

**OYBEK**

**NAVOIY**  
**NOVEL**

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## FOREWORD

Muso Toshmukhammad ogli Oybek (1905-1968) was one of the famous Uzbek poets and writers. Oybek was the most influential Uzbek writer of the XX century. His most famous works are “The Sacred Blood”, “Revenge”, “Navoiy”, “The Great Route”, “The Sun does not Darken”, etc. His famous work “Navoiy” is translated directly from Uzbek into English for the first time.

It is well-known that the entire Uzbek literature was usually translated into English through Russian language.

Becoming Independent and promoting the integration of its culture into the world community, the Republic of Uzbekistan felt heavy need for more Uzbek translators with an excellent knowledge of foreign languages. Besides, nowadays great opportunities have been created for the direct translation from Uzbek into different foreign languages, particularly into English.

The development of direct translation from Uzbek into foreign languages was specified in a number of Decrees of the President of the Republic of Uzbekistan. We think that the book in your hands will give you a unique opportunity to get acquainted with the history, traditions and customs, lifestyle as well as the way of thinking and outlook Uzbek people.

The main purpose is to introduce the precious work, pearls of Uzbek literature to the people of English speaking countries, as well as those who comprehend English as a whole.

The group of highly qualified translators from Uzbekistan State World Languages University together with the International Relations and Literary Translation Council of the Writers’ Union of Uzbekistan has translated the book “Navoiy” by Oybek directly from original Uzbek into English.

The authors’ group expresses its sincere gratitude to Christine Smart, English language specialist, for her invaluable assistance in reviewing the translation of this book. We look forward to the readers’ comments on the quality of the translation.

We’ll greatly appreciate it if you contact us and share with your opinion at: [ilhom\\_tuhtasinov@mail.ru](mailto:ilhom_tuhtasinov@mail.ru)

## CHAPTER I

The spring sun was shining in the blue sky over Gavharshod madrassah in Herat. The mosaics of the cupola were sparkling with the beams of the sun; the birds were flying and were playing around the cupola of the madrassah. There was a khanahak<sup>1</sup> on one side of the madrassah and the other three sides were surrounded by square hujras<sup>2</sup>, and one could barely notice yesterday's rain vapor. Some of the students were sitting in the yard. They have been studying while sitting on the boyras<sup>3</sup> on brick pavements. Some of them were studying "Qofiya<sup>4</sup>", the others learning "Hoshiya<sup>5</sup>" and the rest of them were engaged with "Shamsiya<sup>6</sup>". Here one could also see one of them with his book on his knees learning by heart the book called "Arabiyot<sup>7</sup>" with his eyes closed. In a corner, three students were sitting and arguing on some matter. One of them had a beard and was scrawny; he was trying to prove his ideas, refusing the others'. The other two who were younger than him but at the same time who were also as important as the first one were shouting at him and trying to prove their ideas. Sometimes they even forgot the main point of their argument and talked about other matters of the life, and after a while they would come back to the initial theme of their argument again. When they got into the argument deeper and deeper they would even cuss each other out and when they got angry they would look like eagles ready to attack its enemy. This situation was normal in the life of madrassahs so no one was paying any attention to it.

Even though the hujras looked like as if they were empty, there were four men in one of the shady areas talking about something. The hujra was narrow and wet. Even though the door was open and the sun was shining, it was dark inside. But certainly it was not the situation for this hujra only. The hujras in the madrassah could not be wide and pleasant as it would contradict the tradition. According to this, we can point out that the hujras in madrassahs all over the East were of the

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<sup>1</sup> Interior chamber of a mosque

<sup>2</sup> Small study rooms in madrassahs

<sup>3</sup> Cane mat or reed mat

<sup>4</sup> "Rhyme", the book taught at madrassahs

<sup>5</sup> The book taught at madrassahs

<sup>6</sup> The book taught at madrassahs

<sup>7</sup> The rules of the Arabic language

same type and condition... perhaps the builders took into the consideration the saying “Obtaining knowledge is like digging a well with a needle” and that might be why they chose such a style for the hujras in madrassahs...

Those four men were still talking in that half-dark and wet hujra. Three of them were students and the fourth one was the guest of this hujra’s owner. Although there was a big difference in their level of knowledge, ages and characters they were the poorest ones in the madrassah, they gathered here and prepared dinner for themselves together. Today they have gathered here for the same purpose and they were discussing what to prepare for dinner. The oldest one among them, Aloiddin Mashhadiy, was the owner of the hujra. He had a dark black beard and eyebrows, his eyes were always half closed and he was a short man who was about forty years old. He had been working at “Gavharshod” for fifteen years and it was difficult for him to quit his job here. Although Aloiddin Mashhadiy had been taught by the leading teachers of his time for many years he couldn’t succeed in the field of study on his own. For the past several years, he had given up his studies and was not even attending classes. However, one happiness or maybe unhappiness of his time was poetry that had touched him. He composed poems in different styles. He could even compile a divan<sup>1</sup> in his sleepless nights; he considered himself as one of the best composers of the style called “muammas”<sup>2</sup>. But his talent in this sphere was still unpopular with people as his divan. That’s why he was worried about it very much. He couldn’t take it anymore. The hopeless feelings didn’t abandon him. The poet who looks for dignity and popularity usually composes poems honouring not only kings but vizirs, beks and even the people who are lower in rank. He honours the illiterate beks with the words like “The combination of knowledge”, “The treasure of meanings”, “The sponsor of poets and educated men”. He can honour the beks with useless words but those words will seem very sparkling and meaningful to the beks. And he is very good at it. Aloiddin Mashhadiy is a nervous and sensitive man. He can start to hate a man for a very slight reason. If he gets angry with someone, he will write about him with such bad words that when a man reads it he will be able to notice the worst things about that man.

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<sup>1</sup> Complete collection of poems

<sup>2</sup> A style of poem where poets hide the name of the main hero

The second student is Zayniddin who comes from a middle class family in Herat. He is slim, talkative and about twenty or twenty one years old. He has been studying for four or five years and he has already managed to achieve considerable success in some subjects. He is good at Arabic and Persian languages. But because of his thoughtful character he does not pay much attention to his education. He spends much of his time on various arts. He is popular with the people in the madrassah as he has very good handwriting. He is brilliant at singing songs and can play the gijjak<sup>1</sup> very well. Recently his relations with his father worsened so he became poor. Thus, he started to visit parties organized by the rich and respected students of his madrassah and there he would both play his musical instrument and have a good meal there.

The third student was a guy from Shakhrisabz who came here to study. His name was Sultonmurod and he was eighteen years old with sharp and big eyes, a wide forehead and a small body. He has been studying here for two years. He comes from the family of the famous sculptor in Shakhrisabz. When his father died falling from the roof of a building in Samarkand, Sultonmurod was only three years old. He was brought up by his educated and workaholic mother, then first he studied in his hometown, afterwards he went on his study in Samarkand and at last he managed to come to Herat with the help of his relatives. So this way he came to this madrassah. His talent was well-known both among the people at the madrassah and some scientists of Herat. He does his best to acquire the knowledge and become a leading scholar of his time. Besides the religious subjects he studied mathematics, astronomy, logics, literature and others very deeply. When he was fourteen years old and used to study in Samarkand, one of his teachers told him the following: “Long ago there was a scientist who used to say that he would be able to reestablish the entire world of science and arts even if all the scientists and scholars forgot their subjects and knowledge. I can see the same talent in your eyes, my son. Do your best to achieve success in science!” Now Sultonmurod’s purpose was to get to that peak of knowledge.

Only Tugonbek who was Aloiddin Mashhadiy’s guest seemed different there. He was from Samarkand. He was a stout man with a

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<sup>1</sup> A national musical instrument

big body and reddish beard. He had a wide and dark face and his eyes looked very sly. Even though it was very hot he still had his old, ugly quilt and big, thick headwear on... Tugonbek's ancestors used to work at the highest positions during Amir Temur's reign. There were famous commanders, authorities and tarkhans<sup>1</sup> among his ancestors. But later on when Temur's state collapsed, a struggle for the throne began among the princes so the dignity of Tugonbek's family started to descend from that time. His father Feruzbek disappeared during one of his journeys. Then his honoured uncles lost the respect they used to have. Some of his cousins and brothers were killed during sultans' battles and some of his relatives moved to other places looking for their luck and because of being scared of their enemies. Tugonbek himself had gone deep into the hot spots of political struggles and continuous revolts in Maverannakhr<sup>2</sup>, Khorasan, Dashti Kipchak, Iraq and all the places, as a whole, which used to be under Temur's reign. He did his best in finding his luck and glory. He served to Chigatay-Uzbek sultans and Turkmen beks but there he was both cheated and betrayed. At last he left for Herat two months ago. Even though he met Aloiddin Mashhadiy by chance, he became friends with him and moved into his hujra.

