

Shark-White Camel / Short story

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Camels arouse a constant interest in themselves. It does not matter whether a person has met them before or has seen them for the first time. Meeting camels from the window of a car or train, on pastures or in a village is always accompanied by cheerful exclamations, similar to the surprised joyous greetings of old friends.

There are many exotic animals in the world. But in the zoos of the world, for some reason, the most visitors are in the enclosures of the proud conquerors of the deserts and the builders of the great silk road, under the sign of which this year is held in our country. Children with mums and dads can't be torn away from the metal nets behind which the imperturbable ships of the desert look down on them.

Apparently, in addition to appearance, there is something inexplicably close to people in camels that attracts their attention to these colorful animals. Due to the peculiarities of their character and behavioral stereotype, a single field of world economic relations was created at the dawn of mankind, which ennobled the development and changed the course of world civilization.

Perhaps in the subtle nature of camels lies the secret of sensitive interaction between people and unique animals, their internal location to each other for thousands of years...

This is my story.

Back in 1946, at the wedding of my parents, Sarah and Annasoltan, the groom's father, Kulniyaz-Agha, gave the newlyweds a white six-month-old camel. She was born from a hillock-a double-humped camel of Bactrian and arvana-a female of a single-humped DROMEDARY camel.

It was an expensive wedding gift – Inji. The Turkmens of the camels of this breed are called «Maya». Especially valued are the one – in-a-thousand white camels found among them, the akmai. They are associated with numerous fairy tales, parables and legends of our people, telling about their extraordinary advantages and abilities, including being a talisman that brings good luck, happiness and love to those they love. Our grandmother Orazbike-edge often told her grandchildren about this. That is the camel gave his son and his wife Colinies yeah. Due to the rarity of such creatures on earth, the white camel was simply named-Akmai.

In the evening, after Toya, the newlyweds sat down on a bench under a spreading apricot tree, densely dotted with pale pink flowers and the first green leaves. At that time, there were almost no courtyards in Kazanjik (Bereket), and it looked more like a large village than a city. The mud hut where my father was born and raised stood on a gentle rise. She had a good view of the locomotive depot where her father worked, the railroad, and the city that lay in the palm of her hand. In a small valley, on the edge of which stood his father's house, grandfather Kulniyaz laid out beds of vegetables and melons. The garden is already covered with thick shoots of cucumbers, melons, watermelons and pumpkins. There was a smell of ovary of flowers of sunflowers and tomatoes. Your «mellek» Kolnes yeah watered wastewater discharged from custody on the ditch in the hollow.

Young hearts were full of spring. Near them, colorful Persian doves cooed, and the home guard, Alabai Kurush, was dozing carelessly, his paws in the cold ashes of the fire. Fresh coolness and the sweet smell of herbs came from the steppe. From the mountain pastures came the barking of herding dogs, and the bleating of sheep and goats.

Life went on as usual. The first stars appeared in the transparent sky, and soon they shone with a bright fire. They burned and fluttered, scattering silver threads across the dark sky. And the newlyweds looked at Akmaya, who was lying on a reed Mat. The little camel was also looking up at the stars,

his head gracefully raised, with a thick fringe on his forehead and a mane on the back of his head. Sarah and Annasoltan admired the big-eyed pet with two rows of curled lashes.

Two years later, Akmaya turned into a stately, snow-white, spotless camel. She became attached with all her heart to her owners, who in return nursed and protected their wet nurse. This is not an exaggeration. Every two years, Akmaya brought healthy yellow-brown camels, mostly camels, which were admired throughout the district. My mother, Annasoltan-eje, milked at least two or three camels a year, each giving two to four thousand liters a year.

But nothing could compare to the taste of Akmai milk. Its white-boiled milk had healing properties, cured people of many ailments. Those who wanted to drink chal Akmai – a thick, nutritious drink made from fermented camel's milk – were not discouraged. They were treated for free, because selling camel milk, and especially from white camels, is considered a bad omen among the Turkmens, bringing misfortune to their owners. The white wool of Akmai was highly valued. Sweaters, belts, scarves, shawls and other products made of it, had a therapeutic and preventive effect, and tablecloths-sachaks for wrapping chocks for a long time kept the heat and freshness of tamdyr bread.

