

SADULLA SHIRINOV

FATHER OF A MARTYR
Novel

MARTYR'S FATHER
Roman

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The author of many novels and stories who lived and worked in Balakan, Sadulla Shirinov's novel "The Martyr's father" is a broad panoramic novel that reflects not only the tragedy of one family, but the fate of an entire people, its historical memory and national identity. Starting from the prologue of the work, the author leads the reader to philosophical reflections, exaggerates such universal issues as the creation of Man, the stages of the development of society and the struggle between evil and good throughout history. This approach deepens the ideological load of the work and removes it from a purely event description and elevates it to a wide socio-philosophical level.

The work "Father of a martyr" is a novel with a wide panorama, which reflects not only the tragedy of one family, but also the fate of an entire people, its historical memory and national identity.

The novel **The Martyr's Father** (*Şəhid atası*) by Sadulla Shirinov—a writer based in Balakan and the author of numerous novels and short stories—presents a sweeping panorama that reflects not merely the tragedy of a single family, but the destiny, historical memory, and national identity of an entire people. From the very prologue, the author engages the reader in philosophical reflection, highlighting universal themes such as the origins of humanity, the stages of societal development, and the eternal struggle between good and evil throughout history. This approach deepens the work's thematic substance, elevating it beyond a mere recounting of events to a broad socio-philosophical plane.

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PREFACE

FOREWORD



Sadulla Shirinov's book "martyr's father" lived in Balakan, a member of the Writers' Union of Azerbaijan from yara, A well-known writer Sa-dulla Shirinov began his creativity in adolescence, but in the old age he turned to prose, and his achievements in the last three years are obvious.

Sadulla Shirinov's book **Father of a Martyr**: Sadulla Shirinov—a renowned writer and member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union based in Balakan—began his creative journey with poetry in his youth but turned to prose in his later years; the achievements he has attained over the past three years are evident for all to see.

Sadulla Shirinov is one of the most worthy figures of modern Azerbaijani literature. He is known both as a member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and as a successful prose writer who was awarded literary awards. His work is distinguished by a style that subtly describes the complex aspects of human nature, dragging the reader into the deep psychological layers of society.

Sadulla Shirinov is a noteworthy figure in contemporary Azerbaijani literature. He is recognized both as a member of the Azerbaijan Writers' Union and as a successful prose writer who has received literary awards. His work is distinguished by a style that draws the reader into the deep psychological layers of society while subtly portraying the complex facets of human nature.

Sadulla Shirinov's work was honored with several awards, the most important of which is the “Ziyadar” award, which he received for the work “unquenchable revenge”. At the same time, he is the owner of the honorary author "certificate presented by" Yazarlar " magazine. These awards are considered one of the most popular and prestigious in the field of literature. The authors awarded with these awards are distinguished by their high level of skill and at the same time popularity.

Sadulla Shirinov's creative work has been recognized with several awards, the most significant being the "Ziyadar" award, received for his work **Sönməyən Qisas** (Unquenched Revenge). He is also the recipient of the "Honorary Writer" award presented by **Yazarlar** magazine. These accolades are considered among the most popular and prestigious in the literary field; writers honored with them are distinguished by both their high level of artistry and their popularity.

In addition to all this, Sadulla Shirinov was also awarded the diploma “Isa Muganna”, which is the result of his fruitful and consistent work in the field of prose.

In addition to all this, Sadulla Shirinov has also been awarded the “Isa Mughanna” diploma, a recognition of his productive and consistent work in the field of prose.

Sadulla Shirinov's works are written mainly in the genre of short stories and novels. Depending on the genre of centuries that came out of his pen, he brings to the fore the inner world of modern man, issues of social relations-ri, ethics and morality. It depicts both ordinary scenes of everyday life and complex social layers of courage.

Sadulla Shirinov's works are primarily written in the short story and novel genres. Regardless of the specific genre, his writings highlight the inner world of the modern individual, social relationships, and issues of ethics and morality. His body of work depicts both ordinary scenes of daily life and the complex social strata of society.

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- Moral and psychological dilemmas-deep reflections on personal duty, issues of conscience and interpersonal relationships.

- Society and individual encounters-a description of social and cultural facts that affect human nature.

- Random aspects of human and destiny-often ordinary life events in short stories carry a great spiritual and symbolic burden.

- Moral and psychological dilemmas – profound reflections on personal duty, matters of conscience, and interpersonal relationships.

- Conflicts between society and the individual – a depiction of the social and cultural factors that shape human nature.

- The interplay of humanity and chance – in these short stories, ordinary life events often carry significant spiritual and symbolic weight.

These features successfully combine realism and psychological realism in his works.

These qualities successfully combine realism and psychological depth in his works.

Shirinov's language is clear, sometimes close to everyday speech, but rich in subtle descriptions that bring the inner world of images. He does not hesitate to put deep emotional and philosophical questions even in simple human situations. The reader is able to find a reflection of his life experience in his stories and novels, which is one of the main aspects that cause public resonance in our modern literature.

Although Shirinov's language is clear and sometimes close to everyday speech, it is rich in subtle imagery that captures the inner worlds of his characters. He does not shy away from raising profound emotional and philosophical questions, even within ordinary human situations. Readers can find reflections of their own life experiences in his stories and novels—a key factor that generates significant social resonance in our contemporary literature.

Shirinov's style respects both classical realist traditions and creates a dynamic connection with the reader by including elements of modern prose. The author keeps the reader's attention with short, but meaningful sentences, reveals the thought and behavior of images with psychological depth.

Shirinov's style both respects classical realist traditions and establishes a dynamic connection with the reader by incorporating elements of contemporary prose. The author holds the reader's attention with concise yet meaningful sentences and reveals the characters' thoughts and behaviors with psychological depth.

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Among the works published over the past three years, the following can be mentioned:

- "Unquenchable revenge" - a work that is rated load-heavy by readers and critics, for which the author was awarded the "Ziya-dar" prize;

- "Belated confession" — a set of stories that explore the complex layers of human relationships;

- "Looking out the window of time" — poetically and philosophically describes the influence of time and fate on human life;

- "More than nothing happens" — dedicated to the psychological description of small everyday facts;

- "Sönməyən qisas" (Unquenched Revenge) — a work highly acclaimed by readers and critics alike, for which the author was awarded the "Ziyadar" Prize;

- "Gecikmiş etiraf" (Belated Confession) — a collection of stories exploring the complex layers of human relationships;

- "Zamanın pəncərəsindən baxanda" (Looking Through the Window of Time) — depicts the impact of time and fate on human life in a poetic and philosophical manner;

- "Heç nədən çox şey olurmuş" (So Much Can Come from Nothing) — dedicated to the psychological portrayal of seemingly minor, everyday occurrences;

— "Gudas" -description of social relations and kinship;

- "Who is happy?"— - as one of the most recent works of the author, he met with readers as a book that reflects on the main goals of life.

– "Qudalar" — a depiction of social interactions and kinship ties;

– "Kimdir xoşbəxt?" — one of the author's latest works, it has reached readers as a book that prompts reflection on life's primary goals.

This list shows that Shirinov's work is rich in works written in different seasons, and each of them carries artistic and aesthetic value.

This list demonstrates that Shirinov's body of work is rich in writings covering diverse themes, each possessing its own artistic and aesthetic value.

The works of Sadulla Shirinov are of interest among readers in the Azerbaijani society. His language and the traditions he describes reflect the modern realities of our country, which makes it one of the topical voices of our literature with Zan-gin traditions.

Sadulla Shirinov's works resonate with readers in Azerbaijani society. His language and subject matter reflect the contemporary realities of our country, making him one of the relevant voices in our literature—a literature rich in tradition.

The presence of such an author in the literary environment affects both the formation of new readership and the development of an exemplary literary line for young writers. His work is regarded as literary texts that communicate with the reader, as well as awaken ideas in the public consciousness.

The presence of such an author in the literary landscape influences both the formation of new audiences and the development of an exemplary literary path for young writers. Their works are valued as literary texts that engage the reader and stimulate thought within the public consciousness.

Sadulla Shirinov in our literary environment is distinguished by the power of his voice—he not only narrates superficial events of life, but in the same way — man he masterfully builds the inner world of a person and complex relationships between society and an individual. His participation in awards and his intensive literary work show that his artistic value has been appreciated by both professionals and readers.

Sadulla Shirinov stands out in our literary landscape through the power of his voice; he does not merely recount the superficial events of life but also masterfully portrays the inner world of the individual and the complex relationship between the individual and society. The awards he has received and his prolific literary output demonstrate that the artistic merit of his work is recognized by both professionals and readers alike.

Sadulla Shirinov's work is a successful page in Azerbaijani literature, both aesthetically and morally — an example of art that makes the reader think, feel and enrich his literary taste.

