

**THE EXPRESSION OF COMPLEX DESTINIES IN THE STORIES OF ZULFIYA QUROLBOY QIZI****Rakhmatova Rayhona Mirzohid qizi**

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**Abstract:** This article provides a comprehensive analysis of Zulfiya Qurolboy qizi's stories "Uncle Kholiq" and "Oh, Life!" The complex life journey of Uncle Kholiq, the main character of the story, is narrated by the female author. The article focuses on understanding human psychology, inner world, and portraying the path of a complex destiny. The story "Oh, Life!" depicts the life journey of the main character, old man Nazar, and his personal philosophy of life.

**Keywords:** destiny, inner world, psychology, hard work, Uncle Kholiq, cotton picking, chairman, death, grave, injustice, indifference, old man Nazar, living, life, existence, purpose, daughter-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, descendants.

In the short stories of Zulfiya Qurolboy qizi, a prolific prose writer, one can repeatedly observe the depiction of diverse and complex destinies. One of the aspects that draws readers' attention in Z. Qurolboy qizi's stories is the variety of fates portrayed. Her narratives not only reveal the destinies of characters but also clearly express their psychological states. In most of her works, the writer has endeavored to portray the fate and psychology of women. For instance, the story "Woman" depicts Nazokat's inner world and fate, "Pictures of Stopped Time" illustrates Malika's altered mental state influenced by her environment, "Love and Hatred" portrays Dildora's complex life journey, and the novel "Trails of a Difficult Life" showcases Nazira's complicated fate and inner world. However, the writer has not neglected the psyche and fate of other characters. In the story "Oh, Life!," readers are presented with the fate of old Nazar, a man who hasn't lost hope in life, rather than female characters. The story "Uncle Kholiq" confronts the reader with the life of a protagonist whose fate was extremely challenging and whose life was spent in hard labor.

The story "Oh, Life!" is one of the writer's tales that has taken on an entirely different meaning. The story begins with the depiction of old Nazar falling ill for three or four days. When family members thought he would no longer live, considering his advanced age, the old man surprisingly got back on his feet, amazed everyone, and lived so long that even other family members passed away before him. Yet the old man continued to live. First, his son Alisher died in a car accident, his wife Oynisakhon passed away at seventy-nine, and his daughter-in-law died at sixty-five, but the old man kept on living. Even one or two of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren died. But the old man persisted in living. Deprived of all means of life - sight, hearing, and walking - the old man was still glad to be alive; even his teeth had fallen out and been replaced with new baby teeth. The old man had lost track of his age, having miscalculated, and was no longer needed by anyone. They even waited for his death, and those around him pitied him, lamenting, "Oh God, why do you humiliate this poor soul so much? What sin did he commit that you won't take his life? After all, being unable to die is also torment!" But the old man wasn't interested in this. He just wanted to live. He even felt as if he were truly living now.

This story clearly shows that old Nazar doesn't believe in the afterlife and lacks sufficient information about it. The old man adhered to the idea that a person should simply live, mere existence was enough for him. This was his own truth. But the old man wasn't interested in the fact that life

becomes meaningless if there's no purpose in living, no hope, no meaningful way to spend one's time. In U. Hoshimov's work "Notes on the Margins of a Notebook," there is a quote titled "Life and Living" which states, "Wherever a traveler goes, he first visits the bazaar, then the cemetery. He would enter the market to assess the country's material wealth, and visit the cemetery to evaluate its spiritual wealth. He went to one country. After touring the market, he acknowledged the country's prosperity. Entering the cemetery, he saw a strange sight. At the top of each grave, there was a stone tablet with peculiar inscriptions. 'So-and-so lived for seventy years and lived for eight years. Another lived for fifty years and lived for fourteen years. This person lived for seventy-nine years and... didn't live even a year...' When the traveler asked about the meaning of this mystery, they answered: 'Life is the time given by God. Some have more, some have less. By living, we mean something else. When burying the deceased, we calculate how much of their life was meaningful, how much time they spent doing good deeds, how long they performed virtuous acts, how many moments of joy they had. For some, it's less, for others, it's more...' Of course, this is just a legend..." it is said.

Therefore, a person should have a purpose in life and spend it meaningfully. As long as a person lives, they should strive to spend their time as fruitfully as possible, with joy. There's no benefit in living the same life and merely claiming to have lived for seventy or eighty years. In short, the writer has shown in a unique style that the thoughts of old man Nazar, the protagonist of the story, about life and the need to simply exist, are incorrect. Making life meaningful is always in a person's own hands.

