

THE FOOT-PATH

By Shakhnoza Khalikova

I grew up in a city. In the big city and there are big buildings... Long streets... I am fed up with that kind of uniformity.

“I will leave” – I decided. Went outside but where can I go alone? I wandered and saw the narrow foot-path at the end. That's all! I was so far from the city. Apparently, I have to go back but my interest inspired me to go ahead. I wondered that where the path lead me on?

The path that on flatland was covered with barbed flower and they were hurting me. While I was feeling the hard pain I disappointed and wanted to go back, but I walked a lot. Never go back, always go ahead!

That path brought me to the sludgy road. Strange, the road was dark and filthy. But the only way to escape was going forward.

During my travel on that path, I saw angels and devil that into the body of a human, and I saw true and false, loyalty and betrayal, cheating, and its thousands of types, beauty... Pain, and at the end of the path, I suddenly faced a happiness. While I was walking on the foot-path I realized that foot-marks were my way of life!

DOUBT

Rustam is eight years old clever and deft boy. His relatives were always proud of him because of his mediocrity and praised him. Unfortunately, he is disillusioned with life when his father died after six months. Rustam became farouche, that he knew his father never comes back. Even his enthusiasm for the study has gone and he was disappointed.

When his relatives tell him that his father went to the mission trip, he realizes the truth. He thought: “why they try to delude me, am I child?” At that time, he always remembers his ill father's edification: “My son, you are not the child anymore, support our family, help your mother, man always must be courageous”. For that reason, Rustam helps his mother and behaved himself strong. He knew that the death of his father made his mother older.

On the last days, his mother Malohat has had a headache continuously. She met with doctor several times. The doctor diagnosed her as cranial pressure and suggested a certain medicine.

Some day Rustam woke up because of noise. He looked around in fear and his mother is not here. Rustam analyzed that there is a voice of outsider man into their house. He shocked. His heart started beating hard.

“My mother and the outsider man...” Then he remembered his grandmother’s suggestions to her mother about a new marriage.

But her mother cried hard. She doesn’t want any other man to come into her life.

Now Rustam thought that her mother changed her opinion. “It is not possible, - he thought. Father, my mother can’t betray.”

He stood up quickly. And he came to the room that outsider man and his mother were talking. He surprised. The man wearing white dressing-gown was asking his mother about her situation. And the lady wearing white coat was injecting her. His mother saw him:

“My son Rustam, did we spoil your sleep?” – She groaned.

The boy was keeping silence and didn’t know what to say. He was crying. His mother thought that Rustam recoiled. But Rustam was crying for misunderstanding his mother.

GRATEFULNESS

I was angry in the early morning. Even I did not like to have my breakfast and went to work. Unfortunately, I waited for a long time at the bus stop. And I was late. There my boss also was angry for some reason and he shoots at me. Actually, today is an unlucky day for me. Because when I check my pocket even I could not find any money for lunch.

My wife got my money while cleaning the trouser. I also did not check my pockets when I was going outside. Why was I angry?

My wife also was angry in the morning. Because her sister’s wedding day was recent. We are intended give to her diamond jewelry for wedding day’s gift. But diamond jewelry is very expensive. We don’t have enough money now. I embarrassed to ask to borrow from my colleagues.

I began to be dissatisfied my life when coming in the afternoon. I thought and repented still I am poor. I don’t have the still house of my own, and any car. My family lives in for my salary. My salary is not too much. I have the son. I am not good supply him. I think long time my father how was nurtured, seven children? I feel unlucky and my hands not to go to work.

When my working hours finished I go walking to our home. I am looking in the street, every people. They are looking so happy. This time I crashed one young blind man, while he was coming with a paddle to me. I asked to apologize and I regretted him.

When I was near to home, I saw a boy while he dressed in rags in the rubbish. But he making the big smile. He is smile was spotless, even this time hungry like me. Now some countries have the world war. They are children's into in fear. There have many people wishing calm will to work like me. Numerous father's childless. However, I have family, child, peace and own work. Now I begrudged for myself. Thank God, for all!

Bio

Shakhnoza Khalikova Kholmumin kizi was born on 19th May 1992 in Samarkand city of Uzbekistan. Currently, she is studying at Samarkand State University for Uzbek philology.

Shakhnoza's interest in literature led her on to the "Mastery course in journalism" established by "Zarafshon" newspaper. And she got the participation certificate. Her articles and short stories were published in the local and national newspaper of Uzbekistan.

Shakhnoza gained many awards and won valuable competitions such as the winner of "The best project of the year" and "The best creator of the year" nominations of the "Student – 2015" contest. She is a participant of "Voice of the future" 2011 and 2012 and "Future of the country 2015, 2016" competitions.

Shakhnoza is an author of "The world with the dreams" and "My heaven – my mother" collection.