

**INTERPRETATION OF THE IMAGE OF THE MOTHER IN OTKIR KASHIMOV'S
STORY "THE WORKS OF THE WORLD" AND NOVEL "BETWEEN TWO
DOORS"**

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Abstract:

This article focuses on the image of Rana in Otkir Hoshimov's novel "Between Two Doors", the image of Aunt Umri in the story "The Works of the World", and the image of a mother in the story "Carpet Socks". In the above-mentioned works of the writer, the image of women who sometimes deserve the image of a mother, and sometimes who have tarnished this title, is subjected to comparative analysis.

Keywords: writer, novel, short story, narrative, image, image of mother, analysis, interpretation, comparative analysis.

Every work created by a writer should have its own value. Let him create such works that his works will live forever even after the death of the creator. Let the reader of every era find comfort and peace in his heart when reading his works. There are many creators in Uzbek literature who have brought such eternal works to our people. One of such creators is Otkir Hoshimov.

The writer, who attracted the attention of the demanding writer Abdulla Khahhor with his first story "The Desert Air" as a student, has many works that embody the fortitude and courage of the Uzbek woman and depict the perfect aspects of the image of a mother in his works, and have taken a worthy place in the hearts of readers. One of such examples is the story "The Works of the World" and the novels "Between Two Doors".

In the introduction to the story "The Affairs of the World", Otkir Hoshimov writes: "All mothers in the world are very similar to each other in their attitude towards their children." I wonder, is that really so? If all mothers' attitude towards their children is similar, why is Rana's attitude towards her child not like the love of Aunt Umri, or like the image of the loving

mother in the story “Carpet Socks”?! Why could not Rana be a loving mother to her child like them? After all, do not mothers have the same way of life? There are many questions, and the answer is abstract. Perhaps the will, love, loyalty, and devotion that they had were not enough for Rana. What was Rana like at the beginning of the work, and who did he become at the end? Seeing her love for Shomurat, Robia envied them. Later, this envy turned into a mirage, pity, and hatred. The only reason for all this was Rana herself. After returning from the war wounded, Shomurad and Rana slowly began to get their lives back on track. After a while, Rana and Shomurad had a son. They named him Muzaffar. While they were living a peaceful and happy life, Umar, a traitor, appeared in Rana’s life and turned her life upside down. Rana did not even think about her husband, let alone her child.

I wonder why there is no sign of Rana?... As I was scythe-cutting in the direction of the threshing floor, hoping to hear someone calling me from afar, something scolded me! Damn it! This is what happens when a person does not do their job right! I looked and saw that the sickle had split in two. The length of the scythe is like a thorn. That is why, despite the drought, the harvest here was good. However the ground is rocky. If you are not careful... I lost that sickle too. I tried to mow again, grabbing the wheat stalks while swinging the sickle half way. No! What is this like putting an iron comb on a bald head! If this happens, I will be ashamed in front of the elder! The people have reached the foot of the Paikal. I would better go home! There is another sickle. I will sharpen it like a dragon. I will go and come, it will be better again. Rano does not let the child walk in the sun either. Despite my injured leg slipping, I ran towards Alvastikuprik. The day was getting hotter, and a suffocating breeze was rising from the railway. It was only after I crossed the lonely road, where Borijar was roaring on one side and sedges were growing on the other, and entered the cool walnut grove that the breeze hit my chest. Fortunately, there was coolness.

I do not know, for some reason I was sad. As I was walking through the walnut grove, I heard a baby crying in the distance - to the right. At first I did not care. The baby was still crying and whimpering, panting. I was curious. What is a baby doing here? No one was around. Doctor Kamil does not have a young son. The eldest died in the war. The youngest, Olimjon, is still young. On top of that, the father and son are at the threshing floor. Sister Lazakat is also harvesting wheat... I stopped. Do not rush! Suddenly a terrifying thought crossed my mind. Does not it sound like Muzaffar’s crying? At that moment, I felt: Exactly! My son! My limbs went limp. Rana was carrying the child and feeding me bread... He had gone to the edge of the cliff in his imagination... I threw the child away and, breathless, ran in the direction where the crying was coming from. It was not for nothing that my heart felt it. Indeed, Muzaffar, whose blanket had been removed, was lying under a large walnut tree, the sun beating down on his head, he was sweating, he was shaking his arms and legs, and he was crying loudly. When I reached the height of Borijar, something rustled from behind. When I looked back, the bushes

had grown thick. A man emerged from the thicket. He was wearing a white robe and boots. He was wearing the belt of his trousers, and he was looking at the path. I knew it was Umar, and a bad suspicion crept into my body. Suddenly I remembered what Rana had said: “Umar was a good man, no one appreciated him.” However, I still did not know what was happening, I was standing there numb, holding the child. At that moment, Rana rushed out of the thicket. His shirt was wrinkled, his hair was matted like a fairy, and the grass was stuck to it...[1. Pp. 467-468].

