

**THE PART OF THE HEROES OF SAID AHMAD'S STORY "MOTHERS"***Sultanova Durjakhon Azamat kizi**3rd year student of the Faculty of Russian Language and**Literature of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University*

**Abstract:** This article discusses the fate of the son who was waiting for the arrival of his son in Said Ahmed's story "Mothers" and how the hopes of the mother who was waiting for her son all her life turned into a mirage or the fate of the son who was late. The work reflects the lifestyle, worries, joys and hopes of ordinary people, and discusses the skills of Said Ahmed in artistically reflecting the most important, problematic situations of life, moments of the past that affected the human psyche in a small epic genre, in a story.

**Keywords:** mother, son, house, letter, milk, peach, moon, Blessing, garage, father, water, brother, child's stain, inner experiences, saying.

**Introduction:** No matter which writer's work we look at in Uzbek literature, there are many poems and works that praise mothers. One of such poets is the writer Said Ahmad, who attracted my attention with his story "Mothers".

We can see two related stylistic directions in Said Ahmad's work. Said Ahmad is both a lyrical and humorous writer. A wonderful feature of his stories is the depiction of nature. When choosing a topic for his stories, the writer relied primarily on real life realities and experiences. In particular, the story "Mothers" talks about the inner experiences of mothers, the suffering of child's stain, the role of children in society, and the oppression of that time.

**Literature analysis and methodology**

Mothers are one of the most dear and sacred beings for humanity. They are the embodiment of selflessness and patience. A mother gives birth to her child and devotes her whole life to him.

In the history of every human being, the foundation of any success lies in the endless work, wise upbringing and kind heart of mothers.

As I was coming, exhausted, an old woman was waiting for me on the dam.

— A letter from Ne'mat, read it, my child.

I took the three-cornered letter from her hand and started it at the signboard's booth. The girl who was reading the letter vacated her chair. While I was reading the letter, the old woman sat quietly, resting her hands on her knees.

She said that her son was healthy, that he had been injured and hospitalized, and that he would soon return home. The old woman's eyes were filled with tears. She took the letter from my hand and turned it over.

- Did you read it all? Didn't you leave out any part? You didn't tell me where he was wounded!

The letter didn't say where Ne'mat was wounded. The old woman was worried.

That's how it happened, and the old woman stopped coming to our house. Sometimes we would see her on the main road, carrying cotton wool on her head, and sometimes carrying lime in a bucket.

We knew. She was preparing for her son's arrival.

Her house was in an apricot orchard on the other side of the hill where the main dam was located. A large bush of sadakairagach in her yard could be seen from afar. Her husband was a boatman on the river. During the reform years, her husband was drowned in the river by enemies. One of her sons has gone to the front. She lives alone in a large, overgrown yard. In the evenings, she sits on the bench in front of her door, leaning her cane on the ground, keeping an eye on her son's progress. She only comes in when it gets dark, and doesn't sleep until she knocks, but when she knocks, she lies down, looking at the door. When she is more attentive and her heart is dark, she fills a bucket with peaches and comes to our bed. She keeps on beating us and trampling us. Time passed. One day, our colleague came and said that the old river path would be blocked tomorrow, that when the water rises, the apricot orchard would be flooded, and that in 3-4 days the people living there would be relocated. When she heard this news, she suddenly had a dream that the old woman would also be relocated to another place. After all, she was whitewashing the house and repairing the walls for her son's arrival!

He went to the old woman's house. The old woman was worried that she would not feel sorry for my house, but that she would not be able to find me when Ne'matgin came. After all, this woman had lived in this hut for 50 years and had not seen a day. The house that had witnessed her hunger and satiety, her happiness and unhappiness, and the walls that had kept her painful days secret, were all that remained. Result

After a long time, another letter arrived. The old woman read the letter to the guard. In the letter, Ne'mat said that her leg had been amputated. Hearing this, the old woman fainted. She lay down on the ground. Only my child, my only child. Put him in the ground with your own hands. I couldn't even see your wedding, at least I want to see your face. No. She closed her eyes, not seeing her son's face.