Although Togonbek was an illiterate man, he understood well the value of science. He listened to the discussions and arguments of the students very attentively, but he thought that this was totally strange for him. Science was a suitable thing for meek and patient people, but Togonbek always thought about different journeys: he liked participating in battles on his strong horse and winning them, he preferred conquering castles together with his friends and getting his spoils. Togonbek lived with the feeling of conquering various states and cities and becoming a bek in a region and then attacking other cities and countries. After all he wanted to make a revolution in those cities and become a king or at least to find a prince who would not have any power and appoint him as king and to reign the country on his own.

He has struggled with these dreams. But whatever he did he could not manage to achieve his goals. On several occasions some people were about to find out about his ideas. And some people even wanted to kill him for that but he was able to get rid of them and

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<sup>1</sup> An honored man awarded special rights and exceptions by the emirs or kings

<sup>22</sup> Transoxiana

managed to settle into this hujra of the madrassah. But Togonbek has not given up his will yet. He believed in his goal: there were many of Timur's grandsons here and they get more and more day by day. Making a revolt against each other among relatives and cousins has become a usual case in this country. Besides, there were many beks and khakims<sup>1</sup> in cities and towns who always had great desire to obtain dignity, glory and honour. That's why Togonbek understood that such kind of conflicts would go on for a long time so he would just wait for the right time and situation...

Students who lived on the money from vaqf<sup>2</sup> were in a difficult situation now. They had already spent all their money during the cold winter and now were facing the problem to get something to eat for dinner once or twice a week. There was nothing to sell and make money. When they talked about dinner Togonbek would say: "We will, for sure, find a way out, it must not be a problem in such a big city as Herat!" and then he would go out and find ingredients to cook a meal.

His roommates knew that he did not have a penny in his pocket, but nevertheless they never asked him how he found money for the staff. But today, even though the conversation about dinner have continued for hours, Togonbek said nothing. He just sat in a corner of the hujra staring at one point for a long time as if he was feeling bad.

They all heated the oil and fried meat. In some hujras delicious meals were prepared even twice a day. The owners of those hujras did not depend on the incomes from vaqf. They came from rich families. In the evenings they talked about interesting events. They gathered together with their friends and drunk alcohol, listened to music and watched dances; in short, they had a good time...

After a long discussion, they could not find any solution and then Aloiddin Mashhadiy who was sitting on the top of the room moved and shook his head. Then he sighed deeply and complained about life and read the following lines loudly:

*It is a world which betrays you  
Gives wealth to the villains  
And laughs at the poor.*

Then Zayniddin suggested which had always given very good results i.e. he said that they were supposed to write an ode about one

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<sup>1</sup> Mayors of cities

<sup>2</sup> A type of tax in medieval times



of the old princes, honoured men of the city. Even though all others liked the idea Aloiddin did not approve it, because he thought that it was him only to do so and he did not want others to interfere with it. Who knows, may be, Mashhadiy will write a very good ode and the prince could offer him very expensive clothes, some money and some sheep and that's why he did not want to share anything with others. Unfortunately Mashhadiy has never been praised like this yet, but he always believed in his talent and that's why he always had a thought like this...

Zayniddin wanted to appease Aloiddin so he got serious and said the following:

- If I were a poet of ode I would write an ode to Sultan Husayn Boyqaro and would get royal clothes and praises, because two weeks ago he was appointed as a king and he calmed down a lot. I am completely sure that he will praise and respect poets now.

- They say that the Sultan himself is a very talented poet as well, - said Sul-tonmurod, - it turns out he can write very beautiful poems. And I have no doubt that he will esteem the work of poets because he himself is a great enthusiast of beauty and poems.

Even though Aloiddin tried to pretend not to pay attention to these words, actually he was worried about it very much. He took Zayniddin's words as sarcasm. In response to Zayniddin's words he said: "The new king himself is a great poet and he is interested in beauty of words very much, so don't dare to write an ode to him!", having said these words he said nothing more and looked down keeping a long silence.

Togonbek who has still been sitting with his serious face started to talk:

- Do you want to take something to eat from the king now? You've better pray for Allah instead... the kings have their own problems such as feeding their warriors and build castles, let alone care about yourselves. Kings think more about journeys and wars rather than madrassahs.

- They say that Husain Boyqaro is both a poet and a scientist and we can expect good deeds from him, - said Zayniddin with a great confidence.

- "The people of Khorasan are now thirsty for fairness and justice as a desert which needs water. Perhaps, our hopes will come true", - said Sul-tonmurod stretching his hands.

Togonbek touched his mustache with his thick fingers and smiled with sarcasm.

Aloiddin Mashhadiy completely closed his eyes as he always did when he was angry with someone or something.

An old servant Hoki Solih came into the hujra. He was a thoughtful and a little bit silly man.

- Hey, you, the men who gained much knowledge without reading a single book, aren't you here? - he said to Sul-tonmurod and went on smiling. - Recently I have been to Chorsu and one of your friends who sells halvah told me that he wanted to invite you and mullah Zayniddin to his house. Perhaps he will read for you one of his new poems or maybe something else.

Sul-tonmurod became very happy and turned to Zayniddin.

- We will certainly go, - said Zayniddin standing up, - and we will have a good time there by making a pleasant conversation.

- What a wonderful city Herat! - said Togonbek shaking his head. - Both the halvah seller and the cook are poets. You should go there, his poems might not have taste but his halvah will taste, I am sure.

- The halvah seller mavlono<sup>1</sup> Turabiy is an educated man, - said Zayniddin with anger. - We can take you with us and you will appreciate his knowledge on your own there.

Togonbek smiled as a sign of agreement. Aloiddin Mashhadiy slowly opened his eyes and turned his face back.

They left the madrassah having finished the afternoon prayer. Two students were dressed in clean, long and wide oriental robes and they had white turbans on their heads. They were walking with special pride as it was a tradition for the students of madrassahs, but beside them Togonbek was accompanying them who was dressed in poor and dirty clothes which did not fit him at all. As usual, Zayniddin told his companions that he was supposed to call at some places for a short period of time and asked them to follow him. But Togonbek did not like it and complained about it, Sul-tonmurod smiled meaningfully. One would always get exhausted if he was accompanied by Zayniddin, because Zayniddin would always meet his friends, companions and close people in every corner of the street. Zayniddin would always talk to them and for instance, one of them would tell

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<sup>1</sup> Title of respect, especiall among religious people (Mr.)

him an incident which had happened in Herat lately and another one would joke with him and the others would argue with him... He would listen to new ghazals<sup>1</sup> and verses or odes by a poet, or he would listen to a new music by a composer; and he would talk to the street guys of Herat in their language, then he would make jokes about the butcher's fat belly, about the broken scales of the greedy grocer and baker's bread... So one would ever guess how he got across the city; for instance, from the Gate Mulk to the Gate Feruzobod.

Sultonmurod held Togonbek's arms who was willing to get rid of them and followed his friend with joy and happiness. He was very interested in walking along the city under a beautiful sky and weather because he had been reading books in the wet and narrow hujra of the madrassah for a week already.

It was spring in Herat. The sun was shining in the squares, in green gardens, in overcrowded places and in the streets with one-store old and new houses.

Zayniddin went on making different jokes. Sometimes he would leave his friends for a while to talk to his friends he met at the corners of the streets and then he would continue his jokes and stories. Sultonmurod was listening to his friend's stories and enjoying the pleasant view of spring in Herat. He loved Herat very much. There were many great madrassahs, tall towers and mosques, rich palaces decorated with the best patterns of art, beautiful houses and mausoleums of great and sacred people in this large city surrounded by high walls. Sultonmurod always enjoyed coming to these places alone again and again. He became interested in the history of this city and started to collect information about its old buildings, squares, markets and bridges from ancient manuscripts, myths and other sources. The sources said that this city had been built by Iskandar Zulqarnayn<sup>2</sup>. He managed to gather dozens of verses and poems about the ancient buildings and Herat itself. All the poems gave the same idea about the greatness, beauty and importance of Herat:

*Herat is the eye and lantern of all the cities in the world,  
If the world is like a body, Herat is the soul of the world.*

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<sup>1</sup> Type of poem

<sup>2</sup> Alexander the Great

The people of Herat were proud of it and liked to compare its soil to gold and its gardens to paradise and its water to the water of heaven. All travellers from Samarkand, Baghdad, Egypt, India and China liked this city very much as well.