From the story of the “Carpet Sock”:

“...I do not remember how old I was then. However I was very young. One day I was sweating playing with my brothers. I ate ice while sweating. In the evening, my fever rose. I was coughing. My mother tried gargling with bitter gourd, but it did not work, she made me drink water from it, but it did not work. Finally, my throat was completely blocked. I could not feel the pain and I had trouble breathing. I remember fainting. I could hear my mother crying loudly in my ear, repeating something like this:

- Oh, what am I going to do now? Oh, my child is going to die! Then she quickly wrapped me in a blanket. I remember walking in my mother’s arms. I could feel the snow falling, but it did not fall on my face. My mother’s hot breath was blowing, she was sliding around, panting heavily. We entered some kind of house with a dim light flickering. My vision went dark again. My mother was still screaming.

- He will die! My little boy will die!

- Do not worry, my dear, God, who gave me the pain, will also give me the cure. I vaguely realized that it was Grandma Haji’s voice. Grandma Haji put my head on her lap and made me lie on my back. She put her finger wrapped in gauze in my mouth. My heart sank and I cried out, but I could not get out of Grandma Haji’s arms. She did something to my throat. I bit her hand with a snort. Strangely, after a while my condition improved. When I opened my eyes, Grandma Haji was smiling.

- Why are you biting me, puppy? - she said, stroking my head. Then my mother bent over me. She was still panting, her hair was disheveled, and her face was wet. After a while, I straightened up and sat down with my feet in the tub. Grandma Haji was drinking some kind of thick liquid. Then she looked at my mother and suddenly exclaimed: “Oh, you bastard! What have you done, you are all gone!” My mother was confused, looking now at me and now at Grandma Haji... [2. Pp. 18-19].

From the story “The Victim of the End of War”:

Shoikrom could not tell if he was asleep or not. He could not tell if the child was crying or if he heard a terrible scream mixed with the howling wind outside. He got up and left. As soon as he turned on the porch light, he saw the body of a man lying in the strawberry patch, covered in moss, and froze in horror. At that moment, he realized that he had made a mistake, that he

had committed murder. He accidentally tore the end of the wire from the hook and threw himself into the yard. The thought “The others have escaped” flashed through his mind. He noticed that he was jumping and jumping over the patches. Then he stopped three steps away from the man lying in a heap and suddenly crouched down. For a moment he stared, his eyes wide open, and a cry burst from his chest that shook both the wind and his own body:

“Oh, my mother!”

He felt his head spinning and he threw himself to the ground. He crouched down, clutching the mud with his trembling hands, and punched his chest.

Mom! Mom! Aunt Umri was clutching the hem of her faded dress with one hand, two handfuls of mixed ripe and unripe strawberries visible inside the hem, and with the other hand she was holding a snake-like wire. [3. Pp. 365-367].

Now, if we compare the two mothers whose names are mentioned in the above excerpts with Rana, there is a difference between them as big as heaven and earth. We can see that one of our heroes got her leg amputated for her child, while the other risked her life to die for her child’s recovery. What about Rana? What did she do? Did not she leave her son and go with Umar the thief? Had not she seen the poor baby? After all, her child cried incessantly in the hot sun, hungry and thirsty! Had not she heard his cries? Can a mother be so selfish towards her child? Poor Muzaffar was a baby who had not yet had enough of his mother’s milk, perfume, and love. Rana preferred short-term pleasure to honor, dignity, and modesty. As a result, the poor baby’s soul suffered greatly. She could have been like Aunt Omri, because she is also a mother. However, I think she did not really understand what a mother should be like, the feeling of motherhood. In fact, was not the war the cause of Aunt Omri’s death, and the loss of a child without a mother?!... If there had been no war, maybe Aunt Omri would not have died, would she have lived a happy life with her children, and Rana would not have betrayed her husband, leaving her child an orphan?

In conclusion, every girl or woman should be able to control her ego and maintain her honor. Only then will their lives be beautiful and bright. If we educate ourselves well in all aspects, we will have a better generation, and our society will not have divorced families and children wandering between parents.

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