a plump girl who had a big dark mole at the edge of the right eyebrow appeared near her. Both stopped and began chattering. I stopped too. As though there was something in the sky I began staring at it. **Fortunately they broke up in a little period of time.** Muqaddas turned to the right. And the other girl walked in my direction. Looking at the ground she passed by me and smiled for some reason. Why did she smile? Couldn't she notice something?

In the street where Muqaddas turned, about one hundred fifty or two hundred paces away there was girls' hostel of the Institute. I knew it very well because the previous year when I was taking exams I fell in love with one girl like Muqaddas. She

also lived in this hostel. Every morning I came near to the hostel to see her at least once. **Staring at the windows I passed down the street from the other side and was very afraid that somebody could notice me wandering here.** But later when the girl passed her exams successfully and I failed day by day she slipped from my mind. Could Muqaddas also live in this place?

Muqaddas stopped and joined the crowd of girls standing near the hostel and disappeared. Then I saw her slim attractive figure at the top of the stairs and she disappeared again. I could see her two plaits of long auburn hair waving gently for the last time.

As soon as Muqaddas came into the hostel I also came to my senses. I remembered her dark innocent eyes that looked at me smiling. It seemed to me that her gentle voice which said 'Thank you' sounded again and again in my ears and I flashed out.

I went back. At the corner of the street I remembered that I hadn't applied my documents yet. Slowly walking I reached the grove field opposite the Institute. A number of benches under the shades of elms with twisted branches, tender acacias and mighty oaks as if embracing them were completely occupied by the girls and boys. Everyone had a book in their hands. However, it seemed to me they had come here not to read their books but to have a fun. When I reached the middle of the long alley two girls and a fellow with a thin moustache sitting on one of the benches of the left hand side stood up. The fellow immediately settled himself between those girls and held them under their arms. He told something funny and they laughing went towards the Institute. Sitting in their place some thoughts like '**Could it be really true that I failed when they passed?**' slipped into my mind and I remembered Muqaddas again. 'Sometimes in future can one of the braggarts like this walk with Muqaddas holding under her arms? Does he have something better than me? Why shouldn't I study when he does? Are there any faults of studying in the Institute? There are no any faults'.

But I must tell it to Sulaymon aka, the chief of our brigade. However, if I tell him it will drag on.

Suddenly an extraordinary idea came to my mind: 'I will apply my papers. If I am sure of studying together with that girl I will strive to enter the Institute, otherwise I will take my papers back...'

I liked this idea. It put an end to all my hesitations and my heart brightened.

Perhaps my words seem to be unusual, may be this decision caused many problems but that day when I thought of them just this idea lingered in my mind and put an end to all my anxiety. I'll never forget that.

After that I couldn't see Muqaddas for several days. However, my thoughts about her as a sweet dream stuck in my mind. In the evenings when I was tired of reading books I lied staring at the stars in the sky and remembered her. Her soft hair touching my forehead when she asked me a question bending towards me a little and her delicate smile on that consultation day appeared before my eyes for an instant, her gentle voice thanking me was heard to my ears and some warm and pleasant feelings filled my heart...Two days passed in such a way. The third day was the first exam day. My future life, either I would study or not, indeed, depended on my meeting that nice girl.

Perhaps for my looking forward to this day, I got up very early and hurriedly having my tea made by Mother I left home. Mother followed me. If I didn't protest she would follow me up to the Institute. I scolded her mercilessly.

Because of a great many people at the Institute it was difficult to go near the door. The previous year also I saw a number of people on the threshold of the Institute who were not concerned with the exam at all. But it seemed to me that this year they were more than the previous one. For an instant, they looked as the spoils who were

running away from work. I was angry with them. But at that moment a question: `And you? What are you yourself doing here? ` came to my mind and I became sad. Being confused I dived into the crowd. I pushed it forward and hardly reached the door. Showing my exam card to the upper course students who were on duty there I went inside with many difficulties.

Inside also was full of people. Everywhere near the settled doors one after another there were little groups of the youth whose whispering worried voices were heard and nervous attempts were seen. Some alarm spread all over this place absorbed my body too and it was as though it ran through my blood-vessels and reaching my heart occupied it. Suddenly my legs weakened. Muqaddas was not there. Could she enter another faculty? Slowly walking upstairs to the second floor I turned to the left. My heart was thumping. At the end of the narrow corridor near the auditorium `thirty five` where I had to take my exams a group of applicants gathered. About three-four minutes left till the exam began. Having stepped five-six paces towards them my heart began beating extraordinarily fast at once and my body flickered: Muqaddas was among them.

Although Muqaddas was standing with her back to me I recognized her immediately. I recognized her by the two auburn plaits lying down the skirt of her white silken dress and by some things which were very difficult to express. Nodding her head often she was speaking something straight from her soul to the friends. When I was just near them one of the girls showed me to her and said something. Muqaddas had a look at me. Filling my heart with emotion passed a pace towards me and stopped again. From her sparkling attractive eyes and embarrassed look it was seen that she was shy to ask something.

-Tell. There is no shame of it, -said one of the girls standing by her. She was that girl with a dark mole who had met me at the corner and passed me by looking down and smiling.

I stopped. Muqaddas stepped another pace and stopped too.

-Sorry, -she said. Blushing for some reason she stared at her nails.-Sorry, but as I am Abdullayeva I must enter among the first five people. So...so I'm very afraid of it. Can you enter in my turn? The others don't agree to it.

Rising her head she looked at me. Either at that moment her eyes were expressing hope, request and some other senses which were difficult to describe as they were shining and trembling of fear.

At first I hastened. I was lost. Muqaddas's request was much more perfect than my plans I had been composing for three-four days. Only when she raised her head and looked at me being frightened I came to my senses and even I myself didn't realize how I answered 'OK' at once.

Usually entering exams first seems more difficult than diving into the cold water in winter, even a man who is sure of his knowledge fears of something and it's enough to cause one's shivering. In this case, I also don't consider myself as a brave one. But this time when I agreed her suggestion probably the expression of thankfulness glittering in her eyes encouraged me. I entered the exam very safely and not hesitating as usual.

I took an exam paper also safely as usual. I don't believe in the word 'success' but if the words 'success can come' is true, this time it occurred with me. I had just the questions I prayed: the first question was the law of Newton from the eighth form program, the second one was the force of resistance and the third one was a pretty simple problem. I knew these questions so well that even an idea: May be, I will answer without any preparation came to my mind and I sat only for concentrating and calming myself.

There were two examiners: one of them was an old man of sixty whose bald

round sunburn head became dark brown and the other was a familiar smooth haired young teacher who came up to Muqaddas at the consultation day to inquire her way of life. Just after my sitting holding a sheet of paper in his hand he went to the door and asked a young man who was on duty there quietly:

-Where is Abdullayeva? Why didn't she enter?

The fellow himself had allowed me to enter in Muqaddas's turn (Perhaps he also couldn't stand looking at Muqaddas's entreating eyes and agreed). That's why or he didn't manage to find another reason, I don't know exactly, at any rate:

-Abdullayeva said that she had a headache and went outside, -he said and added:
-She will come soon.

My heart nearly jumped up while waiting his question 'Who will enter in her turn?' But he said nothing and went to his seat and sat down. He was sad for some reason. A large auditorium was empty. Though the first five people were sitting separately in different sides the young teacher was keeping his eye open onto them and looking as if suspecting something. And the old teacher often wiping his large shining forehead with a thin white silken handkerchief was deep in thought as if forgot the exam too.

Risking I went to answer firstly. The beginning when I had heard the young teacher asking Muqaddas I was a little afraid. I was worried whether he asked a great number of questions trying to fail me. But he asked me only one additional question. It was about the atom nucleus. I was so interested in this complicated problem that besides the information given in our manuals I found and read a lot of articles and booklets about atom. Probably the old teacher noticed it from the beginning of my answering as he interrupted me before my finishing:

-Enough, my son, enough. Very good, -he said and taking my exam paper began

signing.

Not taking back my exam paper yet I knew that my mark was excellent and feeling like a free bird I rushed out.

Muqaddas was waiting for me in the corridor. Folding in her arms the manuals on physics she was chattering with two girls across the corridor near the closed dusty window. As soon as the door opened she had a look at it. From her looking at me in this way and from the unfamiliar expression sparkling in her large dark eyes I understood that she was waiting for me being worried and even being rather afraid for me. My heart brightened up more.

Muqaddas came up to me smiling.

-What's up? -she said holding my hand. As soon as she heard my answer 'five' a guilt expression on her face changed to a great inner happiness, her eyes sparkled with joy.

- Oh, I was so afraid of your failing, was so afraid, -Muqaddas said laughing.

She was going to say something else, but at that time the boy standing at the door called her:

-Comrade Abdullayeva! Muqaddas started and walked towards the door and looked back on her way:

-Now you pray for my getting an excellent mark too! -she said in a worrying and trembling voice.

What does it mean? Does she want me to wait for her not going away? What a wonderful girl!

I began walking slowly for and back the long corridor. Voices and frightful gossips that had been heard in the corridor first when I came increased again.

Somebody was sobbing and another was soothing her. However, really: Even I didn't pay attention to their words. Only one voice was lingering in my ears and it was Muqaddas's gentle voice 'I was so afraid of your failing, was so afraid'. These her words sounded again and again in my ears, they were pampering my soul like a pleasant music and made me dream.

About half of an hour I was in this state. Then I began staring at the door. All who entered after them also already went out. But Muqaddas was still there. Gradually the joy filling my heart changed into some prejudice and fear.

I wondered why Muqaddas was so late. I began coming to myself. I began recognizing the youth around me. I was catching what they were saying, the joy of those who had passed and the sorrow of those who had failed. Lately I hadn't been paying attention to the girl sobbing, but now seeing that it was a young girl like Muqaddas, I wished her to pass the exam.

Several girls around her were still trying to calm her; anyhow she was weeping sorrowfully not listening to them. Looking at her, I don't know why, I remembered the young teacher staring sadly after Muqaddas on that day. The joy filling my heart not long ago changed into a heavy scare. But at that moment Muqaddas appeared at the door. Looking at her somehow shining eyes and blushed cheeks like red roses I realized that she was lucky. I strived toward her. I was eager to congratulate her shaking her hands. But the youth standing in the corridor surrounded her before me. The girls were kissing her and the boys were shaking her hands congratulating. Then embracing the girl who had been still sobbing Muqaddas began hurriedly explaining something. What about me? Could she have really forgotten me?

She looked about and began looking for somebody. Suddenly our eyes met. From a smile appearing on her face I realized that she was looking for me.

We started to walk towards each other.

-Congratulations, Muqaddasxon!

-Thank you. Did you see? It was so nice that we changed our turns. You got an excellent mark, me too. Let's always do like this, shall we?

-OK! -I said being very glad with all my heart.

She stared at me for a second, peered as though she saw me for the first time. And then she looked at the ground. I saw her ears blushing at once embarrassed from something and I blushed myself. She noticed my feelings and my state.

Some confusion appeared between us. The boy who was on duty asked: Those who have passed the exams, please, go out. And this set us free from that confusion.

Walking slowly we went down to the first floor and then out to the street. There was the crowd at the door. Breaking it with some difficulties we passed towards the hostel. But what should we do now? Both of us didn't know that. As Muqaddas suddenly frowned and became silent I noticed that she was embarrassed to walk with me. I should farewell to her. But my legs were not obeying me. They were dragging me forward and I couldn't stop.

The sun rose highly in the sky and it was very hot. The temperature was so high that in some places of the pavement where there was no any shade it was impossible to put a foot. The heat burnt the heel percolating through the shoes. The wind was not blowing at all. The trees also were tired and dreamt like people. I wish Muqaddas would agree to go with me to one of the shady alleys to have a rest or to prepare our lessons.

Suddenly I caught sight of the first floor. At the last window of the auditorium where we had taken our exams that young teacher was standing watching us despondently. Why is he standing there? Why is he staring like this? I thought. In a moment it seemed to me that my bright feelings were in danger.

Either Muqaddas also saw him watching us or out of shy that she felt, at any rate, she stopped without reaching the corner:

-Where are you going? -she asked looking down. I was confused. For goodness, not knowing what to answer:

-I...If you were free we would do our lessons together! -I said at once. Muqaddas bent her head lower.

-Sorry, but I can't.

-Why?

-Because I am such a girl, -she said.-I can't do any lessons when I get 'five'.

-Otherwise, let's go to the cinema, I said. Having said these words I couldn't believe that I dared. I got blushed. Muqaddas looked at me sharply. I saw from her eyes that she didn't like my offer. Probably she noticed from my eyes that I got ashamed. Because the cold expression in her eyes disappeared at once:

-Thanks. But let's take our exams at first; -she said drawing on the ground with the tip of her sandals. Then she added:

-See you then...

No, she wasn't commanding. Just she was asking me. Because she was shy of her friends' seeing us together.

-See you, -I said.

-Good bye, -she said and looking at me once asked: -Will we take the exam on chemistry also in this way?

-Of course, -I said laughing. We parted.

You know that in spring after the rain the sky becomes especially soft blue.The

trees washed under the rain become attractive like dressed up girls going to a wedding party. Everywhere fills with fragrant scents and the chirpings of birds. And the world blooms.

Saying good bye to Muqaddas I returned. On my way home I felt that my heart brightened like the sky after the rain. I kept feeling that everybody was smiling at me, as all people were happy around me. They seemed to become very kind, polite, nice and very careful to each other.

I came home a little bit later. We lived in a new house behind the lake near the river Bozsuv. Entering the yard I saw my father in his brown stripy pajamas sitting on the clay dais under the vines of grapes. He was reading a newspaper leaning on the pillow. And Mother was sweeping the yard. As I opened the door my father pulling his newspaper away and Mother throwing her besom looked at me. May be the happiness in my heart was reflected on my face as both of them asked at once:

-Five?

-Does it look like? -I said.

Mother kissed my forehead. And Father leaning back:

-You see, you didn't believe when I said that I talked to my friends about it, -he said and took his newspaper again.

-You said such words last year too, -Mother said.

Suddenly he threw the newspaper aside. The blushing of his head under the sparse hair which began becoming grey and the trembling of his lips could be seen.

-Well. I didn't say a word to anybody. Last year I didn't talk, this year too, -he said in a trembling voice.

Not to hear their quarrel and particularly my step father's like a child sorrowful voice I went inside. This quarrel annoyed me very much. It had been lasting for a year and made me upset. On one hand Mother's accusing Father of my failing in the exams (Salim Karimovich was a teacher at the Institute), on the other hand the revealing of the secret that Salim Karimovich wasn't my own father brought to one serious quarrel that previous year offended me very much. At that time she didn't notice that I was nearby: 'If Sharifjon was your son, if he was...' she said and then seeing me she stopped talking. But these words were enough for me to realize the truth. This event influenced on me very hard. I was so hurt that I left the house for several days. After that, Mother told me that my own father died at the war and that before the war he worked in the machinery manufacturing plant as a designer. Of course, I didn't ask Mother how she had married to Salim Karimovich. But since that I couldn't call him 'Father' and began to call him 'Salim Karimovich'. I didn't know the reason. Salim Karimovich wasn't a bad man, he loved me very much, called me 'my son' may be because he had no his own children. Nevertheless, he treated me very well. Salim Karimovich had been working at the Institute for many years as an ordinary teacher. So his help in this case was very doubtful. However, Mother didn't want to understand it and had been torturing him since the previous year. I knew that Father had done his best the previous year and was distressed more than me when I failed. Even he tried to employ me as a laboratory assistant at the Institute, but I didn't agree to it myself. After Mother's stories about my own father and after knowing that he had worked in the machinery manufacturing plant as a designer something summoned me to this plant and it seemed that it would be disrespectfulness towards his memory if I didn't go and work there. At first Mother and Salim Karimovich even didn't want to listen to me. But one day Mother left home in the morning and brought a tall lean grey-haired and dark skinned man with a thick moustache. It was Sulaymon aka.

Later I understood that Sulaymon aka had been my father's closest friend and they had studied and worked together and that he was just one ordinary man. But at

our first meeting he made an extraordinary impression on me. His thick moustache and deep brittle voice were somehow unusual.

