

Akdish / Short story

Category: Hekayalar, Kitapcy

написано kitapcy | 23 января, 2025

Akdish / Short story AKDISH

Old Mergen Kasim-aga from the village Barsly. He sheltered at bottom Kurendaga in Gengishlike by Uzunsu Bereketsky etrap, he always went hunting alone. When he was with the nature, he liked to observe of its secrets, admired its beauty and even talked to it aloud, as with a live being.

It was improbable, but, listening to the voice of the hunter, tops of barkhans started to «smoke»; the sandy acacia – a harmonous birch tree of Kara Kum rustled with silver leaflets, and flowers shook heads in a step to words of the old man as he and the world around understood each other.

Neighbours mildly joked over the hunter, Kasim-aga answered it with sayings proverbs and thus from the bottom of the heart wished all to live in harmony with the nature, not to break its laws and never to cause harm to it. – he said, – the sky will severely collect from each of us.

Once in the evening on a narrow animal path the hunter has faced face to face the wolf pack. In front of the pack there was the leader, with white spot, he did not make way: it deafly growled and grinned. Position was serious. Kasim-aga well knew habits of wolves and has decided not to test destiny. Having sustained a sight of a predator sparkling by hatred, he has stood aside and has released the way of the pack which were headed by a large female. Wolves, without fearing the person, have moved on a path as owners. The leader has impressive passed by Kasima-aga, but suddenly the leader turn round and prepared to jump. The hunter has raised a gun. The old man understood that circumstances were not on its party, however and the wolf has felt that to it precisely not to leave from a deadly shot. Both have stood, as fighters before the fight. The first the grey wolf has not sustained. It has relaxed, and, crossing from a paw on a paw, has turned back

and slowly went for its relatives. Soon from the plain has reached terrible howl the wolves, repeatedly strengthened by a mountain echo. Hunting which in cold winter did not foretell anything good. The old hunter with concentration listened to the wolf singing as if he solved a difficult riddle.

Almost ten years in village Barsly there was no case that wolves attacked cattle. People have already weaned from threats of steppe predators. But at night, after Kasim met wolves when the moon has risen, villages close were distributed shots, shouts of people and bark of dogs. The peasants who have run out from houses became witnesses of the present battle between wolves, and could not comprehend, what was happened. In the dark sparkled mouth of an animal, crushing blows of paws about the earth and roar of the enraged animals obeyed. Battle proceeded no more than five minutes, but it seemed to people observing of it eternity. Wolves have appeared have

unexpectedly and also unexpectedly disappeared, having left after itself some the killed sheep by them and bitten wolves. Inhabitants of the village discussed this strange incident, said different guesses. «On backs of wolves there were sheep, – the elderly shepherd Amandurdy-aga shouted. – I saw this for the first time though I graze sheep almost forty years. Wolves in our district do not harm to our flocks. The instinct prompts to them to hunt far away from the dens. What happens?! Why they intruded upon leisure in the possession? What for have rushed against each other? Whether fierce winter ahead and without fodder?

After a morning Mohammedan prayer Kasim-aga gone to a battle place. Animals had not time to clean yet – dead sheep and wolves rolled alternately. Hardly away from them the wolf with the torn ear and teared bones sides has hidden under a bush. It bled profusely, but did not show sensation of fear. It was awful. The crowd could throw stones at any moment at him, but Kasim-aga stopped people.

The old hunter has well studied grey predators. He knew, that they do not leave alive wounded – even relatives. Moreover

after such spiteful quarrel. «And that if, – has thought Kasim-aga, but, without having finished thought, has sat down before the wounded wolf, has attentively examined powerlessly extended paw with an old scar on a back small pillow of a foot.

In thoughtfulness Kasim-aga gone to the place where it was played night events, and step by step surveyed territory. He was surprised. Traces of the wounded wolf specified that it did not leave far from this and promptly moved, having turned a back to its input as if defended a shelter from an attack. Kasim-aga returned to a wolf, has carefully inserted into its mouth the strong branch which has turned up under a hand and has connected its ends a rope round an animal neck. With such steppe muzzle the wolf was safe. Young man, having seen it, has asked the hunter: «Kasim-aga, it, did the wolve protect our sheep?»-«Mered, you will become the good pathfinder, – the old hunter has answered and has added:« Help me to take it to ours vet to Atamurad ».

Someone from villagers roughly condemned the decision of the hunter to rescue a wolf. Some have risen at it on a way to prevent to deliver a furious animal in a clinic. But all of them before a pure sight of the old man also have departed aside. The vet with understanding has concerned the request of Kasima-aga and he has made all help depending to put on feet of the torn to pieces wolf.

Fear of cold winter have not justified. It was snow, but the frost stood easy without thaw and ice. Equal weather promised good herbage on pastures, in steppe the calmness reigned, and it pleased peasants. Now only the few doubted village that wolves, protecting the territory, protect from strangers. Neighbours helped Kasimu-aga medicines and meal for a brave wolf. People reached for the wise old man. With the big respect they listened to its stories.

