An enlightened writer Abdulla Qahhar's great story "Pomegranate", the idea and analyze of the story and its educational significance

Khakimova Dilshoda Oybek qizi

dilshodaa.khakimova@mail.ru

Faculty of English philology and teaching, Uzbekistan State World Languages University, Tashkent, Uzbekistan

Abstract: In this article, the translation of Abdulla Qahhor's story "Pomegranate" by Khakimova Dilshoda, the life and creative path of A. Qahhor, and the idea, analysis and educational significance of the story are written.

Key words: *writer, literature, sleeve, husband, pound, poverty, chimildik, obrez, guzar.*

Аннотация: В данной статье написаны перевод рассказа Абдуллы Каххора «Гранат» Хакимовой Дильшоды, жизненный и творческий путь А. Каххор, а также идея, анализ и воспитательное значение рассказа.
Ключевые слова: *писатель, литература, рукав, муж, фунт, бедность, чимильдик, обрез, гузар.*

Abdulla Qahhor entered Uzbek literature as an outstanding storyteller and an unparalleled master of this genre, but he also works as a novelist and dramatist. In his stories, the best aspects of the Uzbek people are shown - a healthy mind, life wisdom, adapted to humor. Abdulla Qahhor was posthumously awarded the title of "People's Writer of Uzbekistan" for his services in the field of literature.

Abdulla Qahhor is a very talented person. He was born on September 17, 1907 in Kokan. Abdullah's father was a blacksmith, and his family moved from village to village in search of temporary work. In the evenings, his father would read him stories from old picture books. Despite all the difficulties, father Abdukahhor Jalilov and mother Rohat were able to give their son primary education. From 1919 to 1924, Abdulla studied at school, then continued his studies at the Kokand Technical College. After graduating from the Kokan Pedagogical Technical College, he worked in the Kokan State Komsomol Committee from 1924 to 1926, then worked in the editorial office of the Kizil Uzbekistan newspaper in Tashkent. In 1926-1934, he studied at the faculty of workers, then at the faculty of pedagogy of the first Central Asian State University. In 1934-1938, he was the responsible secretary of the "Soviet Literature" magazine, and in 1938-1939, he headed the literary department of the Uzbek Academic Drama Theater named after Hamza. Since 1939, he has been working as an editor and translator in publishing houses of Uzbekistan. Chairman of the Presidium of the Joint Enterprise of the Uzbek SSR (1954-1956). In 1955, he was elected a deputy of the Supreme Council of the Uzbek SSR. His first poem was published in "Mushtum" magazine under the name "Oy kuyganda".

Qahhor is a truly national artist with his unique style. He took the topic and reality from the reality of Uzbekism. His characters are inextricably linked with the way of life, rituals, customs and behavior that promote this environment. In the development of Uzbek prose, his novels "Mirage", "Lights of Koshchinor", as well as the stories "Sinchalak" and "Tales from the Past" have a special place. In "Tales from the Past", the author talks about people who left a deep mark on his memory. Abdulla Qahho himself said: "I wrote what I witnessed when I was young. I wrote the truth, only the truth. If this truth seems terrible to you – the modern youth, then I will call this bitter truth a true story - a fairy tale until the end!"

Abdulla Qahhor entered Uzbek literature with a wonderful story and an unparalleled master of this genre. He is even called the Uzbek Chekhov. In his stories, the best aspects of the Uzbek people are shown - a healthy mind, life wisdom, adapted to humor. The language of A. Kahhor's stories is short, full of anecdotes, and devoid of pomp and pageantry characteristic of traditional Uzbek prose.

A. Qahhor wrote: "I spent my childhood in the Ferghana Valley... When I remembered the mid-thirties, it seemed to me like a chaotic and strange dream... I had many such memories. They often seeped out, but there were also those that remained in the deep memories of my mind. If it wasn't for Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, he would have stayed there forever. Thirty years ago, a twenty-two-chapter collection of works by Anton Pavlovich Chekhov fell into my hands. I read this book in almost a few days. An unusual thing happened, as if the author of great stories, a respected teacher, put his glasses on my hand and said: "Put on your glasses and look at the past of your people"... and the picture of my youth woke up in my mind, and my past life appeared more clearly before my eyes. Perhaps that is why my stories written in the mid-thirties are full of sorrow: "Thief", "Patient", "Nationalists", "City Park"..."

A. Qahhor, a thoughtful and demanding artist who tirelessly works on enriching the content of his works and expanding the variety of genres, also dabbles in romance and drama. His comic work "Shoyi sozana" toured many theater stages in our country and abroad and gained special fame. Abdulla Kahhor translated Russian and Soviet literature into Uzbek (A.S. Pushkin's "Captain's Girl", N.V. Gogol's "Inspector" and "Marriage", L.N. Tolstoy's "War and Peace", A.S. Serafimovich's "Iron Stream", M. Gorky's "My my universities", as well as the works of A.P. Chekhov, M.S. Shaginyan, K.A. Trenyov and others). On May 25, 1968, Abdulla Qahhor was awarded the title of "People's Writer of Uzbekistan", and after his death, he was awarded the Order of Merit.