Sadulla Shirinov's body of work represents a successful chapter in Azerbaijani literature—both aesthetically and spiritually—standing as an example of art that engages the reader's mind, evokes emotion, and enriches their literary taste.

The theme of martyrdom in Azerbaijani literature is not only a description of a fact, but also a memory of a nation, a spiritual religion and a reason for existence. The novel "The Martyr's father" by the well-known writer Sadulla Shirinov appears before the reader precisely as an artistic Chronicle of this sacred memory. "Martyr's father" is the seventh book to be published by the writer.

In Azerbaijani literature, the theme of martyrdom is not merely a depiction of tragedy; it represents a nation's memory, its spiritual resilience, and the very reason for its existence. Renowned writer Sadulla Shirinov's novel **Shahid Atasi** (Father of a Martyr) presents itself to the reader precisely as an artistic chronicle of this sacred memory. **Shahid Atasi** is the author's seventh book to be published.

From the very beginning of the work, the author leads the reader not only to the fate of one family, but to the pain of one people as a whole, passed on a complex historical path. In the prologue of the novel, philosophical thought, starting from the universe, gradually moves to the fate of Man, and from there to the contradictory path of development of society and states. This transition is not accidental — the author wants to show the reader that human destiny and human processes are inseparable.

From the very beginning of the work, the author leads the reader beyond the fate of a single family to the suffering of an entire people and the complex historical path they have traversed. In the novel's prologue, philosophical reflection shifts from the cosmos to the human destiny, and from there to the contradictory developmental trajectory of societies and states. This transition is not accidental; the author aims to demonstrate to the reader that individual human destiny and global historical processes are inextricably linked.

And the main dramatic line of the work unfolds against the background of the events of "black January" (January 20, 1990). This tragedy is a pain that remains not only on the pages of history books, but is remembered by every Azerbaijani. The author makes the tragedy even more vivid and touching by presenting those events through the eyes of ordinary in-sans – especially a father. The image of Rahman is a generalized image from this point of view: he is both a father and a citizen, and a person who remains in the midst of history.

The work's central dramatic arc unfolds against the backdrop of the events of "Black January" (January 20, 1990). This tragedy is not merely confined to the pages of history books; it is a source of pain etched into the memory of every Azerbaijani. By presenting these events through the eyes of ordinary people—and a father in particular—the author renders the tragedy all the more vivid and poignant. In this regard, the character of Rahman is a composite figure: he is simultaneously a father, a citizen, and an individual caught in the sweep of history.

One of the main things that stands out in the novel is the author's approach to history, not only emotionally, but also in the plane of thought. He masterfully reveals the ideological contradictions of the Soviet era, the delusions of the in-sans, the tension between trust and disappointment. A critical look at the past, as well as the idea of turning to the National Movement, form the main line of the work.

One of the novel's most striking features is the author's approach to events—engaging with them not merely on an emotional level, but also through a process of intellectual reflection. The author skillfully unravels the ideological contradictions of the Soviet era, the deceptions experienced by people, and the tension between faith and disillusionment. A critical perspective on the past, coupled with the idea of a return to national identity, forms the central thread of the work.

"Martyr's father" is just a novel about war and loss. This work is also an artistic embodiment of the father-child relationship, the inner world of a person, his trust and rupture. Much shows that heroism is only achieved on the battlefield-sometimes with the greatest heroic loss.

The Martyr's Father is not merely a novel about war and loss; it is also an artistic portrayal of the father-child relationship, the human inner world, faith, and the experience of breaking. The

author demonstrates that heroism is not won solely on the battlefield—sometimes, the greatest act of heroism is the ability to live with loss.

The language of Sadulla Shirinov is simple, fluid and at the same time effective. He successfully brings the folk style of speech into the artistic language, ensuring the viability of the ob-razs. As the reader reads the work, he is immersed in the events, experiences the feelings of the characters and shares their pain.

Sadulla Shirinov's language is simple, fluid, and evocative. By successfully incorporating the vernacular into his literary style, he brings his characters to life. As readers engage with the work, they find themselves immersed in the events, experiencing the characters' emotions and sharing in their pain.

This novel, in fact, is a book of memory — both individual and national memory. Reading "father of the martyr" is not only a literary pleasure, but also a civic duty. Because this work reminds us of who we are, what pain we have gone through and how we have reached the present.

This novel is, in essence, a book of memory—encompassing both individual and national memory. Reading *The Martyr's Father* is not merely a matter of literary appreciation; it is also a civic duty. For this work reminds us of who we are, the pain we have endured, and how we have arrived at the present day.

This work presented to the reader is a tribute to the dear memory of our martyrs, and a deep condolences and moral support to their parents. At the same time, "read!" It is one of the most important things that the Great God has commanded the human race. Let's read!

This work, presented to the reader, serves as a tribute to the cherished memory of our martyrs, as well as an expression of deep condolences and moral support for their parents. At the same time, "Read!" is one of the essential commands given by Almighty God to mankind. Let us read!

Zaur Ustak
"Writers", editor-in-chief of the magazine,
AVMVIB-Azerbaijan Patriotic War Veterans Public Union
AJB-Azerbaijan Union of journalists
EBU-Azerbaijan Writers Union

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE



For 70 years we slept in the lullaby of the north wind,
our wealth was plundered, our identity was trampled...

For 70 years, we slept in the northern wind,
our wealth was robbed, our identity was found...

Our Earth, which we live on, which seems huge to our eyes, is perhaps the smallest of the Stars, which give the impression of a particle of Light sa-Chan, which flashes across the sky, but we can only see in the evenings. None of the intricate, innumerable celestial bodies scattered across the universe over very, very distant intermediate distances can have as many mysterious beauties as our planet.

The Earth we inhabit—which appears so immense to our eyes—is perhaps the smallest among the stars that twinkle in the heavens, appearing to us only as tiny, light-radiating specks visible in the evening. None of the countless celestial bodies scattered across the vast reaches of the cosmos can rival our planet in possessing such enchanting beauty.

It is possible that there are many other galaxies in the sky, unaware of the existence of our galaxy at distant distances from each other. In each of them there is the same as our planet. There are mountains, forests, plains, deserts, glaciers. In a place where I do not have what I have listed, it is impossible to live there, and living nature may not differ from ours. And people, if they exist, cannot be the same as we are. Because our Lord, like all living things, created man as a pair. He was exiled to earth with the devil because of his mischief. As if this were not enough, the derivative condemned rini to live his share of a lifetime on earth.

There may well be numerous other galaxies scattered across the heavens, far removed from our own and unaware of its existence. Each of them likely contains a planet just like ours, featuring mountains, forests, plains, deserts, and glaciers. Where such features are absent, life is impossible; yet, the living nature there might not differ from our own. However, if human beings exist there, they cannot be identical to us. This is because our Lord created mankind—like all living things—in pairs. Having succumbed to temptation, humanity was banished to Earth alongside Iblis; furthermore, their descendants were condemned to live out their allotted lifespans upon this planet.

Perhaps the supposed alien planets were also created and settled by our God from living beings on earth. If Adam Created My Father-Z, and Eve—a repetition of our mother, then in appearance it may not differ from the image of man on earth, and in character it cannot be ey. Indeed, iblis will cause corruption among them.

Perhaps our God has also created and placed living beings on those hypothetical alien planets. Even if He created counterparts to our forefather Adam and foremother Eve, while they might not differ in physical appearance from humans on Earth, their nature could not be identical; for there would be no Iblis among them to sow discord and corruption.

There is no doubt that our Lord created the next version of man-son in such a way that he did not have to send one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets to bring his descendants to faith.

There is no doubt that our Lord created the next variant of mankind in such a way that there was no need to send one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets to bring His creatures to faith.

When we look at the processes taking place in the world recently, look at the times before our era, reflected in the sources of *tari-xi*, scroll through the *das-Tan* of different peoples, transmitted from time to time, one involuntarily thinks: “why, since the creation of mankind, has it become a booty of evil good? Why did people have faithless, bad and good? What, according to *kharaker* how negative elements outperform positive people? It also continues to surpass. Why should mankind have gone from a primitive community to a stage of slavery, feudalism and capitalism, which has grown from one pair to around eight billion on earth?

When observing recent global events, looking back at the pre-Christian eras recorded in historical sources, and leafing through the epics of various peoples passed down through the ages, one cannot help but wonder: Why, since the dawn of humanity, has evil become the sworn enemy of good? Why did humanity come to comprise both the faithful and the faithless, the wicked and the virtuous? Why have negative character traits come to overshadow positive ones—and continue to do so? Why has mankind—descended from a single couple and now numbering around eight billion—traversed a path from the primitive communal system through exploitative societal stages such as slavery, feudalism, and capitalism... Was it supposed to pass?