Sulaymon aka himself led me to the plant. He himself prepared all my documents and took me to his shop. The first spare detail also was made by him in this universal lathe which became dear to me later.

Either because of his respect for the memory of my father or for his liking me really, I didn't know exactly, but he always treated me well. Sometimes he called me to his house and sometimes to his own small narrow office in one the corner of the shop he talked to me. I got used to him very much. Generally, in a year I got used to my lovely plant, our large and sublime shop filled with the humming of motors, my lathe and my friends there.

Perhaps my parents' quarrel affected me because I remembered all these events once more. But I wondered, this time when I was handing over my documents I didn't feel dimness in my heart. The joy appeared after meeting Muqaddas, overcame all the doubts in my heart.

As soon as I remembered Muqaddas again my body shuddered out of some warm feeling. Perhaps I was sitting with an involuntary smile on my face when Mother came in as she said:

-Let's go to the yard, my son, the meal is ready, why are you smiling?

Only after that I came to myself. Mother thought that there was another reason:

-God bless you. The others also will be 'five', -she said.

During the meal I was worried that Mother and Salim Karimovich again would start to debate. Either for the recent conversation or the quarrel that continued after my entering the house also, I didn't know, but Father was frowning. He even didn't change his position: putting two feather pillows under his arm he was still reading his

newspaper. Nearly fifty years old this imposing man, who worked at the Institute as a teacher, sometimes treated as a child and took offence with unworthy things.

At that time I was sorry for him may be because I was in a high mood today, however, I wanted to do something good for him. Suddenly the idea 'what would they do if they heard that I fell in love with Muqaddas' came to my mind. In a moment I kept imagining Muqaddas giving tea to Father with shy sitting at the edge of the clay dais. This dream was so sweet that in order to continue dreaming about her I ate a little and went to bed. At the lonely place of the yard at the side of sunset I had my plank bed under the two apple trees which I planted myself. There was a brook under the bed and the water flowing day and night without stopping in it gave a pleasure at nights, calmed me down when I was tired of reading books.

Today this lonely place seemed more magnetic to me. Lying on my bad I stared at the sky through the thick leaves of the apple tree.

The sun was set, soft and quiet darkness which could be only in summer nights surrounded the garden. Quiet, only the baby's cry from the next house and the murmur of the water under my bad were heard. Several gold points were sparkling through the leaves.

From somewhere far, seemingly from the lake, sad music sounds awakening some bright memories were coming. My dream started flying towards Muqaddas like the bird flying to the warm countries in autumn. There is no boundary for dream. I imagined her in this yard sitting by this brook and washing her nice auburn hair under the tap near the clay dais. The sad music heard from the far lake was increasing to its full swing. As it increased my sweet dreams were getting deeper too. We would certainly study together; we would do our lessons till midnight and then... then going outside we would come here. No, I would leave and lying on the bad would start waiting for her. But she wouldn't come for a long time as though she was putting the

things in order inside. At last the light would be switched off and in the darkness the voice of her steps would be heard. Where are you, Sharif aka? Her gentle voice would be heard. I would jump up and begin to kiss her smiling lips and eyes.

-Sharif, hi Sharif!

This voice coming from the side of the gate made me come to senses. I got up and sat.

-Somebody is calling. Go and look! -Mother said. At that time the calling repeated again. It was Tulagan's voice.

-Isn't it Tulagan? -Mother also said. I worked with Tulagan in one shop in the plant. He was an experienced turner who came to the plant two years earlier than me. Last year when I came to work Sulaymon aka designated me as an apprentice to him. Since that we were close and I respected him very much. But now for some reason I didn't like his visit, even some kind of fear appeared in my heart: `why did he come so late?`

When I was passing by the clay dais Salim Karimovich warned me: -If he is your partner in the plant, don't tell him about the recent words. He meant the discussion about the help to enter the Institute. Although I didn't know or notice his talking to anybody, Father warned me almost every day not to tell others about it. Presumably, he didn't want anybody to know about it. Tulagan was standing by the brook leaning against the willow. He was smoking. I couldn't see his face in the darkness. But with his left hand in the pocket of the trousers, with his leg crossed, with his body bent a little he looked like a hooligan waiting for the opportunity to attack. Seeing me he crumpled his papyrus and threw it under his foot. He stretched his hand forward and asked:

-So, what is this mister doing?

These words sounded as if he was saying `So, you have escaped from the plant without letting us know`.

-What did I do? -I said quickly, `if he says something I will say that it isn't his business. Why should I tell him about my study?` I thought and calmed myself.

Tulagan hit my chest and laughed:

-So, you ask me what you have done, my brother. Should the man who goes on holiday behave like that? You haven't been to the shop even once for ten days. Didn't you miss your friends?

Hearing these words I suddenly calmed down. Rejoicing I also hit his chest.

-I have been a little busy. So I could not. Let's come in and have a talk, old chap, -I said regaining my composure. But he did not come in. He said that Sulaymon aka sent him for me. I should go to the plant and meet him the next day. My heart again started.

-Why did he call? Didn't he say anything?

-No, -said Tulagan. He lit another papyrus. Under the light of the match I saw his smiling lips.

-Why are you smiling?

-No special reason.

-They bother even during the holiday.

-Oh, what a fellow! -Tulagan laughed loudly and embracing me through my shoulders pulled to him: - there is something Sulaymon aka wants to tell you. So he called you.

-What's up? I suspected, -Why are you hiding?

-Really, you are so funny, -Tullagan said, -How do I know what he wants to say? Tomorrow he will tell you himself.

Tullagan left. I stood still at the gate for a long time. I was worried. All the recent joyful and sweet but unreal dreams flew away.

`For what might he call? What else has he to tell me? Either he has heard that I am going to enter the Institute. What will I say if he has heard? In general, am I right or not to leave such a good team and the friends I have been working with for a year?` These thoughts that I had been trying to forget for a week came back to my mind again.

In the morning getting up I thought about the trouble suffering me at night and they seemed unfounded.

-I will go and tell the truth. I have fallen in love with one girl, that's all.

Making up my mind to say these words I left home at about eleven o'clock. At twelve the workers had their lunch time. I intended to go just by that time. But for some reason the bus didn't come in time and I couldn't get by that time.

The bus stopped at the bureau of permit. It was a quarter past twelve and the workers had already gone for lunch. When I was standing not knowing either to go to the large old fortress where the shops were situated or to the canteen, on the right side of the street near the door of the plain building of administration which became grey of dust. I saw an Armenian fellow named Kuloyants. I worked with Kuloyants in one brigade. He must have just left the canteen of the administration as he holding some bread in one hand and thick of sausage in another was eating them with appetite. Seeing me he raised his right hand with sausage and smiled showing his bright teeth:

-Eh, academician! Why are you standing there? Come here!

There was a reason of his calling me in this way. Previous year in autumn at the beginning of my working in a difficulty one day an argument about study and work appeared in our brigade. At that time I objected to Kuloyants (now I don't remember what he said) and suddenly said: 'Suvorov said that the soldier who doesn't dream of being a general is not a good soldier so the worker who doesn't dream of being a chief engineer or a great man is not a good worker'. Some of them liked this idea and some of them didn't like. However, they forgot it. But Kuloyants had been calling me 'Academician' since that time. At first this nickname irritated me. But then may be because I understood that it was just a joke I got used to it. I wonder but this time when Kuloyants called me 'Academician' for some reason I offended. As I was crossing the road and going towards him my whole body began trembling:

-Well, what about my being academician? -I said staring at his dark overgrown face and bright white teeth. -Why don't you stop it?

Kuloyants stopped chewing bread and stared at me surprisingly.

His thick brows connected to each other at first were knitted, his long hooked nostrils spread aside and it gave a kind of cold expression to his sunburn dark face. Then he burst out laughing aloud.

-How long have you become a touchy man who doesn't understand a joke? Leaving the plant you again became intelligent, old chap.

-Why not to be intelligent? Than you, an intelligent man is...

-Are you well? Let's greet each other at first! -Kuloyants said but before shaking hands punched my chest. Then laughing he embraced me and led to the building of administration.

-Let's go, we have been waiting for you. However, you didn't have such a habit, Comrade Academician. Is everything all right?

Several months later when my heart calmed down I remembered my words and behaving towards Kuloyants that day I was ashamed and suffered from it very much. However, that day I even didn't notice that I was talking to him very rudely.

Inside of the building which was built at the beginning of the 1930s was a little dark, narrow and plain room. We passed the narrow corridor lit with a lamp and white and leather covered doors opened and closed time to time, at last we reached the end of the corridor and entered the triangle room on the left hand side. It was the room for the youth in the plant.

The secretary wasn't in the room. Tulagan was sitting leaning the bookcase in which there were framed honorary diplomas and in front of him there were also some pieces of bread and the roll of sausage.

-Oh, welcome, -he said. - We waited for you in the shop but you didn't come. Sulaymon aka had gone to the manager. He will come soon. Sit down.

When I left the house I made up my mind to tell all the words in my heart and to attack them if it was necessary. But Tulagan's words again raised doubt and fear in my heart. When I just wanted to ask Tulagan why Sulaymon aka had been calling to Kuloyants interrupted me:

-This academician changed since he went on his holiday and became fretful. If you say anything he will repeat you his words said last year.

Tulagan combed his thick and straight hair covered his forehead and right eyebrow with his fingers and asked:

-Which words?

-The same! Do you remember?

It was time to attack. I must either prove my words or capitulate.

-Look here, Kuloyants! -I said. -Once you ridiculed calling me 'Academician' Again you laughed calling 'intelligent'. Do you want to put the workers against intelligence?

Kuloyants was sitting on the sofa near the door and was eating the bread and sausage in his hand with appetite. Swallowing the piece in his mouth he smiled strange and then:

-So, what other slanders do you have? He said and standing up at once came up to me. He was still smiling a little but his nostrils became larger and the eyes narrowed. One must be courageous in an argument too, old chap, is it? So you say that I am against intelligence, yeah? Nonsense! I am against the rich people of today who escapes from work, who is afraid of work like death and who looks for only easy ways of living. Is it clear? I am telling you about such kind of rich people. Did you arrive at? Or should we respect them too? Tulagan gave dissatisfied look:

-Stop those old talks! -he said shaking his hands.

But when Kuloyants got angry it became difficult to calm him down.

-I am sure that not knowing the value of labor or without learning to respect laborers you can't be a good scientist or a good engineer, he was telling his nostrils enlarging. These are not just grandiloquent words. I myself was such kind of rich man. I became a man coming to this plant. This plant taught me how to live.

At that time behind me:

-What about him himself? -a loud cracking voice was heard.

Sulaymon aka was standing shielding the door. He must have come a little earlier and listening to us, as a smile was hidden under his moustache. Kuloyants got excited again.

-I am also telling that. He himself became a man coming here.

Standing up I greeted Sulaymon aka. Shaking his large flat hand with two hands I suddenly noticed that I wouldn't be able to tell him everything as I decided to tell him at home. I felt it not for being afraid, but for his believing sincerely in my becoming a good man after coming to this plant and for his love and respect towards me.

It was difficult to lie to him. But to tell the truth to abuse his trust was more difficult.

-So, how are you having your holiday? -Sulaymon aka said.

-Not bad, -I muttered.

We sat side by side. Sulaymon aka took his handkerchief out of his pocket and dried his thick grey hair and face covered with sweat and sighed. Today it seemed to me that the wrinkles on his forehead increased and became deeper and even his moustache lost its grand appearance. It was seen from his squeezed eyes that he was very tired.

-So, I called you here for one reason, -Sulaymon aka said and smiled, -But you keep it in yourself now.

Tulagan and Kuloyants moving their chairs came nearer.

-You know, -he said, -Nowadays in every plant and the factory the workers are trying to get the honor of vanguard working brigade. The administration of the plant getting acquainted with all shops and brigades' work with the brigade members' behavior found our brigade worthy to this honor.

(Many years will pass, waters will flow. Then we will also realize everything. But at that time, at the beginning of the 1960s there were so many chit-chats and

splendors around the false slogans. There weren't any newspapers, radio and television not informing it. The life itself was full of such kind of slanders. We were young. But what about Sulaymon aka? Could this man who saw all the difficulties of the life believe in this?

-We must make a progress day by day but not fall! I want you to control it! - Sulaymon aka said and looked at me: -I called you here to inform it. Another thing...You must decide quickly the problem of your studying by correspondence. You may enter any institute but I don't advise you to leave the plant...What will you say?

-What would he say? If he leaves us! -Tulagan said. His oval dark face blushed with emotion and the eyes were shining with joy.

To work in a vanguard working brigade. Studying by correspondence!

Suddenly I hesitated. How heavy could be the weight pan of scales where I put Muqaddas another side was also enough worthy. What should I do?

Muqaddas appeared before my eyes smiling and saying 'Let's take all our exams in this way'.

Slowly I looked at Sulaymon aka. He was blowing with his handkerchief and smiling. His recent tired appearance was left, as if the wrinkles on his face also smoothed out. But it seemed to me that there was somehow expression of cool and unpleasant satisfaction on his face which can be seen on the faces that was happy for his success.

-OK. I will consult with my parents, -I said and looked down.

Kuloyants stood up at once.

-Are you a little boy to consult with your mother?

I expected there would be a serious quarrel but Sulaymon aka interrupted Kuloyants:

-Let him consult. Consultation is a good thing, they say, Seryoja, -he said and leaning his two hands against the table stood up.

-It's one o'clock. Let's work. That's all my friends. The rest is up to you. If you solve this part, at the end or middle of the month we will inform the task to the workers.

I didn't enter the plant. We parted near the bureau of permit.

-Give my regards to your mother, -Sulaymon aka said, explain her properly.

Kuloyants embraced me:

-Don't be angry about my recent words, he said smiling, you know, it's all joke, my friend!

The bus didn't come yet. As a man who lost something I couldn't stand at the bus-stop and walked away. Although I didn't realize frankly that I had made a great mistake I knew that I left something very important for my future. I refused this offer for Muqaddas, certainly. But who is Muqaddas? Did she say something worthy to do such things? She was an unknown girl who didn't want to do lessons with me. Am I right to leave a difficult but honorary way and turn to another?

As I was walking not getting on the bus I thought about it. I couldn't find a definite answer to these thoughts. Only one thing was clear: the further way I would choose depended on that unknown girl, Muqaddas.

I was confused because the only thing that could make us nearer to each other was the exam. So I let alone being afraid of the exam and would like it to come quicker.

The exam day also I woke up very early. Without having tea I put on my clothes hurriedly and ran to the Institute. I wasn't afraid of being late but was afraid of her making arrangement with somebody else. But reaching the Institute and seeing the familiar acacias I understood that I had been afraid in vain and that all my distress, hopelessness and suffering for four days were for nothing: Muqaddas was waiting for me. Not inside, under the acacias near the Institute she was waiting for me.

This time she wore a blue crepe de Chine dress; there was an embroidered skull-cap which was quite suitable for her. I don't know, but Muqaddas looked more attractive than that day. She was so attractive and virgin that she remembered me an almond tree which was just in blossom. Seeing me she started towards me. From the joy sparkled in her eyes and smile appeared in her lips I realized that she was waiting for me, only me. My heart filled with spring tunes, with warm and bright feelings like the spring sun.

We greeted each other shaking hands. She knitted her brows as if reproaching.

-Oh, I was afraid of your being late. It seemed to me that there was delicacy mixed with complainant in her smile.

-Will I be late? -I said, -You don't know Muqaddas, every day I...you.

-Let's go, -she said interrupting me as if she was afraid to hear the rest of my utterance.-Let's go inside.

As that day it seemed to me also as if she noticed the feelings in my heart, felt that I fell in love with her and was afraid of my telling about it.

`What a nice girl! `As I was entering the exam in her turn I was calm and in my senses.

But life is such a thing that if it strokes your head with one hand it slaps on your face with another. That day I nearly failed at the exam. It was interesting that it happened owing to Father. I realized it when a thin weak teacher asked me: Who is Salim Karimovich for you? Looking at the exam paper and me I was lost and confused for a minute. But at that time something sparkled in my mind and lit up everything-the old man's purpose and his ironical smile. At the same time the fear in my heart also disappeared. An idea `If he wants to cause to fail he can do it` came to my mind. This idea caused to emerge the kind of courage mixed with mischief in my heart and confidently I answered to the old man:

-Nobody!