"In the literature of the 70s and 80s, there was a tendency to retreat from reality; that is, instead of reflecting real life in all its complexity, there was an increased inclination to portray it in a more positive light." The policy of cotton monoculture also influenced literature. At that time, a group of writers and poets glorified the cotton policy, focusing on its benefits to humanity, achieving happiness through hard work, and incorporating into literary works the sense of happiness felt by working women and men. Most of the created characters became cotton growers. Those who didn't pick cotton were portrayed negatively. However, later, literature began to reveal real life as it truly was. In the story "Uncle Kholiq," little attention is paid to cotton policy. However, the devaluation of human dignity under the influence of cotton harvesting and hard labor is clearly depicted. When the girl narrating the story remembered Uncle Kholiq, she would only envision one image:

"Uncle Kholiq..." He was about fifty-five or fifty-six years old; of medium height, wheat-complexioned, with countless wrinkles around his narrow eyes and forehead. Whether due to his lifelong habit of chewing nas tobacco or some other reason, his teeth had first turned yellow, then bluish, and recently darkened - looking quite unsightly when he laughed. He wore a checkered shirt with frayed collar and sleeves, faded khaki-colored soldier's trousers, and boots with worn heels that had become rough from repeated patching of torn tips. His hair had turned snow-white, and he always wore a brand new skullcap on his head. According to the girl's story, Uncle Kholiq always appeared this way. From this description, one can see that Uncle Kholiq's life was spent in hard labor in the fields. Unable to even find time for his children, Uncle Kholiq feared Chairman Narzikul. The chairman was no fool; having occupied the chairman's position for twenty-two years, he regarded the collective farm as practically his own. He was accustomed to imposing his will on everyone.

In particular, he exerted excessive pressure on ordinary people like Uncle Kholiq, who were simply afraid to speak up. Uncle Kholiq faced many injustices throughout his life, and even in death, he was treated unfairly. When he got into a dispute with his neighbor Nortokhta over water (it was actually Uncle Kholiq's turn!), despite Nortokhta being older, he hit Uncle Kholiq on the shoulder with a hoe. The uncle merely let out a sigh and remained silent. Another example: when he passionately advised young men who were originally thieves and had committed theft, one of them, much younger than Uncle Kholiq, punched him in the face, showing the injustice and disrespect towards him. Uncle Kholiq, who faced injustice throughout his life, was treated unfairly even at the time of his death.

Nortokhta and his acquaintances obtained permission from the chief doctors to "just bury him" and did so without delay. So much injustice, so much disrespect towards one person... when they treat an uncle who has never experienced anything good in his life, never heard a kind word from anyone, unfairly even on his deathbed... As the story reveals Uncle Kholiq's complex life journey, it can be seen that he never spoke ill of anyone or hurt anyone's feelings throughout his life. The author's portrayal of the girl's thoughts about her uncle and her passionate narration of the injustices done to him shows that Uncle Kholiq was a humble person. I used to think of Uncle Kholiq as a humble man who would go wherever anyone led him. What were his thoughts about the bright world? What did he think about those who disregarded him, who would hit him with a hoe handle if needed to show off their strength, especially about Chairman Narziqul and others? I knew nothing about how he would accept their contemptuous attitude... [81-b.] I now seemed to understand the reason for Uncle Kholiq's "defiance." Until now, he had lived in awe of some, and in fear, so to speak, of others. But in his final moments... he had dismissed everything, turned away from it all... [82-b] Uncle Kholiq's personality, his inner world, and inner self are introduced and confronted throughout the story. The wrinkles on his uncle's face, each line was like his inner voice saying "I'm tired." As he lay dying, people called his wife aside and said, "Tell your daughters to wail and make noise as if he's still alive. We don't want people to laugh and say, 'Poor Kholiq died without respect.'... people will laugh, you know." This instruction is a sign of the uncle's lifelong disrespect. There's no point in people who never respected him during his life now feigning concern for appearances' sake. At the end of the story, the author reflects Uncle Kholiq's complex, undervalued life through the girl's anguished words: "If Azrael needed a soul, why didn't he take Chairman Narziqul's soul? Why did he choose a poor soul like Uncle Kholiq? Surely the Grim Reaper isn't satisfied with just one humble man?! He had so much unfinished work, didn't he? A man whose life was nothing but hard labor... A man who never knew comfort or peace... A man who wouldn't harm even a sparrow... From childhood, we were taught: 'Be a good person,' 'Don't hurt anyone.' We were raised with these values. If this is the fate of a good person, what's the point of such meekness? Where is the justice in this? When a good person is humiliated... When a good person is mistreated... A good person... Is a good person only valued in the afterlife?" The story concludes with the author's similarly painful reflections.

Based on the content of the story, the following conclusions can be drawn: Uncle Kholiq was a humble person who worked hard all his life and never harmed anyone; however, those around him, taking advantage of this quality, did not respect him and always treated him unfairly. Through the protagonist of the story, the author emphasizes the disappearing characteristics among people: kindness, compassion, respect, consideration, and justice. At the same time, the author was able to criticize people's actions that are done merely to avoid becoming the subject of gossip. It is truthfully depicted that when Uncle Kholiq is on his deathbed, his loved ones are preoccupied not with the fact that his life is ending, but with their own concerns. One can understand that living by others' opinions has become ingrained in people's consciousness from the words: "Call Uncle Kholiq's wife aside and tell her to wail and cry loudly, otherwise people will laugh; teach your daughters to do the same." Indeed, it seems that today people live only concerned about what others will say, trying not to become a laughingstock. A person's life and dignity should not be measured by people's words. A person should be valued and cherished during their lifetime. In fiction, one of the main elements is the appreciation of human beings and the prevention of their devaluation.

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