The structure of socialism, which Lenin began to implement, realizing the idea posed by Karl Marx in order to eradicate the existence of inequality in society, also subjected the peoples to even more terrible exploitation. “All world proletarians, unite!” at the expense of the blood of workers-peasants under the slogan *dry-lan*, socialism, which lasted seventy years, did not justify itself. The village was promised land and property, and *ola* was also taken away by the “collectivization” technique. Lenin's book “The one who works a lot must eat a lot!” *Ray-rin*'s hard workers saw the exact opposite. Those who work hard are in need of those who work hard.

The socialist system implemented by Lenin—realizing the idea proposed by Karl Marx to eradicate the roots of societal inequality—subjected peoples to even more horrific exploitation. Built at the cost of the blood of workers and peasants under the slogan “Workers of the world, unite!”, the socialist order, which lasted seventy years, failed to live up to its promise. Peasants were promised land and property, yet through the ruse of “collectivization,” even what they already possessed was taken from them. Working people experienced the exact opposite of Lenin's slogan, “He who works hard should eat well!” Instead, the system left the hardworking laborers dependent on those who worked less.

As at all times, the idea invented by geniuses was realized by fans, the fruits of which were destined for scammers. The pure-honest chose the Straight Path of life. He counted the straight steps they took in place. The *nadurust* went on crooked paths, overtook the pure - honest, forced them to serve themselves-S. As the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle said, the eldest sons-*rues* continued to judge petty thieves.

As has always been the case, ideas conceived by visionaries were brought to fruition by zealots, yet the rewards fell to swindlers. The honest and sincere chose the righteous path in life, but their upright steps led nowhere. The dishonest resorted to crooked ways; they overtook the sincere and honest, forcing them into servitude. As the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle observed, the spectacle of great thieves sitting in judgment of petty thieves continued.

Man is the slowest and most difficult of the creatures created by God. His walking with his foot on the ground starts from two years (rarely from year to year). And the tongue that speaks [e] proud things.

Among the living creatures created by God, the human being is the slowest to grow and develop. It takes two years (or, in rare cases, a year and a half) before a child stands on their feet and begins to walk. Learning to speak and freely express thoughts also takes a long time.

For some reason, the first thing adults ask children who have just opened their language - "who do you want so much?", or "who will you be when you grow up?" his questions continue now. Although the question is the same as time changes, the answer changes. In modern times, when boys are asked who they want to be, most people say they want to be police or heroes.

For some reason, the questions adults first ask children who are just beginning to speak—such as "Who do you love the most?" or "What do you want to be when you grow up?"—persist to this day. While the questions remain the same as times change, the answers evolve. Nowadays, when boys are asked what they want to be, many say they want to be police officers or heroes.

When Rahman raised his fourth child from Azer for the first time, he said, "who will you be?", the son had bulged his chest, put his shoulder forward " nodded his head and answered Proudly:

– I will be a hero!

When Rahman asked Azer, the fourth child he grew up with, for the first time, "Who are you going to be?", his son puffed up his chest, put his shoulder forward, raised his head and answered proudly:

- Be a hero!

There is not a single parent on earth who would not wish that their children would grow up to be a well-known person.

There is not a single parent on earth who does not wish for the child they have brought into the world to grow up to be a distinguished individual who contributes to society.

Rahman asked the eldest of his sons and the middle one who he wanted to become when he was Azer's age. They both stated that they would be excellent. This answer satisfied him—from Yin, he did not put forward any additional proposals. Although they continued, They did not accept it, because it was their mother who instilled this thought in their minds.

Rahman had asked both his eldest and middle sons what they wanted to be when they were Azer's age. Both had declared that they would become straight-A students. Since this answer satisfied him, he had not put forward any further suggestions. Even if he had, they would not have accepted them, for their mother had instilled that idea in their minds.

Azer did not accept his mother's offer to become an excellent player or his father's offer to become a champion. No matter how hard the merciful tried, he could not turn him away from the idea of bravery and becoming a hero in bloody wars. How could he know that the most terrible war in history awaits his death in the near future.

Azer, however, would accept neither his mother's suggestion that he become an honor student nor his father's proposal that he become a champion. No matter how hard Rahman tried, he could not dissuade him from the idea of becoming a hero by displaying valor in bloody wars. Little did he know that the most terrible war in history awaited his country in the very near future.

Rahman saw in cartoons that his son, who had just opened his tongue, watched with interest the reason for such a goal—Masin. He was thinking of the way to keep his son away from films that focus on the opposite goal. He thought that no country in the world would dare to wage war with such a huge state as the USSR, of which he was a citizen.

Rahman attributed his young son's fixation on such an objective to the cartoons the boy watched with fascination. He pondered ways to keep his son away from films that might steer him toward the opposite mindset. He believed that no country in the world would dare wage war against a superpower like the USSR, of which he was a citizen.

It never occurred to him that it was built fraudulently, that he could cover up his fraud with fake documents, strangle the one who demanded the right, "for the sake of Happy communism, forward!" Hurray "as a result of an absurd decree issued by the rulers of the Soviet Union, who kept their rule for seventy years, shouting, clapping their hands and half-working people in alda-Alda, their collapse will take place.

It would never have crossed one's mind that the Soviet Union—which maintained its seventy-year reign through fraud, covering up its deceit with forged documents, suppressing those who demanded justice, and keeping the half-starved working masses in a state of perpetual deception while making them shout "Hurrah!" and applaud the slogan "Forward to happy communism!"—would ultimately collapse as a result of an absurd decree issued by its own rulers.

This decision, which the world community did not expect, turned out to be sky-high for NATO. The Cold War, which they have been fighting since 1957, ended bloodlessly for them.

This decision, unexpected by the international community, came as a godsend for NATO. The Cold War they had been waging since 1957 concluded for them without bloodshed.

As a result of this absurd decision, Baku, which is on the list of 20 major industrial cities of the USSR to be bombed by NATO, was covered with a pool of blood. Unfortunately, this disaster awaited us—not NATO, but the USSR, which we fed with our oil for 70 years...

As a result of this absurd decision, Baku—which was on NATO's list of 20 major Soviet industrial cities slated for bombing—was plunged into a bloodbath. Tragically, this catastrophe was inflicted upon us not by NATO—the very entity we viewed as a threat—but by the USSR, which we had sustained with our oil for 70 years...

First episode
Chapter One

BLOODY MEMORY-JANUARY 20
BLOODY MEMORY – JANUARY 20



The fathers said it was true that retaliation was not up to the day of judgment.
The fathers were right, and even from birth, revenge was never left.

1990. Nineteen of January would be nine o'clock at night. Rahman always watched the news program "Vremya", which was shown at this time on the first channel of Moscow television. Even at Twelve O'clock, look at the latest news of this program-mamysh would not have entered his bed. Seeing that the TV was not showing, he got up and changed the channel. Although the TV was in operation, it did not show Moscow or Baku. There were such cases when the antenna changed its shape to warm in windy weather. And now the weather was mild, windless. Just in case, he went and checked the field antenna. The antenna had not moved. Always at such times, he opened the back cover of the tele-visor and did not let the lamps burn out. Because it was late, this time he entered his bed.

It was nine o'clock in the evening on January 19th. At this time, Rahman would usually watch the "Vremya" news program broadcast on Moscow's Channel One. He wouldn't go to bed without watching the program's final news update at midnight. Noticing that the television wasn't displaying a picture, he got up and changed the channel. Although the TV was powered on, it was showing neither Moscow nor Baku. Such issues sometimes occurred during windy weather when the antenna shifted position, but the weather was currently mild and calm. Just to be safe, he went outside to check the outdoor antenna; it hadn't moved. In situations like this, he would always open the back panel of the television to check whether the tubes were lit. Since it was late, he got into bed this time.

When Rahman, who woke up early in the morning because he slept early at night, opened the back cover of the TV when he had a snack after yu-Yunus. The lamps burn out, he regretted that when he did not see dimming on the diodes, the help of a professional specialist was needed. Having fastened the crotch to its place and preparing a snack in the iron oven, he called out to his companion Mary:

- My relative's Nazim does his job in such a way that I am forced to call a guest every two or three months.
- Didn't you build and increase your expenses as usual?
- No. This time I was content with just looking.

Rahman, who woke up early every morning because he slept early at night, opened the back door of the TV after washing and making a bed. When the lamps are on, and the lights are not dimmed, it is suggested that the help of a professional expert is needed. Having fixed the lid in place and saw the cooking in the iron stove, the passer-by called to Maryam:

- My relative Nazim does his work in such a way that I'm forced to invite guests over every two or three months.
- You haven't gone and run up the bill by meddling again, have you?
- No. This time, I've limited myself to just watching.