Zayniddin stopped and started to talk to a famous carver of Herat. This place was a hill and an attractive building of the city called Qal'ai Ikhtiyoriddin could be seen from here. It was the castle which was surrounded by high walls like mountains. Togonbek, who had participated in many battles and seen lots of great castles, stared at the castle screwing up his eyes. He told Sul-tonmurod very interesting facts about the features of the castle. Then they spoke about the basin which was between the Gate Mulk and the Gate Kipchoq situated far in the South of the city. Zayniddin came back. He looked at the big bazaar, crowded with lots of people, situated below the hill. One could see beks on their horses dressed in expensive oriental robes decorated with gilded ornaments, the rich dressed in Chinese silk robes and shoes, peasants on donkeys, craftsmen, rude officers punishing a criminal, warriors and thoughtful, indifferent dervishes dressed in poor robes at the corner of the crossroad. There were more beggars here than in the other parts of the city. Zayniddin nudged Sul-tonmurod's elbow.

- That tall guy is Haydar polvon<sup>1</sup>, - he said pointing at a man. He was beaten by Mufrid qalandar<sup>2</sup> from Iraq and his legs were broken. The surgeon Sheikh Husayn healed his legs in forty days digging his legs into soil. Do you see that the drunken man walking proudly? He is the grandson of a poet who has written five hundred verses during his life. He is also a poet, but he makes people who listen to his poems pay some money for it. That man with a goatee next to the grocer is Master Orif Bukhoriy... He is brilliant at carving, jewelry, hairdressing, chemistry, coverings and other stuff, in short, he is a rare man. That man on the horse is the cousin of city governor. His name is Shodi bedod. Do approach him when you shave your mustache and beard!

Sul-tonmurod and Togonbek laughed loudly, then they went down and joined the people there. After a short walk, they came to the main arch of the garden called Zogon. This was the king's palace and

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<sup>1</sup> Wrestler, strong man

<sup>2</sup> Hermit, wandering dervish

there were more beks, authorities, armed officers than usual at the gate of the palace.

- Either the king is about to leave for somewhere or an ambassador is supposed to arrive, - said Zayniddin.

- Something is going on, people are worried about something... - said Togonbek with his envious eyes.

- Shall we wait? – asked Zayniddin and looked at Sul-tonmurod. – Let’s go! I am very exhausted, - insisted Sul-tonmurod.

When they approached Chorsu, the overcrowded and noisy market, Togonbek stopped suddenly. He did not listen to his companions, left them and disappeared in the crowd of people in the market.

- He did not want to listen to advice, said Sul-tonmurod smiling.

- Not at all, - said Zayniddin shaking his hand. He may find and give some grant-in-aid to poor, Aloiddin. Poet Turabiy is almost 40 years old, a modest man. He met his friends joyfully. They seemed not to have seen each other for a long time. After some words he invited them to the living room.

Zayniddin opened the door and pleasant light entered the room together with spring coolness. The room was decorated beautifully. It was a reception at the same time. Some scientists and poets from Herat often meet here with each other and Arabic, Turkish books are read by them and different issues are discussed.

All books in the bookshelf were read and they looked for some new ones and sat at the door. After a while a poet came to the room with fresh bread and candies. Students ate them all very quickly and made compliments about the candies prepared by the poet. They asked the poet to recite poems.

- Joyful poems have not been written yet,- said the poet. I just wanted to enjoy your conversation.

- “We want you to recite something”- said Sul-tonmurod politely. We haven’t heard anything for a week.

The poet stood up slowly. He took a big book from the bookshelf and opened it, then he took a sheet of paper and passed it to Zayniddin. He looked through it one by one and put it on Sul-tonmurod’s knee.

- It is a fact that there is nobody who can recite a poem as you in the world. You are welcome.

Sultonmurod is used to reciting poems. When he recites poems everything seems to be beautiful and bright. He began to recite the poem. Zayniddin was enjoying by listening to such a melody and shaking his hand slowly. When he stopped reciting, everybody expressed their positive comments and discussed the components of the poem.

Sultonmurad mentioned only one sophisticated poem and he compared some hemistiches of the poem with the contemporary poets such as Sheraziy and Jamiy. Then he began to recite the poems of ten different poets and gave his opinion on those poems. At the end, Sultonmurod stopped the discussion when the poet went to the shop to see his nephew. Anyway, the discussion kept going and Zayniddin spoke about the works of new and old poets of Herat. Then he continued telling funny stories. When he told one of the funniest stories about Jamiy and Sogariy<sup>1</sup> Sultonmurod laughed loudly. He tried to stop himself and said:” That’s enough!” while he was controlling himself, the poet Turabiy entered.

- If I am not mistaken, you were going to the shop. Where have you been? - said Zayniddin.

- Unfortunately, you were absent, - said Sultonmurod. - You missed the funny stories of Zayniddin.

- I have brought information about a person whose words are brilliant - said Turabiy.

- Well? - two students looked at him.

- Alisher Navoiy has returned to the city.

- Really?

- Of course, everybody is speaking about it.

- We should meet with him, - Sultonmurod stood up.

- We haven’t been informed, he has arrived his home, - said the poet and continued: - Zayniddin, have you ever talked with Alisher?

- I don’t know, but he has come to madrasah several times. He was close with our teachers.

- As butterflies love flowers that man also was interested in science, poetry and art from his childhood, - said the poet.

- I have never seen Alisher, - said Sadulla with excitement, - but as soon as he came to Herat I have heard many good words about

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<sup>1</sup> Abdurakhman Jamiy (1414-1492) - a famous poet. One of Navoiy’s friends; Sogariy is a poet of XV century.

that famous man of the world. He writes beautiful poems. Please, tell me about his life in detail, because I have heard a lot about his good qualities, but nothing about his life...

Poet Turabiy was thoughtful for a while and then he began to speak:

In spite of little connection between us, like all people living in Herat, I know a little about the life of that man. Alisher was born in a respectful and noble family. His grandfather and father served to Temur...

His father, who appreciated science and education, was a khakim of Sabzavor<sup>1</sup> and he brought his child up well. Alisher was capable in all spheres of science as well. One more thing is that, Alisher and Sultan Khusayn Boyqaro were friends and schoolmates from their childhood.

- We know, Alisher wrote poems from an early age and he is famous as a bilingual poet. When he was serving to Abulkhosim Bobur he was 15 years old. At that moment his works written in Uzbek and Persian were wide-spread among people. He wrote Persian poems under the pen name "Phaniy", and for the Turkish poems he used the pen name "Navoiy". I remember, all outstanding poets of Herat discussed his poems.

- Mavlano Lutfiy was ready to exchange his whole works to Alisher Navoiy's poem of two lines - said Sultonmurod.

- Obviously, it is right. Poet Lutfiy spoke about Navoiy's talent in writing poems several times, - said poet Turabiy. - Indeed, Navoiy created the most important peculiarities of our mother language. You may ask from your teachers and scientists of our period about Alisher's talent and knowledge. He studied in Herat and Mashkhad for many years.

According to Fasikhiddin's words, Alisher is acquainted with every science such as philosophy, logic, archery and music, - said Sultonmurod.

Alisher Navoiy is a skillful calligrapher. He has great talent in music. He considers it as people's weakness if they are not familiar with music, - said Zayniddin.

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<sup>1</sup> A small city in Khorasan

- Exactly, poets should know the music and melody of the words, - said Sul-tonmurod, - well, has Navoiy visited Samarkand officially?

- Only for education, - said Turabiy.

- For education? - asked Sul-tonmurad and added. - Samarkand was a treasure of knowledge in the period of Ulughbek. Now it has changed. All scientists moved to Herat from Samarkand.

- To my mind all information about this is not true, - said Zayniddin to Turabiy.

Listen to me, I will prove it to you, said Turabiy, - my friends who come from Samarkand or others who have gone there on their business have told me about Navoiy several times. He takes lessons regularly from a famous lawyer Khoja Fazlullo Abullays. They are very close to each other. The hakim of Samarkand and poet Akhmad Khojibek and Alisher were close friends too.

- Well, if they ask Alisher about himself, he may answer the same to you. We can even trust that he was taught by Khoja Fazlullo Abullays, but this is just the surface of the matter.

- What is the truth in that case? - asked mavlono Turabiy.

- According to some very truthful people's words, Alisher had very bad relations with the dead king Abusaid mirzo. Abusaid mirzo did not want Alisher to live in Herat. That is why Alisher had to leave Herat for Samarkand three years ago. In addition, the real reason of conflict between the king and Alisher is, of course, some political views. Wait a little, my friend, I will tell you a story: everybody knows that the former king's enemy was king Boyqaro and Alisher was Boyqaro's close friend. Besides, Alisher's uncles were Husayin Boyqaro's close people and they helped him to fight for the throne. These reasons made Abusaid mirzo hesitate Alisher, didn't they?

Mavlono Turabiy did not mind. Frankly, he could not find any reason to disagree with him, so he just kept silent and looked down. Sul-tonmurod, who had been listening to this argument between them attentively, said the following:

- I guess Zayniddin's words are more meaningful than the others are. My friend Zayniddin may make mistakes while praying five times a day but he will never make a mistake about the events of Herat.

Everybody laughed. At that very moment, new guests came in and most of them were poets. Everybody was talking only about Alisher!