Quite a few people had gathered to bury him. I became a child instead of her child and went down to his coffin. As I lay down on the road, strangers joined the ceremony.

When we got to the main road, a young soldier put his backpack on the ground and, limping, took one of the wings of the coffin on his shoulder. He didn't even walk ten steps and stepped aside, his legs shaking. Finally, he stared at the ceremony for a long time, then picked up his bag and walked briskly towards the dam.

When we returned, we were surprised to see that young soldier at home. He was sitting motionless, his wooden leg out, his head resting on the pillar at the edge of the porch. Now I knew: it was Ne'mat. Not knowing that his mother had moved to another house, he went to the apricot orchard. He didn't even know whose coffin he was carrying...

Every time he passed by these places, he remembered that house, his father who drowned in the river, or was probably eaten by fish, the face of his devoted mother who showered her with love for everyone in those difficult years, her white cotton hair. These places reminded him of his eyes fixed on the front road. I am looking for a child who is not satisfied with the warm feelings of motherhood. On which front is he?

I believe that the child of such a father and such a mother has found his place in life. It seems to me that he is rushing ahead, ahead of everyone.

Tell me, tell me, are you okay, brother!

Ne`mat was sitting in great sadness.

Did the child fulfill his duty to his parents? The old woman found love, albeit a little, not from her own son, but from a stranger. She lived a lifetime with a longing child, hoping to see him and hold him in her arms. Unfortunately, everything turned out to be a dream.

### Discussion

Said Ahmad's story "Mothers" is one of the important works in Uzbek literature. This story is distinguished by its high level of human qualities, kindness, and the great value of mothers. In this work, the writer reveals important issues in the life of a person and society in a simple but touching way.

Through the work, S.Ahmad emphasizes the role of mothers in society and the importance of respect for them. Throughout the work, the work of mothers and their sacrifices for their children are revealed in a very sincere and touching way.

The story creates a familiar atmosphere for the reader by describing the customs and traditions of the Uzbek people. The work reflects the lifestyle, worries, joys and hopes of ordinary people. Through the image of mothers, a bright example of humanity and kindness is depicted. The character of each character is lifelike and believable, and through them the writer conveys an important message to the reader.

The story has not lost its relevance today. The role of mothers in society and the topic of their appreciation are always relevant. This story teaches young people to respect their mothers, to have a sincere relationship with them, and to preserve family values. At the same time, it also gives us a reason to think about the honorable duty of being a child worthy of our parents, of appreciating them while they are alive, of relying on them when they are thirsty for love, or more precisely, of being a child worthy of our parents. Dear reader! Try it for a month? What does Said Ahmed want to say through this story, what does he want to convey to the reader?

### Summary

Said Ahmad's story "Mothers" is a rare masterpiece of Uzbek literature. It makes people think, excites and teaches every reader to appreciate the great concept of motherhood. This story is one of the sincere and vital works that can find its way to the heart of every person.

Said Ahmad's story "Mothers" is one of the works that deeply touches the human heart. The content of the story is about family, kindness, selflessness and the great love of mothers.

The story describes the life of a family, the mother's hard work for her children and her boundless love for them. A mother is someone who uses all her strength and capabilities to ensure that her children grow up to be happy and perfect people. She patiently endures the difficulties of life and shows her children all kinds of love. Mothers are the angels of life.

The story vividly depicts the need to appreciate humanity, kindness, and family values. Said Ahmad, through simple but touching stories, encourages everyone to reflect on the greatness of mothers.

This work reminds the reader of the boundlessness of maternal love and the need to appreciate it. Said Ahmad's skill in artistically reflecting the most important, problematic situations of life, moments of the past that affected the human psyche in a small epic genre, in a story, is evident. Each of the writer's stories also attracts the attention of literary critics with its artistic solidity.

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