In 2007, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abdulla Qahhor was widely celebrated by the society of Uzbekistan. In Tashkent, a statue of the creator, who became a real folk writer, who made an invaluable contribution to the development of Uzbek literature, was built.

POMEGRANATE
(“ Anor” , Abdulla Qahhor)

There are the houses that are full of bread, but my child is starving,

There are the streams are that full of water,but my child is craving.
(Abdulla Kahhor)

As Turobjon was coming hurriedly through the door, his sleeve kalami robe caught on safety chain. It ripped up to his elbow. He sat down. His wife was grating the corn. When she saw him with a small bunch in his hands she left the pestle in the mortar and ran up to him. The mortar rocked slightly and fell. The unfinished corn spilled on the ground.

When Turobjon flirted with her, he hid the bundle behind his back.

— Say me brother!

— Brother, my dear brother!

— What will you give me?

— Half of my life!

Turobjon gave the bundle to his wife. She sat and opened the bundle right there at the door. Suddenly her happiness disappeared; she raised her head and looked at her husband. Turobjon had acted haughty because of his such good work. Now he saw much tears in her eyes.

— Do you know what this is?—he asked.—This is a beehive! It's all honey! Look! Look! If you squeeze it, much honey flows out. It's paraffin and it's not haram.You can suck or chew it.

His wife became hard, looking at one spot.

— Oh my God! Why don't you believe me? Take it, chew it! Chew it! If it's not tasty then you can tell me…—he said.

Turobjon's face turned into red . He was in a state of confusion. Once he had felt such confusion when he'd brought a watermelon to his friend's house. Afterwards he saw the watermelon in the crib of that family's cow. Maybe the watermelon had been tasteless.

A lame cat which was wandering through the yard went over to the spilled corn and smelled it. Unfortunately, it did not like the corn, and looked at Turobjon it mewed sadly at him.

— Stand up! Pick up your corn. Look! The cat touched it.

As she was standing up, she cried loudly.

— What kind of misfortune is this? Why do I crave for pomegranate? Why don't I crave for salt or soil?

Turobjon took his skullcap from his head. When he was about to beat the dust out of it, he saw his torn elbow. He felt bad about it. The robe had been washed only thrice or four times. It was new.

— I know what it is, the craving of a pregnant woman. But let it be a craving for what is possible! Crave for something possible within measure!—he put on his skullcap that was not beaten from the dust. — Pomegranate… pomegranate! A pound of pomegranate is expensive. Every day if I rise with the sun, carry water, split wood, set the fire and I can get eighteen kopecks in a month! Unluckily, I don't have any brothers...

The husband and wife stalled.The wife finished pounding the corn. When she was pouring it into a basin she rumbled:

— Apparently you are considering that I'm asking for pomegranates for my own selfish interests, aren't you?

— I know you aren't. But what should I do? Should I kill my boss and steal his money? Or should I leave myself as a deposit to Hindi? Are you an odd person?

The wife began to prepare the food. "Crave for something in measure!" Her husband's words hurt her. She had a pain and tears came to her eyes.

The food was ready. The Goja was dark from the cauldron's rust. Even sour milk could not change its dark color. Turobjon ate two helpings of goja. The wife was still eating the first one. While looking at her hesitancy, for some reason Turobjon remembered the lame cat. The cat reminded him of his torn elbow. It put him in a bad mood. "Pitiful corn, pitiful sour milk, pitiful wood!" As if reading her husband's thoughts, the wife reluctantly ate up the meal. But as soon as she finished eating she went behind the house. She came back with her reddened eyes, her visible temporal veins.

— You called the unborn child a misfortune, didn't you? — He was more into a passion.

The wife cleared off the table silently. She asked in a low voice while she was pouring water into the cauldron.

— You could have taken a pomegranate instead of the beehive, couldn't you?

— Yes, I could have!—Turobjon said ironically. — But I bought honey instead of a pomegranate.

— Sure, you could have! Of course, so you've bought this honey instead of a pomegranate.

At times like this the tongue stalls in the mouth, it cannot move. If it moves it does what the fist does.

— What I did was good!—Turobjon said in a fury of rage. —Your liver may ache!

Only a pregnant woman can understand how this condemnation affected the wife. Turobjon said it, and then looked at wife's condition he became quiet. If his pride had allowed, he would have embraced her and said 'Do not be upset! I said angrily.'

— You make me feel angry!—he said after a while. — So what if I bought honey? Even the rich are reluctant to buy honey! And we are the poor! One of my boss's friend's gave him it. Without noticing… I asked him if I could take some honey. He gave it to me. It's a dainty thing. I thought it would make you happy. Or is it not dainty? How many times have you eaten honey in your life? I've eaten it once. When the candy-maker Shokirhoja was preparing honey syrup and one of my aunt's chickens fell in it. I took the chicken out and licked it.