- Call, let him turn around and look when he goes to work.
- You're right. Sometimes the wife's mind comes in handy. It is impossible to know the time of his return from work. On Saturdays, Sundays, he comes home late due to his overwork.
- The wife's mind does not work sometimes, but always. If a man sees the benefit of bleeding.
- The man was lucky. I just follow what he says.
- Give him a call; tell him to look back when he's heading to work.
- You're right. Sometimes a woman's intuition comes in handy. It's impossible to tell when he'll be back from work; on weekends, he often comes home late because he's so busy.
- A woman's intuition doesn't just come in handy sometimes—it always does. A sensible man would see the benefit of it.

- She's lucky to have a sensible man. I'm going to do exactly what you suggested right now.

During their joint family life, there was no dispute between them, even if it was minor, that would break each other's hearts. The Yu-morlu phrases, rich in the character of both, in their speech, would not cause irritation in any of them, they would be answered with a smile-lanar, and humor. None of them agree with the opinion that "there is no family without rumors", which is often used among the El-Di. Because they stepped over the twelve-year period of cohabitation without scandals, perhaps to the extent that it was set as an example at the world level.

Throughout their life together, not even the slightest disagreement arose between them that might have hurt one another's feelings. Humorous remarks—a trait present in both their characters and conversation—never caused irritation; instead, they were met with smiles and answered in kind. Neither of them subscribed to the common saying that "no family is without its squabbles," for they had navigated twelve years of married life without a single scandal—living in a way that could well serve as a model for the world.

Rahman Ustad dialed the number of Nazim's home telephone. It took Na-Zim a long time to answer. He wanted to put the support in place so that Nazim's voice was heard:

Rahman dialed the number of master Nazim's home phone. Nazim's answer took a long time. He was about to put the table in its place when Nazim's voice was heard:

- Flame, I hear.

- Nazim, Good Morning. Can you turn to us when you go to work? From the evening, our TV is waiting for your way.

- Don't you have news?

- From what?

- Nobody's TV has been working in Azerbaijan since the evening.

- What happened?

-The Soviet army, which you boasted of your power and peacefulness, attacked Baku in the middle of the night. It is said that we have many secrets.

- Hello, I can hear you.

- Nazim, good morning. Could you stop by our place on your way to work? Our television has been waiting for you since last night.

- Don't you know?

- Know what?

- Since last night, no one's television in Azerbaijan has been working.

- What happened?

- That Soviet army—the one whose might and peaceful nature you used to boast about—attacked Baku in the middle of the night. Word is, we have quite a few martyrs.

The merciful did not believe what he heard. He perceived this as incorrect information.

- Oh, Nazim, I would not know that you are so naive. The army, of which I am a sergeant, does not betray its citizens. Such humiliation can only be ignored by Armenian separatists.

Rahman could not believe what he heard. He dismissed it as misinformation.

–“Nazim, I had no idea you were so naive. The army in which I serve as a sergeant would never betray its own citizens. Such a despicable act could only be expected from Armenian separatists.”

– They expelled more than a hundred thousand of our compatriots from their ancestral lands with special cruelty, committed the Sumgayit incident in order to justify their dirty deeds and put the blame on us, convincing the crazy politicians of the superpowers of the world to do so, whatever you say.

– After all, these are the people who drove more than a hundred thousand of our compatriots from their ancestral lands with extreme cruelty, orchestrated the Sumgayit events to justify their vile deeds—pinning the blame on us—and convinced the misguided politicians of the world's superpowers to believe it; there is no telling what they might do next.

– I am also one hundred percent sure that” whatever you say " comes out of them. I have no doubt that they paid large sums to the Russian generals for this. According to the information I received, rabid Russian soldiers with special training brutally killed our old people, women and children. They drove their tanks over our passenger cars full of people. Such an attitude will be made only by Armenian separatists who have been mangled against us. Probably, those who managed those tanks were among them. Of course, their participation, as well as the amount paid for the execution of this brutal operation, will be lost in doubt and will not be paid. Just as the authors of the Sumgayit incident were thrown on the necks of the radicals, they will load it on the backs of the Russians. When you called, I was talking to frontman Rahim in the yard. He brought this news to me. Do not delay come to the front of the collective farm office. Invite whoever you can see. It seems that hard times await us.

– I am absolutely certain that the very thing you had in mind is exactly what came to pass. I have no doubt, either, that they paid huge sums to Russian generals for this. According to the information I’ve received, specially trained, rabid Russian soldiers brutally slaughtered our elderly, our women, and our children. They drove their tanks right over our passenger cars—vehicles packed with people. Only brainwashed Armenian separatists would treat us with such savagery. In all likelihood, it was they who were operating those tanks. Of course, both their involvement and the money paid to carry out this barbaric operation will vanish into the fog of uncertainty; they will never be proven. Just as they pinned the Sumgayit incident—which was actually their own doing—on our radicals, they will lay the blame for this on the Russians as well. When you called, I was outside talking to Rahim, a member of the Popular Front; he was the one who broke the news to me. Don't delay—come to the front of the collective farm office. Invite anyone you can find. It looks like hard times lie ahead for us.

He could not fully believe the truth of the incredible news Rah-man. He remembered the times when he served in the military. For his excellent service, he rose to the rank of Senior Sergeant. It would not have crossed his mind that the soldiers of the state in which he served in the army could attack the territory of one of the most international cities in the country.

Rahman could hardly bring himself to believe the incredible news. He recalled his time in the military; he had risen to the rank of master sergeant thanks to his exemplary service. It had never even crossed his mind that the soldiers of the army in which he had served could launch an attack on one of the country's most cosmopolitan cities.

After talking, Mary asked her husband, who did not put the support of the phone to the place and held it in his hands and went to Fig:

- What happened?

– I do not believe. It seems that something undesirable has happened.

After the call, Maryam asked her husband, who was lost in thought while holding the receiver instead of putting it back in its cradle:

- “What happened?”

- “I can’t believe it. It seems something unwelcome has happened.”

- I have never seen you so excited. Is it so dangerous news you hear?
- If only it was a lie. I do not imagine dangerous news from this.
- I've never seen you so agitated. Is the news you heard really that dangerous?
- I wish it were a lie. I can't imagine any news more dangerous than this.

Waking up earlier than his older brothers, Azer turned his eyes to ovkhala-ovkhala to his father. Rahman put the support of the phone on the ground and took it in his arms.

- Why did my male baby wake up so early?

Azer, who had woken up earlier than his older brothers, approached his father while rubbing his eyes. Rahman placed the phone receiver back in its cradle and picked him up.

- "Why has my little man woken up so early?"

- Men wake up early, - said Azer, spreading his arms and hugging his father's neck. The merciful kissed his son's face and looked intently into his eyes. As a child, he remembered the day when he and his father went to the goods market to buy sheep. It seemed strange to him that his father did not look at the size of the sheep's tails, but raised his head and looked into their eyes. He had asked why he was doing this:

- "Men wake up early, you know," Azer said, opening his arms and wrapping them around his father's neck. Rahman kissed his son on the cheek and looked intently into his eyes. He remembered the day, back when he was a child, that he had gone to the livestock market with his father to buy a sheep. It had struck him as odd that his father, instead of checking the size of the sheep's tail, would lift its head and look straight into its eyes. He had asked why he did that:

- Oh Father, why do you look at the animal's torso, whose fat is on its tail and the flesh is on its thigh?

- Father, why are you looking into the eyes of an animal that is packed with fat and meat?

His question caused laughter from the men next to them. The answer to his father's question was given by one of the old men he did not know, who stopped laughing and gave:

- Oh baby, your father will not slaughter the sheep as soon as he gets home. He looks into his eyes because he took it to look and enlarge. He will still open his mouth and look at his teeth as well. What the animal will be like is clear by its eyes and teeth.

His question drew laughter from the men standing nearby. One of the elderly men—a stranger—stopped laughing and answered the question he had asked his father:

- "My boy, your father won't slaughter the sheep the moment he gets it home. Since he bought it to raise, he's checking its eyes. He'll even open its mouth to look at its teeth. You can tell what an animal is like by its eyes and teeth."

Now it occurred to him from somewhere that the children were also read from their eyes what they would be like when they grow up.

- His mother, our son will be the champion. - Azer did not agree with him:
- No, I will be a hero, - he said.

It suddenly occurred to him that one could read in a child's eyes what they would become when they grew up.

- "Mother, our son is going to be a champion," she said, but Azer disagreed:
- "No, I'm going to be a hero," he said.

- Ay Rahman, the man's son does not want to be a champion. He does not accept my desire to be a doctor. Who he will be when he grows up does not depend on us, nor on himself. I take for granted the desire of you and me to be who you are in his arms. Although all parents wish their children to become great people when they grow up, none of them can go beyond the forehead inscription. Neither you nor I have dictated to him the desire to be a hero, since this is a language. I wonder where this thought got into his head?

– You know, Rahman, the boy doesn't want to be a champion. He won't accept my wish for him to become a doctor, either. Who he becomes when he grows up depends on neither us nor him. I consider the aspirations you and I have for his future to be natural; after all, while every parent wants their child to become someone great, no one can escape their destiny. Neither you nor I dictated his desire to be a hero—a wish he's held since he first learned to speak. I wonder where he got that idea?

