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A FAMILIAR SIGHT

I studied well at school. My classmates respected me, my teachers asked: "Hello, Toshboyjan", our neighbors said: "He will be a good person". But only one person - our science teacher - director of our school, Zakir Orinovich, ignores me, he never says: "Hello, Toshboyjon", even when I go out and look into his eyes to greet him, he simply nods and says to himself. they would go away. I was angry and thought that no matter what I do, this person will look at me differently and ask me by name.

One day, in the early evening of the market, I went to the mountain, to my uncle's farm for straw: my father took out a weak, thin horse from the cart and threw it into the "barrel" (I tied it every morning to the meadow, and brought it back in the evening). When I came from the mountains, that person - Zakir Orinovich, moved to the yard of our neighbor who moved to a new place and settled down.

No matter what, I got to the point of achieving my intention: as soon as I return from school, I go out into the street, sit on the back of a cart in the street, and "dive" into reading a book. Comrade Zakir Orinovich's gates are in front of me! Of course, nothing enters the brain in such a study. Once you have one eye on the director's gate, this is your situation.

I did this for two days: nothing worked. Comrade director comes from the avenue, treading on the yellow leaves, walking with disappointment, and in this process they enter through the gate. They don't even notice me. I stretch my neck and look. "Maybe they are watching from the yard"... No, no one can be seen even if the gate is down. By the way, that person is quite short, about the same height as me. But their heads are very big, their ears are bigger and their noses are longer. When it comes to clothes, our difference is like heaven and earth.

I decided not to smile by the cart on Sunday.

It was dawn and dusk: the fingernails of Comrade Director were nowhere to be seen.

I entered the house when my eyebrows darkened and I had been crying.
"Did you ride the horse?"
- Uh... - I forgot to bring the horse from the meadow. I ran to the meadow: there is no horse! Even an elephant cannot be found in this darkness. On top of that, all the mountains, juniper groves, ravines... When I go home, my father puts straw on my skin.

I found one stone and sat down. I was sitting. My top was thin, the cold passed through the stone. I was about to move, when I heard the sound of hooves coming from far away: tap-tap-tap... It's like Olakoz's steps. Olako'z! He is not alone, he is carrying someone. I took a handful of wet soil from the ground and shouted:
- Get off the horse!
The horseman lit his lantern and held it to me.
- Don't be arrogant!
"Olifta" fell to the ground and held out the rope.
- I caught him as he was running away.
My ears perked up: Zakir Orinovich was standing in front of me.
"Hey, teacher, I thought you were someone else."
- No harm. - They walked away. A rucksack-like bag on his shoulders, a long cotton scarf on his head, and a turban on his head. No one would think he was a director if he saw it now. I led the horse and hurriedly followed. I cursed the horse in my heart: "You fool! Will you go and arrest this man?' Comrade director walked steadily, and slapped people who hung on their backs.
"Are you coming from the hunt, comrade teacher?" -Yes.
"Is he all partridge?" -Yes.
"Did you shoot that many?" -Yes.
- When my father goes hunting, they come back without catching anything.

There was no answer.

- Teacher, forgive me.

- No harm.

"My friend... I also like hunting."

- Good. Hunting is good.

"How about I go out with you?"

- Thank you.

"When are you leaving?"

- On Saturday. Evening.

"Then lie there and hunt the next day?" -Yes.

"Ah, where do you sleep?"

- In the yard.

I went to the mountain after riding the horse. I found my uncle burning wood.

- Uncle, I will come with the director of our school this coming Saturday evening. Do you know that person, they say Zakir Orinovich. Very nice person. Uncle, you are making pilaf! Don't be ashamed.

"Okay, nephew, get off the horse."

"I'm going to be late for class, this dead horse is also limping." Uncle, dear uncle, give me your gun, I'll get it that day.

- Nephew... you know, I have a big brother.

I brought my father's rifle from a distant acquaintance. We don't have a gun. What I told our director is a lie, my father never went hunting in his life. Two years ago, I went out twice following our neighbor Mirzaqabil, a hunter who moved to a new land.

Saturday. Evening. I got off my horse in the meadow and met Zakir Orinovich.

- Comrade teacher, get on the horse.

- Thank you.

- If there is no Mingashay. You sit in the saddle.

- Thank you. We went.

Comrade director would leave the horse alone, Olakoz, the horse that joins the cart, would hang his head like a tired donkey and walk briskly: tap-tap-tap... I was heartbroken: "When will we reach my uncle's on this march?"