## II

Togonbek wandered in the market for a long time. The smells of bread being baked in the bakeries and various meals were so yummy that he hardly could manage to stay away of them. He was very hungry, but unfortunately, he had nothing in his pocket.

Five years ago, when he first came to this city he had only twenty-five dinars<sup>1</sup> in his pocket. He spent that money very economically and used them for some time. Now he had nothing in his pocket; he even borrowed some money from butchers and bakers and he had only a knife made of elephant's teeth and silver to sell. However, Togonbek did not want to sell it for two reasons even though he was about to die of hunger. First, he liked knives very much. As is known, some people believe in prays, some believe in various totems and Togonbek believed in the sacred power of knives. Secondly, it was inherited from his ancestors. This knife was his grandparents' lucky companion! Togonbek did not look for any job to earn some money. He did not like working. He thought that any kind of job would humiliate his pride and respect. But he did not consider wandering along the snowy storms and in the mountains and in the hot Asian desert to do hard work. He even could wander and ride a horse in those places for weeks without having anything to eat.

Togonbek walked along the rows of the Herat market and looked at the shops filled with goods from India, Iran, China and Egypt. He started to envy having seen handsome beks on their powerful horses. Towards the evening, he stopped at an old man's shop who sold various arms. The strong and short old man greeted him warmly:

- What can I do for you, my son?

Togonbek said nothing. He took his knife off his wrist and handed to the old man.

- Old chap, help me. I will never forget your good deed as long as I am alive. I will remember you as my own father.

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<sup>1</sup> A dinar is equal to about fifty cents

The old man was good at his job. He was brilliant at choosing the steel. He could find out not only the quality of the steel but also he could tell where it had been made whether in Baghdad, Isfahan or Samarkand at once.

The old man stared at the knife for a while and then his eyes sparkled with happiness. Then in order to buy the knife at a lower price talked to Togonbek with patience and calm:

- My son, I am a seller. I always look for people who appreciate such kind of things, but if you are in a very difficult situation I am ready to help you, because I have never built any mosques or madrassahs. I have not built any mausoleums for holy people and I have never been to Mecca for pilgrimage. Therefore, I have not done any good deeds in my life.

- Old chap, - said Togonbek touching his chin, - I am not going to sell it.

- Well, what do you want then? - asked the old man.

- I want you to keep it as a pledge, - answered Togonbek sitting at the edge of the shop. - You will lend me five dinars; I will bring you six dinars in a month and get my knife back. If I cannot bring you your money back in that case you will buy it. You yourself will set a price for it then...

The old man kept silent for some minutes. Then he said:

- You have put me into a very difficult situation, what should I do?

- I have come to you as I have nothing to eat, - said Togonbek in a begging voice. - When I was a baby my late father used to put this knife under my pillow. And I have been carrying it since I grew up.

- Oh, my son, I know. This steel has been saving you from different bad luck and it has always been one of the rare thoughts for you. That's why it is very sacred for you, but don't think that I will show it to every buyer. I will give it to a guy who also likes knives as you do. He appreciates a good knife more than his wife and he comes from barlos dynasty!

Togonbek was in hopeless situation. He asked him to give his knife back, but the old man did not want to lose such a valuable thing. He hoped perhaps he would buy it at a very low price a month later and put his hand into his pocket and said:

- All right, my son, I do want to help you.

Togonbek took five dinars, put them into his pocket and left. Even though he had money to buy something to eat he was very sorry and unhappy to leave his knife. The thoughts whether he will be able to get the knife back were hurting him very much. He roamed for some time again. Then he entered a canteen and later in the evening he went to the madrassah. He entered the pub located along the large street leading to the Feruzobod Gate of Herat. He asked the owner of the pub, who was short and fat, sitting behind the jug of different sizes to give him obi angur<sup>1</sup> and then he sat down in the corner of the room. There were many people here. Some of them were sitting alone and having alcohol thoughtfully. Some of them were with their friends and drinking and laughing loudly. There were some old people talking to each other in the other corner of the room. One of them was reading a Persian poem with his weak voice. And the others were shaking their heads under the melody of the poem. A group of hooligans of the city were drinking alcohol as if they were competing with each other. A poet who was really drunk was boasting.

Togonbek did not even feel the two cups of the obi angur because he used to drink alcohol very often as Kazakhs drink qimiz all the time. Usually he would spend much money on alcohol, but for the very first time in his life he had to break his rule. He stopped to continue drinking even though it was very hard for him. He stood up as he did not want to waste his entire money taken instead of his valuable knife, but at the exit someone shouted to him: Togon! A son of bitch!

Togonbek turned around and saw Toqli mergan<sup>2</sup> who was sitting among the old men. Even though Togonbek was very happy to see him he greeted him very proudly and calmly and then he sat beside him. Togonbek used to serve for the khakim of Badakhshan with this brave guy.

Toqli mergan also greeted him proudly and smiled: "So, drink it as you used to do before!" - he said and gave the cup to Togonbek and asked for another cup of alcohol for himself. They drank the alcohol and then started to ask about each other. Togonbek told him about his adventures and his present life. Toqli mergan told him that he had come back from Iraq a week earlier and was serving at Ikhtiyoriddin

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<sup>1</sup> Type of alcohol

<sup>2</sup> A man good at shooting, sniper

Castle. He considered Togonbek an intelligent and wise person, so he was very sorry for him.

- The bird of luck will someday come to you, until that time whatever you do will not help you; - he said bending toward his friend. - I know that you can become a commander of huge troops. But keep it in your mind, don't hurry: now just think about enjoying the life!

- What should I do? - said Togonbek, - should I become a sufi to a mosque or a student of craftsman?

I know a very good man here. He is somehow my relative. You know, I come from Herat. He is a very good man and he is very esteemed in the government. Yesterday I met him and he told me to find a brave and reliable guy to serve him. I had also been hired to the castle with his efforts. If you want, we can meet him right now.

Togonbek drank the alcohol up to the end and cleaned his face with his sleeves and started to think, biting his thick mustache.

- I know you; your pride does not allow you! - said Toqli mergan. - That's very bad. You will live in his house with pride and be honoured. Have you got it?

Togonbek stared at his friend. He saw that his friend was talking sincerely, so he agreed. They had another cup of alcohol and then they left the pub.

They were met by an old man at the gate. Togonbek stared at the old man attentively and understood that he was a slave. The old man invited them inside warmly and then he disappeared somewhere. After a short period of time a door opened and an old man's voice was heard:

- Please, come in!

Togonbek followed his friend and having entered the room he saw a middle aged, sly eyed, proud, nervous, selfish man sitting at the top of the room. He was Majididdin Muhammad - the son of Giyosiddin Pir Ahmad Havofiy who used to occupy the highest positions at Shokhruh's government. He was one of the small authorities during Abusaid mirzo's reign and now he was the vizier of Muhammad Sulton who was Husain Boyqaro's nephew.

Togonbek greeted him and shook his hand. Toqli mergan sat down. Majididdin put the candle aside and stared at Togonbek and his clothes: he was a tall and brave guy and Toqli mergan was meek. Majididdin looked at Toqli mergan meaningfully and spoke very

intentionally: “You believed in my words yesterday and kept me in your mind, huh? Do you know this guy very well? He looks like a very intelligent and clever guy. What shall we do? I have nothing to do but hire him.”

When Toqli mergan started to talk about Togonbek’s good features Togonbek interrupted him. He did not like Majididdin’s treatment and words, so he was very serious now. Maybe Majididdin noticed it so he changed his voice and tone and said immediately:

- If it is possible, please, serve me. You will never be sorry about it.

- What shall I do? - asked Togonbek seriously.

- Ha, ha, ha, - laughed Majididdin. - be sure I will order you only those things which only true guys can do. If you serve well you will be appreciated and you will get promotion ...

- You will have anything to eat and anything to dress up, - Toqli mergan interfered... I know, isn’t it, sir?

Majididdin smiled and nodded. Togonbek also felt better and asked to let him come in the morning and then he left with his friend.

## CHAPTER II

### I

When Sul-tonmurod came into mavlono Fasihiddin’s hujra for the lesson he was shocked. His master, dressed in a blue robe, was preparing a new turban. His usual meek, calm and pleasant face and his tall body were giving a sign that he was in a great hurry and happy. Sul-tonmurod thought that he was about to leave for some very great place. The teacher having finished his preparation of the turban first slowly touched it and then he faced Sul-tonmurod with a smile:

-Makh-dum, you may have a rest today. Today Alisher Navoiy has been appointed to the position of Secretary by the king. I taught Alisher for some time in his childhood and I must congratulate him on this event. Even though Sul-tonmurod knew that Alisher Navoiy was the king’s close friend he could not imagine that he would be appointed to this position as soon as he got to Herat. He was very happy to hear this news as he had known this great man as poet through his poems and he had heard about his scientific activity and humanity from all the people of Herat. Then he heard that Alisher had come back to Herat in the entrance of halvah seller and at that very

moment he started to dream of meeting this great man and now this dream was getting stronger and stronger.

