

About "The Story of The Evening When the Horse Neighed"

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Abstract: This article discusses the idea of the story "The Night the Horse Neighed," the characters' personalities, and its educational significance, examining scholarly perspectives on the story and analyzing the events.

Keywords: Style, horse, honesty, characters, goodness, indifference, conscience, truth.

Introduction: In Togay Murod's story "The Evening When the Horse Neighed," human virtues such as goodness, righteousness, and truthfulness are glorified, while the vices of indifference, evil, lies, slander, and violence are condemned. At this point, we will analyze the following passage. Let's recall the situation of the main character Ziyodulla the horseman in the market:

"... The boys kicked without looking him in the eye. His face wrinkled in a quilted robe. He grabbed his stomach, then his side... I looked around. I looked at the policemen sitting in the corner... the policemen were indifferent, they drank tea carelessly. "It has nothing to do with us, this is someone else's plot..."

Through this event, the writer criticizes people who are so indifferent to the events around them. That is, the main character of our story, Ziyodulla Chavandoz, sees in the market a gang of thieves, consisting of three young men, hooligans, robbing a man in a fine robe and beating him to death, and more than a hundred people are watching them. Here the writer uses the word "crowd" in relation to people. The People's Poet of Uzbekistan Abdulla Aripov did not say in vain: "When will you become a people, O crowd?" Yes, they were indeed a crowd:

- "Hit him, hit him in the face!"

- Hit me, what's the point of being polite when there's a fist!

..."Beqasam robe flew like a leaf. He stood motionless, spreading his arms to the sides. The young men surrounded the silk robe and kicked it. He kicked her under his feet. He kicked her without looking her in the eye. Three people were constantly kicking a man who

lay motionless under the blows, but out of more than a hundred people, not a single one made a sound, watching! The story is narrated by Ziyodulla Chavandoz, who witnessed the event: "Brothers, I'm crushed, I'm crushed inside! My soul is at my throat! With sorrow and regret, I looked into the corner... Policemen are sneaking along the teahouse... Angrily, with hatred, I threw myself on the platform... I broke through the crowd with my arms and entered the middle... May your faith burn! Would you kill a believing servant!" I said.

Finally, out of hundreds of people, only Ziyodulla the bald tries to save the man in the white robe, lying in a state of death, covered in blood. He's a shepherd. The image of Ziyodulla the Bald, who tends the sheep and cattle of the people, was mocked by children for his baldness after 5th grade, and even though he didn't go to school, he has the intelligence and humanity to extend a helping hand to someone.

Even to the ambulance that accidentally crossed the road, only Ziyodulla the horseman begged and pleaded to save the man in the white-cloth robe, and Ziyodulla the bald man would have no one. However, the crowd thinks they are their brothers or relatives. The reader also feels sorry thinking that the person being brutally beaten is someone's father, brother, or child. The value and significance of the work lies in the fact that the reader who has read the story, seeing such a situation, will not stand idly by; of course, he will rush to help like Ziyodulla the horseman. In short, even the ambulance didn't help a man lying in a severe condition in a silk robe; he barely made it to the hospital with Ziyodulla Chavandoz's help. True, they troubled our hero for a

while, Ziyodulla Chavandoz went to Internal Affairs for questioning several times, but he wasn't upset by this at all, his heart found peace for his brother's well-being.

Through this event, the writer instills in the reader the idea that a person is and should be this way. Literary scholar Qozoqboy Yo'ldoshev, in his article "The Artistry of Tog'ay Murod's Works," writes that "T. Murod often writes about himself in his works, and many aspects of Ziyodulla's character seem to be taken directly from the author's personality... This is evident in Ziyodulla the Bald's disobedience, honesty, and truthfulness." Hooligan boys, consisting of a young boy and two young boys who beat a beqasam robe, remind one of writer Tokhir Malik's work "Shaytanat." Kesakpolvon and Asadbek, a large group of criminals who appeared in his society, also started with small thefts in their childhood.

If people hadn't been indifferent in the above incident, if everyone had approached the situation with dedication and unity, even a small group of three young men could have been the reason for finding the right path.

Of course, these children are captured at the end of the story with the help of Ziyodulla Chavandoz. However, this kindness came at a great price for Bald Ziyodulla. But even when Ziyodulla the Bald, who was the cause of saving someone from death, was beaten to death for his kindness at the end of the work, he never regretted helping anyone:..."Then someone came after me and kicked me in the back. I fell face down... My lungs are full. I pulled out my disabled hand from my bosom.

Brothers, I fell from Jo'ra bobo's horse, and my hand was dislocated. "Here... here," I said. They burst out laughing. They talked among themselves:

- "Who is this to him?"
- No one!
- "Nobody?" Really?..

Only then did I know who they were. I regretted crying about my disabled arm. Somehow I got up from my place. I stood on my feet, and then someone hit me in the jaw. I kept backing away and bumped into this one. I ate it to my chin. I got up again. Stumbling - stumbling, I went and grabbed one of them by the neck. "Brothers, what have I done to you..." I embraced her with all my might. He punched me in the stomach...

Brothers, tell me my fault, my fault..." I groaned.

Something sharp touched my waist. Then he touched my side. Every time the blow hit, my soul was in my throat.

"Brothers, I'm human too," I groaned.

