

## The Topic of the Afghan War

**Guzal Amirqulovna Khimmatova**

*PhD in Philology, docent, Termiz State University, Termiz, Uzbekistan*

**Abstract.** *This article is written based on the memoirs of Kochkor Norqobil, a participant in the Afghan War, writer, and creator. The article describes the experiences and events that the writer witnessed and went through during the Afghan War.*

**Key words:** *Creator, peace, war, Afghan War, enemy, daily life.*

In a person's life, events and occurrences gradually turn into memories. As time passes, memories come to life. If they are good, we remember them with joy, cherishing sweet moments. But what if the worst memories of your life surface? At some point, you might be forced to recall sad or terrifying memories you did not wish for. The creator, Afghan War participant Kochkor Norqobil is also haunted by the memories of the war. Peace eludes him. The writer says: "I am flipping through my old manuscripts, taking care of two thick, hardbound diaries with blue covers that I have preserved. I wrote them during the war. Almost every day, I would write one or one and a half pages about the events I witnessed. In the end, if I find the right approach and form, I could create a perfect novel. I dared to publish some of the events from these diaries. Through this, I want to discuss human fate, the pain of the human heart, love for life, appreciation, patience, and fortitude. Furthermore, there is no need to explain how horrifying and tragic war is" [1.323].

The author's diaries are not live reports from the battlefield. Nor are they simple accounts of daily events and war processes. Rather, they are written in the form of a literary work, depicting reality. This passage proves my point: "... The enemy's forces were getting closer. At that moment, two soldiers who were behind, protecting us, were hit by artillery shells. One of the shells landed in a trench, and Moldovan Sasin and Ukrainian Demchuk were killed. Dagestan's Razakhonov was wounded. A piece of shrapnel hit his mouth. He was groaning pitifully, like a puppy. The medic injected him with an analgesic. Another shell exploded near the trench where I was. A fiery wind hit my face. My head was filled with pain. Staggering, I climbed upwards, and the enemy group got closer to us. Through the communication, I explained the situation to the battalion headquarters, located in the valley on the backside of the mountain, using special codes. The commander instructed me to act according to the circumstances. We were eight soldiers left in the mountain. The lieutenant, the platoon commander, was wounded. We had to take matters into our own hands. The enemy was now only a hundred paces away. Through the sniper's sight, I could clearly see the enemy soldier's face. He had a beard, and his hair, covered by a cap, hung over his shoulders. I knew that he had little chance of escaping from my sight. At that moment, he had no idea that his life was in my hands. He looked towards us with an anxious expression, as if sensing something was wrong. I even saw his eyes through the scope. My body tensed, and I felt a cold shiver run through me..." (December 31, 1986, 10:00 PM) [2.335].

Clearly, the author describes each moment with great attention to detail. The enemy's appearance, his portrait, and his inner emotions are all depicted as in a work of art. Of course, the author feels a sense of guilt. But war has its own laws: if you don't shoot, they will shoot you.

Sometimes war strips people of their humanity. The main issue becomes the fight for survival. No matter what, the desire to stay alive in the war becomes the strongest force. Surviving the battlefield and escaping death is considered the highest form of luck. It is as if returning to life itself. When you see the lifeless body of your comrade, who was once like a brother to you, drenched in blood, it shatters your soul. Gradually, you become numb to the pain. Death no longer frightens you, but you are ready to face it at any moment. As you flip through Kochkor Norqobil's diaries, the details of the battles, the everyday lives of soldiers are revealed. War is not only about fighting. Sometimes, days may pass without any fighting. The author also describes the lives of soldiers in those moments when no battles occur. He hides nothing, even the moments when he himself experiences moments of weakness: "The games and laughter continued until midnight. After drinking alcohol, someone tried to offer me a 'charas' to smoke. I don't remember what happened next. I remember staggering to my feet, and then... Sultan embraced Lilya. Later, Nina, who worked at the club, sang a song. Momin put a gold chain around her neck. I vaguely recall: Rinat fell asleep, resting his head on the table. The battalion commander, holding Lilya,..." (March 6, 1987) [3.340].

Kochkor Norqobil's works, particularly his prose, are deeply intertwined with the theme of war. This theme has become the central issue in his creative works. The war has changed his worldview. The entries in his diaries help us understand his changing perspective and emotions: "The dawn broke. We were heading back. As usual, we couldn't understand why we were going and why we were leaving. On the first morning of the New Year, we encountered a horrifying scene. Yesterday, our comrades Stepanov and Bursuk from the second platoon had gone to bring an acacia branch to celebrate the New Year. By morning, they hadn't returned. We discovered they were missing.

The situation escalated. Our scouts found their bodies. Both soldiers had been decapitated by the enemy and their heads hung from a tree. By morning, their bodies had frozen in the cold, hanging from the branch, lifeless." (January 1, 1987) [4.337].

Or take this note: "... The child has grown weaker. From the observation window of the BMP-2, I can clearly see its small frail body, its head buried between its knees, its delicate hands covering its ears as it trembles. I watched the child for the last time, not knowing where it would go, feeling my heart ache. Suddenly, a tank passed by, and the area where the child was standing exploded in dust and debris. The child's body shook violently, and I could only close my eyes in horror..." (May 6, 1987, Baghram) [5.355].

Both incidents vividly depict the horrors and tragedies of war. The brutal killings of two soldiers by the enemy stirs the writer's hatred for the enemy, while the inhumane actions of his own army towards an innocent child evoke similar feelings of disgust. Naturally, these events have a profound impact on the author's psyche.

In these diary entries, the words are the heartfelt expressions of the writer, showing how he comes to appreciate the value of peace and tranquility, recognizing that nothing can replace a peaceful life.

In general, the theme of war, as reflected in the author's creative works, significantly alters his worldview, and the Afghan War, in which he personally participated, is the key factor in this transformation. The entries in his diaries and the events he witnessed serve as the primary sources for the creation of his new works.

## References

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