

МЕДИЦИНА, ПЕДАГОГИКА И ТЕХНОЛОГИЯ: ТЕОРИЯ И ПРАКТИКА

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Том 2, Выпуск 3, 31 Март

"THE WRITER I LOVE"

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Annatation: Shukur Kholmirzayev, who made a significant contribution to the development of Uzbek literature, has a special place in the rise of the spirituality of the Uzbek people with his unique prose, created with high artistic skill. Shukur Kholmirzayev short stories and novels are young-works in which he falls in love with an old man, at this point, I read all the works of the writer in love. The story of "the teacher" in particular is very instructive and is cited in the article.

Keywords: teacher, disciple, work, Writer, talent, politics.

Any work will be an event in the field of literature with its perfect characters, unique episodes that will be sealed in memory, whether small or large in size, that is, achieve the status of life expectancy. One of the stories in which Shukur Kholmirzayev achieved such status is "loneliness". In the story, one of the mentors of humanity, "one of the most complex personalities of the nineteenth century" L.N. About Tolstoy. The work skillfully depicts the painful thoughts, anguish, philosophy and wisdom of the great Adib after his life. The human personality refers not to his body, but to his psyche. Reading the story, one can see the spiritual closeness between Shukur Kholmirzayev and Tolstoy. As the literary critic Normat Yoldashev said, Shukur Kholmirzayev was also a whole creator in personality. Most of the writer's stories are small in size, but large in size. One of the most loved works of Shukuukur Kholmirzayev is the story "The Teacher". the story begins as follows.

Teacher (story) [Shukur Kholmirzayev]

You know me, I don't need anyone, I have everything: a car, a country house; my books are out. I got all the titles. What am I afraid of?.. You just need to be careful: one should be careful with one's mouth. A dead tongue is bad: they don't call a tongue "boneless" for nothing. You should not say different things in front of everyone. Right now, honesty is in fashion. But fashion is fleeting. We have seen that politics is no different from buffalo...

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I would have a student. You do not know him: his works have not been published. Oh, come on. He did it to himself. Then...

He was very lazy. He spoke the most "delicate" things easily. He did not call big - big, small - small. My heart was open, but the poor thing. Eh... His talent! No, I haven't seen such a talent in our literature in my seventies! No! When he wrote, he had this in mind. Language! Biram is characterful. I found such details that my mouth dropped open. You won't find the details he found in Chekhov or Kahr. His eyes were sharp!

Dyeing grew very heavy. There was no craft left that he did not do. He knew life well. But people who know life, who know the bitter-sweet taste, are usually humble and restrained. He was...proud. If he looks straight at me, I'm scared too.

One day, when I entered the Writers' Union, there was a boy standing in front of the bookstore. Seeing me:

"Hello, teacher," he said.

I was not surprised, I remembered seeing it somewhere. This is my habit, my child, wherever I go, I pat young people on the head.

"Come on, student," I said.

"I came to question you," he said. - It's been a long time since that meeting... Keep writing and practicing. You said to believe in yourself... Okay, now I believe and brought a couple of tricksters. Please look into this if possible. If I don't like it, I'll throw it in the trash.

Can you hear it?

In any case, he could be called a "crazy boy". You can even call him a dervish. In one narration, the writers themselves are dervish people. Look, if I'm not a dervish, can I take you in your car and go this way? Do I not have enough material? One look at anything is enough for a writer. He fills in the rest with his imagination...

I was interested in the boy and took his manuscript home. Tonight: "What is he writing?" I started spinning and couldn't stop.

He is disturbing: he knows exactly what he is describing! Did you look with a magnifying glass? Dialogue of heroes. You won't tell me about the problems you raised!.. Yes, he was the owner of a talent like no one else.

I could not sleep at night. He thinks... But I have to tell you: I have many weaknesses. For example, in one place, he criticizes the secretary of Raykom... You know, there are people who stick a stick in the eyes of the Central Committee! But

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to bring them into literature? No... Take a normal host: criticize him all you want. That's why I focus more on the scenery and the lyrics: they're different subjects. Also timeless themes. right? So...

When I got up early the next day and came to the association, he was sitting on the stairs.

Hello, hello, hello:

"If you don't like it, I won't tear it, teacher," he said. - If I think about it, I can write better things than them.

I was influenced by those stories. The shopkeeper and the guard are here. I hugged and kissed the child.