- Sir, it means that I can congratulate you too, - said Sul-tonmurod with respect, because Mr. Alisher Navoiy was taught by you as well.

Mavlonο Fasihiddin got very happy.

- I would like to tell you about one of my dreams, my teacher, - said Sul-tonmurod.

- What kind of dream is that? - started Fasihiddin seriously.

- The point is that what if I also go with you to meet the great poet? What would you say?-Sul-tonmurod replied.

Mavlonο Fasihiddin looked down and kept silent, and Sul-tonmurod was sorry that he had caused a trouble for him.

Fasihiddin liked his extraordinary talented student and he always said good words about him. But he always had to get into trouble for this young man. He would look through tons of books in order to teach Sul-tonmurod for two hours. He could not dare to object to him. He looked at him suddenly and smiled.

- It is high time you talk to the great men of Khorasan. All right, you may go with me.

The teacher and student left the madrassah.

There was a great party at Alisher's place.

The servants led them into the large room at the top of the yard. There were some people in the room which was decorated with red carpets, mosaics on its ceilings and plaster decorations of the niche. Mavlonο Fasihiddin was asked to sit at the top of the room and Sul-tonmurod sat at the entrance of the room. Most of the people gathered here were familiar to Sul-tonmurod and they were famous among people for their scientific work in various spheres of science. Some of them were the leading poets of Herat. Besides them, some of the great authorities were sitting proudly dressed up in expensive clothes, and one could notice that they were astonished by the poorly dressed poets. Sul-tonmurod understood that Alisher was still in the palace from the words of the people. He listened to their noisy conversations. After some time somebody informed them that the poet had come. Sul-tonmurod went to the terrace immediately. At that time most of the people went to the terrace as well as Mavlonο Fasihiddin. Everybody was looking at the yard with lots of trees. Sul-tonmurod recognized the poet immediately, among several people coming from

the palace dressed in gilded robes, as if he had met him before. He got very happy. The poet had a very beautiful turban on his head and he had on a very simple robe. Even though Navoiy was about thirty he looked like a middle aged man. He was a little bit taller than medium height but very strong, he had long fingers and thin, dark black and short beard on a smooth face; his cheeks were a little bit out and there was a sign of his smartness, power of spirituality and kind of attractive wrinkles on his face. Besides, one could notice a kind of willpower under his eyelid.

Navoiy started to greet the people with smiles on their faces. Having greeted and congratulated Navoiy, Mavlono Fasihiddin pointed to Sul-tonmurod. Sul-tonmurod got a little pale with excitement. He put his hand on his breast and came up to the poet. He bent a little and then shook his hand and took a step backward.

- He is one of my students, - said Fasihiddin proudly. - He has got a rare talent. I am completely sure that he can become Abu Ali ibn Sino of our time.

- My esteemed teacher made a great hyperbole about me, - said Sul-tonmurod with a smile. Navoiy warmly asked Sul-tonmurod where he was from and which subjects he had learnt so far and with a friendly smile. Sul-tonmurod said the truth. He told him which subjects he had studied in detail with modesty. At that time some of other teachers also expressed their opinion about Sul-tonmurod who knew him well.

- Do not stop working like this, - said Navoiy happily. - Our nation needs such kind of people like you. We must plant the tree of knowledge in our country and then get a very rich harvest. And now we have become friends. I hope that you will always remember and visit us.

- I express you my deep gratitude for your kindness, - said Sul-tonmurod in trembling voice. - I cannot imagine a greater happiness but learning and listening to you.

Navoiy entered the room with Sul-tonmurod and although Navoiy asked Sul-tonmurod to sit at the top of the room he apologized and sat at the bottom of the room. Some of the people, who did not understand Navoiy's soul, were surprised. They were thinking why Navoiy was paying so much attention to a student who was so simply dressed and young. Sul-tonmurod felt this and he started to appreciate Navoiy even more than he did before. Navoiy sat at the bottom of the

room, maybe, because he was the host. First he started to talk about the situations and conditions at the madrassahs and living conditions of teachers and students there and also asked about the tax called vaqf in Herat. He listened to the people's words very attentively. Then he tried to get more information about various scientific works, divans which appeared for the past years in Khorasan. Navoiy even tried to find out more information about any unknown poet who had written a poem or a ghazal. The party was very interesting and everybody was enjoying.

Sultonmurod was staring at Navoiy continuously as if he knew that he would never see him again. He could feel modesty, pride and greatness, and his manners were without any conceit. Navoiy's voice sounded meek, pleasant and beautiful to Sultonmurod.

The servants prepared the table and meals. Various sweets, almonds, fruits were served for the guests, then soup and lots of meat and bread were served.

After the party the oldest man among them said amen and everybody said good bye to the newly appointed secretary.

## II

The light of the candle on the niche and the beam coming in through the open door were glittering on the flowers of the carpet; the wind blowing from time to time was playing with the light of the candle and making the wide open book on a low chair murmur, and then the wind would stop as if it was quietly listening to the miracle of the music played by a poet on the tanbur<sup>1</sup>... Navoiy was fond of both music and poems equally; he knew and liked the science of music very much. The poet was playing the tanbur with great interest and it was touching the secret sound of the soul very beautifully.

The poet put the tanbur aside with a light tiresome look and then he took off the nohun. He sat at the door. There was not any sound in the yard except the one from the leaves of the trees playing with the wind. The poet started to think. He is here again in Herat, he is at home again. Perhaps, he will stay in this lovely city forever... who knows, maybe, the irony of destiny will make some other jokes with him!

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<sup>1</sup> A musical instrument



Everything in this city seemed very familiar to him and everything looked friendly to him. It did not seem like this before. Perhaps, his last parent's spirit and love had been left on his things. In the past Navoiy's father Giyosiddin kichkina would caress him at this very door. And when he was four (the poet can hardly remember) he would retell Mirzo Qosim Anvoriy<sup>1</sup>'s lines by heart to his father and his father would get very happy. His father was a very good man. He was a simple, gentle and honest man, and so was his last mother! He could never compare his mother's love to him with the love of other mothers to their children. She was a very ordinary woman who would always be honest and polite with neighbors and her children. When Alisher would come back from school after his lessons she would hug him and give him bread, milk and sweets when he was five or six years old. She would get very happy listening to her son retelling the subjects taught at school by heart and she wanted her son to become a great mullah.

Then he started to think and recall political disorder that started in Khorasan after Shokhrub mirzo's death and how they had to leave for Iraq together with many other families; the difficulties, adventures and happiness on their way to Iraq, the meeting with Sharafiddin Yazdiy and, especially, he recalled when he got lost falling off a horse at night. When he woke up in the morning he was lying in the limitless desert and how he found a gentle horse and tried to find the way out and then how happy his parents were when he found them. When he used to study at school with Husain Boyqaro he learned by heart "Mantuqut-tayr"<sup>2</sup> by Farididdin Attor and he used to read this book again and again and he even stopped eating, playing with children and having a rest, so, his parents had to hide the book, but he would repeat it by heart...- as he continued to recall such kind of sweet and bad memories he sighed to loosen his strange feelings stuck in his breast. Then he remembered his first poem and the difficulties of poetry for the very first time. He just could not forget how his father was proud of his poet son who was also fond of science and art and then he gave him the pen names "Navoiy" and "Foniy", and it was impossible to forget the meeting with old mavlono Lutfiy and his appreciation and great appreciation to Alisher. These thoughts and

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<sup>1</sup> One of the most famous poets of that time

<sup>2</sup> "The language of bird"

times had already been saved in Alisher's memories as if curved in his brain.

He recalled his years of poverty and time away from his motherland, his life in Mashhad for seven or eight years - the shabby hujras, reading books in the cold, narrow hujras of madrassahs without going out and sleepless nights. Through the books he would talk to ancient philosophers, scientists, poets who lived a thousand years ago. Then he recalled all his teachers, partners and wise people and his last teacher Khoja Fazlullo Abullays who was from Samarkand. He was pleased with all of them. Then he started to talk to them through his imagination.

The sound of steps was heard from the outside. The poet absquatulated immediately. The door was opened and his brother Darveshali came in asking his permission. Although he was an educated and kind man he was not like his brother in many ways. He was a light-minded, light-hearted and muddle-headed man. Navoiy looked at his drunken eyes and smiled with allegory.

- Tell me, please, bro, what is going on in the city?

- I know nothing but the conflict between Shiah and Sunnite, - Derveshali replied and sat slowly. - Sunnites are complaining everywhere: "The king belongs to Shiahs and the imams in the mosques are also Shiahs... It is impossible to bear it any longer!" - they say.

