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**Annotation:** This article analyzes the short stories in O'tkir Hoshimov's story "The Works of the World". The qualities inherent in the mother figure are mentioned. The importance of the work is discussed. It also talks about human feelings and love. A linguistic analysis of sincere, touching, and unique short stories that glorify the image of the mother is presented

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There is probably no artist in the world who has not written a poem or epic praising and describing the figure of "Mother." Each of them, with their unique pen, sings the praises of their beloved mother in their own unique way. There are many examples of creativity dedicated to mothers in Uzbek literature, but this is the only story that, seeing all mothers in the example of her own mother, is so vivid that it makes us feel emotions that are not alien to us, as if they were happening to us. The story "The Works of the World", which consists of short stories, is written by the famous Uzbek writer O'tkir Hoshimov. The writer was born on August 5, 1941, in the Dombirabad neighborhood of Tashkent. He began his career by writing poems and essays, and wrote stories such as "The Last Victim of War", "Love", and "The Bargain of Life", as well as novels such as "There Is Light, There Is Shadow", "Between Two Doors", and "Lifetimes Passed in a Dream". In this article, we will focus on the story "The Affairs of the World".

The story consists of small and large stories. Reading them, we think about our mothers. "Have we been able to repay at least one of our lifelong debts to these kind, suffering mothers?" The question arises before our eyes. This story calls us to piety, to value and respect people.

...All mothers in the world are very similar in their attitude towards their children. So, this work is dedicated to you, dear Mothers!

At the beginning of the work, the story "White, Moonlit Nights" is given, in which a mother and child lie down at night looking at the sky, and through an ordinary star, the mother says that for her child, a big star will be for you, and a small one for me. ...The fourth star is an orphan star. You see, it didn't grow well. We should have mercy on orphans.

... When I remember my childhood, warm summer nights come to mind. I didn't know, maybe it was on those white, moonlit nights that my mother first held a pen in my hand. I stared at the starry sky. Maybe the brightest stars in the sky are the souls of mothers. Maybe the faded stars of mothers united and became the sun. Maybe that's why they call the sun a mother. Mothers want their children to have a high destiny, they are the human parents who call the writer to creativity, who make him wonder at the stars in the mysterious sky.

In the story "Carpet Socks", a mother's child falls ill. Despite the heavy snow, she carries her child to her grandmother, Haji. The mother's calico is filled with snow, causing her feet to hurt. Then, as soon as it gets a little cold, her feet start to hurt. Every year, the child brings his mother a carpet of

socks from the Caucasus. His mother, as if she had acquired something unique, praises her "kind" son to everyone. Mothers are like that, they rejoice in our trivial things. There is benefit in everything in the world, but only in a mother's love and affection is there no gratitude. This story expresses the mother's willingness to sacrifice her life for her child, and the fact that she did not even think about herself for the sake of her beloved's health. As we read the work, tears come to our eyes at some points, and we involuntarily think of our own mothers.

At the end of the book, in the story "Iltijoj", the writer visits his mother's grave and confesses what his mother loved, and that this book is dedicated to her and to all mothers in the world.

...Mom, I'm here. Do you hear, mom, I'm here again. Do you remember, every year when spring came, I would take you out to the field. You would be happy to see the bright sun and the grass. You would rub the daisies that your grandchildren had picked into your eyes. Look, today daisies have grown all over you. No, mom, I'm not crying. I know that if I cry, you'll be upset.

The author wrote the story with tears in his eyes, and it is a true work that makes us, the reader, cry and ask us to analyze our own lives. Indeed, through the story, we understand the concepts of human upbringing, duty and responsibility towards parents, and observe them in our own lives. Most importantly, every young generation who reads the work will appreciate their parents and show them love and attention. And the role of this story in awakening such feelings is unparalleled.

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