"Congratulations, son." "You are already a writer," I said.

He survived for a few minutes. Then:

"Thank you," he said.

"Did I understand you?"

- Yes..

I took the boy to the kitchen in the basement. I knew from his color: his life was not good. I brought food... You know, I'm not a person who worships money: I hate stingy people to death.

Poor boy! Although he was polite, he did not finish his meal. He was fed up with my praise...

Then:

"Let's go to the editorial office," I said.

He fell next to me. You don't know the situation of a teacher at such a time: if he has a student next to him, if he is talented, oh, there is no happier holiday for him!

So we went to the magazine... Yes, that magazine. He rarely tells stories, but he does. Since there was no editor, I went to the department and introduced him to the director. I praised the stories. I said that I will write "White Road" if necessary.

The boy left happily... He was so happy that he said he was going to the "labor market" now...

Three or four days passed. I gave the boy my phone. He didn't call. One day, when I came to the association again, he was standing in front of that bookstore.

- Hello, teacher! he said.

"Why don't you call?"

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- I didn't want to hurt myself. If you are working... Have you seen the manners? Boya, as I said, was a proud, proud boy like death, Tagan was very worried.

"Yes, what's new?" I said.

- Clicking! he said with a twinkle in his eyes. - You were asked.

"Oh, let's go!"

I put him in my car and went to the editorial office. When we entered the department, the stories had already been edited and given to the typist. I congratulated the boy.

Then I entered the editorial office... Do you know him? He is a coward to death. One typo in a magazine makes one want to pull out one's hair.

He also read children's stories.

- Congratulations! Have you found a great talent? he said.

"We'll find it," I said. - Talents come to me, not you, even if I don't have an editor.

Then he asked where the boy was from, what he did, etc. I told you.

He grew up in an orphanage, did not enter the university's philological faculty. Studied at the Department of Sociology from Sirt.

So, I told him what he said that day after he left the editorial office.

Then the editor asked me to write "The White Road" for him.

- I write with my life! I said.

But, brother, I consider myself a conscientious person. right? I can't go against him. No, no... So, I explained the matter to the editor:

"You can click," I said. - There are critics, they judge. There is nothing to be afraid of... But there are also shaky moments,' I said. - For example, in some places they touched the leaders. I am the secretary of Raikom... So, to politics!

Hey, naughty! Can the color fade? I told you that you are a coward!

But he didn't say anything else at the time.

"Okay, let's think about it," he said.

I was a bit skeptical of this statement. It was as I thought.

Leave the stories!

Yes.

Another day I saw the boy in front of that bookstore. He laughed sadly:

"They didn't understand me," he said. - My intention...

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My brother is the editor: people like him don't allow talent, brother. Sometimes you are surprised: such people are given the steering wheel of the press.

"Don't worry, we'll do something else!" I said. - Come on, get in the car.

On our way to the publishing house, Bayokish asked slowly:

"The leader is also a man, isn't he?" He also has human weaknesses, doesn't he?

What, should I have told him that the "weaknesses" were flaws, corrected them, softened them and adapted to the times? No, they probably said so in the editorial office even without me. Maybe it will come out, critics say.

- How so! I said.

I can immediately block the path of young talents and intimidate them. Talent should be left alone: then it will grow freely. He finds his identity: every word I say to him is like telling him to get in my way.

Now that I think about it, bro, I wish I'd told him then...

But I knew he wouldn't accept it! It was evident from his works!

He wrote stories with true faith.

I think I said something on the first day:

"If you don't like my stories, I won't tear them up!"

This is understandable.

My job was to release it as it was.

That's what democracy means in literature, my boy. No one should impose his opinion on another.

We went to the publisher. The director is my old brother. I took the boy to him. I praised Rosa.

"If his book is published, it will bring prestige to your publishing house," I said. "On top of that, you've unlocked one talent!"

Will the director accept my word?

- At first. We give one review. That's it. We plan. "You see, his book will be published in two years.

"A year from now," I said.

- Yes, when the "window" opens, we will take it down, he said.

- If necessary, I will write "Foreword".

- Oh my god!

Then I explained to the principal after I had expelled the child.

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What, can't I tell the truth... My faith?

Besides, brother, his responsibility was on my neck: if there is a discussion somewhere after his work is published, I have to answer. The task of the teacher ...

Therefore, I should pay attention to this aspect.

right?