-What? -he said looking up.

-Nobody! -I repeated.-In general, put my mark according to my answer, I won't ask you any favor.

The old man's wrinkled oval face became polite and there sparkled a warm smile in his eyes.

-Take, please, -he said pointing to the exam papers on the table with his little palm like toy, a wooden spade.

I took the first paper my fingers touched and as usual not reading the questions I sat at the window. As I sat another member of the commission also entered the room. She was a woman like a villager ordinarily worn, tall and plump.

-So, what is the number? -the old man asked in somehow joyful voice.

-Fourteenth.

I had three questions; Binomial theorem, the volume of incision cone 9with the untying) and one task.

When you know the answer, even a difficult question seems easy. What is more, after my recent words the old man often looked at me smiling and he was soothing me with it. For this reason or not I raised my hand the first.

-Please, -the old man said and beating with his palm on the table showed the seat in front of him.-I am listening to you, young fellow.

As he was ready to listen to some pleasant tune he leaned back with his little weak body, against the backrest of the arm-chair and stared at the ceiling. Until finishing my answer he didn't change his position. Sometimes he only put his on the table and tapped unpleasantly his fingers on it. But I couldn't catch if he liked my answer or not. When take an exam and don't know if he is satisfied with your answer or not you are in a very bad condition. Once or twice I looked unnoticed at the woman next to the old teacher. But from her plump face with a short nose, as if a half of it was cut it was difficult to realize anything. At last I finished my answer. The old man not changing his position:

-Do you have any questions? -he addressed to the woman next to him seemingly.

The woman unwillingly said:

-Not.

-Three, -the old man said throwing himself front and leaning on the table with his chest. Either for the smile in his half squeezed eyes and thin lips or for another, I didn't know, but I wasn't afraid:

-Why three? -I asked.

-Because we pay according to the goods, young fellow! He said tapping on the

table nervously. This time the kind of cold tremble covered my body.

-Ask additional questions! -I said and noticed that my voice changed and was heard hoarsely.

-So, you want additional questions? -he said and hummed.-So now, write the formula of arithmetical progression.

My hands were trembling. Why? After all remembered the formula of arithmetical progression! Quickly I wrote the crooked numbers and showed.

The old man suddenly laughed aloud:

-Two! he said and drying his eyes with the handkerchief added:

-Well, otherwise, write the formula of the geometrical progression, we will see!

I pulled the paper and understood at once why he laughed. A minute ago I wrote the formula of geometrical progression instead of arithmetical progression.

-Sorry, -I said.-This...

-Two, -he said. He was still leaning against the table and was smiling at me. Muqaddas was waiting for me in the corridor. I knew that soon I would part from her forever and would never see her again. But this old man was sitting staring at my eyes and smiling. I stood up firmly:

-Put what you want!

The old man laughed aloud again:

-Bravo! You are a real man! -he said and signing the exam paper quickly gave it to the woman next to him, the woman also signed it smiling and passed it to me. I felt at once that I got tired. Bringing down I walked outside. As I just reached the door Muqaddas entered the auditorium. May be I became pale and looked strange because

she opened her eyes widely and there was the expression of the question 'What's happened to you?' in her eyes. But there wasn't any time to stop and answer. With expression of the question in her eyes she passed me by. I left the room.

I knew that the teacher put me 'three' not 'two' only in the corridor. But perhaps this 'three' looked very ugly near the 'five' I got the previous time that it made me sad.

Muqaddas got out of the audience about in half of an hour. As soon as she appeared at the door she found me with her eyes. Saying 'four, four!' to the girls around her in a nervous voice she came straightly up to me. Her brows were a little knitted and her eyes were like the eyes of a frightened deer.

-Oh, What's up?

-What's up? I got 'three', that's all, -I said. Probably someone said her that I got 'two'. So she took a deep breath thanking god and calmed down.-Are you annoyed? She asked looking at my eyes and then slowly inclining her head she added:

-I hurt you...

It was a great joy, a great happiness to know from her inclined head, voice and sparkling eyes that she was feeling guilt in front of me.

-Why should I be annoyed? There is no harm of one 'three'.

Muqaddas had a look at me and nodded her head quickly.

-Right, right. You needn't worry about one 'three'. But now you should be careful. I also won't worry you any more, she said and smiled guiltily.

When we went out to the street I offered Muqaddas again to do our lessons together. But that time she refused again. Anyway, I came down. That day it seemed to me that pleasant feeling appeared in Muqaddas's heart too.

- 'Is it truth or only a sweet dream that won't come true? '

When we took our exam in writing an essay I understood that it was near to the truth and wasn't just a dream.

We had to write our essays in the sixteenth auditorium on the first floor together with several other groups. When I entered the room it was full of people and there were only several vacant seats at the first table just in front of the teacher's seat. But the people were still swarming to the room and if I didn't hurry I would surely lose them also. Being impatient to find Muqaddas I hurried to the vacant seat in the first row through the narrow aisle. When I was in the middle of the room from behind I heard a familiar gentle voice: Sharif aka! My heart jumped and I turned back. Two paces away on the window side of the auditorium which was opened onto the street I saw Muqaddas. She was sitting on the edge of the desk. One could realize how terrible an examination is from this situation too. I passed the girl whom I loved with my all heart and I didn't notice her.

She greeted me only with her eyes.

-There is one vacant seat, if you want you may sit, she said quietly as though she was afraid that her friends could hear this. But she herself not waiting for my saying 'OK' moved and gave a seat next to her.

My whole body was burning on fire. I sat and held her hand slowly and shook not showing to others.

-Which theme do you intend to write on? -Muqaddas said.

-Do you know which 4theme it will be?

Muqaddas laughed.

-Aren't you afraid?

-Not, -I said, 'If you near me I am not afraid of anything'. These words came to my mind and even I intended to say them but I didn't dare. The pureness on her face and her chastity, her speaking both shyly and joyfully called anybody upon for purity and sincerity.

It was spring again in my heart. I forgot my recent panic and even that I came to take an exam. At that moment I felt only Muqaddas's being close to me, her looking at me politely sometimes, her playing her hair with shy and her talking to me smiling. I was losing control of all these.

-Oh, stand up! The teachers are coming! Muqaddas said.

I stood up hurriedly. Three teachers entered the auditorium at the same time. The auditorium which was buzzing as a nest of wasps became silent. I looked around and saw girls and boys' worrying faces. All were in silent and taken aback like soldiers waiting for an order.

After two assistants' checking through our documents an old man of middle height with glasses on his high nose who had led the other two assistants into this room started writing the themes on the large blackboard covered the whole wall. The first theme was the images Yulchi and Gulnor. Although I didn't like the word 'image' itself before the old teacher's finishing to write all the themes I chose the first one.

I liked 'Qutlug' qon' from my childhood. I liked both Yulchi and Gulnor and dreamt to love the girl like Gulnor. And now my 'Gulnor' was sitting next to me. I didn't know if my essay could satisfy the requirements of the subject but I tried frankly to write my entire sincere attitude towards Yulchi and Gulnor, my love and respect towards them. I wrote to the paper Yulchi and Gulnor's names but in reality I was writing my own love story.

I was writing my essay with such great emotion and from the bottom of my heart that I forgot the place where I was. Only once I was interrupted when I saw the familiar young teacher entering the auditorium. He whispered something to the old teacher's ear who was sitting at the first table with his sparkling gold glasses. He was explaining something to the teacher but his eyes were on Muqaddas. As he was leaving the room it seemed to me that he had a look at me too. An idea 'He is not a linguist but what is he doing here?' -came to my mind. My heart was troubled as that day. Did Muqaddas see him entering? In order to clarify it I looked at her imperceptibly. She might not have seen him because inclining her head to the left she was busy writing.

Muqaddas chose 'Shohi sozana' ('Silk tapestry'). We didn't say a word to each other and were busy writing our essays. Only once when I started a fair copy whispering she corrected one mistake in my essay 'her love, not hers love'.

We finished writing at the same time. But Muqaddas read her essay again and again correcting some places. I knew that she wouldn't hand her essay in till the last minute as all other girls did. So being impatient I handed mine in and left the room.

Muqaddas didn't go out for a long time. This time when she went out of the auditorium she was weak but not jolly as usual.

-Will we get 'five'? What do you think? -she asked staring at me as if I could predict.

I laughed saying that I couldn't predict beforetime.

-I can't be calm and sleep till we know the results, -Muqaddas said and knitting her brows a little added:

-And now the most difficult one is left. If it was ended quicker!

-If you are afraid, let's prepare for the next together, -I said staring at her eyes.

-How well do you know chemistry? -she asked.

-I know well. If you don't believe let me show. You yourself...

-**Yes, I believe**, said Muqaddas after hesitating for a second:

-Where will we do our lessons? She asked.

-Anywhere you want. If you agree...

Muqaddas was looking at me with the inquiring expression in her eyes.

-**If you don't mind we will go to our places**, I said and added in a hurry: I don't mean my house; there are a lot of good places in our side. Very nice and shade.

-Where do you live?

-Just behind the lake. If we take all necessary things...We will do our lessons from morning till evening. Nobody will bother us.

Muqaddas was standing looking down. Either she wasn't in her senses or she didn't notice the girls and boys around us, anyway, that time she wasn't shy of them. Looking at her fingers she thought again. I felt that she would say 'No, I can't go' and with a sudden daring I held her hand.

-Why do you treat in this way? Don't you believe me? -I said.

My voice trembled.

Muqaddas looked at me surprisingly:

-If I didn't believe, would I do this? -She said slowly.

-If you believe why...

-OK, I will go, -Muqaddas agreed and suddenly nodding her head: -But we should go earlier.

We decided to meet at eight in the morning near the lake at the post office.

`Tomorrow I will tell her all my feelings towards her openly! ` Making up my mind to do it I went home.

The next day I was going to go to our meeting place very early but when I was just leaving the house suddenly Father called me and began asking how well I wrote the essay the day before.

I knew Salim Karimovich's intention. He was going to avoid the problem, because since I passed my exam on physics for `three` scandals and troubles increased in our house. But in spite of his care, his questions were annoying me. It seemed to me that he knew where I was hurrying and was detaining me specially. At last I got out of patient. `Now I will...` I said and not paying attention to his calling went out. As soon as I left the house I felt like a free bird of the cage and ran towards the bus.

I arrived in time to the meeting place. But Muqaddas was late for quarter of an hour. At that time I didn't know that all girls were late and they liked to make boys wait a little. So these fifteen minutes passed as fifteen centuries. Certainly, it wasn't a problem to wait for her. I was rather afraid of an idea that she came and went back. I got angry with Father frankly as because of him I wouldn't able to see her. But at that moment I heard somebody's cracking voice behind me:

-Are you Sharifjon? Trembling from fright I turned around.

Sulaymon aka was standing behind me near the triangle flower-bed surrounded by bricks. As I didn't expect to meet him here I was confused as if to be caught on theft. Even I forgot to shake his hands. Probably I blushed and sweated because Sulaymon aka almost laughed under his dark thick moustache and gave his big bony

palm with blood-vessels swelled up on it.

-You are all done up, who are you waiting for, my son? He asked.

I liked his calling me `my son` as usual, but all the things I had been hiding from him and had forgotten for several days came to my mind again.

-You didn't answer our question that day, -said Sulaymon aka,-Isn't it good to study by correspondence? Or do you want to leave the plant?

Taking my eyes from him, I looked at the side from where the tram came. Muqaddas had to come from this direction.

Didn't your mother like it? He said. I couldn't look at him, so I only stared down. My heart was beating aloud; I noticed my face and ears burning. But I didn't know what to say. So what I would say to this old man who had been my father's friend, who looked after me and taught me a good skill, who liked me as his own son. I could only tell the truth. However, after all these when I was waiting for Muqaddas could I tell him the truth?

Sulaymon aka must have understood my silence as agreement because remaining for a minute and then humming:

-You say so, yeah? Haven't you been working for a reference? -he asked laughing.

What a kind man! How could he know that what a sly boy I was? I was afraid of his asking questions again, especially of his waiting for my answer silently but:

-OK. It is up to you, my son, -he said and sighing like a tired man he added: -It is good to study. I don't object to your studying. **However, it would be better if you studied by correspondence.** All right, when your holiday will be over?

-In about ten days.

-Come to mine. The plan that I told you that day is just ready. We will have a talk about it, ok?

-OK, -I said without looking at him. The bus came at that time. Sulaymon aka parted in a hurry.

I stared at the bus he got on until it moved. I forgot Muqaddas for some minutes. Why did I distract him again?

Why did I lie him again not telling the truth? I myself didn't know the reason. I knew only one thing.-with these lies I became farer From Sulaymon aka, from my friends and my plant. The fault had been made when I secretly handed my documents to the Institute became more serious after these lies. Again I felt that I lost something dear and valuable for me for the first time was sorry for it. These thoughts so surrounded my mind that I even didn't notice when and from where Muqaddas came. Only her familiar voice saying:

-Hey, what's happened to you? -made me come to my senses.

-A? -I said hot blood running through my vessels. It seemed to me that dark clouds had appeared before my eyes suddenly went away and everywhere was covered with shines.

-You didn't look even when I called you, -Muqaddas said. She was looking thoughtfully on my face with her somehow sad dark eyes.

That time she wore a white silk dress which I saw her for the first time on and her embroidered skull-cap on her head. She looked somehow sad to me.

-Let's go to the opposite side and get on the bus, - I said.

-Will we go by bus? She said and staring at me again she asked: -Isn't it far?

It seemed that she didn't want to get on the bus and was shy.

-No, no, I said. -It is not so far. We will reach in a moment. It is on the bank of the Bozsuv. Such shady and nice places they are, let's go.

I was in a hurry for some reason. I noticed that I was in a hurry and that I behaved like a child before Muqaddas. However, I couldn't regain my composure. Troublesome words made me sad when I saw Sulaymon aka disappeared as soon as I saw Muqaddas. All of them turned into a joyful emotion.

Giving way to the cars passing by we got to the bus-stop on the opposite side.

The emerged sun from the side of sunrise behind the four-stored building was shining and people began taking themselves under the shades of trees.

Today Muqaddas was somehow sad and taciturn. She was busy with her thoughts. I wanted to speak to her but didn't know how to begin. My silence was long and I was confused. Besides, the bus also was late. I thought that Muqaddas was bored with waiting for the bus and could change her decision. I couldn't take my eyes of the corner from where the bus would come.

At last the bus came. Although there were a lot of people in it we got on it. Muqaddas sat on one seat behind and I stood up next to her. We still weren't talking to each other. Only when the bus moved forward and reached the first bridge behind the lake:

-Is it still far? -she asked slowly.

-Not far, -I answered.

Keeping silent Muqaddas stared at the window thoughtfully with her sad eyes. Just near the asphalted road, under the deep ravine Bozsuv flowed clear as blue glass. On the other side of the ravine, up the hill, there were green gardens joined each other and looked as a nice forest.

When the bus stopped passing by the next bridge Muqaddas had a look at me with the expression 'Haven't we reached yet?' in her eyes. I closed my eyes as if I didn't see her. The old man next to her got off and I sat in his place.

-Why do you look upset? Are you all right? -I asked quietly.

Yes...Just...she said and standing up at once walked to the front of the bus.

I lost my control for a minute and then followed her.

-I'll get off, -Muqaddas said. She wasn't looking at me.

-Why? Just one more bus-stop...

-It isn't necessary! This time her voice was heard louder.

I intended to ask her 'Why do you behave in this way?' But noticing that everybody was watching us I couldn't say a word.

As soon as the bus stopped, Muqaddas jumped off it as if somebody was going to stop her.

At first I was so irritated that not getting off the bus I was going to continue on my way. But impatiently I got off slowly. Something stronger than my will made me get off the bus after her.

At the edge of the ravine Muqaddas was standing staring at the Bozsuv thoughtfully. Coming up to her I stopped.

-Why did you do this? -I said hardly calming down myself.

-I won't go, -Muqaddas said.

-Why? What's the reason?

-Why do you need the reason? I won't go -That's all.

This time she spoke sharply. My feelings were hurt of this sharpness. But at the same time a sudden dare appeared.

