



Interpretation of Characters in the Story of "Goodness" By Odil Yaqubov

Xolmatov Doston

2nd year basic doctoral student of Fergana State University

ABSTRACT

The article examines the interpretation of heroes and characters in Odil Yaqubov's story "Goodness", and the ability to reflect the spirit of the time. Specific features of the writer's style are shown on the basis of examples.

Keywords:

skill, style, period, story, hero, character, visual expression and means, retrospective plot, creative influence.

The events of Adil Yaqubov's story "Goodness" are told in the language of a boy named Mansur. The events of the work take place behind the front during the Second World War. In the story based on a retrospective plot, the experiences of women who went through the pain of separation by sending their loved ones to war are impressively expressed. The name of the young man is not mentioned anywhere in the play. He is the uncle of the narrator hero Mansur. Mansur describes the incident as follows: "My uncle will go to war tomorrow. He "escaped" my bride from Tashkent yesterday evening. Judging by the whispers in my ear, they were studying together at the institute. At night, our house was full of women and I couldn't see my bride, this morning I saw her at the beginning of the spring on my way back from the herd" [1,451]. The image of Munavvar's bride is described by Mansur in the story as follows: "My bride is a little, even smaller than my uncle, - I noticed this when my uncle finished washing and adjusted his height, - she was a slender girl with a long face. I was especially surprised by

his gloomy black eyes. In general, there was a piece of sadness in his whole body, in the way he stared thoughtfully at his open, gentle face" [1,452].

On the day of the wedding, Mansur, who brought the grapes given by his grandmother to the bride and groom, describes the conversation between his uncle and his bride: "When I put the grapes on the table in front of them, the eyes of my bride I saw the ring young. I was about to put down the grapes and immediately turn back, when my daughter-in-law touched her glasses with her index finger and grabbed my hand.

- Sit down, Mansurjan, let's eat grapes together.

My uncle reluctantly offered:

- Sit down!

He winked at me while holding a head of grapes to my bride:

"Do you know why your bride is crying?" Let the wedding be old fashioned.

welcome to the...

"Yes, I want to go in," said my bride.

- They want to bend over and say hello to your aunts and uncles...

My daughter-in-law was picking off the grapes one by one with her long, thin fingers and putting them in her mouth:

- Why are you laughing? he said. - A once-in-a-lifetime wedding, that's all

I'll see. Don't hurt my poor mother. All right, let them hold a kiss, let them say "Kelin Salam", let the girls say lapar...

- That's all! Look at the words of the highly educated daughter-in-law!

- What if I have a higher education? After all, you will go to war tomorrow...

My bride, unable to speak, turned her face away" [1, 453]. Above is actually the fact that the bride's eyes filled with tears, her husband was going to war because he couldn't get enough of his wife's situation. The grandmother's "wisdom" can be seen in the way she tells the child, "Let them be together for one breath and kiss", and if they say "Sit in the temple...", don't sit down. And his boundless love for his son and daughter-in-law put chillaki grapes, which ripen at the beginning of the year, into the child's hat and said, "Go, take them to the hotel. It is noticeable when he says, "Let your uncle and your daughter-in-law... taste it." O. Yaqubov reflects every event, hero and characters based on national requirements. It infuses nationalism into the image in a vital, lively, authentic way. In this place, Jan Parandovsky's "The writer lives in a bright world as if he lived in an enchanted circle or a magical environment." Every moment he is surrounded by various impressions from all sides, and one glance is enough to fall in love with their magic - wonder, delight, admiration, horror, or simply benevolence to be able to see them as if no one else has seen them, and through the medium of words allows for permanent sealing. The writer does not allow any impression to disappear without assessing its aesthetic value" [2, 243].

In the 60s of the 20th century, when the story was published, it was a time when "red weddings" became popular, national traditions, "bridal greetings", "holding a kiss" were condemned as old-fashioned, values were forgotten, and patriotism was encouraged.

Through Munavvar, the hero of the work, the writer expresses in his own way that these views are wrong. The wedding scene is reflected in the story: "There was a wedding in the evening. On a cold summer night, village children sang sad songs and sad songs full of feelings of separation. When the bride was coming (she was taken out of our neighbor's house), a bonfire was lit in front of the gate, and the young men pulled a rope on the road. My grandmother, with a handful of coins in her hand, sometimes cried and laughed and sprinkled money on the bride's head. Boys and girls played until dawn as if they wanted to completely forget the pain of separation and emigration" [1, 453].

Munavvar's condition after the groom left for the war "After my uncle left, my bride did not know where to go to war, she did not fit in the world. He is like a young deer who has fallen into a distant and unfamiliar place, he doesn't write and talk much with his relatives, even with his grandmother, he mostly wanders around the garden alone. He was deep in thought, looking far away... Only on the days when he received a letter from my uncle, his eyes lit up and sparkled, sometimes his soft humming could be heard from here and there in the big garden..." [1, 453-454]

Because Munavvar got a job at the school, he went out to the steppe and harvest wheat, saying that "my heart will be tight at home" before the start of studies. Mansur expresses Munavvar's attitude towards her as follows: "My bride welcomes me with a smile on her face, because I used to bring my uncle's letters. At such times, my daughter-in-law holds my head tightly with her rough little palms, presses her to her chest, kisses my forehead: "My real care giver, my helper!" he flirted, and when I saw his radiant face, his jet-black eyes shining with joy, my head reached the sky, I wished I could do more good for him, make him more happy" [1, 454-455].