* * *

Although Rahman thought a lot about it, he could not find an answer. He was willing to accept his son's desire to be a hero because heroism was digging on the battlefield in war. And he did not wish the enemy to have a war. And the enemy wished it to his people. Over the past two centuries, he has been preparing for this, laughing in his face, saying “axber, soul”, warming himself in the hearth, eating his cock, jumping from the arms of superpowers to his arms. "Armenia is only for Armenians!" the slogans he perceived as a crowd cry. He did not think that it would become an All-Armenian call. Because there were Armenians among his close friends. It never occurred to him that the children of the Armenians, with whom he cut bread, raised a glass, said Health, met, hugged and parted, stood opposite his children in trenches and fired at each other. "Armenia is only for Armenians!" he did not condemn the crowd who shouted, but the Armenian historian Rahman, who invented a fake history and mangled his nation. Because none of the Armenians they knew and knew about their character would succumb to the noise of their crazy ideologues and oppose the Turks surrounded by them from all sides. When he heard such unexpected news from the territory of Armenia, he thought: “did the authors of the ideology of Armenia without Turks not know if there is a corner of the world where Armenians do not live. Does not another nation have the right to live in ER-manistan, while they themselves are scattered all over the world?

Rahman had pondered this matter deeply but could find no answer. He was unwilling to accept his son's desire to become a hero, for heroism is won on the battlefield—and he would not wish for war even upon his enemy. Yet, the enemy *did* wish this upon his people; for the past two centuries, while smiling to their faces, calling them "brother" and "dear," warming themselves by their hearths, and sharing their bread, the enemy had been preparing for this very moment—all while hopping from the embrace of one great power to another. He perceived the slogans voiced by separatists within Armenian territory—"Armenia is for Armenians only!"—which had recently been echoed in the press, on radio, and on television, as the roar of a frenzied mob. He never imagined that this would turn into a general outcry. After all, there were Armenians among his close friends. It never crossed his mind that the children of the Armenians with whom he had broken bread, raised a glass in a toast, met, and embraced in parting, would one day stand face-to-face with his own children in the trenches, firing at one another. "Armenia is only for Armenians!" he did not condemn the crowd who shouted, but the Armenian historian Rahman, who invented a fake history and mangled his nation. Because none of the Armenians they knew and knew about their character would succumb to the noise of their crazy ideologues and oppose the Turks surrounded by them from all sides. When he heard such unexpected news from the territory of Armenia, he thought: "did the authors of the ideology of Armenia without Turks not know if there is a corner of the world where Armenians do not live. Does not another nation have the right to live in Armenia, while they themselves are scattered all over the world?"

Alik ad-Li, one of his best friends, was asked by his Georgian friend Nodar when he was in the army:

- Alik, does an Armenian live in Chukotka, Alaska?

Alik held out his finger to the plane flying from the sky at that time and de-mishdi:

- Do you see that airplane? I will bet with you that there must be an Armenian inside this. If ten ancient human skeletons are discovered from the alt of the Antarctic ice, one will definitely belong to er-I...

Nodar, a Georgian, once asked Alik—an Armenian who had been one of his closest friends during their military service:

- "Alik, do Armenians live in Chukotka or Alaska?"

Pointing his finger at a plane flying overhead, Alik replied:

- "Do you see that airplane? I'd bet you anything there's an Armenian inside it. If ten ancient human skeletons were discovered beneath the ice of Antarctica, one of them would definitely turn out to be Armenian..."

* * *

When Rahman approached the administration, he saw crowds of villagers coming from all sides and realized that the situation was more serious than it was. Having accelerated his step, he reached the men who hurried to the center of the village because of the warmth of his house and wondered what had happened to them. And he who knows what is wrong with him,:

- In the evening, the Russian army raided Baku.

- They would not attack it, but attack it,

- his other neighbor Samad interrupted him and adjusted his statement:

- The scoundrel Gorbachev fulfilled the request of his Gudas and delighted his jester. Rahman, who did not understand what Samad meant, asked:

- Were there many of his brothers and sisters who were great figures?..

- The jester of the scoundrel is an Armenian, - Samad clarified his opinion.

Residents of the village, aware of the unexpected event, gathered in the courtyard of the collective farm office. Everyone cursed Gorbachev, Vezirov, Yazov. And there were those who cursed, and there were those who cursed.

Since the main activists of the front went to the Regional Center for instructions, the people could not get information about what was happening in the capital and returned home.

As Rahman approached the administrative building, seeing groups of villagers streaming in from all directions, he realized the situation was more serious than he had imagined. Quickening his pace, he caught up with some men hurrying from the direction of the houses toward the village center and asked them what was happening. His neighbor, Safar, excitedly explained:

- The Russian army raided Baku last night.

- You wouldn't call it a raid; you'd call it an attack, - his other neighbor, Samad, interrupted, correcting his phrasing:

- That lowlife Gorbachev fulfilled his in-laws' demands and made his brother-in-law happy.

Not grasping what Samad meant, Rahman asked:

- Are his in-laws and brother-in-law such major figures, then?

- The scoundrel's brother-in-law is Armenian, - Samad said, clarifying his point.

Upon learning of the unexpected event, the villagers gathered in the courtyard of the collective farm administration. Everyone was cursing Gorbachev, Vezirov, and Yazov; some, unable to contain their rage, were hurling insults, while others were calling down curses.

Since the key activists of the Popular Front had gone to the district center to receive instructions, the people—unable to get any information about the events unfolding in the capital—returned to their homes.

Rahman thought: "I wonder why at this terrible moment, when the country of rural laborers was caught in the clutches of a black nightmare, they gathered around not the chairman of the collective farm, the village council, party members, but front-line soldiers without legal status. After all, among them there were such types who were active that they were not sure that such a movement would be permanent. For this reason, he was not happy to be with such celebrities. Novruz MU-fifty several times condemned him for not participating in them. Both his school friend and childhood friend Novruz had to explain why he did not attend them so as not to offend him:

- Novruz, if you have any personal problems, I am ready to stand behind you. I see people around me who do not want to be in their hands, and I advise you.

- If I can't draw people like you around me, what should I do?

- Who came and what will you achieve by pulling to your side?

- Do you know what our goal is?

- I know. It is our civic duty to fight for our independence. I warn you not to rely on the negative elements around you, as if you were a childhood friend, but also because you are really burning. On the narrow leg, you will not see them in front, but in the gene. In nationwide matters, I and others like me will stand by. Neither I nor anyone like me will be tempted to listen to the noise of the impudent elements in the meetings. Our people no longer believe in populist cheers. Because the communists condemned our people to live in humiliation for seventy years, clapping their hands on populist speeches.

After that day, every time Novruz came face to face with him, he greeted kö-nülsuz and walked away. In such cases, he found himself guilty of not being able to logically explain the perception of his idea and convey it to his childhood friend. Who came also reproached him for choosing a partner. The picture today was a vivid proof that he was right. In the early morning, the crowd in the center of the village did not take place at the invitation of anyone. The people voluntarily gathered to declare their readiness to unite like a fist on the narrow day of the motherland.

Rahman, however, wondered: why was it that at this terrible moment—when the country's hardworking villagers were caught in the clutches of a nightmare—they rallied around the *Jabhachis* (Popular Front activists), who lacked any official legal status, rather than the collective farm chairman, the village council, or Party members? After all, there were such unsavory characters active among them that he was far from convinced such a movement would endure. For that very reason, he had felt it beneath his dignity to associate with such elements. Novruz Muallim had reproached him several times for not joining them. Yet, to avoid offending Novruz—his childhood friend and former schoolmate—he had been compelled to explain why he had not joined their ranks:

- Novruz, if you ever have any personal problems, I am ready to stand by you wholeheartedly. I see people around you whom I want nothing to do with, and I wouldn't advise you to associate with them either.

- What am I supposed to do if I can't attract people like you into my circle?

- What do you expect to achieve by drawing just anyone in?

- Do you know what our goal is?

- I know. It is the civic duty of each of us to fight for our independence. I am warning you—both as a childhood friend and because I truly care about your well-being—not to trust the negative elements around you. When the crunch comes, you will find them lagging far behind, not standing at the forefront. When it comes to matters of national importance, however, I and others like me will stand by your side. Neither I nor those like me have the patience to listen to the clamor of unscrupulous individuals at meetings and consultations. Our people no longer believe in populist rhetoric; after all, for seventy years, the Communists condemned our nation to live in degradation while making them applaud populist speeches.