-Perhaps you thought I was leading you to bad places, -I shouted at her and noticing it I was pleased. -It seemed you thought that I was leading you on bad purpose. Do you miss me for someone else? Could I be so dishonest?

Either for my sincere words or they affected her very much she changed at once. The cool expression on her face changed with a pleasant smile in a moment.

-No, I didn't think so, she said looking down. By the way, let's go to the park in the square, she offered suddenly. She looked at me smiling with her jolly sparkling eyes.-Here the bus is also coming. Agree, please, Sharif aka.

Muqaddas was laughing at me, of course. She knew that I wouldn't refuse and do her any request and again she bagged me. Looking at me with her jolly eyes she smiled with pure whim which existed only in kind and innocent girls. She knew well that she would win me; however, she asked my permission.

Presumably, I was disrespected at all. 'I feel neither self-respect nor pride, nor will' I thought. I began noticing it myself. But I had no power to resist. Again I was capitulating.

Anger and annoyance disappeared as soon as she looked at me with smile and asked to agree. However, as I was eager to see her smile and to listen to her sweet words I frowned intentionally when we were in the bus. Several times Muqaddas imperceptibly looked at me smiling. But I closed my eyes to this.

Probably Muqaddas thought I was offended at all. Because when we got off the bus coming to the alley she stared at me somehow sinfully.

-I don't mean that I don't believe you. By the way...think of it once more: it is not good-she said and getting blush she added:

-Stop being offended, don't do this!

Her words lit my heart like a ray to a shade.

-What did I do?

-You so frowned.

We burst out laughing at the same time. As though some obstacle between us rose we became closer to each other.

There were a lot of people in the alley. All the applicants to the Institute were there, as if there was no other place to go for them. The whole alley was occupied by them. As we were walking along the path strewn with red sand I saw the boys on the benches staring at us. And I was both angry and proud for it. Muqaddas also looked more attractive with her flushed cheeks out of shy. Looking down she was quickening her walk and was stumbling along.

Walking all around the alley when we were just leaving it suddenly we saw a vacant bench behind the summer platform near the door.

Muqaddas ran forward and sat on it as she was afraid that it would be occupied by somebody else before us.

There were two poplars stretched up on both sides of the bench but their shades weren't thick. The sun rays slipped down to the ground through their leaves like silken clouts of the coverlet. Red sand strewn near the bench also got hot like fried beans. But as soon as Muqaddas sat:

-Isn't it a nice place? Nobody will trouble us! She said gladly and looked around.

-Am I right?

-Yes, I said. Her words 'Nobody will trouble us' sounded very nicely and warm to my ears and it seemed that the distance between us shortened for some more paces.

Muqaddas got out of her bag a book on chemistry.

-That's all. Now if somebody speaks...

-Go and get tickets to the cinema, -I said. She had a look at me. And I could read the expression of saying 'You are so sly' in her eyes. Keeping silent she started reading. As she started reading fast without asking from where to start I knew that she would stop soon. From aside I stared at her thin eyebrows and her hair on the forehead rippled out of sweat. My heart was filled with somehow happiness. Nothing went in at my ears.

At once, Muqaddas stopped reading as I thought. She threw the book aside as if she didn't take it back at all and asked:

-Are you afraid?

-No, -I answered. -Why should I be afraid?

-But I am so, so afraid that I can't even take a book, Muqaddas said and became thoughtful as usual. Staring at one point with her cheerless eyes she added:

-I am not afraid of failing but afraid of returning home disgracefully. To tell the truth, I don't want to offend my father, Muqaddas said. Then our talking turned to Bekobod and to her family by itself...

Muqaddas's mother was an ordinary house-wife who sacrificed herself for the children, and for their happiness. Her father was a foreman at the plant. But he wasn't a man who became a foreman by studying and knowledge. He became it working hard. They had many children but now only Muqaddas and her little brother left. Her two elder brothers died during the war and now Muqaddas was the eldest child. Either for this reason or for his undergoing hardship her father wished to make his daughter educated to be an engineer for a long time. Every time when the guests and his friends came to see them he called his daughter and commanded her to them for her studying

well and was proud saying 'My daughter certainly will be an engineer'.

These unexpected similarities in our fortunes astonished me and made me happy at the same time.

As I was listening to Muqaddas telling the story about her parents, though I had never seen them before it seemed to me that I met them somewhere and knew them as if I had been acquainted with for a long time. I liked them. Already there appeared somehow feelings in my heart towards them as towards my own parents. A wish to realize some of their dreams appeared in my mind. I liked her father especially. An assurance emerged in my heart that he would be a charitable father to me. It was as though I found my own father died at the front.

How long she talked about her parents, friends and her hometown, so many wishes fastened with them increased in my heart and it was as if I dived into the river of imagination.

I began to picture how we would go to Bekobod with Muqaddas one day. Carrying our cases we would enter their cozy house under the peach, apricot and sweet cherry trees in the suburbs. The elderly couple would meet us at the entrance. Wiping their tears they would kiss our foreheads and pray for our long life.

-Indeed, you keep doing this. Are you in your senses? Let's go!

I trembled as though I was awakened. Holding all the books under her arms Muqaddas was standing in front of the bench looking at me surprisingly.

-Where? -I asked.

-We will go. Her brows were knitted and there was the expression of precision in her eyes.

-Why? -I asked surprisingly.

-Come off it! We can't do it together. I didn't ask her anything else.

At that time I noticed that she was feeling the senses the same with mine. Only being afraid that I wouldn't be able to see her for the next few days I began:

-What about meeting one day? Nevertheless, at once interrupting me she said:

-No, we will meet only on the exam day.

In silence we left the alley and went to different sides. I turned back not stepping even three-four paces. At the same time Muqaddas turned too and smiled showing her teeth mother of pearl.

What a nice girl!

Suddenly I remembered my decision about telling my love towards her openly. As I remembered I burst out laughing. There was no need to it. Because now I could believe that she also fell in love with me.

At last the last exam day which would settle our fortune came. This time I will not speak how we passed it and what kind of questions existed in our exam papers. Now it isn't important. The only thing that I can tell you is that Muqaddas got 'four' again and I got 'five'. The accuser of this was she herself. That time though I agreed to enter in her turn she did it herself as she felt guilty of my getting 'three' in the previous exam. This time she got 'four' as she expected.

She was so sluggish and her lips were trembling when she went out of the auditorium as I thought that she failed. I was confused. But after hearing that she got 'four' I scolded her. All the youth who ran towards her and rounded also began reproving her:

-Are you so upset about two 'four'. You can be calm. Because they receive the

applicants not only with the score of eighteen balls and even of seventeen.

-That's you are! If I were you I would lose my wit for it.

Presumably, these sincere words touched her and made her calm as when I came up to her after passing my exam she looked rather better.

-What did I say? -she said in a trembling voice knitting her brows.

-I have been to the dean's office. The girls were right. They said that the applicants with eighteen balls will be received!

-Are you quite now? -Muqaddas laughed.

-We don't know the results of our essays yet. They say, the teacher was ill and has just come today. So the results will come out in the afternoon, she said and looking at her little watch added:

-Anyway, it would be better if the results came out earlier.

I offered her to go out for a walk.

This time not being shy but with pleasure: -Let's drink some lemonade! -she said.

Going out along the thick shadowy alley we went to the park. There were a lot of people in the street. As usual they passed by us staring. Especially the guys stared at Muqaddas greedily and I was jealous. Either for my being jealous or for her being next to me, I don't know exactly, however, I felt that I was flamed as if I were burning from the heat of bonfire. But Muqaddas was jolly and kept smiling. Her bright face attracted the people passing by. This unreasonable joy gradually affected me and the anxiety in my heart disappeared.

The results of the essay came out just after our returning in an hour. When we came all the youth already gathered in the auditorium. There was the expression of

anxiety on all the faces. The auditorium was quite at all. We stopped at the entrance behind. That old teacher with the gold handled glasses on his high nose who had been the examiner in our exam on essay was standing on the other side of the large table put across the room. As if he had been waiting for us he settled his glasses and took the list into his hands.

Suddenly I felt my heart stopped to beat. It was difficult to breathe. But as I heard the teacher's saying 'Abdullayeva-five' I slowed down. It was as if fresh air filled my lungs. I looked straight to Muqaddas. Her pale face flushed at once as if red paint was spilt on a white table cloth. I found her hand and shook it gently. Then she shook my hand in the sense of 'quite' and stared at the teacher's mouth: She was waiting for my fortune.

My surname must have been even before than the middle of the list. Nevertheless, this distance seemed to me longer for some reason. The chain of numbers wasn't ending.

Sodiqov-three!

I understood that something bad happened from the fear in Muqaddas's eyes before realizing the meaning of the word 'three'. I was confused for an instance. Sharply turning back I left the auditorium. Muqaddas followed me. I walked to the middle of the corridor without knowing where and why I was going. Muqaddas stopped me holding my hand.

-Don't be hurry. Where are you going?

-Come off it! What will you do? -I said at once in spite of her pity. I felt enmity seeing the expression of happiness and joy in her eyes.

-Don't say so. May be whose score is sixteen also...

-Well. Don't sooth me. I'm not offended that I failed. Why do you...

-Otherwise, why do you behave in this way? -Muqaddas asked.

-Don't you know why? -I said staring at her with anger. I was so filled with emotion that I would tell her everything in my heart without any shy if the youth didn't crowd out of the room at that time.

-Muqaddas! I must speak to you. Today and now I must speak.

Muqaddas got a little pale for some reason. Taking her surprising eyes of me she looked aside.

-Today at five I was going to leave for Bekobod.

-Indeed? Well, you may go.

My voice was trembling. Muqaddas having a look at me nodded her head.

-Let's go.

We returned to the park which we had left happily only half of an hour ago. There were a few people in the park. Most of the benches in the hooks which were usually occupied were completely vacant today. It was seen that the exams were over. For some reason we didn't stop. Neither she nor I offered to stop in these lonely places. In general, the recent precision that I had was lost. After Muqaddas's saying 'Let's go' sharply I became dareless and timid at once. Muqaddas knew very well what I intended to say. Although she led me here herself out of the Institute now she walked holding her tongue and looking down.

At the end of the park it was seen a small sunshade covered with convolvulus. It was at the side of the narrow path with red sand strewed on our right hand side. As we saw we turned towards it at the same time in silence as if we had decided to do it beforehand.

There were two benches made triangle under the sunshade. When Muqaddas was

going to sit at the edge of the first bench I seated her to the corner holding her hand and sat in front of her myself. We became silent for a while. Then Muqaddas had a look at me:

-I didn't expect it from you at all, -she said quietly. She was digging the sand with the tip of her sandal which became white.

-What didn't you expect? -I asked not catching her words.

-I haven't thought that you are so weak-willed. I know it isn't easy. But you are a gentleman, after all.

For the first time Muqaddas's words touched my self-respect. Could it be really true that she didn't realize yet what I was suffering from?

-Do you think I'm suffering from my failing? To tell you the truth...I needn't your Institute.

`In this case why are you so upset? `I stopped talking waiting for this question from her. Nevertheless, Muqaddas didn't say a word and was still drawing on the sand with the tip of her sandal. I saw through her auburn hair the ears blushed: she knew very well what I intended to say. However, I had to tell everything though she knew. Her listening to me quietly realizing my purpose was giving me a moral support.

-For you, only for you! -I said at last.

Muqaddas's head was bent lower.

-Come off it; don't say so, please, -she said quietly with her trembling voice.

-Why shouldn't I say? After all I so...

Muqaddas slowly raised her head. In her long eyelashes with bent tips tears were sparkling like dewdrops settled on a flower. They were somehow glittered.

-Don't you believe me? -she said and her lips began trembling like an offended child's lips, the clear tears in her eyelashes increased and her eyes completely filled with tears.

-Muqaddas! -I said holding her hands.

-If you believe don't say so.

I didn't say a word and pulled her to myself. Not being sure of myself, of my luck and of her kissing I embraced her. She didn't refuse me at all. She put her head on my chest obediently like a young growth obeying to the gardener.

In a minute the earth under my feet which I was born and grew and the blue sky above my head, everything around me disappeared somewhere. Only I and Muqaddas left.

Her lips remembered me the tulips under the spring sun. They were as soft and warm as the leaves of tulips. There was the freshness of blossom growing by the mountain breeze. The basil adore was coming from her nice auburn hair.

For a month I had been waiting for this pleasant time and this kiss. Although I spent the nights without a sleep till the sunrise I didn't know that these lips would be so sweet. I didn't expect that one kiss would lose all grief and alarm in my heart like a glass of cool spring water. Wonderful! With one kiss all my sufferings were gone away. When we were going back to the Institute leaving the park I felt as though I was walking not on the earth but on the feather carpet. I still felt the softness of her lips in mine. I was dizzy of the basil adore. Only when we entered the Institute and I staying outside she went into the room where the examination body was for a minute I understood that the doors of this building were closed for me. Remembering it I got upset again. Then I remembered that I didn't call to Mother and went to the phone-box at the entrance.

Mother's feared and trembling voice was heard very strangely:

-What did you say? Why should be 'three'?

-Why should it be? Because it was dissatisfying, -I said angrily.

-Did your father hear about it?

-What should I tell him?

-Tell him right now. Are you foolish? Do you hear me? I'm just telling you. Right now find your father and tell him.

-OK.

I hung the receiver seeing Muqaddas going down the stairs.

'Should I go to Salim Karimovich sobbing and tell him that I failed?' I imagined his finding out why I got 'three' grumbling angrily.

-'No, I will never go to him!'

Muqaddas tried not to show her joy and smile. However, her happiness was sparkling from her face and eyes like a high water starting towards the shore.

Who has scored eighteen balls will enter obviously, they say, -she said trying to cheer me up. -If only you have got seventeen balls, -she added.

My grief was renewed.

She said that she had to leave for Bekobod right now as if she was asking my permission. I was going to see her off. And she didn't refuse it. This girl who had been refusing even to go to the cinema with me, today was accepting all my offers as if she was salving my conscience in this way. But my heart wasn't satisfied with it also. Later I remembered many times with shame that Muqaddas's success and my failure that day made me somehow capricious and selfish. I didn't behave like a gentleman at

all. Nevertheless, at that time I didn't notice it. Presumably, when we were sitting in the railway station out of this capricious **losing my endurance I was going to ask about our relation in future:**

-Later, after my coming back we'll talk about it, -Muqaddas said.

-Do you doubt in something? -she asked smiling that time.

-No, why? -I said stuttering.

Muqaddas kept silent for a while and then asked:

-What are you going to do?

-What could I do? I'll work; -I answered and noticed that somehow warm and jolly smile appeared on her face for my words.

-If I failed I would work too, -she said being excited for some reason. -I would work in our metal producing plant. I advise you also to work in a plant. There is no use of going in this way...

When I just was going to tell her that I was an experienced worker of the machinery-manufacturing plant the train started. We parted in a hurry. As Muqaddas was going up to the steps of the carriage she whispered to my ear:

-I will return soon. Come to the hostel, I will wait for you. OK?

I looked till the train went far away and her white silk dress fluttering became invisible.

I was quite at all. Her saying 'Come to the hostel. I will wait for you' repeated under my ears and gave me a peaceful and eternal joy.

I remained for a while in the street thinking where to go. Then somehow slowing down I decided with joy - To the plant!

As I remembered the plant all the events renewed in my memory and I was ashamed of myself.

-Did I do any felony to be ashamed? I calmed down myself at once. My heart filled with that peaceful and bright joy and I left for the plant on a bus.

I arrived at the plant when the first shift work ended and the next began. When getting off the bus I walked towards the high fortress of the plant made of burnt brick, the crowd of workers began going out of the gate too. I could wait for my friends outside but in order to see the shop and my lathe I went inside.

There was a flower-bed of about half hectare at the entrance. And a board of honor was situated in the centre of it.

There were some sportsmen's cups and honorary diplomas of our plant in some stands. Behind the flower-bed as far as the invisible places there built high glassed shops which were situated parallel to each other. They remembered big green houses.

Our mechanical shop was in the third building behind the flower-bed.

Entering the yard I saw at once the youth of our brigade on the left side of the path across the flower-bed near a small cement pond. Probably they were talking something about me. Because as soon as I entered one of them burst out saying:

-Look. He came himself.

