

MOTHER**Mahzuna Mamajonova**

was born in 2004 in Namangan region. Now she is the student of Uzbekistan State World Language university in international journalism field. She is the holder of a badge "For services in the field of science". Moreover, She could get the badge of "The student of the year 2022". She writes drables and poems since her childhood, she published them in magazines and newspapers. Furthermore Mahzuna translates various books and works into English and Turkish.

Due to the fever, trying to suppress the shivering in my stomach, I look at the clock weakly: it's exactly two, "has the time stopped?" - I sigh in my mind, looking out from the window from time to time, I look forward to the dawn. The situation has been like this for five days - I can't gather strength, I can't recover by lying down, I have shooting pains in my head, sometimes I have a high fever, I can't get air in, and even if it does, it doesn't seem to come out, that's it. I breathe deeply. At night, I'm drenched in cold sweat, I can't make a voice, I can't even find the medicine in myself to speak. Four days ago, my throat was choked with pus, and I only drink water without eating, I drink a glass of water, my thirst is quenched, and I feel relief for a while. My legs are tired, I prefer not to move, when my heart is tight, I lean on my mother, I lean on the cool porch pillar, where the breeze always blows during my prayers, I watch the surroundings for a while: I walk from the main street to the sound of the birds. I can hear the sound of cars passing by and children's screams, my childhood years spent in this yard are reflected in my memory, and warmth runs inside me. Touching the lip of the porch, seeing the pink flowers that spread the fragrance around, I remember that we planted them with our own hands in the spring, and I am even happier. Meanwhile, my eyes stopped. My throat is dry again and I hold my hand to my mouth casually: water. This year, my mother runs to the kitchen, which is located on the left side of the building in the middle of the yard. Slowly we return to my room, I try to dissolve the heaviness in my body with sleep, I close my eyes, find strength and roll over to my side a couple of times, no, I wish sleep would come. When a human child gets sick, he is buried in deep thoughts, and suddenly he gets sad. I fall asleep when my mother starts stroking my forehead with her soft hands.

In the middle of the night, I wake up disturbed by the pain in my body. My first eyes fall on my mother, who has been sitting on top of me for five days, not knowing what sleep is. Tears are pouring down my cheeks, and I try to say something from my heart. My mother slowly noticed, she held my hand and kissed me on both eyes:

– know, my cutie, I love you too.