From that day on, whenever Novruz crossed paths with him, he would offer a reluctant greeting and walk away. In such moments, he blamed himself for failing to logically convey his convictions to his childhood friend. He also reproached him for the company he had chosen to keep. The scene unfolding that day was clear proof that he had been right. The crowd gathering in the village center

early that morning had not assembled at anyone's behest; the people had come together voluntarily to demonstrate their readiness to stand united as one in the Homeland's hour of need.

The return of the activists of the rural core of the front took a long time. But when the time for lunch had passed, they were waiting with what news they would return.

- When Novruz got out of the car, he saw Rahman among those who were waiting for him and approached him.

- Are you here too? - he said, gave a hand and met him. When he saw the majority of the population gathered in the courtyard of the administration, the ground-sweeping frown opened with excitement.

- I told you, after all, trust the big support. There were so many people on the bur in the morning that they would not have fallen to the ground if they had given injections. If they hear it, they will come back again.

- You were right. - Novruz continued with his hand to Rahman's shoulder.

- It was just like with be in front of the headquarters.

Novruz gave a brief explanation of the violence committed by the Soviet army in Baku last night.

- What were their goals?

The question of how many people who were not members of the front sang in chorus was answered by another frontman.

- To extinguish the national spirit of our people.

- Did they manage to achieve?

- On the contrary, they flared up even more,-answered the question of Rahman Nov-ruz. - There is a good in every evil, - said the fathers. This atrocity of the tens gave such an impetus to our independence that there is no turning back.

The return of the Front's village cell activists took a long time. Although lunchtime had passed, there were many people waiting to see what news they would bring back.

- When Novruz stepped out of the car, he spotted Rahman among those waiting for him and walked over.

- "You're here too?" he said, shaking his hand in greeting. Seeing the large crowd gathered in the office courtyard, his previously gloomy, downcast expression lifted.

- "I told you to count on strong support. There were so many people here this morning—it was packed tight. If they hear you've arrived, they'll come back."

- "You were right," Novruz said, placing his hand on Rahman's shoulder. "It was exactly the same in front of headquarters."

Novruz briefly described the atrocities committed by the Soviet army in Baku the previous night.

- "What was their objective?"

Another member of the Front answered the question, which had been voiced in unison by several people who were not members of the organization.

- "To extinguish our people's national spirit."

- "Did they succeed?"

- "On the contrary, they fanned the flames even higher," Novruz replied to Rahman's question. "As the saying goes, 'There is good in every evil.' Their brutality gave such an impetus to our independence that there is no turning back now."

* * *

Rahman, who worked as a mechanic in the collective farm tractor Park, came to lunch at the same time every day. As soon as he entered their yard, Azer would overtake his brothers and sisters who fled to his father and bring himself to his father. He would not allow his father to kiss someone han-Sisa before him. Today, however, he was late, so he did not get ahead of him. Because it was not clear when he would come home, they saw that he was delayed and started dinner without him. When he entered the kitchen, Azer was the first to see him, and this time he was ahead of his brothers and

sisters. Mary was overwhelmed with laughter when she saw her other children go in front of their quick father and kiss themselves in kind. Even though he tried, he couldn't help but fall asleep and cry.

Rahman, who worked as a mechanic at the collective farm's tractor depot, would come home for lunch at the same time every day. As soon as he entered the courtyard, Azer would beat his siblings to the punch, racing ahead to reach his father first; he wouldn't let his father kiss anyone else before him. Today, however, because he was late, no one ran out to meet him. Seeing that he was delayed—and since his arrival time was uncertain—the family had started lunch without him. When he walked into the kitchen, Azer was the first to spot him and, once again, beat his siblings to him. Watching the other children quickly rush to their father and take turns getting a kiss from him, Maryam was overcome with emotion; despite trying to hold back, she couldn't contain herself, and her eyes welled up with tears as she wept.

The children were surprised to hear their mother cry where she stood, but Rahman understood the reason. He could not find words to make him sa-kit. Now in the capital, children who were locked on the bodies of their fathers, mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers came to life before their eyes. Even though he was in it, he created an artificial smile on his face so that his children would not hear the fire.

Although the children were surprised to see their mother suddenly burst into tears, Rahman understood the reason. He could find no words to comfort her. Images of children in the capital—weeping as they threw themselves over the bodies of their fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers—flashed before his eyes. Though he felt deeply moved inside, he forced a smile onto his face so his children would not sense his anguish.

– Did you manage to learn something?

She did not want to openly answer the question of her friend in the presence of children.

- Rahim said it was true.

- What water does your eye drink? How will it end?

- Novruz said that everything will be fine.

– This urva will carry a lot of water until he says “it will be good.”

- I know. May God protect our people from the worse.

– Did you find anything out?

He did not want to give a direct answer to his companion's question in front of the children.

– What Rahim said turned out to be true, – he said, limiting himself to that.

– What is your gut telling you? How will this all end?

– Novruz said everything would be fine.

– A lot of water will flow under the bridge before what he calls "fine" actually happens.

– I know. May God protect our people from something worse.

Rahman carefully considered his daughter Zahra with his three sons. When he imagined that someday he would say goodbye to them and go to war, a chill fell on his soul.

Rahman looked closely at his three sons and his daughter, Zahra. A chill ran through him at the thought that, one day, he would have to bid them farewell and go off to war.

Now he was one of the hundreds of thousands of parents in our country who had such an image. He could not believe that the Black Ghost now hovering over the ba of his country was talking about the insidious plans of the heads of the nation, where he cut bread, hugged when he saw, rejoiced when he met, felt sorry when he left, raised a glass, hummed his numerous Armenian friends, saying “our hands are brothers from time immemorial”.

He was now just one of the hundreds of thousands of parents in our country who held this view. He could not bring himself to believe that the dark nightmare looming over his country stemmed from the malicious plans of the leaders of the very nation to which his many Armenian friends belonged—friends with whom he had broken bread, embraced upon meeting and parting, rejoiced to see and

regretted to leave, and with whom, while raising a glass, he had hummed the words, "Our peoples have been brothers since time immemorial."

Rahman could not believe it at all. Because when his first son was born, Misha, an Armenian by nationality, wrote a letter to him saying that he had received the consent of his family and named his son Rahman. He asked him to have a son. When she bought expensive gifts and went to her friend, Tamara, her friend, who spoke Turkish fluently, said:

Rahman simply could not believe it. For Misha—an army comrade of Armenian descent—had written to him when his first son was born, saying that he had obtained his family's consent and named the child Rahman. He had asked Rahman to serve as the boy's *kirve* (ceremonial godfather). When Rahman visited his friend's home, bearing expensive gifts, his friend's wife, Tamara—who spoke fluent Turkish—said to him:

- Oh, Rahman, have a lot of share. But he did not have to be so extravagant. The fact that you come to count is an invaluable gift for us. If I say that Misha wants your sake more than his brothers, will you believe it?

- How can I not believe? For two years in a stranger, we sat side by side at a table and ate from a catyol. We have supported each other. I fed him my portion of Sala.

-Misha told me how close you are to each other in the army. Therefore, he named our son after you. He wants you to be the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is.

- Rahman, may you be richly rewarded. But there was no need for such extravagance. The very fact that you came to visit us is a priceless gift in itself. Would you believe me if I told you that Misha holds you in higher regard than his own brothers?

- How could I not believe it? For two years while we were far from home, we sat side by side at the same table and ate from the same mess tin. We were each other's support and strength. I even used to share my rations with him.

- Misha has told me how close the two of you were during your military service. That is why he named our son after you. He also wants you to be the *kirva* for the boy.

Since the term "dirt" is alien to the region in which he lives, they made him understand what it is. He had agreed first. Most of the participants in the banquet organized on the occasion of his arrival were Azerbaijanis. Abbas, Misha's childhood friend, who was shot and drunk from Armenian cognac, started a conversation:

Since the term "kirvə" was unfamiliar in the region where he lived, the concept had to be explained to him. At first, he had agreed to it. Most of the guests at the banquet organized to mark his arrival were Azerbaijanis. Misha's childhood friend Abbas, having become intoxicated from drinking Armenian cognac, struck up a conversation:

- Cousin, this friend Misha and I have been friends since childhood. We have been so close that even water would not pass between us. Frankly, I almost took offense at him recently. When I heard that he had a son and came to congratulate him, I was very happy when I heard that he had named him Rahman. Suddenly it dawned on me why I would not be the Kirve of his son bearing our name when my Kirve was Armenian. I told him that in one case, you called your son musurman, how could he be if he was me? When I looked at my face and said that I was late, I cut off a small pearl from it. I thought it was not to my liking that his son kirva was musurman. When I declare that you will be reconciled. I wouldn't be here now if there was another one.