Kuloyants who was shaving his beard kneeling turned his face smeared with foam and said:

-Do you exist in the world, academician? There left no place we looked for you. Where were you?

-What's happened, -I said greeting with boys. Either for their making a noise or I didn't know why but nobody answered me.

Tulagan who was washing under the tap being naked up to his waist wiping his

unruly hair suddenly said:

-Comrades, that day I saw him walking with one girl. But the girl was very nice!

-That's why he was escaping of entering the Institute, -somebody said behind me and all of them burst out laughing.

-What is the case? Why did you look for me? -I asked immediately.

Kuloyants came up to me finishing his shaving and beat my shoulder.

-So, you lost your control falling in love with a pretty girl. Did you forget our recent conversation?

Our brigade is going to get the honor of vanguard working-brigade. But you are idle. I'm very enraptured by you, academician.

-Don't distract the people! -Tulagan said wiping his muscular body with a flannel towel making it red. -Say that we want to start fighting for getting the honor! You will get it if you outstrip in the competition.

These words irritated me: `Stop saying nonsense. You yourself don't believe in these babblers` I wanted to shout at him. But for our being close, working for a year in one shop I didn't want to offend them. At that time the thick breaking voice was heard:

-Oho, Sharifjon visited.

Sulaymon aka also wore a new suit and trousers and a tie as others instead of the usual work clothes. Seeing it I understood:

It means that there will be a meeting now. And they will punish me together in the meeting. They will put to shame me saying that I escaped when they were trying to get the honor of `Vanguard brigade`.

I thought of it and daringly implored Sulaymon aka:

-I have one thing to tell you.

I went aside not waiting for his answer.

Sulaymon aka rather laughing followed me:

-Well, what's up, my son?

At that time either I was very impatient myself or for Sulaymon aka's warm treatment towards me, I don't know, anyway, as soon as he began his talking with `my son, here in the hall I began telling him all the events had happened. I was worried and I was stuttering (Presumably, he was pleased for my sincere ness). At first Sulaymon aka listened to my sloppy story standing straight and smiling and then knitting his brows and staring at one point thoughtfully in silence. When I finished my story there left none in the hall. At last Sulaymon aka taking his eyes of the point looked at me.

-If you passed your last exam for a satisfactory mark you wouldn't return here, am I right? -he asked.

-Right, -I answered nodding my head.

I didn't dare look at him. Although I began myself and told him everything in my heart now I was lost, after all.

After the silence which seemed to me very long Sulaymon aka asked me:

-Will your mother be at home tomorrow morning?

-I think so.

-Tell her that I will come at about eight in the morning. I will call on her on my way.

I had a look at him at once. Knitting his grown brows Sulaymon aka was staring at one point. He was stroking his moustache with the tips of his long rough fingers. As I raised my head he also looked at me and gave me his large flat palm with puffed up vessels.

-Well, that's all! -he said. -Tomorrow we will meet.

`What is he going to tell? What is he going to speak about with Mother? I went home with these worrisome thoughts.

I arrived at home late when the sun set and it was dark. Mother was sitting on

the clay dais in the middle of the flower-bed putting both hands on her knees in somehow thoughtful and sad condition. And Salim Karimovich wearing a fringed silk belt on his white silk shirt was walking from side to side in a narrow place between the flower-bed and the clay dais. He was holding the tip of the belt with his right hand and was beating another hand with its fringe endlessly. It seemed that he was worried about something. Hearing the door's creaking Salim Karimovich stopped and stared above his glasses. Mother raised her head trembling.

-Thanks God! -Salim Karimovich said and sighed shaking his head. -There left no place we looked for you. We have been running from the morning, but you are...busy with your own business. How can one be so light-hearted, my son?

Mother standing up in silence came up to me and asked quietly in somehow feeble and tired voice:

-Where have you been, my son?

I got confused seeing that her eyes completely filled with tears.

-Let's go inside, -Salim Karimovich said resolutely. -Only an hour left!

Being surprised I had a look once at Mother and once at Salim Karimovich. Salim Karimovich smiled at me with satisfaction.

-Anyway, we settled the matter; my son. The comrades didn't refuse my request. Be hurry, I brought your essay. Rewrite it quickly.

-A? -I said in a hurry. I remembered Sulaymon Akromovich not knowing either I should be glad or sad for Salim Karimovich's this news. I remembered him and it was as though cool water was poured on a joy glittered in one corner of my heart.

-No, there's no use, -I said. -Now it is useless.

I said these words in a low voice. But I wonder, as I said these words I remembered Muqaddas.

`Could it be really settled? Could I really study in one institute, in one auditorium sitting next to her for five years? Could I be really a success of being always with her?

-A? -Salim Karimovich asked. -Repeat. What did you say?

-Let's go inside and have a talk there, -Mother said. There was the expression of fear in her voice.

-What does it mean? -Salim Karimovich said. He didn't not expect like these words. So, taking off his glasses and then wearing them again looked at me and at Mother again and again. -If you don't want to study, that's to say, if you prefer to stay in this plant as an ordinary worker forever it is up to you. But such a fortune comes once a life, my son. If I were you I wouldn't miss the opportunity. However, it is up to you.

Mother holding my hand said:

- Let's go inside.

Silently I followed Mother. Salim Karimovich didn't enter for some reason.

I was confused at all. Feelings opposite to each other were struggling inside of me. I was really in an extraordinary condition. I knew that if I chose Muqaddas I should part with the nice people, my friends, but if I chose them...What about Muqaddas?

As Mother was walking in through the terrace she switched on the light above the door. Under the light of the lamp I saw a ceramic platter full of pilaf. The pilaf was not eaten at all. Presumably, Mother served it for me and as I didn't come she forgot to put it back to the pot. It was cool.

-Do you want me to heat up your food? -Mother asked.

-No, -I said shaking my head. She stared at my face.

-Sit down here. What's the matter? Can you explain me clearly?

Pulling from my hand she seated me to the chair and pulling another chair she sat herself in front of me. Under the sharp dazzling light of the lamp the wrinkles on her forehead and at the edge of her eyes and lips looked more clearly or the expression of sorrow and sadness in her whole appearance affected me, I don't know exactly, anyway, for the first time I saw clearly that she rather got older. It seemed to

me that she had a secret which she kept inside of her not telling me, to her son. For an instance I wanted to put my head on her knee kneeling in front of her. I wanted to rest and forget everything hiding my face to her cotton print dress which lost its color being washed always. But at that time the sadness on Mother's face changed into somehow cold expression.

-Why are you silent? Where have you been wandering?

In order not to see this cold expression I looked down and in this position I told her everything that had happened. I told that I had gone to the plant, how they had greeted me there, that I had told to Sulaymon aka my secret and that he was going to come the next day. I told her all the events, but I didn't say a word about Muqaddas.

Mother's eyes became thoughtful. She was staring at me but she was thinking of other things. Gradually my recent feelings appeared again. Again I started thinking that she was a poor mother and that she had some secrets hiding from me. But when I just began feeling sorry for her as recently Mother began:

-I'll speak to Sulaymon aka myself, -she said in a gentle and sad voice. -I'll explain him myself. I'll tell you also why I'm so hitting myself to enter you the institute, my son. Perhaps I'm not right. But I have no other way. I'll tell you the reason later, my son. And now you should follow your father's words. Rewrite the essay. Otherwise, you will be late.

No, this woman with wrinkled face in spite of her young age wasn't the one who was afraid of her son's working at the plant. I knew it very well. It meant that there were some reasons for her doing this.

Mother must have thought that I would refuse it obstinately: -At first write the essay and then I'll explain you everything. I'll tell you everything, she repeated several times. And every time she repeated it seemed to me that the heavy stones on my shoulder were falling down one by one and I slowed down. 'If my studying is so necessary and very important for some reasons which I don't know yet, after all if she speaks to Sulaymon aka herself why shouldn't I fulfill her request? Actually do I have

right to reject her?

To tell the truth, there was a kind of doubt in my heart despite of proves Mother gave or actually was going to tell after my rewriting the essay. I knew that I wouldn't be able to clear myself in front of my friends. But Muqaddas's smiling face in front of my eyes, the desire to study with her during five years won these thoughts and I even didn't notice how I accepted it.

Mother went out and led Father inside after a while. He was rather laughing for some reason. Presumably, he was satisfied with his work. He gave me a rolled paper.

-Look through how you wrote and learn how you should write, -he said smiling. -This paper will settle your future. Be careful, my son.

This was the essay that I wrote with my own hands about Yulchi and Gulnor. It was so corrected with a red pen and was so crossed out that it remembered me a rag quilt. There was no any sentence that wasn't touched with a red pen. Trying to understand my mistakes I began reading the essay. At that time Father putting his hand on my shoulder said:

-At first, write it. Then you will read.

Mother was afraid that these words could sting me.

-Be quick, my son, rewrite it quickly, -she said quietly.

Mother could be calm. There was no reason to be offended with Salim Karimovich. I had no right.

Later when all ended every time I remembered these moments I was ashamed of myself, somehow violent pain covered my heart and I rather moaned as a result of it. But at that time I didn't feel that I was making such a big mistake. Because at that time my thought was busy with one jolly idea - 'Now nothing can part us with Muqaddas from each other'.

I wondered if everybody would be confused instead of me in such a situation or I was so indecisive, I don't know, anyway, I was rewriting the essay forgetting my regrets in the meeting time only an hour before. If during the meeting being charmed

with the courage of labor in full swing I forgot Muqaddas, now forgetting all my friends and that wonderful courage I only thought of Muqaddas.

At last I finished. Salim Karimovich reading through it once said that he would come in an hour and so and left for his friend's house. As soon as he left I looked at Mother. There was a kind of document in her hand that could prove this wrong shabby act. I wanted to see this document and clear myself before my conscience. Perhaps Mother also understood my intension without a word as going to the centre of the room she raised a flowery sheet covering the whole wall and hung it on a nail. Then she began taking the quilts on the chest one by one and putting them on the table.

I was watching her in silence. After taking all the quilts of she opened the chest, took a kind of old suitcase with cut asides out of it and put it in front of me. When she was opening the suitcase I noticed that her hands were trembling.

Why? Am I not wounding her feelings committing all the things myself and again blaming her on them?

The things in the suitcase were rolled with white silk fabric. She raised the white silk fabric and I saw a great number of letters and old envelopes. Many of them were triangle letters turned yellow with torn asides. The writings written with a navy pen on them also began being rubbed out.

-These are...your father's letters, -she said and her eyes filled with tears at once.
-Here, see him.

Mother finding a large envelope under the letters took two photos out of it and gave me.

-It is his photo at the front.

This was a photo of a tall dark man with swelled up temple bones and deep cheeks. He was smiling but for some reason, presumably, because of his losing weight he looked as if he was crying. He wore an old forage cap on his head, a crumpled high collared tunic on him and a pair of large boots of artificial leather and it was written

`Leningrad, 1941` below the photo. Reading this writings this dark and tall man turned to be a close and kind man to me who was courageous and brave. It was as though the words `Leningrad, 1941` suddenly shone and its rays lit up this unknown man's heart, inner world and soul who wore a forage cap.

My father! Although I called him only on my mind my heart weakened at once. Marvelous! For the first time I pronounced this word sincerely from the bottom of my heart.

-Look at this photo too; Mother gave another photo. As she was giving she blushed and smiled imperceptibly.

It was their photo which was taken before the war. Both of them were young and happy.

-So, this man is your father, my son, -she said quietly. -I'm not a sinner before your father, my son. If you want you can read his letters. As I was very young I got married again. But I still...

Mother gasped, stopped for a while, wiped the tears on her face with a handkerchief and went on in a changed and constrained voice. -I still remember him, my son. So, if I don't realize his only will I can not be calm before my conscience. His only will was to make you knowledgeable and an engineer. He himself was an engineer, a good engineer. This is his last letter which he wrote in hospital before his death. If you want to be sure read it yourself.

Mother took an envelope folded in triangle and turned yellow with the address written on it with a navy pen and gave it to me.

-From hospital, written before his death, -she repeated and added without looking at me:

-Your father was wounded from his belly.

I didn't take the letter. I knew that I couldn't stand to hear anything else about him. Standing up I walked towards the door. Mother didn't stop me. She felt the feelings in my heart.

The weather changed outside, the wind started blowing, and the cherry and apricot trees in the yard were making a noise remembering that a cold autumn was coming. The stars filling the clear and soft sky also looked unusual today. They were glittered coolly like pieces of ice.

Leaning against the column of the terrace I stood a little. The wind blowing was bending the trees and making a noise. It was touching my face and increasing the anxiety in my heart.

Mother's shade was seen through the window. She was ordering the quilts back to their place. Slowly going to my plank bed under the cherry tree I lay down. The wind was still roaring and the trees were making a loud voice as in autumn. After Mother's words I understood that she was right in a way. But I wondered. My father's letters, photos and Mother's story confused me at all instead of soothing. May be, these letters could prove Mother's words but what about mine? Can they prove my actions? In order to forget all things I covered my head with the quilt.

I woke up early in the morning. The wind of the night calmed. The sky was clear and blue. The first rays of the sun were shining on the tops of the two Lombardy poplar trees. Everywhere was somehow calm and the yard also was quite at all.

Suddenly Salim Karimovich's voice was heard from the side of the house. Being surprised I glanced bending the cold branches of the cherry tree because Salim Karimovich had no habit of getting up early. Mother and Salim Karimovich holding his big leather case under the arms went out. He was talking in a low displeased voice.

-I don't want to talk to that man. But be careful. If a trouble appears both I and my comrades will be ashamed.

-Sulaymon aka understands everything, -Mother said. -I'll explain him carefully.

-That's ok. Anyway, we shouldn't be ashamed. It is a delicate situation now.

`The essay is solved`. This idea glittered in my mind. But I wasn't glad at all. Suddenly remembering that the time Sulaymon aka would come was approaching I got up. I wondered, the first idea came to my mind was to leave the house sooner, not to meet and not to see him. Going to the tap I washed my head with cold water. When I was just leaving the house putting on my clothes Mother appeared at the gate.

-Your essay is solved. I congratulate you, my son, she said smiling. But her eyes were sad as they were yesterday.

No, no. You mustn't leave, Mother said hearing that I was leaving in order not to see him. -If he asks you, I will be ashamed.

I realized that she was worried and so going back I lay to my bed again.

I was sad and even was afraid of something. This fear suffered me and touched my self-respect. But I was unable to get rid of it.

The door was knocked. Mother passed by walking quickly in a hurry. In a little time Sulaymon aka's unnatural creaking voice destroyed the silence and filled the yard.

-Don't try for any drinks? I came only for five minutes. Let's sit on this clay dais.

-Let's go inside. I have a lot to tell you, -Mother said.

Probably Sulaymon aka hesitated either to enter or not as he became silent:

-At least I came to tell you one thing. However, you also have something to tell me. That's you are! Where is Sharifjon? Call him.

My heart froze and I got up.

-Sharifjon is here. But let's talk ourselves at first, then we will call him too, -Mother said at that time. After her words I calmed down a little.

-OK! If you have something to tell I am listening to you, -Sulaymon aka said. -But don't have a trouble for anything else. I am in a hurry.

Sulaymon aka stepping loudly with his large heavy boots went up to the terrace

and then together they went into the house. Their voice wasn't heard any more.

I got up and sat. My heart was beating fast. Running inside I wanted to interrupt their conversation and shout `I put away both studying and working`.

Although more than a quarter of an hour passed Sulaymon aka who was going to sit only five minutes was still there.

`Why did their talking so drag on? Either Mother was showing the letters to him also`. My patience gave way. In order not to be seen through the window I went around the tap and approached the terrace. Sulaymon aka's voice was heard from inside. When I came near the column their words were heard very clearly to me.

-All right. It's up to you. But I have no doubt that you are mistaken, -Sulaymon aka was saying. -I'm sure of it, Rahimaxon! He was a young man who would be a splendid worker and a man. But you made him go astray. Oh, dear.