- Unfortunately, this meaningless conflict came up according to the order by the king, - said Navoiy shaking his head. Isn't there anything to do except putting people apart? That's very interesting! Actually he was supposed to care about the economy, the troops, the students at madrassahs, the scientists and thinkers, about the treatment of different beks and authorities; about the peasants and craftsmen instead of organizing conflict between two mazhabs<sup>1</sup> of the Islam religion. My brother, the most important thing is to stay away from various conflicts and fights. There is only one God in the world. We can see his face everywhere: in the beams of the sun, in the waves of the oceans, in the mountains and shivering of the leaves. The soul has to be filled with its love and thoughts.

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<sup>1</sup> Direction or stream in Islam

Darveshali tried to understand the gist of the poet's words and so he looked down and kept silence for a while. He always liked his brother's words and opinions and respected him very much.

- I do not want these religious conflicts to spread all over the country... - said Darveshali at last.

- All right, we will try to eliminate such kind of conflicts, - said Navoiy in a very serious tone. - Though we do not prefer any of these mazhabs of Islam to another one, we will take into consideration the unity of the people and the nation. My brother, there is nothing better than reading a book, thinking and learning a poem in the world. These are the sweetest things in the world and my character likes it very much. I just wanted to live in a quiet life and enjoy these things.

But as you know I have been asked to carry out some political work here... I just took into consideration the satisfaction and benefit of the nation and that's why I accepted the job. There is much work to do in this holy country and our nation is kind of thirsty for such kind of work. For instance, I have an idea of creating a library... now you are the head of king's library, that's why I am telling you this.

- I will do my best to realize your every wish, - said Darveshali putting his hand on his breast.

- We must create such a library which will be approved and respected by the entire nation, - said Navoiy with a great enthusiasm. There must be books belonging to every sphere of life whether it deals with science or art, ancient and modern. The library must include various books where modern Aristotle in the sphere of philosophy, mathematics like in ancient Greeks, medical students who like Avicenna, astronomers who like Ulughbek and modern poets who like Firdavsiy and Nizomiy Ganjavii could study here. They will develop science and invent new treasures of ideas there. If their inventions enrich our world of science, in that case we will get our point. Darveshali, keep this in your mind whatever you start doing, do it with love to the nation and this love should become your measurement for every step you take.

- Of course, it should be like you have said, - said Darveshali, scratching his beard, - a man who serves for his nation and people will certainly be appreciated.

Navoiy started at his brother meaningfully.

- Being recalled by the people as a good man is the greatest gift,  
- he said in a sudden tone. - I wish you were always so nice and  
clever, bro.

Darveshali tried to hide his eyes as if he was embarrassed. Then he started to talk about the library again. He told Alisher that first of all, they have to build a large building. Navoiy had a look at the candle on the niche, when he was about to get up Darveshali saying: "I will... I will..." and stood up quickly and took the candle and put it in the middle of the room and cut its tip with the scissors. The poet took a bunch of rustle paper and put on a thick book. He dipped the pencil into the ink-stand and started writing something. After a while darveshali came closer. He opened his eyes widely and kept looking at his brother's handwriting. The paper began to be filled in with very strange lines. At last, Navoiy put the pencil down and looked at his brother with a smile.

- Pay attention to these figures, - he said to Darveshali pushing the paper to him, - we are not good at architecture. Of course, the master of architecture will design it professionally, but the building which we are going to construct should be approximately like this.

The image on the paper was the plan of the building. Darveshali continued looking at it while the poet explained to him every feature and interior and exterior decorations of it. He answered every Darveshali's question as if he had seen this building somewhere before and liked it very much. Then he talked to Darveshali about gathering the books. In order to increase the copies of the valuable books he asked Darveshali whether he knew the masters of book covers and good handwriters.

When the roosters of Herat broke the silence of night for the second time Darveshali went to his room to sleep. But the poet was still cheerful. He got into his thoughts for some moment again in the silence of the night; he took a piece of paper and went on thinking with a pencil in his hand. So, he started writing a poem.

Then he read the quatrain poem whispering and smiled. When the ink dried, he put the paper into the leather folder and then started to look through a thick Arabic book.

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The next day when the sun was up and he came out his servant handed him a smaller but strong and young horse. The poet got onto it putting his leg into the stirrups and the horse started walking.

As it was Sunday the streets were overcrowded. Everybody was hurrying to the market: the peasants on horses and donkeys, dozens of camels, old women carrying baskets on their heads, knitters with their clothes and another crowd of people.

As soon as the poet approached a large gate of Bogi Zogon passing through Hiyobon Street, the warriors watching and controlling the situation greeted the secretary and held the reins of the horse. The poet got off the horse without their help and entered Bogi Zogon. - This was a very large garden rich in various palaces, mansions and other attractive buildings. He walked along the clean and wide road surrounded by trees and the beams of the sun were approaching it through the leaves of the trees making a very good view. After some time he came to a very big parterre. It looked like as if the entire flowers of the world had been gathered and planted here. This was so beautiful that no one could pass without looking and admiring it. Navoiy liked flowers and colors very much. He watched them with a great admiration, as usual. Then he went to the building decorated by the best architects. He opened the door decorated with curved flowers and spherical ornaments and entered a smaller but beautiful room. Here he was met by his friend Khoja Afzal. He was a short, polite man with cheerful eyes and he was of the same age with Alisher. Khoja Afzal was brilliant at calculations and secretarial jobs and besides he was honest and professional at governmental work.

- I have been waiting for you, please come in, - Khoja Afzal stood up and asked him to take a seat. - There is nobody at the chancellery yet. And I guess the king is still at the harem.

Navoiy, first, asked his friend about his personal work and then as usual, the theme was changed to general matters concerning the government and the people. Navoiy talked about major peculiarities of state, about the king's attitude towards the nation and vice versa, and the responsibility of viziers, beks and the lowest authorities in front of laws. He also talked about urgent measures for improving the lifestyle of people. Khoja Afzal agreed with Navoiy completely and told him that he wanted these dreams to be realized soon.

- We should create a state in Khorasan, - said Navoiy with an excitement, - that other nations could learn from it. I want people to be

out of barbarism! Humanity is the greatest creature among the other ones. The humanity must have pure, beautiful and glorious life. If the people of the government become clever, honest and take care of people, life can be changed into golden one.

- A very good idea, a very valuable dream, - said Khoja Afzal. - but in this country the authorities are used to humbling the ordinary people... and this is a problem!

- The humbling should be eliminated everywhere, - said Navoiy seriously. - reconciliation with oppressors is a great crime. Even if we ourselves cannot eliminate it we will have to complain about it to the king and ask him to be cleverer and fight for justice.

A servant came in and told Navoiy that he was asked by the king. The poet went out and walked toward the forty marble columned palaces on the right. He left his shoes at the threshold, opened the glittering door and entered. He bowed three times in front of Husain Boyqaro who was sitting at the top of the room and then asked permission to sit. Husain Boyqaro was a strong man with a wide chest and compact torso. His eyes were wide and sharp and they expressed both willpower and trickiness. At the same time one could notice unsteadiness, light-mindedness and a playful character through his eyes. He had a large hat decorated with pearls and a robe decorated with golden flowers, expensive stones etc. and his wide belt was decorated with golden spherical ornaments, large pearls and diamonds from Badakhshan. The windows were looking out at the beautiful garden and the walls, the ceiling was decorated with golden, silver ornaments and mosaics of the room would attract anybody's attention. There were the most beautiful silk carpets on the floor and golden chandeliers on the ceiling and original Chinese dishes and plates in the niches. One could admire them for a long time.

As usual, Navoiy asked the king how he was doing. Husain Boyqaro would also try to show him as his old friend. He talked to Navoiy about appointing new khakims to some provinces and how to treat Sulton Mahmud, the son of Abusaid Mirzo, and about other matters. Navoiy pointed out that as the khakims were supposed to be appointed people who would take care of people and be honest and polite to them. He told him that it would be better to have friendly relations with Sulton Mahmud, but if he tried to conquer Khorasan not being satisfied with Maverannakhr he was to be punished and killed. Husain Boyqaro did not object to these ideas, he kept silent and said:

- Do you know Majiddin Muhammad? - he asked suddenly.  
- Yes, I do, - Navoiy replied. - But I do not know his character.  
- He is a very clever man, - said Husain Boyqaro shaking his head. - He is serving to Mirzoi Kichik very honestly. He is very honest and appreciates us very much. I like him very much. I would like to appoint him as parvonachi<sup>1</sup> for me.

- If he is really honest, - said Navoiy hesitatingly, - and if you have checked him on your own I do not have any objections...

Husain Boyqaro didn't say anything about him anymore. He took a folded piece of paper out of his brocade mattress and handed it to the poet. Navoiy opened the expensive soft paper and looked at the king with a smile. It was a ghazal composed by Husain Boyqaro.