- Comrade teacher, the horse is great, drive harder.

- There is no need.

- Comrade teacher... I know the mine of kaklik.

- Good. Where there is a lot of partridge, we go there.

- But that place is far away. Shall we drive the horse faster?

- Okay. Well then.

The horse sped up. I also started looking at the horse's back.

"What time is it, teacher?"

- Ten. Are we going right?

- Yes. Huv, we cross the creek and climb up. We go down two more hills. That place is a mine of kaklik.

Here we are at the last hill. Low black juniper. A fire flickers in the distance. Dogs can be heard barking for a long time.

"What time is it?"

- One. Oh, we'll be here soon. Is this the place you said?

- This place. Let's go down.

- There is no need.

- Comrade teacher, how about we go to the yard? Recently.

- I haven't slept like this, on the bare ground - in a tree for a long time. Here are two of us. Let's go to bed. A dream... It will be very busy. I took it out every time. I spent the night in the yard.

- I haven't spent the night at the farm for a long time.

- We'll see you next time. Come on, sleep now. Such nights should be cherished. Sometimes it gets cold.

We are sitting face to face. Fire is a constant companion of hunters and travelers among us. Two tall stones on either side of the bonfire. A green pot on them. The tea is still boiling. There was a spring in the skirt, the director ordered, I brought

water in a pot.

"A pot is good for hunting, what did you say? It can also be used for cooking and making tea."

- Yes, my teacher friend.

"Do you look sad?"

"I… no…

- You should be happy. It should be enjoyed. It's a good thing to have fun. Look, a gentle breeze is blowing. Not as soft as Koklam's, a little rough. Kuzniki and autumn. Especially these days. It should be enjoyed. It should be enjoyed.

Iljayaman - I'm going to pretend I'm enjoying myself.

Zakir brothers continue:

- We make a lot of mistakes. We pass carelessly past many pleasant sights. We will be deprived of many pleasures. True, there are life concerns. But you have to overcome them. Otherwise, you will be buried in worries. Marriage is not good... Are you upset about something?

- Why, teacher friend?

"If I'm boring, I'll stop," they opened the lid of the pot. White steam rose. The water looked like milk. - It's boiling now. - They took dry tea and a mug from their rucksacks. Then Allanechuk hesitated, carefully searched the bag and took out a bottle: "Vodka" was written on its stomach. Vodka! A little less. It is also uncorked.

So, he drank a little. "Now they drink again. The school principal drinks in front of his student! After that… after that…" The horse neighed. Brother Zakir involuntarily reached for the rifle. Someone was coming rustling. "What if my uncle is watching our fire?"

A person whom I have never seen in my life came. He was black as an Abyssinian, his head was covered with fur, and his feet were covered with fur. They looked at each other:

- Goodbye, goodbye.

His hands were very rough. He took his rifle off his shoulder and crouched down, bowing his head:
"Ask, brother," he said to our director.
"You ask," said our director.
- You are old enough to ask.
They asked like old friends. The person who came only said: "Thank you, thank you", our director said, "Thank you, thank you".
- Did you go hunting?
-Yes.
- We also went hunting. - He turned to me. "Are you Salim Moylov's nephew?"
I looked at the ground.
- No.
- Attang, attang.
"What was it?" Zakir said.
- There is a man named Salim Moylov in that village. That's why I'm coming. He wants to bring his nephew's director from the district. A poor man slaughtered a sheep and sat down to make soup. They did not agree. It was a lot of trouble, but the mustache.
Now the directors are big people, huh, brother? Let me take a look at the gun. - He took the rifle and looked at the length of the barrel. "Soz rifle, soz." - Then he took mine. "Oh, did it get dirty?" You don't need oil, my dear.
I did not take my eyes off this man in order not to look at Zakir Orinovich. He cut a branch from a fir tree. Sticking out his tongue, he began to poke at the branch with a knife.
- How is the partridge? Zakir Orinovich asked after a while.
- Yes, there is also a sound. Bultur had a lot of tricks, and his nose was more than that. Thieves coming from this city were reduced by hunters. Cancer comes to hunt. Throat will also shoot the bloodsucker, and the partridge that is laying eggs. No-martdar. Now, brother, I committed suicide, and other people also committed suicide. We will hand it over to the government if such a bad person comes. Let

him hunt now, let him hunt in the winter, let him hunt. There is also a partridge, and there is a skunk. A leopard is also found. Yes. I saw one myself last summer. I didn't have a gun in my dry hand. There was a kivchi-nim like this branch. When I was looking for my calf, it got out of front of me. Look at this, I want to hit him, I picked up this khivchin. He stopped too.