- These things... If you don't say nonsense, such stories will not be created...

Oh, people, people!

The director took the manuscript, read it, and then gave it to the reviewer.

Reviewers are different too, baby. Some look at the leader with a frown. If the director or head of the department has doubts about the work, they write a review saying that it is not suitable.

He fell into the hands of such a fool: he led to nothing.

I heard that the boy took away his stories. Now I ask myself!

Not at all - if found!

There are many students like you, my son. Young people love me.

I do not speak harshly to anyone.

Why should I speak now?

Should I change his path?

No!

But he's a boy...

So the tree disappeared.

One day when I come to the union, I get a letter. If I get it, from there. He wrote that I was in the hospital and I want to share with you, teacher. A thousand and one more thoughts... I noticed: he is not looking for me in vain. A child who is afraid to call my house calls the hospital!

The day was cold. It was December. I drove the car and went to the market. I bought apples and pears. Two warm loaves. I put the paper in a bag and went to the hospital.

I have never been to this hospital. The outskirts of the city. Nothing to say.

My room is dirty, cramped, sleeps six people.

Usmo is injecting.

There is no color in the color.

I was upset:

"What happened?" I said.

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- My liver has a cold.

"Aren't your eyes yellow?"

- The yolk does not touch the surface.

Oh, it's gone. I talked a little: then I found out that he lives on the balcony of an old Russian woman whose children have been abandoned - for rent. I hit Rosa.

After all, frankly, I couldn't find a place for him? It was like...

"So what do you need my help for?" I said. "This place is very dirty, isn't it?"

"I don't mind being dirty," he said. - But the drugs stopped. This year's medicine is perfect. They have been giving since January. That's why... People's relatives are coming here. I don't have anyone...

I am sending it as Dod.

"I will transfer you to one of the better hospitals," I said.

I went out and talked to the doctors: you can't even imagine the problem of such a hospital and the medicine in it, after all. Very strange...

Then he started to run: I don't know, he wouldn't run as fast as me if he was his father.

He could not achieve anything with the shepherd.

I entered Rayzdrav. Then I entered oblzdrav. I entered Gorzdrav. Snow, ice. Even my car's tires are rippling. My creativity has stopped.

I will help you.

... The way to the end was found.

There was a hospital near the government. I went in and introduced myself.

They took it very well.

"So-and-so... We have a student who is in a bad condition..." I explained.

The head doctor seemed like a nice person.

- It will be good. "A word from your mouth... I hope you can speak properly without making a phone call," he said. - We have spare drugs, we will take care...

- Thank you. Bless you!

He followed me into the hallway.

Goodbye... what do you think?.. Can I leave without saying a word?

No, my conscience did not allow me, brother. A dry conscience will be painful!

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On top of that, after he became an apprentice to me, after I put him here to bed with my own heart... the responsibility of haligi will also be on my neck...

"I'm sorry," I said. -A very good, very talented child, and sometimes a jindak, whatever I say, has a habit of running to Beth... In age. In You, government people come and are treated... That's it, whatever I say, Do you justify it...

"I understood, I understood," he said... naughty too! Then I was very relieved to see that he was also watching the street. But: "- we bring the child ourselves. Either today, or early... I do not mind what he says," by the friction and the space is empty."

As long as I was very tired, I went home. I went out into the yard that night to breathe fresh air, as long as my head was cold, my temperature rose and I lay down for four days.

On the fifth day, I barely got up.

My dream is in the child!

You don't understand now: grow up, be a writer...

Then take someone as an apprentice. After that, you can understand my condition: your whole child will become your liver and your disciples!.. But he was one!

I somehow pulled the car out of the garage. My wife is crying. I didn't look.

Passing in front of the old hospital, I stopped. I took the risk and went inside. I was passing in front of the "Priyomni pokoy", the doctor who was told that day came out.

- Hello, domla!

— And allaykum, — I said. — my mind is in the place of amas. To pass by...

- Mercy, enter.

- Have our child been oppressed? When did they look up?

- No. No one came to ask, " said the doctor. When I look, the color is the same...

E, What Can I say, it turns out that he was stabbed last day. Lying on the morgue in the same toB...

He, that's how I burned, that's how I burned...

Who killed him? Now think, my son: that's what people are like. Timid, panicking, unscrupulous!.. I tell you this.

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I stopped the car.

- Get down, domla!

- E, What?

— I don't want to die

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