Husain Boyqaro was interested in poetry since his childhood. When Husain Boyqaro studied with Navoiy in his childhood they have learned poems by Persian, Turkic poets, talk about poems and verses and learn by heart the whole odes and ghazals. But Boyqaro mostly used to think about the throne and becoming a king when he was a child, so he had paid less attention to the poetry and only composed a poem from time to time.

First, Navoiy read the ghazal on his own. Then he read it loudly and beautifully. This was also another ghazal by Husain Boyqaro devoted to love, as usual. Navoiy praised the following lines very much:

*O'tka yoqqil sarvni, ul qaddi ra'no bo'lmasa,  
Yelga bergil gulni, ul ruhsori zebo bo'lmasa,  
Sarv birla gul tamoshosiga maylim yo'q turur,  
Bog' aro ul sarvi gulruhdin tamosho bo'lmasa!*

He analyzed these lines and pointed out that there were special meanings, thoughts by the poet and then he spoke as if he was arguing with someone: "Our language is so pure, colorful and expressive. It can express any spirit and sense. I am sure that our language has got more opportunities to compose poetry than the Persian language. What would our narrators and Persianist people say having read these lines? I guess they can say nothing!"

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<sup>1</sup> One of the highest occupations during the times of khanates. Parvonachi would mostly be beside the king and write decrees and orders; he would tell the king about the work.

- The lion<sup>1</sup> of poems is defending this language so who can prove the opposite of it? - said Husain Boyqaro smiling. - Our friend has demonstrated the beauty and the power of our language by his valuable works... Do you remember how you used to propagandize our language with a great love in your childhood? And you are the one who made me love our native language. And I still have that love in my heart.

Navoiy listened to these words praising him very modestly looking down. Then Husain Boyqaro said that he was going to give his poem to all the poets to write a reply to it.

- Imagine, - said Navoiy smiling, - if one hundred poets write a reply one hundred verses will be composed. It means that a flower will blossom and give a huge fruits for people!

The guardian came in and said that authorities had gathered and Husain Boyqaro let them come in. Beks, viziers, great authorities and the king's close friends came into the room dressed in Chinese silk robes and other clothes. Each of them sat where they would usually sit according to their position. The bek of beks, Muzaffar Barlos, sat down at the closest place to the king. He was very proud of his service to Husain Boyqaro when he was fighting for the throne in the deserts and mountains. He liked to show it off to everybody and that's why he behaved as if he owned a share of the government. In general, all of these people, who had been assigned to such a high positions, were famous for some features or deeds. Muhammad Burunduq Barlos comes from ancient beks, he is a very smart commander and great man. But he was fond of birds and hunting so much that if one of his birds died he would say that it would have been better if one of his sons had died instead of that bird. Zulun Argun is a stupid man but he is good at fencing and he is a very brave bek. He plays chess with his both hands. Islim Barlos is an ordinary man and brilliant at hunting and birds. He can throw a bow with such power that it will pierce into a wood. He is also a very clever man, in general. Mugulbek likes gambling very much! Badriddin was so fast that once he jumped over seven horses at a time. Said Badriddin was good at dancing because his body was also good for it. He has even invented several dances. Khoja Abdulla Marvoriy has a huge package of knowledge in every

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<sup>1</sup> Here Husain Boyqaro made a game of words. In the word "Alisher" –"sher" is translated into English as "lion". So here Boyqaro meant Alisher saying "lion" and it can be considered as one of the highest appreciation towards him (translator)



sphere of life. He plays qonun<sup>1</sup> very well. He reads verses very beautifully. His handwriting is awesome. He chooses poems very attentively and with great excitement. But unfortunately, he is brilliant at debauchery too.

Husain Boyqaro looked at the people who were bowing to him as a sign of respect with great pride as he himself liked various parties and pleasure. Then he talked to beks about the troops. He got some information about the regions from his viziers. Then he asked Sheikh ul Islam<sup>2</sup> his opinion about a case. Even though he was talking very patiently and slowly, one could notice that he was hurrying very much. Then he talked about hunting and birds. Islim Barlos opened his eyes largely as it was his sphere of knowledge. He turned to the king, stood proudly and started to give information about the types and features of birds. Muhammad Burunduq Barlos also interfered in the conversation.

The conversation about hunting slowly started to attract everybody's attention. The king listened to them sometimes smiling and sometimes thoughtfully. At last, Husain Boyqaro ordered them to get ready for a big hunt and asked Islim Barlos to be responsible for all preparations and work concerning the hunt. Then he gave him a sign to sit down. The king invited everybody to his royal party. Everybody stood up and bowed as respect towards the king and Husain Boyqaro went to other room walking proudly.

## **CHAPTER III**

### **I**

Majididdin came back from work to his house in the evening. He was greeted by the maidservant called Buston inside the house. She told him that his wife had just been taken by the servant from the palace to the king's head wife, Beka Sul-tonbegim's, party. Even though Majididdin was an envious husband he liked this news: her dignity and level attracted royal madams' attention too. This means, one of these days his wife will invite the queen and her entire servants and friends and esteemed ladies from Herat to his house too. Anyway he must take this chance and get a job from the palace!

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<sup>1</sup> Special musical instrument

<sup>2</sup> Sheikh ul Islam is the highest occupation in the Islam religion.

Majididdin entered the room and laid down. Then he asked the servant to put the candle in front of him. As he was not hungry he even did not pay any attention to the meal brought by Bustan; he just asked her to bring him some juice. Bustan poured some juice into a colorful bowl and handed to him. But she noticed that her proprietor had some bad thoughts in his mind so she tried to get out of the room quickly.

- Come here, you! Sit down. - shouted Majididdin in anger.

The servant came closer to him and sat down as if she was waiting for an order by him. She tried to hide her beautiful and sinless eyes. When she was twelve years old she was captured by desert pirates in Badakhshan and came across various conflicts and difficulties and at last, two years ago she was bought by Majididdin as a slave at the age of fourteen. So Bustan was thrown into the oppressive hands of destiny and had to survive in the most complicated situations of life, nevertheless she was still hoping and dreaming of a freedom in future. She tried to keep her purity. Bustan suspected that her owner was thinking about some affairs with her when she first met him. She could not look at his eyes when she had to meet him alone.

Majididdin emptied the bowl and wiped his beard and mustache with his handkerchief. He stared at her for some time. Then he thought that she would be more beautiful and attractive if she changed her dirty dress to a brand new silk one. Although it was a very convenient time for realizing his bad thoughts, he decided to send her to a bathhouse and dress her beautifully some day in the future and then to make love with her. He pulled his hand towards her and shook up his handkerchief right in front of her face. Bustan got frightened.

- Oh, my lovely daughter, I am going to find some friends for you one of these days, what do you say?

She was so frightened by her owner that she could say nothing but move her eyes away.

- Why are you keeping silent? I am going to bring some more girls like you. You will be the head of them. You will have less work to do then. All of you will dress up like the ladies from Bogi Eram...

These words strengthened the girl's fear and shyness even stronger. She bowed even harder and kept looking down; she did not know how to get out of the room. Fortunately, at that very moment, somebody knocked the door. Bustan ran out as if she had been

released from a cage. She ran putting on her shoes quickly. After a while she came back to him and told him that the man by the name of Abulziyo was going to meet with him. Majididdin went out slowly. Having heard a familiar voice in the darkness, Majididdin got very happy but he tried to look even more serious and proud and greeted Abulziyo, one of the most famous rich people in Khorasan and invited him inside. Abulziyo sat on a thick adras kurpacha<sup>1</sup> wiping his dark, black beard covering his thin face and said amen.

- I heard that the king appreciates you very much, - said Abulziyo with a serious face. - One of these days we will congratulate you on a new appointment, I hope.

- Where did you hear that? - Majididdin asked him pretending not to know anything.

- The king pointed you out at the meeting. I heard that from one of those who participated at that meeting...

- I heard it as well... Perhaps, if the king pays a little attention to his devoted servants, - said Majididdin and then asked his guest how he was doing.

He mentioned nothing about his flourishing business, good income and his caravans travelling to India and China. As most merchants he also pointed out his unsuccessful business.

When Mijididdin asked Bustan to have something to eat the guest refused it.

- I have just come back from a big party, - he said playing with his diamond ring on his finger, - I have come to you to settle a problem. I do not know what you will say...

- I will do my best, of course, if I can, - said Majididdin putting his hand onto his breast, - I always want to help my friends.

Abulziyo's forehead screwed up. He closed one of his eyes and stared at the candle for a moment. Then he leaned towards Majididdin.

- How is the Treasury?

Majididdin replied smiling:

- The king's treasury is like a river... But there is one difference: if water increases it will certainly flood. But the Treasury will never get flooded.

- You are completely right, - said Abulziyo, - Particularly; it is very difficult for our generous king's treasury. I guess our king likes

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<sup>1</sup> Traditional Uzbek blanket where people sit on

parties and enjoying life very much. They say that he has been organising very great parties to surprise people. And I was thinking of helping the treasury...