Every day friendship between the hunter and a wolf became stronger. It has received a nickname of Akdish for white strong teeth and began to respond to it.

It was Spring. The Earth dumped from itself a white blanket,

notifying on it people thawed patches and the first streams. There has come day of parting. Early morning Kasim-aga deduced Akdish from village to set it free. Kasim-aga was worried – whether will accept Akdish in pack its relatives, whether will break off it, having guessed a human smell?. But all has managed. The pack has appeared suddenly at hill top. Akdish knew his pack ...

At the beginning of summer sons of Saparmurata, the foreman of cattle breeders, Dovran and Dzhuma have brought on horses to village some little wolves. Round puppies guys and boys have gathered. Thieves of little wolves showed them the brand new double-barrelled guns recently presented by it by the father. They were praised by extraction from Dagsary near to village Gujular, told that from one shot have laid she-wolf, have taken away from under a rock cubs , and have then skipped away on horses from a wolf pursuing them on heels. All it saw and heard Kasim-aga. Having a presentiment of a trouble, it has approached to волчатам and with words: – «Such wolves do not forgive», – has carried them to itself home.

Has kasim-aha hidden cubs in a bag, has put it in a carriage of a motorcycle and has gone to natural boundary of Yellow gorge to return cubs of Akdishu. The grotto in which there lived wolves, was empty. The hunter has left puppies under the hung rock and with heavy heart has come back in village. All night long he did not sleep, worrying for cubs. It were threatened with danger, and that the most important thing, – from the relatives who are not suffering spirit of the person. Whether Akdish to волчатам to the aid will come? After all wolves leave the ruined den forever.

The old man hoped for a miracle. Without having waited approaches of day, it with sunrise was already in gorge. Its fears have come true. Near to a den motionlessly lay cubs and a she-wolf, and near to them has sat down on hinder legs of Akdish. The person and a wolf looked against each other, and in the opinion of both the cold grief has stiffened. Akdish has lifted a muzzle to the dark blue sky and has melancholy raised a howl. Has Kasim-aga put on a stone laid up the mutton

shovel, has got a motorcycle. In three hundred metres from a den to it there was the wolf flight lead by the leader with a whitish sign on a breast. Has Kasim-aga learnt it and has shuddered, when has heard again lingering howl lonely Akdisha

...

five years Has passed. Sons of Saparmurata, Dovran and Dzhuma, became excellent shepherds. They unmistakably found corpulent pastures, sheep at them quickly typed weight, and the cattle livestock increased every year.

Once they have stopped with flocks near old place. Anything around did not foretell the bad. The sun drooped, from close mountains cast a cool a fresh wind, the shepherd's dogs had serenely a rest in a shade place. Brothers have placed sheep in a court yard of the sheep-fold fenced with poles, and began to make a supper on a fire. Having had dinner, have gone to bed on a roof кошары.

At night they have woken bark of dogs and bleating of sheep as if the sandy storm has risen is loud. Having looked in a court yard, brothers were stupefied: two alabay fought with wolves not on life, and to death, and the third protected pass to a sheep-fold where the scared sheep have got off a herd. The wolves occupied with fight with dogs, did not pay attention to guys. But what for wolves low? Brothers have picked up in time forgotten by someone on a roof вилы because during a next instant before them there was a wolf with a white mark on a breast. But to jump it was not in time – the high steppe wolf with the torn ear has covered with itself children and has entered from opponents fight.

Animals fought in a rack with frenzied fury. Edge of an eye, Dovran has noticed that wolves in a court yard has increased, and they too fight with each other, having left alone dogs. The part of grey robbers in a panic left slaughter. They jumped through poles and like mad left from a court yard in steppe. Behind them as if in a pursuit, the harmonous flight has rushed, having left sheep on care alabay. And on a roof irreconcilable fight which the wolf won proceeded. It tore the contender in shreds as though revenging it for not forgiven

insult. And when that has calmed down, wolve has jumped off on the earth, the big jump has overcome a fence and has disappeared behind barkhans.

About it has told Dovran in a tilt cart of the old hunter. Still he has informed that all sheep are whole, though wolves had time to pull about three of them. In dwelling silence was established. Younger Dzhuma, has softly touched a sinewy hand Mergen: «Jashuli, is Akdish has rescued us». Also has silently added: «Babadzhan, forgive us for that case». Has kasim-aha nodded and has approvingly looked on guys.

Ways of Akdish and Mergen were not crossed any more, but a wolf and Kasim-aga for ever remained in memory of inhabitants of Barsly. About them with pride tell for dastorhan the visitor to visitors and at school to children at natural study lessons. Through all stories a red thread there passes the same thought, as in the world of the wild nature there is a place to self-sacrifice, fidelity, love and friendship. Hekayalar