

A TALE ABOUT DROPLET

By Muhabbat Yuldasheva

A number of droplets were talking among clouds.

“If I fall down towards the Earth, I will water apple-trees – said one of the drops. If apple-trees are watered with a lot of water, they will give a lot of ripe fruits.”

“I will water flowers – said another drop, – flowers smell so fragrantly after watering.”

“I will... I will...” – in this way, other drops also said their dreams.

Scared droplets sprang down one by one. Our little droplet was one of them. Falling down, droplet looked down and saw trees as small as peas and was grateful. “Thank God, I will in garden” – thought the droplet.

It dropped on earth in a second. The trees that seemed small actually were poplars “To water the fall a lot of water is needed” – signed the droplet –They will swallow me at once and will never notice my existence. Besides, they have neither flower nor fruits. My life will be wasted...

With her thoughts, she fell towards the earth and mingled with the land. She saw a seed between layers.

“Hey, who are you?” – asked the droplet. The seed didn’t answer. The droplet showed the seed.

“It is spring, why are not you growing?” – The droplet asked again.

She remembered that dry seed can’t grow. Maybe he needs some water?

The droplet moistened the seed and waited a little bit. After a while, a very thin root started to grow from the seed.

“Water-r-r!” – begged the seed.

The droplet went closer to the seed. The root started to drink the water. The root drank the droplet and the droplet disappeared. Then she flowed towards swelled sprout. The droplet noticed that the seed was very lazy and didn’t want to grow.

“Hey, lazy bone, you need to stir quickly. Otherwise, you will be late from the spring – the droplet pretends – if you don’t grow with the help of warm spring rain, hot summer beams will dry you.”

Droplet's words were reasons for growing green leaves from the sprout. The droplet skinned between sprouts and leaves and hurried them.

Finally, the sprout started bedding.

"Thank God – said the droplet – Hey, burgeon blossom soon!"

"Why are you so hurrying? – displeased the bud. I haven't chosen the color yet, besides I need to prepare fragrant smell."

"Is it so difficult?" – the droplet astonished. Burgeon didn't answer and turned out, feeling offense.

"I can help in choosing the color if you want" – the droplet offered, – but burgeon didn't reply again. Some days passed in this way.

It was the very boring droplet. She also was astonished by the bud's pride.

"I shouldn't have woken up that seed. I spent so much effort time for its growing, but it doesn't want to talk to time instead of saying thanks" – thought the droplet.

Several days passed. One day the droplet woke up earlier but didn't want to get up as she didn't have a wish to see proud – spirited bud.

"Good morning, droplet!" – A very beautiful voice was heard.

There the droplet saw that proud bud turned into a very beautiful flower. I smelled so fragrantly... and violet leaves were so mild...

"Droplet, do you recognize me? – the flower grinned, I am Violet!"

"Of course, I know you" – the droplet uttered and didn't know what to say anymore.

"Thank you for your help – said violet. Without your help, I would dry."

Violet tilted. Droplet flowed through the violet and gathered around petals. The violet smelled so fragrantly that droplet to whirl.

The sky was as clear as glass. The sun's beam lightened little droplet and felt that she was getting lighter. She melted into thin air and disappeared.

"So, my life is not wasted" – she thought and flew toward the clouds that flowed in the sky.

A gentle wind was blowing, violet-scented aroma and started at the sky, at clouds and thought about droplet, which helped to survive.

Bio

Muhabbat Yuldasheva is a writer, journalist, scriptwriter, movie translator. She was born on 22nd March of 1964, studied at Tashkent Polytechnic Institute. She is a member of Uzbekistan Writers Union.

Muhabbat awarded with "Белая Скрижаль" ('White Tablet') short fiction prize for her fairy tale 'Great Milk River' in 2010, in Moscow, Russia. In 2013 Muhabbat Yuldasheva gained the 1st place of the International Central Asian myths, fairy tales, legends prize for her screenplay 'The Koh-e-Kaf prince' in South Korea.

Her short stories and fairy tales translated into Russian, English, Kazakh, Ukrainian and Belarusian. Her 'Kentavr' and "Xiyonat tuni" ('A night of a betrayal') a collection of short stories, "Buyuk sut daryosi" ('Great Milk River') a fairy-tale, "Samoviy qotil" ('The heavenly killer') translation, "Qo'hi Qof shahzodasi" ('The Koh-e-Kaf prince') a screenplay were published.

Muhabbat Yuldasheva translated more than 15 serials, 300 movies into the Uzbek language. She wrote screenplays for the movies of a myth "Jodugar" ('Magician'), fairy tales, "Qo'hi Qof shahzodasi" ('The Koh-e-Kaf prince'), "Uch olam sulton'i" ('The Sultan of the three Worlds').