- Cousin, I've been friends with Misha since childhood. We were so close that nothing could come between us. To be honest, I was almost offended by him recently. When I heard he'd had a son and went to congratulate him, I was delighted to learn he'd named the boy Rahman. It suddenly crossed my mind: even though my own *kirva* is Armenian, why shouldn't I be the *kirva* for his son—who bears our name? I asked him, "Since you've given your son a Muslim name, how about I be his *kirva*?" I was deeply hurt when he looked at me and said I was too late; I thought the idea of

a Muslim *kirva* for his son didn't sit right with him. But when he told me, "You're the one who will be it," I was mollified. If it had been anyone else, I wouldn't be here now.

The next morning they started their snack not with tea, as we did, but with cognac. After unloading a couple of glasses, Ke-finin asked Misha at the time of saz:

- What kind of man is Abbas?

- None of my childhood friends can replace him. It is he who gives me arms and wings in everything I do.

- We have a proverb: "the neighbor in the near is ahead, than the brother in the far"

- Oh, Rahman, our ancestors are so seething with each other that now you do not have us. This proverb is also used in US.

- In the evening I felt Abbas ' attitude towards you. If you come, shall we entrust your son's sleigh to him? You both live in a village. Neither he nor you are stupid enough to leave this beautiful place. God forbid, if you drop something and send a telegram, it will take me a couple of days to come to my rescue. And Abbas will do it himself in a matter of minutes. Thank you very much for showing me the possibility. Let nothing else fall on you. I thought about this option because I took into account the fact that it was more convenient for you.

The next morning, they had started their breakfast with cognac instead of the tea we are used to. After downing a few glasses, and while in high spirits, he asked Misha:

- What kind of person is Abbas?

- None of my childhood friends can take his place. He is the one who gives me strength and support in everything I do.

- We have a saying: "A neighbor close by is better than a brother far away."

- You know, Rahman, our families have become so closely intertwined that the distinction between "yours" and "ours" no longer exists. We use that saying too.

- I sensed Abbas's attitude toward you this evening. Why don't we entrust him with the role of *kirva* for your son? You both live in the same village; neither of you is foolish enough to leave this beautiful place. God forbid, if you ever needed to send a telegram for help, it would take me a day or two to reach you, whereas Abbas could be there in a matter of minutes. Thank you for trusting me—please don't misunderstand my intentions. I only considered this option because I felt it would be more practical for you.

* * *

Misha and Tamara, who met Rahman's decision with understanding, reckoned with his initiative. By this time, one of his best friends, Misha, was zealous in every good deed, so Rahman remembered the sympathy of all the inhabitants of that village when two friendly neighbors on Jafar Jabbarli's pye "in 1915" were shooting at each other in a Trench opposite each other. At the beginning of the century, two gosses were surprised by two neighbors - Allahverdi and Imamverdi: "was there any such thing", will their grandchildren, who became players of the same scene at the end of that Century, be able to find the answer?

Misha and Tamara, understanding Rahman's decision, respected his initiative. Given that Misha—one of his closest friends—had always wholeheartedly participated in all of Rahman's joys and sorrows, Rahman (who had earned the affection of the entire village) was reminded of a scene from Jafar Jabbarli's play *In 1915*. In that scene, two friendly neighbors found themselves exchanging fire from opposing trenches. Would the grandsons of those two neighbors—Allahverdi and Imamverdi—who had found themselves playing out

that same scenario at the end of the century, be able to answer the question that had once baffled their grandfathers: "Was this really necessary?"

Rahman, who came to his house for lunch, sat down at the table, but his arm did not rise to reach for the bread. When he was groaning in the mourning of his country, the bite he took in his mouth was also blocked in his throat.

Today Rahman realized that the trouble that comes with *ellik* is a wedding—a holiday, and that the parable of the said *el* is a side-by-side. Although he was here, his soul was among the relatives of our martyrs who sighed in Baku, who were shot by the impudent, who were Khurd-khashil in the caterpillar of the tanks of the Soviet army in which he served. He drank a cup of tea and got up.

For his exemplary service in the military, he was accepted into the ranks of the Communist Party. The party ticket, which he accepted then with endless enthusiasm, proudly, honorably, carried in his heart, in the left pocket of his jacket, reduced the honor of the crazy Gorbachev to nothing by an EU-surd decision. She opened the chiffonier, put her hand in her left breast pocket on the lining of her jacket, took her partblet, which she proudly carries to this day, and smiled sarcastically. He whispered: "Look how proud I am. Every month I paid a membership fee to someone from my salary. He cursed Gor-bachov, his team, the minister of Defense Yazov, spat on the partbilet and threw it into the oven. Soyu-Madi's heart watched as the numerous Communist Party, who knows how many minuses it has in our country today, caught fire in the embers of hot hornbeam wood.

Mary, surprised by this act of her husband, -did you not allow hurrying? - when asked, Rahman passed the root:

- Gorbachev hurried. Today in our capital, not only the martyrs, but also the conquerors were read. After now, only the dishonest people in our country keep this ticket in their pockets.

– Do you know what feels strange to me? You put it in your pocket and threw it into the fire, spitting out this ticket, which is now burning.

Although Rahman sat at the table after coming home for lunch, he could not bring himself to reach for the bread; at a time when his country was groaning in mourning, any morsel he put in his mouth would surely have choked him.

Today, Rahman realized the error in the folk saying that "a calamity shared by the community is like a wedding celebration." Though physically present here, his spirit was in Baku—among the families of our martyrs: those whose anguished cries rose to the heavens, who fell to the bullets of cowards, and who were crushed beneath the tank treads of the very Soviet army in which they had served. He drank a glass of tea and stood up.

He had been admitted to the ranks of the Communist Party in recognition of his exemplary military service. That party card—which he had once accepted with boundless enthusiasm and carried with pride and honor close to his heart, in the left pocket of his jacket—had been rendered worthless by an absurd decision of the fool Gorbachev. He opened the wardrobe, reached into the left breast pocket inside his jacket lining, took out the party card he had carried so proudly all those years, and smiled wryly. He shook his head and muttered under his breath, "To think this is what I took such pride in—paying membership dues out of my salary every month to who knows whom." Cursing Gorbachev, his team, and Defense Minister Yazov, he spat on his Party card and tossed it into the stove. Even that did not fully appease his anger; he stood watching as the card—symbol of that vast Communist Party—burned away in the glowing embers of the blazing wood fire.

Surprised by her husband's action, Maryam asked, "You didn't act too hastily, did you?" Rahman sighed:

- "Gorbachev forced the issue. Today, the funeral rites were read in our capital not only for our martyrs but for the Communists as well. From now on, only the dishonorable would keep this ticket in their pocket."

- "Do you know what strikes me as strange? You spat on this ticket—the very one you once kissed before tucking into your pocket—and threw it into the fire."

– I am not the only one who is deceived... Was not such a genius as Samad Vurgun deceived?

– I am not the only one who has been deceived... Was a brilliant figure like Samad Vurgun not deceived as well?

**The conscience, love, and heart of humankind,
Its intellect, its thoughts, its hopes combined;
The bright tomorrow of the whole wide Earth—
Our Party is the source of every joy and worth!**

– Did he mention which party he dedicated this poem to?

Knowing the poem by Heart, The Merciful did not understand what his companion meant. – Did we have a second party during his life?

– Did the communists not overthrow Musavat?

– The way they came was blocked. I do not believe that your great poet should dedicate this poem to Musavat. Then the sudden anti-communist step of our cream would make each one a victim of thirty-seven.

Samad Vurgun's poem "Our party", sung by her husband, reminded Maryam of Rahman's mother Khaccakha, who twisted her waist in old age.

– "Did he mention which party he dedicated this poem to?"

Rahman, who knew the poem by heart, didn't understand what his companion was getting at.

– "Was there even a second party during the time he lived?"

– "Didn't the Communists come to power by overthrowing Musavat?"

– "God forbid. I don't believe your great poet would dedicate this poem to Musavat. Back then, the slightest anti-communist move by our elite would have turned them into victims of the purges of '37."

Samad Vurgun's poem "It Is Our Party," recited by her husband, reminded Maryam of Rahman's mother, Khajjakhannum—a woman whose back had become stooped with old age.

* * *

His mother-in-law, despite the fact that her waist was twisted, worked for hours on dirrick, her fatigue was imperceptible. When he walked, he would not stand idle for a moment, even if his chin reached his knee with little slack. Every time I came to visit her with her flirtatious daughters, they envied her:

– Oh mom, is it your working time?

Would answer:

– Is what I do to work? At your age—twenty-five acres of chetber (yard of the House in Balakan, a quarter of a hectare—Ed.) I would call on my own.

Sanam once made a remark to his mother:

Despite her stooped back, her mother-in-law would work in the vegetable garden for hours on end, showing no signs of fatigue. Even though her chin nearly touched her knees when she walked, she would not remain idle for even a moment. Whenever her daughters, Nazli and Sanam, came to visit, they would reproach her:

– Mom, what time do you work?

He answered:

– Is what I saw working? When I was your age, I managed twenty-five sots of chet-beri (the yard of a house in Bala village, a quarter of a hectare - ed.) alone.