Akmaya was a regular participant in wedding ceremonies. She walked in front of gelnalizhi, the luxurious motorcades of brides and grooms, and was well recognized throughout the Kazanjik district (etrapu Bereket). On days of great family celebrations, national and state holidays, Akmaya left far behind her rivals and rivals in horse riding and won valuable prizes at camel races. She was never forced to carry packs or do sledging. Only occasionally, when the need arose, did my father use it to visit relatives in nearby villages. Akmaya understood her father from the start and was extremely loyal to him. In turn, the father treated the camel as a happy talisman of the family.

My parents never left Akmaya unattended. During the feeding

period, she stood in the home paddock or wandered near the house, accustoming another camel to natural plant feeds. In the spring and autumn, the townspeople hired a Sarvan shepherd for the camel herd and sent the camels with him to pasture. Went with them to free bread and Akmaya.

One day, Tirkesh-Sarvan drove the herd to the city and, passing it to Akmai with a newborn camel, told his father an unprecedented story. In the evening, the stallion Akmaya, being in the last days of pregnancy, strayed from the herd. In the morning, Tirkesh climbed a high mountain outcrop, and his sharp eyes came across Akmaya with a camel in the inter-barkhannyh folds. Sarvan hurried to the camel with an unconscious uneasiness. His apprehension did not deceive him. Near Akmaya, Tirkesh saw a trampled wolf with a broken spine. He did not inquire whether the grey robber had fallen into the mouth of the enraged camel, or under her crushing kicks. Fearing that the wolf might not be alone, Tirkesh hastened to bring Akmaya and the camel to the herd under the protection of herding dogs. From that moment on, Akmaya became a living legend of the Bereket etrap.

My father was a devout man, but, as is customary among the Turkmens, he did not show it. Most often, he went to the nearby hills and there, spreading a prayer Mat, read namaz under the dome of the sky. Often he was accompanied by Akmaya. During the regular prayers, she stretched out her neck and lay at a distance, her legs tucked under her. The wind ruffled her snow-white tuft, which made Akmaya look like a large fairy-tale bird, Sirin. At these moments, I remembered that the word «camel» in Arabic means «beauty».

One day, Sarvan, through his friends, sent his father a request to take the foaled Akmaya from the herd. Camels grazed in the vicinity of the village of Burgun. It is about a hundred kilometers from the city of Bereket. The path to the pastures across the Sands is three times shorter, but my father didn't take any chances. Hoping to manage quickly, he hired a truck and went to burgoon on a part-paved, part-unpaved road. The road, which had been buoyed up by the rain,

looked like an endless washboard with potholes and potholes. Fearing that the animals would shake on the way back, the father, finding a pasture, let the driver go, deciding to drive Akmaya and the camel home by a short way.

It was an unseasonably hot day. The little camel was capricious and often lay down on the ground. Akmaya, having survived the birth stress, tried to turn back to the pasture. I had to put a halter on her and lead her, urging the camel to run beside her.

The sun was at its Zenith when my father remembered that he had left his cap in the driver's cab. He tied a shirt around his head, threw a jacket over his shoulders, and continued walking. His throat began to tickle – the last SIP from the soldier's aluminum flask had been taken an hour ago. Her legs were wadded up – and red circles swam before her eyes. My father couldn't help falling on the sand.

For a short time, he came to himself, feeling the side of the crouching Akmai. With the last of his strength, he stood up and immediately collapsed on the camel's back. His head spun even more, and he lost consciousness.

The sunstroke was strong-my father was recovering for a long time. All this time, Akmaya, who saved him, did not leave the yard, and when her father appeared on the threshold of the house, she joyfully rushed to him. The father gently patted the

neck of Akmai-Inji and without words led the living talisman to the well. Filling a leather bucket-gova, he began to carefully water the camel with clean well water.

Many years have passed. Akmaya did not bring any more offspring, did not give milk. Besides, she was half ground off the teeth and was almost blind. Neighbors offered to get rid of the camel. My father resentfully rejected such advice. Many did not understand it.

By the end of his life, his father had an incurable illness. Akmai was forty years old. During the days of her father's illness, she quickly faded, standing all the time in front of a full manger and eating nothing.

One day my father asked me to take him to the camel. Out of habit, he gave her a reassuring Pat on the rump. They looked at each other for a long time. Akmai's eyes were watering, but some thought she was crying.

My father courageously fought the disease. But (everything is ordained by Allah!) the day came, and the moon of his last night rose.

Performing funeral rites at the cemetery Gampola, we are gathered home. And then my uncle, Geki-Aga, my father's younger brother, noticed Akmaya near Mazar. He went to her, and, agitated by something, returned quickly with a bundle in his hand. Hekayalar