Perhaps Mother was telling something (her voice wasn't heard). Sulaymon aka kept silent for a while. Then in an angry and louder voice he said:

-I know Sodiq not less than you. We studied together and were at the war also together. He dreamt of Sharifjon's being an engineer. That's right. But if Sodiq was alive he would never lead him to this way. You want him to be rich. But the main purpose is not to make him a rich engineer but to make him a real man.

Suddenly a rebel idea appeared in my mind.

What is he going to say? Is he going to say that I won't be a man? No! When I was just on my way inside Sulaymon aka's saying:

-All right, have it your own way, -was heard. After that I stopped not daring to enter. -I don't mind his studying. He may study and be an engineer. But not by this way, I mean. Well, don't you have anything else to tell? Good bye!

There was a distance of ten-fifteen paces between the terrace and the cherry trees. To reach it... Even before I thought about it the door was opened and Sulaymon aka appeared at the entrance. His face flushed as if he just went out of the bathroom. His eyebrows were crossed and he frowned. His thick grey hair was fallen apart. As

soon as I saw him the recent rebel feelings in my heart disappeared. Contrary to my will I walked towards him. Sulaymon aka stopped seeing me. But he didn't greet.

-I told my opinion to your mother, -he said. Presumably, he thought that I also was going to talk to him. -After all, do what you want. But don't be afraid that I will write a letter to the Institute and expose your action.

Sulaymon aka knitting his brows became silent for an instance.

-I had another intention. It is a pity! You couldn't catch it.

Turning sharply he quickly went down the stairs and walked towards the door.

`Will he really leave in this way? Will not he even stop?`

No, he stopped. When he reached the middle of the yard he stopped. While he wearing the crumpled cap in his hand he called me:

-Come here!

I ran towards him.

-Even if you have any trouble in future, don't make a mistake, come to me. Come straight, clear?

-Sulaymon aka!

-Did you catch me? Even not looking at me and not waiting for my answer he left the yard with heavy steps.

Tightening my belt I clenched my fist.

`No, I won't go. I will never go`.

He didn't say a word to me. He even didn't ask why I was doing that. He didn't want to know that I also had a grief suit to myself in the heart.

`No, thank you. I won't go`.

May be, because I got used to his treatment like my own father or for another reason, I don't know, however, his cold treatment so wounded my feelings that I hardly managed to hold in my tears coming out of suffering and humiliation.

When Mother went out a little later we couldn't look at each other. We were hiding our eyes from each other. But all was settled. Even without having my

breakfast I left the house. I went to the Institute and walked till the evening in the park. Gradually the grief in my heart went away and it filled with somehow bright and pleasant dreams instead. Now it was inevitable that I would enter the Institute and be with Muqaddas.

From that day the waiting period in which the hours passed like days began. I was waiting for two things: The first one was the results that would give us the right of studying in the Institute and another one was to meet Muqaddas. Every morning as I woke up I ran to the Institute. In a hurry I went to the bulletin board in the crush room where all the announcements were stuck. I saw that I came in vain and returned. Then I went for a walk along the city and went back to the Institute again in the evening.

Two days passed in such a way. Muqaddas also didn't return in this period of time. The third day in the morning When I woke up and opened my eyes Mother came up to me, sat at the edge of the bed and kissed my forehead.

-Congratulations, my son, -she said smiling. But she was somehow sad. -The results came out. Salim Karimovich said at night.

My heart beating fastened at once. My face blushed. I got up jumping.

Father rolling the bottom of his pajama up to his knees and bare-footed was watering the flowers in the yard. He saw me and coming up shook my hand with his cold and wet hand.

-Now we can congratulate you, comrade student!

That day was a happy day in which all joys tied together. The asphalt streets washed lately were cool and shining like a mirror. The trees sprinkled with water were as beautiful under the sunshine as they looked like a dressed girls on a red letter day. The people in the crowded streets wore their better clothes than they wore usually and for some reason they seemed to me more polite and kind. Everybody gave

a way to another and they respected each other. When I got on the bus a girl younger than me gave me her seat. 'Please, sit down', -she said smiling. Getting off the bus when I was just running to the Institute somebody called 'Fellow' behind me. My fountain pen fell down from my pocket. She also smiling as the previous girl handed the pen over to me.

At the entrance a few people gathered. But they weren't as many as they had been on the exam day. It seemed to me that Muqaddas was there. I was excited. It is right that when you are afraid the fear increases two fold. When I just reached the Institute I saw the youth who I took the exam with and my heart somehow froze at once. Cold sweat went out of my whole body. As though I didn't see them I passed by in a hurry and went straight into the crush room.

There were a crowd of people there too. As many of the youth here were those who hoped and even were sure of entering, certainly, the expression of joy mixed with worry were twinkling on their faces. Their eyes were sparkling.

I dived into the crowd which was gathered in front of the large blackboard of announcements and pushing others I moved forward. But because of my anxiety it was as if the board was waving and the writings on the papers were scrawled. I couldn't find the results.

Yes, this one is of our faculty! My eyes were straight at the list. I began looking for my name and surname. I found. My heart beating fast I stared at the beginning of the list: Abbosov, Akromova, Alimov, Ahmedova, Bobojonov...not! My heart was frozen. I looked through the list once more. Really there was no Muqaddas in it. Not believing in my eyes I started again from the beginning. She couldn't have failed.

If she wasn't included in the list it meant that she failed. I realized it but I didn't want to believe. I was afraid to believe. So, as though her name and surname might be in other lists I read through them too and came back to the first one. But gradually the crowd coming behind pushed me aside like a shoot flowed out to the shore by a high water. After that I came to my senses and began thinking of the reason of it. But I

couldn't realize at all. In general, there was no reason for it because it was impossible. Presumably, some misunderstanding happened. Perhaps they made a mistake and dropped her surname while copying the list. It must be corrected at once before Muqaddas's coming.

I hesitated for a while thinking either to go to the exam body or to the dean's office. Since the previous year I knew that after coming out of the results the problems of this sort could be solved by the dean's office too.

Turning right I went up the stairs to the third floor. Probably there were a lot of people who found mistakes as there were enough people who were going up and down making a noise. However, many of them were turning to the head's office of the Institute on the second floor and that's why the number of people who were going up to the third floor was a little fewer.

Not turning to the head's office I began going up to the third floor and an idea 'What will I say if they ask who I am to her?' -came to my mind.

Unintentionally, my steps slowed down. At that time upstairs in the corridor of the third floor I saw Muqaddas just approaching the stairs. She saw me too and stopped. She waited me to go up to her.

As if I knew that something unpleasant would happen beforehand I hardly reached the third floor somehow weakening. We shook hands. Muqaddas bit her lip at once which started to tremble and looked down.

-Did you enter? What did they say? -I asked quietly.

Muqaddas didn't answer. Only raising her eyes slowly she looked at me. I saw two tears going out through her long bent eyelashes. They rolled down her face to the deep near her mouth and absorbed there.

The tears rolling down one after another increased.

-Take it easy! -I said not letting her hand go of. -It looks that they have made a mistake somewhere. Why shouldn't they receive you when I am received?

Muqaddas had a look at me sharply with her eyes filled with tears.

-Did you enter? How could it be? -she said. Now I realized that she didn't even look for my surname. May be, she didn't do it for her being completely sure that I failed. At the same time I was afraid that it would be hardly good news for her as I had been expected for several days. She was still staring at me and waiting for my answer. There was the expression of surprise, question and even somehow suspect in her large opened black eyes which looked sad. At that moment I didn't think at all that I was the accuser of her failure. But I knew one thing obviously: Either I had to correct this terrible mistake or I would disjoin of these innocent eyes looking wistfully at me and her love which filled my whole life with light.

-Did you meet the dean? Why are you silent, Muqaddas?

-The dean is busy now. They say, it is useless, -Muqaddas answered and looking somewhere aside in the dark corridor added:

-You... I didn't know that you entered.

That time she didn't ask how I entered. But it was clear that some doubts appeared in her mind. 'Doesn't she believe me? '

-Perhaps the list was copied incorrectly. Let's go and ask them! My voice trembled for some reason.-We will enter the dean's office. Let's go!

Muqaddas tearing her eyes away from the point she had been staring at looked at me and said quietly:

-Well, let's go.

Yes, now it was clear that I made a great mistake. Of course, I am not the accuser of it; however, I made a mistake implicitly! Now either I must correct my mistake or I will lose Muqaddas!

The anxious preparation in my heart changed into a resolute boldness. At the end of the corridor near the dean's office door several well-dressed women were standing and an old man holding a stick was sitting. As soon as we went near the door one obese woman putting on a hat and playing a splendid Chinese umbrella in her hand obstructed our way with it.

-Are you to the dean, good fellow? We are too.

I pushed away her umbrella with anger.

-We didn't come here to beg as you. Let's go, Muqaddas!

The woman mustn't have expected these words as she stepped backward hurriedly. She was surprised with her mouth open. While I was closing the door from inside me heard one of the women grumbling:

-You can expect anything from the youth of today!

There were a crowd of people in the dean's reception room. Two typing machines on two sides were working, somebody was shouting by phone and about five-six solid men who seemed to be teachers from their appearance were arguing about something with a great interest. But none of these people turned to our side except an old grey-haired woman who was sitting on the right side of the huge door covered with black leather with the notice 'Dean' on it. She looked and shouted at us:

-Why did you enter without permission? The dean is busy.

I was lost and confused for a while. But I had a look at Muqaddas (She was standing next to me with her lips trembling) and found my words at once.

-Nobody entered without permission! You would better to ask before shouting! The head sent us here!

-I know without asking why you have come, -the old woman muttered.

-Either you know or not why we are here, however, we are sent by the head, -I said resolutely.

The woman began shuffling through the papers on her table.

-The dean is absent. If his assistant receives you, you may enter. But I don't know, ask him yourself.

I opened the door pulling out. The idea 'Whatever happens' came to my mind.

-May we enter?

Without waiting for permission I went in.

But as I entered I saw a fellow of average height put on dandy clothes that was

talking and having fun with a young lady (married) near the table covered with black table cloth in the centre of the room. I saw him and all the daring and resolute in my heart extinguished like fire put out with water. This dandy fellow was that young teacher who always watched us with Muqaddas and who tried to be acquainted with her speaking several times. He was a young scientist Pulat Azizov. He had a look at us and gave his hand to that young lady with short hair cut.

-Don't forget us and come to see, Gulchehraxon! -he said and trying to show us that he was in close relation with this pretty lady he didn't let her hand go of and asked:

-It means that we have decided it, yeah?

The lady waving her short hair laughed:

-A gentleman doesn't ask to come but says the exact time and place to meet.

-Oh, dear, -said Pulat Azizov blushing. But the lady laughed shamelessly shaking his hand in the expression of 'Did I perform excellently' and stepped towards the door.

I looked at Muqaddas imperceptibly. Bending her head she was staring at her nails her long bent eyelashes were trembling, her blushed long face and the whole appearance was reflecting the feelings of regret, shy and offence in her heart like a mirror. Entering and seeing Azizov I also realized that I made another mistake. But the worst of all was that we wouldn't be able to leave now.

As the young lady closed the door Azizov sat into his large soft armchair with the scraped edges and said:

-So, I'm listening to you.

As if he was ashamed of us for the young lady's treatment he began shuffling through the papers on his table.

After the silence which prolonged several seconds but seemed to me very long I hardly calmed down and began explaining.

As I pronounced Muqaddas's name Azizov immediately interrupted me.

-Who failed in the exams, Muqaddas or you? Somehow strong wave rushed out of my body at once and heated the whole of it.

-Muqaddasxon, -I said quietly.

-Is that so? In this case, let Muqaddasxon speak herself. Why are you involved in this?

Suddenly I saw her eyes sparkling. I had never felt so feebly and sorrowfully. It was as though he was growing up, becoming elder and a nobler in my estimation and oppositely I was getting smaller and going down in the ground. Now I knew that this man might insult me as much as he wanted but I couldn't say a word back to him. Cold sweat was going out of my body.

-Well. Why you are silent, speak! -Azizov said and taking his eyes off the papers on the table stared at me. Before I had time to answer suddenly Muqaddas nodded her head sharply.

-Let's go, Sharif aka, please! -she said quietly but in a somehow trembling voice. She was standing like a lovely proud bird which was ready to fly in the sky. Her head was a little bent back and her beautiful chest under her white silk was raising and falling fast. Her blushed face like a rose and her large lovely eyes fixed on Azizov somehow filled with generous despise. Muqaddas stared at Azizov for a while in this position and then turning her face to me repeated:

-Let's go.

When she stepped a pace back Azizov put his both hands on the sides of the arm-chair and with unexpected nimble stood up jumping.

-Stop, Muqaddasxon, you would better to know the truth before going away, - he said in a low and somehow hoarse voice. Then he went around the table and as though he was afraid of its falling he stretched his hands out backward and held its edges. His attempts were intense and he was trembling. However, than his words and attempts a strong tremble in her voice made me shudder. This tremble filled with somehow suffering, moan and grief. Either Muqaddas also noticed it or Azizov's

intensive attempts affected her, I didn't know, anyway, she stopped on her way. She remained in her place like a man who was waiting for a flash of lightening.

Although I didn't know the truth yet, I felt that something terrible would happen now. I also lost my head.

-What's your score? Azizov asked Muqaddas staring at her imperceptibly. After the silence which prolonged several seconds:

-Eighteen, -Muqaddas said quietly.

-OK, -said Azizov. -But have you ever thought how this handsome fellow could enter with sixteen balls when you failed with eighteen?

He waited an answer for a while and then asked again:

-Do you know that this young fellow entered instead of you? If this fellow didn't settled his work you wouldn't wander now in this way crying, clear?

Although I had been waiting just this words for a long time I gave a start. Immediately I looked at Muqaddas. She also looked at me. She looked somehow frightened and shuddering of something. Her large dark distressed eyes were sparkling as if they were asking a favor and her eyebrows knitted sorrowfully. These eyes were asking me to object to this terrible truth that Azizov had just told, they were begging. But what could I say to this sorrowful expression reflected on my beloved's face that I loved with all my heart and soul? What could I answer to this voiceless question? I slowly bent my head.

-It's a pity but I've just heard about it today. I have learnt it after the results' coming out, -he said and again I shuddered of his sorrowful trembling voice like the recent one. -I found out that he rewrote his essay. Don't be upset, Muqaddasxon, I will try to solve it. But I am surprised of one thing. Why is this fellow doing good deed after entering instead of you?

I had to answer him something. I knew it. But what could I say if this man whom I thought a fraud man, who was going to deceive Muqaddas abusing of his position was a better, more innocent and nobler man than me, in fact? What could I

say? I felt only one thing. I felt that I was falling to a dark deep ravine with my head.

Somebody moaned quietly.

I hardly raised my head and saw that Muqaddas's eyes completely filled with tears. Presumably, Not to burst out crying she bit her lips tightly. And the tears began rolling down one after another as though had been waiting for my looking at.

I was staring at her. I was suffering with my whole body. But I was unable to sooth her. It was a pity but I had no right to make her happy.

Azizov stepped another pace forward.

-Don't cry, Muqaddasxon, anyway, we will try, -he said. -We have time even now.

But Muqaddas didn't listen to him and turned back.

-Come off it! You needn't do it, Muqaddas said quietly. -It isn't necessary; she covered her face with hands as if she was shading it from the sun and walked to the door.

I didn't stop her, didn't dare to stop. But after Muqaddas's leaving the room suddenly I realized the horror of the affair had happened and turned to Azizov:

-Unjust! -I said swallowing my tears. I was just going to leave saying this word but Azizov held my hand firmly and stopped me pulling.

Who is unjust? You or me? -he said with his eyes sparkling with hatred. -You are called unjust, clear?

I was astonished without a word because he was right. I pulled out my hand out of his and went out quickly.

I knew that a bridge between me and Muqaddas fell down and now it was impossible to set it up again. Anyway, I still wanted to speak to her and explain everything had happened. Presumably, I didn't realize completely the horror of the whole affair. Even now it seemed to me that there was some misunderstanding because I was sure of one thing. If I noticed that I would enter instead of Muqaddas I

would never agree to this affair.

When I rushed out like a mad surprising the people in the reception Muqaddas was already approaching the stairs at the end of the dark corridor. Hearing the sound of my steps she looked turning back and fastened her walking again.

-Muqaddas, -I called her even not paying attention to the people staring at us surprisingly in the corridor.