Once Sanam reprimanded her mother:

- Because of that kind of work, your waist is bent, and your chin is sweeping the ground.
 - My back was wrapped not by work, but by trouble, - said My Mother Khaccakhanim.
- Then Mary had asked:
- Oh mama, Will the grief bend the back of the man?
 - There is trouble that not only twists a person's back, but also melts mountains.
 - How is it that he left you to this day?

After crying and emptying his heart, Khaccakhanim wiped his face with tears and answered his question:

-A week before the wedding, the Chekists of this government, who had come to my brother-in-law, took me away from our house in the evening without question. He's outgoing. We never saw his face again. They were shot in Sheki. Waya turned our wedding day to open hands and play. The drum and trumpet that would spread to the village turned into a cry. The son Dag framed my mother and put her to bed. Not one of us was lucky enough to see our wedding. We never saw a smile on our father's face until the end of his life, when a double mountain was drawn to his heart. When there was a wedding in the village, when everyone went to the trumpet with joy and love to play, my poor father would go roast in it. No matter how hard his relatives tried, he would refuse to play. This damn hoax turned not only our family into Waya. Our fiancée, too, did not tolerate the absurd, unfair verdict of the state. Buta embroidered gulbangi (fata-Ed.) wrapped up, in this world to meet-madıgı fiancée shrouded shrouded, hanged himself. He hastened to hold the ceremony of the forty remembrance of his first love together in the afterlife. My brother wanted me more than my other sisters. Is it strong on the back of a person to bear the pain of such a loss?

- "Working the way you do has bent your back and brought your chin down to the ground."
 - "It wasn't work that bent my back, but sorrow," Mother Khajjakhanum had said.
- Then Maryam had asked:
- "Oh Mama, can sorrow really bend a person's back?"
 - "There are sorrows that can not only bend a person's back but even melt mountains."
 - "What kind of sorrow is it that has brought you to this state?"

After weeping and unburdening her heart, Khajjakhanum wiped away her tears and answered her question:

- Just a week before his wedding, the Chekists of this accursed government took my powerfully built brother from our home one evening without a word of explanation. That was the last we saw of him; he never returned. It turned out they had taken him to Sheki and shot him. The wedding day—which should have been a time for us to dance and celebrate—turned into a day of mourning. The sounds of *naghara* and *zurna* that were meant to echo through the village were replaced by the wailing of grief. The agony of losing a child broke my mother's spirit and left her bedridden; the poor woman never lived to see any of us get married. As for my father—whose heart bore a double burden of sorrow—we never saw a smile on his face again for the rest of his life. Whenever there was a wedding in the village and everyone else went off joyfully to the sound of the *zurna*, eager to dance, my poor father would go along while burning with silent anguish inside. No matter how much her loved ones tried, she refused to join in the festivities. That accursed government brought ruin to more than just our family; our engaged daughter, too, could not bear the state's absurd and unjust decree. Wrapped in the *gulbangi*—the traditional bridal veil—she took her own life, choosing to unite in the afterlife with the fiancé she could not be with in this world; she hanged herself. She hastened to observe the ceremony marking the fortieth day since her first love's passing—not here, but together in the hereafter. My brother loved me more than any of my other sisters. How could anyone bear the weight of such a loss?

Khaccakhanim wanted Maryam's offense very much because he was the companion of his son, whom he named after his brother. Maryam, distraught with the impact of the tragic story told by her mother-in-law with tears in her eyes, asked?

Khajjakhanum was very fond of Maryam, as she was the wife of the son who bore her own brother's name. Moved by the tragic story her mother-in-law had recounted through tears, Maryam asked...

– What was the sin of mercy that the damned left the children of the four ba-Jin without their uncles?

– If he had a fault, would I burn so much?

– And on what basis were they shot?

– They made excuses that he was a member of the faction.

– What is the sect?

– He was a member of the Musavat Party, which founded the government overthrown by them, like the communist party, which founded the government that remained under the oath. When jecabash Gafar invited him to join the Communist Party, he protested. -Even though Moses-Watt, of whom I am a member, has surrendered, he has not died, he will someday come to life. He will also turn the bloodthirsty "Qi-Zil army" back the way they came. The reward of meekness is possession (of the earth).to the CC.

– Did you ask that scoundrel why did he do this?

– Who would dare to ask? If we went on to stick the stigma of "traitor to the motherland", we would be exiled with a family to Siberia. God accepted our curse, our prayer, which we secretly did, and he received the punishment of la-yigli. In the village where he worked as a brigadier, tobacco was planted-in the section allocated to him by someone, four or five scratches a hundred meters long (row-Ed.) did not bury seedlings. Raykom employees who inspected the site saw it and delivered it to raykom. The chairman of Kol-khoz, agronom was punished with a severe reprimand at the party meeting. They sent Gafar to prison for several years by confiscating his property. When the time ended, the Great Patriotic War began. We heard him being taken from prison to war. This was the last news from him, and there was no black paper. Four young children were orphaned...

– What had the poor soul done to deserve this—that those accursed wretches left four sisters' children without an uncle?

– If he had actually done something wrong, would I be grieving this deeply?

– So, on what grounds did they shoot him?

– They used his membership in the Party as a pretext.

– What exactly is this Party, anyway?

– It turned out he was a member of the Musavat Party—the very party that had formed the government overthrown by the Communists—just as the Communist Party was the one that had established the wretched government currently in power. When the arrogant Qafar invited him to join the Communist Party, he refused: "The Musavat Party, to which I belong, may have surrendered, but it is not dead; it will rise again someday. It will drive the bloodthirsty 'Red Army' back along the very path they came." Qafar—that sycophantic cur of a deranged regime—reported these words to the Cheka.

– Did you ask that scoundrel why he did such a thing?

– Who would have dared to ask? Had we confronted him, he would have branded us "traitors to the motherland," and our entire families would have been exiled to Siberia. God answered the curses and prayers we whispered in secret; he received the punishment he deserved. In the village where he worked as a brigade leader, someone had failed to plant seedlings in a section of the tobacco field—specifically, across four or five rows spanning a hundred meters. District Party Committee officials inspecting the field spotted this and reported it. The collective farm chairman and the agronomist were punished with severe reprimands at a Party meeting. As for Qafar, his property was confiscated, and he was sentenced to prison for several years. Just as his term was ending, the Great Patriotic War broke out. We heard that he had been taken from prison straight to the war. That was the last news we ever received of him; not even an official death notice arrived. His four young children were left orphaned...

Until the brutal massacre committed by the Soviet army in Baku today, Maryam was skeptical that the people's chebha would achieve her desire in her struggle for independence. This wrong step taken by Mosk-van to intimidate their eyes confirmed how justified the Popular Front was and further increased its nü-fuzu. Maryam no longer had any doubts that the vast majority of the people would unite around the Popular Front. She remembered the far-sighted phrase of her uncle, who had moved out of this world without serious diligence, which she heard from her mother-in-law and did not see her husband's face: "... Musavat, of whom I am a member, has not died, but will someday come to life. the Red Army will turn back the way they came."

Although there were many who were not completely sure that the revival of the Guess of Khaccakhanim's brother Rahman would extend to seventy years, few dared to express it. Those who spoke on the black page of our ta-Rix were victims of repression of 1937. The real enemies of the people with the stigma of "enemies of the people" turned off the lives of innocent Rahmans. What did the crazy regime achieve, which, according to the dry word that came out of its mouth, turned the engagement of the only son of a family into a wall? The lamp of his life went out untimely-The Four Sisters of one Rahman, whom he ruled, named their first son after him. Now these Rahmans will not miss the opportunity that fell into their hands to avenge their uncles...

Until the brutal massacre perpetrated by the Soviet army in Baku, Maryam had been skeptical about whether the Popular Front would succeed in its struggle for independence. This misguided move by Moscow—intended to intimidate them—actually confirmed the validity of the Popular Front's cause and further boosted its standing. Maryam no longer doubted that the vast majority of the people would rally around the Popular Front. She recalled the prophetic words of her uncle—who had passed away prematurely for no apparent reason—words she had heard from her mother-in-law: "...even though the Musavat party, of which I was a member, has surrendered, it has not died; it will rise again someday. It will drive the 'Red Army' back along the very path they came."

Although many harbored doubts that the era of the "revival" envisioned by Khachakhanum's brother Rahman would truly last seventy years, few dared to voice them aloud. Those who did speak up fell victim to the repressions of 1937—a dark chapter in our history. True "enemies of the people," while branding others with that very label, cut short the promising lives of countless innocent men like Rahman. What did that senseless regime achieve by destroying the future of a family's only son over a mere spoken word? The four sisters of the Rahman whose life was so prematurely extinguished each named their firstborn son after him. Now, these new Rahmans will not miss the chance to avenge their uncle...