Turobjon's words sounded to his wife like pointless mumbling. They had been married for three years and during this time her husband had done nothing but mumble. This mumble was a continuation of those mumbles. For some reason today he said three

words clearly: “May your liver ache!” Her husband was the only person she had to rely on. And the pomegranate was her only dream. Now she had lost both of them at the same time.

The wife went into the house. After some time a dim light appeared from the small door. Turobjon went in, too. His wife was sitting by the small door resting her head on her knees. She was watching the dark grey sky through the small door. Turobjon held himself upright. On the shelf the fifth lamp was shimmering. A big night moth was flying around the lamp. Turobjon also sat down by the door. Then any part of the ceiling cracked. Somewhere a lizard chirred. The ears of Turobjon were ringing. He also looked at the sky and stared at the dim stars. Behind the black poplar by the mosque a reddish fire arose and drew a fiery track in the sky. The fire flew higher and higher and bumping against the sky broke up into smithereens with a loud noise.

— These are fireworks. — Turobjon said. — They’re being let off at Mullajon cadi’s garden. Mullajon cadi is having a beshik toy.

The wife kept silent.

— The city lords are also attending the festival. — Turobjon said.

The wife again kept silent. She had never seen Mullajon cadi’s garden. But she had heard of its fame. She tried to imagine it. It was not just a garden, it was a pomegranate garden. Pomegranate plants are full of pomegranates, so big like a tea-pot.

— A firework costs three miris.—Turobjon said. — If they let off a hundred fireworks, it’ll cost more than a hundred miris.

The husband and wife lapsed into silence for a long time. Turobjon yawned opening his mouth widely and had a deep sigh.

— Take and sew it.— he took off his light robe and gave it to her.

The wife took the robe and put it to the side. Apparently, she was not going to sew it immediately.

— Be quick, — Turobjon said after a while. — take it. I’m talking to you!

— Why are you talking to me like that? Don’t push me … I’ll sew it. Why are you trying to rush me?

Turobjon’s hair stood on.

— Hey! Who do you think you’re talking to with that capricious attitude? So what can you say?

— Am I saying anything unimportant? I’ll sew it.

— If every problem breaks the family peace, it will be difficult to manage. — Turobjon said, putting on the robe. Poverty…

— Let poverty die!

The wife said it as a complaint. But the husband took it as a reproach.

— What did you say? Did I hide my poverty when I got married to you? You knew my condition, didn’t you? Or did I go into the chimildik wearing somebody else’s robe or boots as Erkaboy did? Did I hide my poorness? If you’ve still got this kind of unattained dream, go and marry some rich man!

— You are giving your wife to a rich man for a pomegranate. Shame on you!

This remark touched his sense of his honor. It hurt his heart as mercilessly as his damnation had hurt the wife's soul.

— Hey you! Haven't I ever brought you a pomegranate? I've never brought you one, is that right?—he asked softly. But behind this softness there was a treat.

— No! –the wife answered suddenly.

Turobjon's head was foggy and everything went dark before his eyes.

— Who brought that pomegranate last week? Did your lover bring it?

— Yes! My lover brought it!

Pretty soon he saw himself at the obrez. He didn't know whether he stood up after kicking his wife on the shoulder or whether he kicked her after standing up. He didn't know how he got here. His wife was pale as a ghost. Opening her eyes widely she was staring at him with a fearful look.

— Don't do it… stop it…— she was whispering, rocking her head.

Turobjon left the house. After a while the street door was opened and closed.

The wife cried for a long time. She regretted her very sharp words. She cursed herself and wished she were dead. She got tired of crying and went out. It was dark. In the far and near the dogs were barking. Opening the street door she glanced here and there. There was nobody around. There was only a flashing light by the *guzar*(center of the village or society (translator's note)). The tearooms were closed. She went back inside.

A hen gave a cry behind the roof. The street door opened. When she turned around she saw Turobjon there with a big bundle. He put the bundle down in the centre of the house. A shawl full of pomegranates fell down everywhere. Some of them fell in the obrez. Turobjon looked at his wife. His face was as white as a sheet of paper. The wife was scared. Turobjon sat and put his forehead in his hands. The wife came over in a hurry way and put her hand on his shoulder.

— Where did you go? What did you do there? — She asked breathlessly.

Turobjon did not answer. His body was shaking.

It is known from the history and the words of the people what kind of days the Uzbek people saw and what kind of social environment they lived in during the former USSR. and this story was able to describe with the most open words the moment when spiritual poverty and famine were on the rise in the country. although he knows that his wife has come to eat pomegranates, Turobjon goes to a thousand different streets and does not listen to his wife's request. Even if the health of his unborn child and the desire of his wife are in pomegranates, he cannot run and buy them from the market. reason - money! Living well is only for the rich. At the end of the story, Turobjon, a brave man who thought of his wife and child and was able to bring home a pomegranate, even if it was the wrong way, is written very clearly.

REFERENCE:

1. https://saviya.uz
2. A. Qahhor. – Hikoyalar. 2013, Toshkent.