-Muqaddas, stop!

She didn't stop. However, not going down the stairs she went forward to the large window at the end of the corridor and stopped near it. Walking quickly I went up to her.

She was standing with her back to me rolling the tips of her long auburn hair onto her fingers like one who was upset about something.

-Muqaddas, -I said. -Muqaddas, look at me, I...

Muqaddas without changing her position asked me:

-Did the teacher tell the truth?

-Muqaddas, -I begged. -Look here.

-Was he right? -repeated Muqaddas. Suddenly I became silent as if something crammed in my throat.

-It is the truth, Muqaddas, but I didn't think at all that it would cause your failure, believe me. Otherwise... Could it be really true that I... After all, I...

Muqaddas turned to me directly and stared at my face. I had never seen the expression of this kind on her face. Her dark sparkling eyes looked more attractive, her face was blushing and the moist lips were trembling.

-You say, you didn't think that you would enter instead of me. What would happen if you entered instead of somebody else? -said Mukaddas and again her eyes filled with tear. -After all, I was stupid believing you so much!

She turned back and began crying quietly covering her face with hands.

Again something glittered in my mind as it happened not long ago and it

seemed to me that one corner of the curtain covering the truth raised. I felt it obviously. After all, it was right that I hadn't thought about this side of the matter. I admit that I committed injustice and unfairness. Although I committed it not thinking about the outcome of my action I did it for Muqaddas, for our love, in fact!

-Muqaddas, -I said trying to make her look at me. -Please, listen to me, I admit that I have done a vile thing but I didn't do it on purpose. And now I'll correct it myself, I'll try myself...

-Thank you, - said Muqaddas wiping her face with the handkerchief, - Thank you. Now I have finished my studying!

-Muqaddas?

-I won't study, -said Muqaddas. -Do you really think that I have come here escaping from labor. I'm a worker's daughter! I looked so..., -she didn't tell the rest of her words. She looked at me again with her teary eyes and walked towards the stairs.

-Muqaddas, -I called trying to stop her. -Muqaddas.

-Come off it, that's all. Don't follow me. You did enough favor for me; -she said and went downstairs crying. In the turning to the second floor two plaits of her hair were seen again as if they were softly waving in the wind and then disappeared.

`Come off it, that's all. You did enough favor for me`. There was a grief in these words, the grief of love. Nevertheless, at the same time these words meant saying `don't hope`, `ended`, `all is over`.

It was as though somebody cut the source of my life which provided it with blood and soul. I was completely confused. Both my mind and heart were empty at all. Even I couldn't realize what a serious tragedy had just happened. There was a pain in one part of my heart as if a poisonous thorn was stuck into it.

Suddenly I saw Muqaddas from the place I remained below on the other side of the street. She was stepping quickly still wiping her eyes with the handkerchief. **She seemed to be a helpless girl who lost her way in a strange city and didn't know where to go.**

As I saw an idea `why am I standing here? ` -came to my mind. Should I try to correct this terrible mistake or will I begin studying instead of her as if I don't realize the words she meant?

No, I knew very well that I wouldn't study. Even if I said that I would, I couldn't do it. I had to correct my injustice. Correcting it I had to tell Muqaddas about it. Then she would decide herself either she would study or not. But it was my aim before my conscience to settle this affair.

I ran downstairs. The recent crowd in front of the head's door wasn't there. The corridor was also empty. A young girl who was sitting in a large cozy two windowed reception working in the machine to my question `Is the head in his office? ` -answered even without looking at me:

-He left before your eyes. Didn't you see?

I ran downstairs without asking another question. I had never seen the head before. However, as the people in the corridor and on the first floor didn't give the impressiveness of a head I rushed out without addressing them.

Two men were parting outside in front of the door near the `Pobeda` under the shade of acacia. Both of them were well-dressed solid men with rather large bellies. When I ran out of the door one of them began opening the door of `Pobeda`. He was a grey-haired man of average height who wore a white silk tunic and held a bag under his armpit. Being afraid that he was going away I went towards him.

-Are you the head of the Institute? -I asked puffing.

Perhaps this man who stretched his hands towards the door didn't expect this kind of indecent or fuss as he looked at me with surprise:

-Yes I am. What's up, -he asked.

-I have one thing very important to tell you.

-Really? What about come up to me tomorrow, -he said rather laughing.

-I'm sorry, but we can not put it off till tomorrow, -I said seeing that he was going to sit into his car. I stretched my hands towards him unintentionally.

The head had a look at me attentively again. The expression of surprise twisted in his rather squeezed eyes.

With a sharp attempt he quickly looked at his watch and biting his lips he shook his head:

-I'm sorry, brother. It's impossible. I'm in a hurry. I have been called for an important task. **As soon as possible I must be there**, -he said and again having look at me added:

-Tomorrow come earlier. I'll receive you in the first turn.

I was going to stop him again seeing his opening the door of `Pobeda` but the man who had just parted with him held my arm sharply:

-Look here, young fellow. Stop being indecent! Who are you, in general?

The head leaning his head out of the car window faced me:

-It's right. You can address to this man also with your complaints... -Help him if it is possible, -he said and gestured to the driver "Drive"

-Look here, the head's companion said. -It seems that I have seen you somewhere. Aren't you Salim Karimovich's son?

I remained staring behind the head's car which mixed up with other `Zim` and `Pobeda`s filling the street and turned to the corner. Loosing my last chance I was in a deep thought.

The man next to me held my arm:

-What's happened to you, young fellow? I think your matter was settled. What are you doing here?

I turned to him sharply. He was a familiar man to me.

This was that nice old man with gold glasses who had been an examiner in writing essays.

-Yes, my problem is solved!

I stared angrily to his smoothly shaved red round face and his eyes like pebbles which were sparkling under the gold glasses. -However, I came here to speak to the

people who solved it! I came to unmask them! And I'll do it! Do you understand my purpose now?

The teacher face became extraordinary long. The expression of saying 'Is he foolish at all?' -reflected in his eyes. He shrugged his shoulders. He was frightened as if I dragged him at that time to the place where I could expose his actions. He walked quickly into the Institute.

Again I remained not knowing what to do. An idea wasn't coming to my mind. And I couldn't concentrate. At last, in a long time an idea 'The head said to come tomorrow. Muqaddas shouldn't go away' came to my mind. Being afraid that Muqaddas would go away I walked up to the corner of the street in a hurry. Nevertheless, my steps slowed down as I saw the two-floored familiar house under the shades of old elm trees.

In the last one month this plain building turned into the most beautiful, ornate and peaceful place in the world for me. Every time I passed by this house I kept my heart in hand. I couldn't tear myself away from the curtain hung to the windows of the balconied room on the second floor where my Muqaddas, my beloved lived. Even though I didn't see her, every time I passed by this house with my heart full of delicate and pleasant feelings. How many times I saw her off to this house being in the seventh heaven out of joy and how many times I was stressed not seeing. However, I never thought that I would go in front of her being afraid and sad out of dark and grief feelings full of my heart as now.

Unfortunately this time there was none in front of the hostel which had been always full of people. I stood under the elm tree some minutes waiting for somebody's appearing familiar to me. Then I approached the door slowly.

An old woman wearing glasses was knitting socks near the bank full of hot water in the path.

When I asked her to call Muqaddas she sighed shaking her head.

-You always keep disturbing my peace, -she said and with her right hand on

her waist went up to the second floor.

Going back outside, I began waiting for her under the shade of the elm tree by the ditch. My heart was beating fastened one idea was lingering in my mind 'Is she here or not? Will she go down or not? '

The front of the hostel which was deserted began filling with boys and girls as if they had been waiting for me? It seemed to me that they kept looking at me and as if they hated me for my action. Suddenly I heard that the door of the balcony above me opened. I looked hurriedly and saw Muqaddas there.

Now she wore a cotton dress instead of her silk dress and gathered her hair up. Presumably, she made up her mind to leave. Our eyes met for a second. Either her eyes again filled with tears or it seemed to me, I don't know, but inclining her head she went in silently.

In a little time the girl with the dark mole on her face whom I had seen several times during the exams appeared at the door. She came up to me slowly walking. And as if she saw me for the first time she stared at me and stretched a piece of paper folded in four towards me.

Muqaddas said that she wouldn't go down, she said and not waiting for my answer went into the hostel. I went out of the shade and began going somewhere I didn't know myself.

I nearly noticed how would be Muqaddas's answer. A hope was still lingering in one corner of my heart. I opened the paper folded in four. *'Sharif aka! You did much good for me. I'm thankful for it but don't torture yourself any more. Even if you brought me the result of my entering the Institute I wouldn't stay here. Believe me. Now I won't study until I work at least one or two years. This one month passed is a lesson for me. Now I became wiser. At last I have realized that to work before studying teaches not only to respect labor or to become tempered but it teaches to learn people too. Even if you knew... how I believed you, how believed. Bye. Muqaddas.'*

It was the end. All was over. I disjoined my Muqaddas, my happiness and bliss, my spring. After all, I could believe that I lost my large pearl that I had found all of a sudden.

It was seen that the letter was written in tears but at the same time it was written cruelly. And now this little piece of paper was torturing not only my hands but my whole heart too. I could feel nothing but the hard pain covering my heart. Sometimes I forgot both the letter and my losing Muqaddas for a few minutes. Then I remembered the letter again and my disjoining Muqaddas shocked me like electric current, a bitter grief filled my whole body like poison.

Either in one psychological book, I don't remember, I read that one couldn't leave the place where he lost something. Even if he left he would return again. I also, under the affection of such thing, may be, found myself in the park, under the sunshade where I kissed Muqaddas for the first time.

The park lost its beauty now; the leaves of trees were covered with thick dust and turned grey. There lying crumpled papers and cigarette boxes in the paths where the sand strewn, the falls of convolvulus were heaped up under the sunshade. However, this sunshade which turned into a discard place in a week looked very nice to me. My heart sweetly depressed as if I saw Muqaddas herself. I remembered the shortest but the happiest times of my life. I went under the sunshade and came near that familiar bench which was witness to my short but sweet memories. Here I wiped Muqaddas's tears sitting in front of her, hearing her saying 'I love you conquering her chastity and pride and I kissed her for the first time. I leaned on the bench which hid all our love memories in its chest and burst out crying at once.

How could it be? What did I do? How could I push the knife in myself?

How could I disjoin my happiness myself?

At first these questions burnt my heart and I began seeking other accusers for my unhappiness.

At that time I was ready to blame on Mother and Salim Karimovich but not

myself and to make them the accusers of all faults.

However, I wonder, did I have right to blame on them? Could I dare to say something to them? Wasn't I myself who agreed to it the other day? If I didn't agree and wasn't weak-willed could they make me do it?

I was confused with a bitter pain in my heart: Not!

I had no right to blame on someone else. I was the only accuser of all the events. Otherwise, could I leave the plant where I gained respect and became skillful working a year? How could I leave so many people I was a friend with? The time when my contemporaries both worked and studied fighting with **difficulties...**

I didn't know how long I sat under the convolvulus sunshade. When I came to my senses out of the noise made by the people that began filling the park the sun already set to the west. The alleys which cracked out of hot when I entered at first were shadowed thickly by the trees.

The park was reviving; the life was returning its former position. How painful could be the sorrow in my heart I had to live, had a day and continue my life. Standing up I went out of the sunshade.

I didn't imagine yet what I would do and which way I would go along then. However, I knew one thing very well – This year I wouldn't go back to the Institute.

Going out of the park I stood for a while thinking where to go. I didn't want to set my foot towards the house for some reason.

As other people did in such cases I also wanted to tell all the sorrow in my heart to my friend, to a man close to me and share with him.

Whom will I go? Whom will I tell?

No, I forgot neither Sulaymon aka nor Tulagan, none of my friends I got on during a year in the plant. I remembered all of them. Even Sulaymon Akramovich's words said a week ago were in my mind. 'But how can I go in front of them now?

What will I say? `

Indeed, there was sure in one corner of my heart that if I was sorry sincerely they wouldn't push me by my chest. Nevertheless, either for my indecision or my pride didn't allow doing it; anyway, I made my way to the house not going to the plant. `Perhaps the third way will be found at home besides the two ways: going to the Institute and the plant. I went home with this idea in my mind. However, I wonder my thoughts were in my friends, in the plant. I was somehow missing them. If only I walked with Tulagan in the streets where there were a few people and told him all in my heart. If only I burst out telling all the grief gathered in a month and emptied it out.

I went in through the gate and stopped surprisingly. Salim Karimovich was sitting on the clay dais in front of me snatching his thin hair. And Mother was standing holding a cup of water in her hand.

I heard Salim Karimovich's saying `Disgrace. I was disgraced! `

Mother turned hearing the gate open. And Salim Karimovich stood up slowly. His lips were trembling and his appearance was sorrowful at all.

-How could it happen? -he said in a somehow rather crying and trembling voice. -Whom are you going to unmask? I acted rapidly to solve your problem through my friends accounting you, my son, and my own. And did you act in this way? Do you know how I was ashamed in front of my friends because of you? I was disgraced, disgrace!

At that time either my sorrow itself was enough or for another reason, I don't know, but when my mouth just coupled to shout something at him I came to my senses seeing that he was just crying. I didn't have right at all to shout at him. After all, I was the accuser, not he. I didn't say a word seeing that this weak-willed, poor man was forced by Mother to do it. It would be dishonest to blame on Father.

-I'm sorry, I behaved like a child, -I said. -Only out of anger I said that I would enter the head's office. **Don't worry.** I will never enter!

I turned towards the house. Suddenly I thought `If my own father was alive perhaps all these actions would never happen, perhaps I wouldn't be in such condition` and some tears appeared in my eyes.

As soon as I entered the house Mother also entered. She came straight up to me and holding my head with her both hands stared at my eyes.

-What's happened to you, my son? Why are you hiding the suffer in your heart from your mother? Why are you behaving in this way?

No, rather grey-haired this Mother with the deep wrinkles on her forehead wasn't a kind of mothers who didn't understand her child's suffering. I could tell her truly all the events happened in a month.

Taking my head out of her hands slowly, I looked down. At that time I was sure that the third way I had thought on my way home didn't exist.

-This year I won't study, -I said. -I had better to go back to the plant.

-Why? -Mother asked quietly (her voice sounded very gently). -Isn't it a secret?

-No, it's not a secret. However, I can tell you one thing. I made a great mistake agreeing to this act that day. We oppressed one girl with it, after all. If you don't mind I will go to Sulaymon aka.

Mother kept silent for a long time.

-Well, my son, it's up to you, -she said at last and holding my head again she kissed my forehead. Her eyes were wet.

-No, my son, not you. I made a mistake. It looks that forcing you to study I have tortured you. You may go, my son. Well, you may go.

Again she kissed my forehead. Leaving the house I went to see Sulaymon aka.

I had to begin my life once more to correct the mistakes.

Chapter III. 3.1. Antonymous translation of the essay `Muqaddas`

What is antonymous translation?

Many years, linguists, theorists have joined the debate on key problems of literary translation, trying to find solutions to these problems. It occupied a large place in the theory and practice of translation. Struggling with affording the interpreter cares, they were injected into the translation of various transformation. For example, they introduced the substitution, which is the most diverse translational transformations, since; in the process transfer them may be a grammatical unit-the form of words, parts of speech, of the sentence, the types of syntactic communication-and vocabulary, in connection with what can be said about the grammar and lexical substitutions. A striking example is antonymous translation. And Barkhudarov L.S. defines it as a wide spread complex lexicogrammatical change, the essence of which lies in the transformation affirmative constructions in negative, negative or vice versa yes. According to Komissarov V. N. antonymous transfer represents an extreme degree of semantic development in translation. Essence reception antonymous translation is used in translation of a word or phrase that has meaning opposite of the corresponding English word or phrase in the original.

Therefore, we see that the theorists agreed that antonymous translation is the replacement of negative or interrogative form proposals for an affirmative or vice versa. [www. google.com]

Antonymous translation usually implies a comprehensive lexical and grammatical transformation: an affirmative construction is translated by a negative one or a negative construction by an affirmative one. But such grammatical transformation is usually accompanied by lexical transformation-the key word of the SL utterance is translated by its antonym in the TL utterance. [Shvaytser A.D.