I was pushed forward. My knee touched and vodka spilled out. I immediately picked up. As for the storyteller, he looked at me and at my director, then took his rifle and stood up slowly:

"Brother, we can go now." - He went into the darkness without waiting for an answer. Brother Zakir: "Brother!" they stayed until they called. I wonder. But I can't look at Zakir Orinovich.

We were silent for a long time.

Zakir Orinovich drank three mugs of tea in a row. "Why are they not drinking vodka?" Are they ashamed of me? Why didn't they show it to me? Here it is still in front of us. They don't hide it."

"Lie down, take a nap."

"I can't sleep, teacher."

"Then I'll sleep." It's one o'clock. You wake me up at four.

I didn't want to wake up. But they woke up scared.

"Lie down, now you sleep."

- I can't sleep.

- Don't talk too much.

When I woke up, brother Zakir's rifles were loaded, and his clock was at seven o'clock. The dawn was bright, and partridges were singing cheerfully. While standing, I noticed vodka. The qitai had not decreased since yesterday: they did not drink.

We visited Arkhazor until Choshgoh. A bunch of cuckoos flew in front of us, rabbits ran away. But we couldn't get anything. Yesterday's man shot both the cockerel we were aiming for and the rabbit that jumped out: he came from nowhere and followed us like a shadow, but neither asked nor spoke to us.

The chirping of partridges has decreased, the hares have disappeared. The hunting "period" is over. We returned to our apartment. Now we were sitting, a flock of blue crows flew above us. Zakir Orinovich opened fire. One fell. I brought it. Zakir Orinovich took the crow in one hand and the vodka in the other and went to the spring. I followed. The man was still drinking water from the spring. He went closer and stopped looking at Zakir Orinovich. Zakir Orinovich broke and cleaned the barn. They opened the "vodka" and began to pour it into the crow.

"Now it will harden," they told me.

- Does it freeze?

- Yes. This is a numbing drug.

The man slowly came to us, bent down, put his finger on the mouth of the bottle and smelled it.

"Isn't it hot?"

"No," said brother Zakir. "Give me your cock." I'll freeze it. You put it in your house. It is still alive.

"Alive?" I think it will be interesting if he stays alive, bro?

- It will be interesting.

"Here, here, shall I clean the inside?" Well… here… eh, live, don't be less. Brother, you didn't enjoy the hunt, did you? - he said meaningfully.

"Yes," said Zakir Orinovich.

"You're having fun now." Inim, you should rub the skin of this son of a bitch. Let's go, brother, stop, let's fire one rifle at a time... they flew, we drove them away. We left.

I used the skin of a rabbit, I was looking at the lips, they came. Zakir Orinovich had one rabbit and two partridges hanging from his waist, and he was telling the continuation of yesterday's story:

- We are both looking at each other. Three steps between us. I want to laugh when I raised Khivchin. It's gone, it's gone. Brother, a tiger has the power of forty young men, and the strength of a young man; They say that a tiger has the power of a

young man and the power of forty young men. It's nonsense. If a guy had a crush, would he remember me? Then if you say, a-
we kept looking at each other. We didn't blink. Believe me, brother, if I bat an eyelash, the leopard will get me. I kept shouting because I was afraid. If you say for a while, he slowly returned to his tracks. Walking two steps, he looked at me again, left, yes, left. Look at this bravery.
We ate the food. I also shot a partridge. I was sitting tired, he landed in front of me, I shot him.
We're back near blackout. The director simply said goodbye to the man. And that man is watching us from his house:
"Go well," he said. For a long time, his slender body was visible near the tall, willow-like fir tree.
We are leaving.
Olakoz takes a step: tap-tap-tap... Comrade director is in the saddle, I am sitting holding the saddle strap. I have a headache. At one point, our director asked:
"Do you like this man?"
I don't know what to say:
- What about you, comrade teacher?
- I liked it, I didn't like it.
"What?"
- Purity, correctness. But I didn't even think that he would like these people. He did whatever he wanted.
I was speechless. I was speechless...
Days passed.
I turned to reading books and hunting; The next day my uncle came and was very angry with me. After a week, they twisted their mustaches in the market and said: "Your director will spend the night in our yard." But… I was not happy. Looking at this, I had achieved my goal: Zakir Orinovich also looked at me differently, said my name, and asked to hold my hand. But that person's views and questions were different from those of other teachers.

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