In the work "Shaytanat," there is a sentence about

some people by the image of a young historian, Anvar:..."If I compare them to an animal, the animals will be offended." Tog'ay Murod introduces such people to us several times from Ziyodulla Chavandoz's perspective. In the story "The Evening When the Horse Neighed," the friendship of the horse and dog to man is discussed. After all, man was created together with nature. ..."Ayo Tarlon, you are my brother, my brother. Enough, you are my brother, Tarlon... Oh, Tarlon, you are my brother for the Day of Judgment, my brother for the Day of Judgment..." The events unfold so rapidly that the reader reflects on each character created by the writer. The story begins with the story of Ziyodulla the Bald, a 5th-grade boy, whose teacher forcibly took off his hat at school, and the children laughed at him, calling him bald, and because of this incident, Ziyodulla the Bald never returned to school again. The word "kal" is a nickname given to Ziyodulla Chavandoz because his hair fell out due to illness.

With this, the writer raises the question: does the human race have the right to laugh at others, give nicknames to others, and raise their hands against each other?! Well, can we consider this two-legged creature, which embodies such vices, worthy of being called human?! How could people commit such atrocities against each other when the Horse is faithful! It's understood that while a gang of hooligans nearby beats a fellow countryman or fellow believer nearly to death for your peace of mind, you pretend not to notice.

For the further development of a particular country or people, not only the state and governance, but also the thoughts, worldview, and human qualities of every person present in it are of great importance, of course!

Excerpt from the work:

The teacher said: "I won't teach if you don't take off your hat!" Our class elder, sitting in the front row, said something to the teacher. But our teacher snatched my hat from my head. He threw it out the window. Our class trembled with laughter...

I hid my head with my hands and sobbed. Then I rushed outside. I ran away from school...

I was left with my head in fifth grade."

The teacher, despite the class monitor's warning, caused one child not to return to school.

Here the writer uses one word, that is, the word "tavallo."

He simply blurted out, "Our principal and class teacher came and pleaded, but I still didn't return to school."

The word "Tavallo" is given in the "Explanatory Dictionary of the Uzbek Language" in the sense of pleading, begging, asking, pleading. In the story, there is a phrase: "The old man made a grand gesture." The

word "mahobat" is interpreted in the sense of "to panic, to speak with panic." The preservation of a number of words, such as mahobad, tavallo, makes the work even more significant. The fact that Momosuluv and Ziyodulla Chavandoz had the same dream also reminds us of our folk epics.

Professor K. Yuldashev noted: "In the works of Togay Murad, there are certain aspects characteristic of folk epics. But the writer's writings are not like dastans; they lack epic stylistics." The words national spirit and nationality are often used when talking about the writer's work. Nationality is a characteristic inherent in a particular people, nation, that distinguishes it from others. Xo'sh, bu atama qissaning qaysi o'rinlarida ko'rinadi?!

Ziyodulla Chavandoz never mentioned Momosuluv by name or as his wife. He uses the phrase "Our wife" in relation to Momosuluv from beginning to end. Or in another place, it is narrated from the words of Ziyodulla the Bald, who went to the house of Chairman Kurbonnazar to get his hands on him: "He is at work, please come and sit, Hamzamat (in the sense that he will come soon) will come," said the weak woman. I entered the Kurbonnazar guesthouse with a greeting. The woman spread out the tablecloth. I poured the tea and drank it myself. Our brother Kurbonnazar has arrived. I hugged and greeted him. After the meals, I shared my troubles." Now let's focus on the excerpt above:

The woman didn't call her husband "so-and-so" or "my husband," the word "that person" was used.

The woman wasn't pouring the tea, she placed it in front of him and left.

Or you can see Uzbek hospitality here. He didn't ask the guest why he came. They embrace and greet the guest, whether they know him or not. After the meals, Ziyodulla is telling about his troubles, why the bald man came, and until then neither the house owner nor his wife had asked "How can I help you?" In the story, the author, in the image of Jo'ra bobo, who married three times but couldn't have children, reflects what childlessness means for an Uzbek, his thoughts. The topic of philosophy can also be seen in Ziyodulla Kal's conversation with Rikhsiyev:

"Brother Rikhsiyev, one day we too will leave, death is a matter for all of us. If we can't help each other on such a day, what are we doing as human beings... Rikhsiyev listened to my words with his mouth. "Does everyone have to go, Comrade Kurbanov?" It's enough if four people from the family go. He'll carry the coffin, holding onto four posts...

Rikhsiev-aka, if a person is a dog, dragging him by the

legs and throwing him back into the pit, then a person is a person by his own name, is there a greater creature than a person...

Rikhsiyev: Well, she's just an old woman. "Just a sentry," he said...

Brother Rikhsiyev, there are no big or small people, they're all human. One person lived a lifetime, good or bad. He made a living as much as he could, considering himself human. He was with us face to face, shoulder to shoulder, era to era. Now it's becoming irreversible. When a person is leaving irrevocably, is a person who hasn't gone a person?!" The image of Ziyodulla Chavandoz is sincere, truthful, simple, bold, brave, stubborn when necessary, and proud - the image of an Uzbek.

In his foreword to the collection of stories by People's Writer of Uzbekistan Said Ahmad and Tog'ay Murod, he wrote: "Tog'ay Murod doesn't write a story; in my opinion, he sings with all his might. In this song there are high notes, there are complaints, there is sound."

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