Translation and Linguistics. M. 1973.]

E.g.: **the undead past**-*hali ham mavjud o'tmish*.

Let a sleeping dog lie. – *Uxlayotgan itni uyg'otma*.

Nobody was ever sorry to see him. – *Hamma uni ko'rishdan doim xursand edi*.

Classification of antonymous translation

Antonymous translation is more frequently used when rendering negative constructions by affirmative ones. This may be accounted for by the stylistic use of negative constructions in English for purposes of expressiveness. The English language uses grammatically only one negative in a sentence either with a verb or with a noun but it makes a stylistic use of two negatives of which one is formed by grammatical means and the other –by means of affixation (negative prefixes or suffixes) or by lexical means, i.e. by words with a negative meanings.

A sentence containing two negatives is negative only on the face of it, actually it is affirmative as the two negatives neutralize each other. The grammatical form in this case is not used in its direct meaning and consequently attracts attention, as does, for example, the rhetorical question which is no question at all but an emphatic statement. The clash between the denotative meaning of the grammatical form and its use in speech makes it highly emotive and increases its expressiveness. Thus is the double negation has a special connotative meaning. It is not identical, however, with an affirmative statement. It contains a certain modification. It may be an overstatement or an understatement. [Barkhudarov L.S. Language and Translation. M.1975.]

E.g.: **British imperialists never failed to recognize the value of tea and fought many bloody battles to grab the plantations of India.**

Britaniya imperialistlari doimo choyni qimmatini bilishgan va Hindiston plantatsiyalari uchun ko'plab qonli kurashlar olib borishgan.

The double negation is expressed grammatically by the negative adverb **`never`** and lexically by the semantics of the verb **`to fail`** is desemantized to such an extent that in some cases it is equivalent to a simple negative and is translated accordingly.

E.g.: **Could it be really true that I *failed* when they passed?** – Nahotki, shular kirganda men *kirolmasam*?

We have identified several varieties of antonymous translation:

1. **`Replacement of the mark`**. Here English negative way is transmitted into Uzbek affirmative by the replacement of antonym parts of speech, however, it gives the result of the same value proposal as a whole:

E.g.: **The girl was silent.** - *Qiz indamadi.*

She wasn't looking too happy. - *U anchayin g'amgin ko'rinardi.* [J. Salinger. *The Catcher in the Rye.*]

I'm not kidding - *Jiddiy aytayapman.* [J. Salinger. *The Catcher in the Rye.*]

2. The double negative construction **`not... until`** may be regarded as a cliché which is practically always rendered antonymously as *shundagina*, *faqat shunda*, *qachonki* possessing the same degree of emphasis.

E.g.: **It was not until I reached the farmyard that I made the discovery.**
(Susan Howatch)

Fermaga yetgandagina bu narsani oshkor qildim.

It was not until 1770 when James Cook chartered the East Coast that any major exploration of Australia was undertaken.

1770-yil Jeyms Kuk Avstraliya Sharqiy sohillarini xaritaga kiritishi bilanoq bu mintaqa haqida jiddiy izlanishlar boshlandi.

3. When the denial is expressed in using a preposition **without**.

E.g.: **He never met him afterwards without asking him.**

Shundan keyin u har doim uning ruxsati bilan uchrashadigan bo'ldi.

4. If the word used in English is combined with negative particle, then the translation antonymous correspondence will consumed without negation:

E.g.: **What wind blows you here? Not an ill wind, I hope?**

Sizni qanday shamollar uchirdi bu yerlarga? Umid qilamanki, yoqimli.

5. There are such kind of parts of speech with prepositions that serve for antonymous translation:

E.g.: **Keep off the grass! - Maysa ustidan yurmang!** [Levitskaya T.R, Fiterman A.M. The problems of translation on the material of the contemporary English language. M.1974.]

Keep clear of the door! - Eshikka suyanmang!

6. A special kind of translation is the replacement antonymic adjective or adverb in the comparative or superlative adjective in the positive degree or vice versa; accompanied by the replacement of `sign` design.

E.g.: **I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life.** - *Men ashaddiy yolg'onchiman. Mendaqasini hech qachon ko'rmagansiz.* [H. Lee. To kill a Mockingbird.]

It wasn't as cold as it was the day before. - *Kechagidan iliqroq edi.*

7. Transformation of affirmative design of the negative, accompanied simple and modified syntactic function before.

E.g.: **It will be February 8 before they return to earth.** - *Ular (astronavtlar) sakkizinchi fevralgacha yerga qaytishmaydi.*

Antonymous translation examples from the essay 'Muqaddas'

1. **She was probably afraid that the teacher *would be offended* if he noticed her to be late.** – U kechikib kelganimni domla ko'rib *ranjimasin*, deb qo'rqayotgan bo'lsa kerak. (1)

2. **The girl was silent.** – Qiz indamadi. (1)

3. ***My eyes were fixed on her untied auburn plaits covering the skirt of her dress and moving now right, now left.*** – Men uning o'rimlari yechilib, ko'ylagining etagini qoplab olgan va goh o'ngga, goh chapga to'lg'anayotgan qo'ng'ir sochlaridan *ko'zarimni uzolmasdim*. (5)

4. **Fortunately, they broke up *in a little time*.** – Baxtinga *sal o'tmasdan* ikkovi ajrashishdi. (1)

5. **Staring at the windows of the hostel I passed down the street from the other side and my heart thumped as if somebody *could notice* me wandering here.** – Ko'chaning narigi yuzidan yotoqxonaning derazalariga tikilib o'tarkanman, birov ko'rsa bu yerda nima qilib yurganimni *sezib qolmasmikan*, deb yuragim po'killab turardi. (1)

6. **Could it be really true that I *failed* when they passed?** – Nahotki, shular kirganda men *kirolmasam*? (1)

7. ***There is no shame of it.*** – *Nimasi uyat*? (1)

8. **If you *don't mind*, we will go to our places.** – Agar *xohlasangiz*, biz tomonlarga boramiz. (1)

9. **Yes, I believe, -said Muqaddas.** – *Yo'q*, ishonaman, -dedi Muqaddas. (1)

10. **However, *it would be better* if you studied by correspondence.** – Lekin sirtidan o'qiganingda ham *yomon bo'lmasdi*. (1)

11. ***In silence* we left the alley.** – Biz *indamasdan* parkdan chiqdik. (1)

12. **Who has scored eighteen balls will *obviously* enter.** – O'n sakkiz bal

olganlarning kirishi *shak-shubhasiz*. (1)

13. ***Losing my endurance I was going to ask about our relation in future.*** – *Men chiday olmadimda*, bizning munosabatlarimiz kelajakda qanday bo'lishini so'ramoqchi bo'ldim. (1)

14. ***Mother standing up in silence came up to me and asked quietly in somehow feeble and tired voice.*** – Oyim *indamasdan* turib oldimga keldi va allaqanday *holsiz* va charchoq ovozda sekin so'radi. (1)

15. ***Take it easy!*** – *Qo'ying!* (1)

16. ***If she wasn't included in the list, after all, it meant that she failed.*** – Uning ro'yxatga kirmay qolganligi, demak, Institutga ham *kirmaganligini* anglatardi. (1)

17. ***She seemed to be a helpless girl who lost her way in a strange city and didn't know where to go.*** – U *notanish* shaharda adashib qolib, qayerga borishini bilmay qolgan nochor qizga o'xshardi. (1)

18. ***As soon as possible I must be there!*** – *Yetib bormasam bo'lmaydi!* (1)

19. ***You always keep disturbing me!*** – *Sira tinch qo'ymadilaringda!* (5)

20. ***The front of the door which was deserted began filling with boys and girls as if they had been waiting for me.*** – Boya *hech kim bo'lmagan* yotoqxona oldida, endi go'yo meni kutib turgandek, qiz-yigitlar to'plana boshladi. (1)

21. ***Don't worry!*** – *Ko'nglingiz to'q bo'lsin!* (1)

Summary

The presented qualification paper is devoted to the translation of the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov and the problems of antonymous translation in the process of translation, especially, in translating original literary text.

The actuality of the given qualification paper is in the possibility to deliver original Uzbek text about younger generation of Uzbekistan to foreign readers. The aim of this qualification paper is to define the way of translation: antonymous translation in the literary text 'Muqaddas'. According to this aim the following tasks are set:

- to translate the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov;
- to analyze the ways of translation;
- to study antonymous translation.

The qualification paper consists of introduction, three chapters and each chapter consists of two paragraphs which are followed by conclusion and bibliography where the list of used literature was given.

In the first chapter there are some ideas of translation, its types and some examples.

Translation is a very ancient kind of human activities without which it would be difficult to provide such good known historical facts, as the creation of great empires, human numerous and multilingual people, the culture of dominant nation, its high social prestige, dissemination of religious and social teachings. He plays a role in rapprochement of people and growing interest in literary translation. And since literary translation is a creative process, it requires corresponding approach.

Translating a phraseological unit is not an easy matter as it depends on several factors: different combinability of words, homonymy, polysemy, synonymy of phraseological units and presence of falsely identical units, which makes it necessary to take into account of the context. Besides, a large number of phraseological units have a stylistic – expressive component in meaning, which usually has a specific

national feature. The afore-cited determines the necessity to get acquainted with the main principles of the general theory of phraseology.

The following types of phraseological units may be observed: phrasemes and idioms. A unit of constant context consists of a dependent and a constant indicator may be called a phraseme. An idiom is a unit of constant context which is characterized by an integral meaning of the whole and by weakened meanings of the components, and in which the dependant and the indicating elements are identical and equal to the whole lexical structure of the phrase.

The main types of phraseological conformities are as follows:

1. Phraseological equivalent.

E.g. **Black ingratitude-o'ta noshukurlik**

2. Partial phraseological equivalent.

For example, in English **to turn one's back**, but in Uzbek we use to show, instead of turn: *orqasini (belini) ko'rsatmoq*.

3. Non-phraseological translation (Descriptive translation):

A. Lexical Translation: **drum someone out of the crops-** *haydamoq, quvmoq*.

B. Verbatim (or Word for word translation): **like a red rag to a bull-** *buqaga qizil mato ko'rsatgandek*.

C. Descriptive translation: **blue-g'amgin, run-of-the-meal-** *oddiy, odatiy*.

It is necessary to use grammatical transformations (change of structure) in the process of translation. It gets great importance while making translation to add or omit some words since the structures of languages are quite different.

Grammatical transformations are characterized by various principles-grammatical and lexical as well, though the principal role is given to grammatical ones. Very often these grammatical changes are mixed so that they have lexical-grammatical character.

The vigil of the British Embassy, supported last week by many prominent

people and still continuing, the marches last Saturday, the resolutions or organizations have done something to show that Blair doesn't speak for Britain.

O'tgan hafta ko'plab ko'zga ko'ringan shaxslar tomonidan qo'llab-quvvatlanib, hali ham Britaniya elchixonasi binosida davom etayotgan namoyish, shanba kuni bo'lib o'tadigan norozilik harakati va shuningdek, turli tashkilotlar tomonidan qabul qilingan qarorlar Bleyrning haligacha butun britaniya xalqi nomidan so'zlamayotganligi haqida aniq guvohlik bermoqda.

When comparing the grammatical categories and forms of English and Uzbek languages we identify the following differences: a) the absence of the categories in one of the comparing languages; b) partial correspondence and c) complete correspondence.

Translation is used to be seen as a process of substituting words in a SL text by words in a TL. However, this is a limited and only partly true picture of a larger and more complex mosaic. Words, their meaning and form (in translation) can only be considered in relation to the text in which they function. Yet, the final product of a translator's work is accessed precisely via words and is evaluated in terms of words. No wonder then that lexical difficulties occupy an important position in translation and translation studies. They concern in particular word meanings and lexical equivalents, their morphological and morphophonemic makeup, word groups, as well as the selection of words for different linguistic functions.

The principal types of lexical correspondences between two languages are as follows:

I Complete correspondences.

1. Proper names and geographical denominations;
2. Scientific and technical terms / with the exception of terminological polysemy/;
3. The months and days of the week, numerals.

II. Partial correspondences.

While translating the lexical units partial correspondences mostly occur. That happens when a word in the language of the original conforms to several equivalents in the language it is translated into.

III. The absence of correspondences.

I translated an essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov. In the second chapter there is Adyl Yakubov's biography and his activity as well as his essay 'Muqaddas'.

Adyl Yakubov was born in 1926 in the family of an employee.

Adyl Yakubov passed a great and successful literary way. During the half century literary activity Adyl Yakubov's scores of works in prose such as stories 'Two loves'('Ikki muhabbat'), 'Muqaddas', 'Bird wings'('Qanot juft bo'ladi'), 'Crystal chandelier'('Billur qandillar'), 'I'm looking for you'('Izlayman'); novels 'It isn't easy to be a man'('Er boshiga ish tushsa'), 'Ulugbek's treasure'('Ulug'bek xazinasi'), 'White and white swans'('Oqqushlar,oppoq qushlar'), 'Justice'('Adolat manzili') took worthy places in our literature.

Adyl Yakubov, the recognized national writer of Uzbekistan died on the 21 of December in 2009 when he was 83 years old.

'Muqaddas' essay is one of the most famous essays of the youth of the 1960s. The essay is about love affair, actually, about tragic love. Real passion is a symbol of pureness and honesty. The main hero of the essay Sharifjon in his desire to gain his sweetheart's love became very selfish and that's why he lost his beloved girl. Because there where egoism exists love surely fades away and even dies. So this essay is very important for today's young generation and for the future too.

In the third chapter I worked at antonymous translation and gave examples from the essay 'Muqaddas'.

Antonymous translation usually implies a comprehensive lexical and grammatical transformation: an affirmative construction is translated by a negative one or a negative construction by an affirmative one. But such grammatical transformation is usually accompanied by lexical transformation-the key word of the SL utterance is translated by its antonym in the TL utterance.

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6. A special kind of translation is the replacement antonymic adjective or adverb in the comparative or superlative adjective in the positive degree or vice versa; accompanied by the replacement of `sign` design.

E.g.: **I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life.** - *Men ashaddiy yolg'onchiman. Mendaqasini hech qachon ko'rmagansiz.*

7. Transformation of affirmative design of the negative, accompanied simple and modified syntactic function before.

E.g.: **It will be February 8 before they return to earth.** - *Ular (astronavtlar) sakkizinchi fevralgacha yerga qaytishmaydi.*

CONCLUSION

In the given qualification paper the problem of antonymous translation was investigated and this method of translation was used in translating the essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov.

According to the aim the following tasks are fulfilled:

- The essay 'Muqaddas' by Adyl Yakubov was translated;
- The ways of translation were analyzed;
- Antonymous translation was studied.

While fulfilling the given tasks we came to the following conclusion that sometimes it is very difficult to give adequate translation as both languages have their own lexical, grammatical system and if we translate sentences as it was given in the original text we can violate the meaning of the original text. In order to give the understandable translation we should use antonymous translation method.

E.g.: 1. U kechikib kelganimni domla ko'rib *ranjimasin*, deb qo'rqayotgan bo'lsa kerak. - **She was probably afraid that the teacher *would be offended* if he noticed her to be late.**

2. *Ko'nglingiz to'q bo'lsin!* - ***Don't worry!***

3. Boya *hech kim bo'lmagan* yotoqxona oldida, endi go'yo meni kutib turgandek, qiz-yigitlar to'plana boshladi. - **The front of the door which *was deserted* began filling with boys and girls as if they had been waiting for me.**

Antonymous translation is more frequently used when rendering negative constructions by affirmative ones. This may be accounted for by the stylistic use of negative constructions in English for purposes of expressiveness. The English language uses grammatically only one negative in a sentence either with a verb or with a noun but it makes a stylistic use of two negatives of which one is formed by grammatical means and the other –by means of affixation (negative prefixes or suffixes) or by lexical means, i.e. by words with a negative meanings.

The choosing of the necessary method of translation is not an easy matter and the results of investigation gives the clear vision of the actuality of the given qualification paper.

Within the twenty years of its development Uzbekistan entered into the world community of independent nations and a great interest to our Republic appeared and translation of the original text from Uzbek into English can give its contribution into mutual understanding between countries.

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