Because the writer saw the realities of the war period with his own eyes, he describes the people in the steppe vividly, vitally and truthfully: "Most of the people in the steppe, like my bride, were young girls and young women whose hearts were scarred by the stain

of emigration. As if they wanted to get rid of all their pain and suffering, they worked with all their heart, and at night they shook the vast steppe until midnight and sang sad songs, they sang songs to the soldiers at the front, simple but beautiful. "They used to write letters full of sincerity..." [1, 454]

Mansur's uncle wrote in his last letter, "Sooner or later we will go to war," and he never writes a letter without a letter. Fifteen days later, a young man from the village received a letter saying that he was injured and taken to the hospital. Munavvar's condition these days: "He used to walk in the field without going to work, like a child, his lips quivered like a young child, and tears came to his eyes every now and then. Every day at noon, as if they did not immediately notify me of a letter, he would send me home, and then he would run away with his eyes wide open. There was no pain for me to shake my head no, looking at his big black eyes that were full of hope!" [1, 455]

Mansur describes her grandmother's situation as follows: "I call myself a daughter-in-law, but it was even more difficult for my grandmother." Every evening, as soon as my daughter-in-law returned from the field, she would go to the hotel, throw herself on the wire bed, she would lie for hours with her eyes fixed on the ceiling, at one point, and my grandmother, without her, her heart was like a lump of coal, how could her eyes Without realizing it, he was crying inside, "desperate devil, be patient, my child!" "I think he was more afraid of my bride's departure than anyone else" [1, 456].

One day, Munavvar tells his brother-in-law that he had a dream, that his son came playing with horses, and that he will definitely receive a letter from him today. Then Mansur went to the grave of the holy grandfather on the bank of the river and said, "Oh, mighty, merciful and kind saintly grandfather! Accept my wish! May my bride's dream come true! Dry the tears of my kind grandmother and my daughter-in-law, relieve them of their grief, oh kind, powerful grandfather!" [1, 457] he pleads. Then he hears from the children that the postman is coming. He quickly conveys this

news to his grandmother and daughter-in-law. The situation of the grandmother and the bride is described as follows: "My grandmother ran out in front of the house with dirty hands, followed by a comb in one hand, a mirror in the other hand, and my bride with disheveled hair." The colored wall, her hair was written on, she ran past me in the direction I pointed, and my grandmother ran after her, straightening the scarf that had fallen on her shoulders with her hands. I ran as the third" [1, 458]. Then "the postman, without raising his head:

"What should I do," he said slowly. - The letter is not from your son, but from the hospital

It's from Nachal, uncle. We handed it over to ... the chairman of the village council..." [1, 458] says.

Munavvar realized what kind of tragedy had happened from his words and looked at Mansur and asked: "Is this the good news you found?" says. "I'm sorry," I said, my lungs full. "I.. I want to do you a favor with good intentions..."

- Goodness! - My daughter-in-law's eyes filled with tears first, and then suddenly fire flashed: - If this is the good you have found... Get out of my sight! Go away!" [1, 459]

After a week, both the grandmother and the daughter-in-law, who were busy crying, ignored Mansur. "After a month, my bride will go to her country. One of our relatives asked for a cart from the collective farm. In the morning, hoping that Loakal would say goodbye, at least say a word for the memory of the good days... The cart passed by my fire. I, with a bloody tongue, stayed behind as I pleaded with him. The carriage swerved because of the turn, and my bride didn't even wave her hand. He did not, could not, forgive my "goodness" [1, 460]. In this place, O. Yaqubov wrote, "Usually, young people who dare to enter the field of literature, which is the most complex and laborious field of human activity, start their first works by writing about their first love. In my opinion, the reason for this is that they think it's easy to write about love (a lazy slave - we ourselves once thought so, we started our work from this topic). In fact, the most difficult and delicate requirement of

literature is to express the emotions of the heart, to convey the most exquisite feelings of human experiences to the readers. A young writer does not immediately understand how difficult it is to express feelings of love" [3, 312]. Adil Yaqubov continued the traditions of Abdulla Qadiri in his unique way of reflecting the inner and outer appearance of the characters in a harmonious manner [4, 590]. In this story as well, the writer, while shaking his pen on the topic of love, skillfully reflects the delicate experiences of people and is able to connect it with the universal idea of condemning war.

In the story, the experiences and sufferings of the innocent "guilty" Mansur are deeply covered. In the work, the horror of the war, which brought destruction to thousands of homes, is expressed through the feelings of those who remained behind the front. So, this story of O. Yaqubov has a special place in Uzbek literature with its unique image and characters, vital and impressive interpretation of reality.

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