

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OIBEK'S "CHILDHOOD" IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH

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Annotation. The article provides a scientific analysis of Oybek's story "Childhood" and its role in the education of young people. The protagonist of this work is Oybek himself, the play shows various interesting events in Oybek's youth and historical events of that period.

Keywords: childhood, memories, poet, prose writer, knowledge, worldview, emotion, lyrical image.

The great writer, poet, scientist, public figure Musa Tashmuhammad oglu Oybek, who made a significant contribution to the development of Uzbek literature of the 20th century, was born on January 10, 1905 in Tashkent in a bozchi family. Previously, he studied at a secondary school, and in 1922-1925 at the Tashkent Pedagogical College. Then he studied at the Faculty of Social Sciences of the Central Asian State Medical University. In 1930 he graduated from the Central Asian State Medical University and taught political economy at universities.

Oybek entered literature with a collection of poems "Emotions", published in 1926. Oybek was a mature writer as well as a skilled poet. His novels such as "Holy Blood", "Navoi", "The Great Way", "Winds from the Golden Valley", "The Sun Does Not Darken" represent an important period in the development of literature of the 20th century. Also many works were published by Musa Tashmuhammad oglu Oybek [2,3,4,5,6,7]. Articles were published by professors of the Tashkent Institute of Textile and Light Industry [8,9].

The autobiographical story of the author - "Childhood" was created in 1963. The protagonist of the story is young Musa, that is, Oybek himself. The story was awarded the State Prize on November 14, 1964.

Then I put my arms around Grandpa's knee, grab the tuft of beard, make him open his mouth and look for his teeth.

- Where are your teeth? I ask, pursing my lips.

Grandpa twitches his finger at a blackened half-tooth in his upper jaw, and I laugh. Tired, I throw my hat in the air and it falls to the ground.

Grandpa taps on my hat and puts it on.

"Come on, son, tell me yesterday's squirrel!" "It's a very good story," said my grandfather.

I know he won't let go until I tell him, but I'll tell you a model squirrel that I learned by heart. "Well done, well done!" they both laughed.

The old man won't let me go.

"Let the gentleman tell you!" said my grandfather's friend, narrowing his eyes.

"He knows, he knows." "Tell me, son, that your master bought the butter at the grocer," my grandfather said, patting me on the back.

I will tell like a parrot. Grandpa hugs and kisses my face.

His friend shakes his beard and laughs:

- You have good memory. I'm looking for a place to swim. I try to splash the water flowing out of the thin wall into the pool, but in a large bowl that looks like a walnut, two or three small apples that look like walnuts are dancing, approaching the waterfall and diving one by one. I watch with curiosity. Apples "Will I miss you?" as if arguing with each other, they dive in turn. No, now my patience is running out - I want to bend down and take them.

- Hey, you're about to fall, ha! - Grandfather got up, took me by the hand and led me home. His waist is very bent. He walks very slowly.

"The God!" He says. "I trust it to you, be healthy!" he blesses his only son, my father in the village.

We enter an old door with carved flowers that have faded to an unknown degree. Our blind brown cow is squeaking in a thick barn with posts and beams. Buy music. Grandpa leads me straight to his house, which has a barn on one side. He looks around, finds a large key under the felt and opens the mesh box. I look at the box with pleasure. I take a handful of different sweets from pieces of paper, plates, sugar, parvard, ass, rusty, etc. and stuff my skirt, but I eat.

Just a couple of lightning bolts, a handful or two of sticky popcorn in my hand, and the box slammed shut. "Don't show grandma, were you asleep?" blames the old man.

I know that the sole owner of this box is my grandmother, who keeps sweets like the apple of her eye. That's why I'm afraid to go out into the yard, to look at my brother or any other child. In a dimly lit house, I often chew blood. But then Grandma came in.

A tall, thin old woman catches big eyes:

Why the hell does he hate you so much? he is screaming.

I run into the yard and look at my brother Isamukhamed, who is playing alone under the apple tree. He is very gentle, quiet and unpretentious, and he looks with curiosity. Mom, who was sewing a skullcap on the porch, heard her grandmother's voice and frowned again. She does not go further than her grandmother's line, because she is one of the believing brides, they do not talk to her. We have given only a part of this story, and everyone who reads the work has extensive coverage of the historical conditions of that period, Oybek's childhood and the difficult days of his life.

Unlike both types of poets and writers, Oybek won the love of his contemporaries and compatriots both as a great writer and as a great person. The publication of Oybek's works in newspapers and magazines or as a book was a real treat for readers. Oybek knew and appreciated this. Therefore, he never forgot the reader, even when he was ill and could not speak the language and could not write.

Whatever person the writer is, his human qualities are necessarily reflected in his works. In the bodies of the main characters of these works, as we said above, his heart beats and a pleasant smile or some other sign appears on his face.

Oybek is a poet with three important qualities. This is the breadth of knowledge and worldview, the predominance of thought in the interaction of emotion and thought, as well as a tendency to lyrical imagery.

In Soviet times, a lot of slander was written about madrasas in the East. But just as great scientists, poets, architects, engineers grew up in the past, they all came out of the madrasah. Even our contemporaries, who had a deep and subtle sense of Uzbek classical literature, fluent in Arabic and Persian, reached this level thanks to the madrasah.

When it comes to the madrasah, Oybek believed that the teacher would sometimes say warm and sincere words about this source of knowledge. Time and politics made him do it. However, in his brief biography, he said: "Only the ancient classics were taught in Muslim schools."

There is a scene from the "old school" in the story:

"... Once, when I was reading the Sufi Alloyar, my teacher, silently listening to me, said:

"You read as smoothly as water, dear boy!" He laughed.

- I read the Sufi Alloyar three times, I know many of his poems by heart! I answer shyly.

"Really?" my teacher asked in surprise. You are ripe too, boracallo! Let's start tomorrow in Navoi. But the state is such, fatty soup, a basket of bread, then a picture of big money, did you get enough sleep? - he smiles ...

... The next day with a basket of bread, I don't remember, my mother gives me five soums ...

My teacher took the book from my hand and placed it on a low wooden chair in front of me:

"Let's start, Bismillo!" He says and begins to read one after another with weights.

I follow... ...My heart becomes brighter and clearer, its symbols, wisdom, mature, colorful rhymes seem to fill my heart. The poems are romantic, philosophical, deeply meaningful.

- Navoi's gazelles are romantic, but he is in love with Allah, so his poems sing of pure love. Keep reading, gradually you will understand, my teacher says.

In conclusion, it should be noted that Oybek's story "Childhood" is important as a work that marked the beginning of the development of Uzbek realistic prose. These works "Childhood", "My childhood memories", which reflected Oybek's childhood, life's difficulties, life's worries, as well as the historical

processes of that period, play an important role in the development of young people into full-fledged human beings.

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