- How would you like to do it? – asked Majididdin getting interested in it.

- You do know that the treasury is filled by the finances from the people and nation. And I want to give the all needed money to the treasury and then I get it from the citizens step by step...

- I got you, got it, - said Majididdin impatiently, - You want to collect some of the taxes from the citizens, don't you?

- Yes, you are right, - answered Abulziyo, - if you help me, this problem will be solved quickly: and you may use Prince Mirzoyi Kichik as well. But anyway you decide what to do.

Majididdin leaned a little and played with his eyes, half closing them. Now he could see the benefits of being friends with merchants. He was completely sure that he could manage it. But he intentionally kept silent as if he had just come across a complicated issue.

- You will not visit the king alone, I have already prepared a big gift for him... and I am ready to pay you as well.

Mijididdin kept pretending again. He said that the king or some viziers could object it.

- I have not got any experience about it, - said Abulziyo, - that's why only Herat region is enough for me. I know that our king needs much money nowadays.

- All right, imagine, I take all the responsibility on me, - said Mijididdin smiling, -but I would like to have my share in this good deed. It might even be a very small share...

Abulziyo had never expected such kind of offer so he scratched his forehead. Then he said with a forced smile:

- You must become a vizier as it is your destiny and happiness. Why do you need it?

- I also want to have my own business and besides there are many viziers and beks who do their own business.

- All right, I accept this...- said Abulziyo unwillingly.

Majididdin told him that he would try to get permission on very convenient terms and he would negotiate it only on behalf of him. Besides, Majididdin told him that he himself was supposed to be his secret shareholder. Abulziyo took a sack out of his pocket and put it in front of Majididdin. Majididdin's face started to sparkle as a gold

glittering in the lights of candle. He thanked Abulziyo and put the sack under the kurpacha immediately. When the guest left, Majididdin opened the sack. He counted the golden coins one by one and then put them into his trunk. Majididdin could not sleep thinking about how to present Abulziyo's gifts as his and settle the problem through Mirzoyi Kichik.

## II

Togonbek had been enjoying life riding one of his khaja's horses in Herat for a week already. He had a new robe and a new hat on, besides, now he had money all the time. The next day right after he started to serve Majididdin, he got his inherited knife back. The nights were long and having had dinner he would run to the pub again. He even managed to become friends with the most famous alcohol drinkers, riders and shooters of the city. During the first days he used to meet his khaja seldom. Then, when Togonbek started to share his ideas with his khaja during their conversation, he started to talk to him a lot. There was almost nothing to do for Togonbek in Majididdin's house. He has just been to Majididdin's fields inherited from his father for the past two or three months to control the peasants there.

One day in the morning when Togonbek was saddling a beautiful Turkmen horse an old slave Nurbobo came up to him and said that khaja wanted to see him. Togonbek kept saddling and cleaning the horse as if he did not hear him and then said:

- Finish up the work, you, old idiot. Take the broom and clean it very thoroughly!

Togonbek cleaned his clothes at the door and then entered Majididdin's room; he stood on his knees and stared at his khaja with his sly and small eyes.

- What can I do for you?

Majididdin told him that now Abulziyo was responsible for collecting the taxes of Herat region and he also was a shareholder in this work. He also told him that he had spent much time recently and he needed some money, so he ordered him to start collecting some taxes starting that day.

- You have done a very smart thing! - said Togonbek leaning towards his khaja. - All right, a job of tax collector is not easy, but explain me what to do, please. Majididdin explained to him everything

about the taxes collected in Khorasan, types of lands and etc. As it was time for collecting the “qush tax” he explained it in detail. Then he told him about the regions which belonged to him and took a sheet of stamped paper out of the book on the niche and said: “This is your certificate, keep it in a safe place”. Togonbek took the certificate and put it into his pocket without reading it and said smiling: “So wish me good luck!” then he said goodbye to him and went out. He got on the horse saddled by Nurbobo and rode away. As usual, he rode the horse very fast and came into a village in the middle of the day. It was too hot. He rode very fast even there. He looked for a place to stay and at last stopped at a country cottage and got off the horse there. He left the tired and sweating horse under a tree and he himself went towards the shady bushes. He stopped at an old woman busy with distaff sitting at the aryk flowing fast among the thick trees.

- God help you, my mother!

The old woman did not hear him because of the noise of the distaff and the water. Togonbek pushed her with his whip. The old woman turned her thin face to him, stared at him and said:

- Come, my son, what do you want from me?

- Go and bring me some ayran<sup>1</sup>, - he ordered in a brutal voice.

The old woman shook her head with a white shawl and said: “All right, my son”. But she did not move she just shouted: “Dildor! Hey you, Dildor!” A girl came out of the ruined wall behind the trees and started to walk slowly and having seen Togonbek she got very shy and then she stopped at a distance. Dildor was a girl of sixteen or seventeen. She was a tall, slim and very attractive girl. Togonbek watched her closely and said: “She is the best of the best!” and he remembered a line read at one of the parties in Herat lately. He liked these lines very much then:

*Aningkim ol enginda meng yaratti,  
Bo'yi birla sochini teng yaratti.*

Togonbek thought: “These verses had been written especially for this girl by the poet!”

- Why did you call me, aunty?! - asked Dildor having turned red.

- Bring some ayran for your brother here, my daughter.

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<sup>1</sup> A soft drink made of milk

When Dildor was about to turn around the old woman stopped her saying “Hey...” and then she said politely:

- Over there, - the old woman pointed to the apple tree, - prepare a place over there! Would you like to have a rest, my son?

Togonbek who was watching the girl shook his head extraordinarily. The girl brought a small carpet, clean kurpacha and a pillow and prepared a place for a rest quickly. Then she brought ayran in a big bowl, handed it to Togonbek not looking at him and then she went away and started to pound something. Togonbek drank up the ayran up to the end and cleaned his mustache quickly. He put his whip and hat down and lay onto the pillow. He was still watching the girl. As Dildor was pounding something when she moved her hands her breasts would shake under the linen dress. Togonbek, who had been to various countries of the world, saw different nations and peoples and served for many khans and khakims, had never seen such a beautiful girl like Dildor before. But Togonbek dreamt of getting married to a prominent bek's or khakim's daughter, so he looked at Dildor as a tool of getting pleasure only.

The old woman stopped her work and came up to Togonbek.

- To which bek do you belong? Where are you going to? - she asked.

- I am an independent man! - Togonbek replied seriously. - Are there any men in this house? Where are they?

The old woman who has seen such kind of men a lot in her life answered him without paying any attention:

- I have an only son. He is the father of that girl. He went to hashar at our khakim's land. Our harvest and crops are left in the field, but the head of the country does not pay any attention. He is busy finding different tasks for ordinary people... Do you want to say something to my son?

- I just want to ask for money. If you pay me, that is enough for me!

The old woman's face and eyes changed strangely. And she got pale.

Are you a tax collector?

Togonbek nodded as a sign of confirmation. The old woman sat on the edge of the carpet as if she were very exhausted.

- Oh my son, - she said in a begging voice, - let god bless you and please, mercy us. We have not got anything to pay. We have

already given all what we had. We have been covered with taxes such as “qush puli”, “sohib jam”, “mirob”, “sarona” and others lately...

Togonbek said nothing. He just kept splitting around and winding himself with his handkerchief. He played with his silver whip for a while and then called the woman:

- Oh my god! God created women for gossiping and talking.

- Whom should I complain, my son?! - said the woman politely.

- Don't talk too much... put fire under the pot. Put a lot of meat into it. If you don't have wine, bring me some bouza then. Be quick, I am very hungry.

- We do not have any meat, - said the woman, - oh my son. If you want to have some pottage or noodles I can prepare it for you with pleasure.

- What about that goat? - asked Togonbek pointing to a thin goat eating some grass.

- My son, that is our neighbor's goat...-the woman tried to assure him.

It does not make any difference! - said Togonbek.

The old woman looked down thoughtfully and kept silent for a while. An apple fell down from the tree right beside Togonbek. Togonbek took the apple and smelt it, and then he spoke to Dildor: “This is yours. Take it from my hands and I wish my God would give you to me some day!”

Dildor put the pound down and ran away. Togonbek's hand was left in the air frozen and untouched. After a while he threw the apple with anger. His small eyes burnt very badly and his lips shivered. The old woman looked at him with fear: “Don't get upset, my son, she is a very shy girl... I will bring you some more bouza again. Then I will cook some meal for you, my son”, - she said and stood up.

- Call the head of the region, -shouted Togonbek behind her with anger. - if you don't pay the tax today I will rip out your livers instead of the money!

The old woman turned around and started to shiver: “I think he comes from juji's dynasty. Oh my god, please, punish the authorities!” she went towards the goat. She wanted to hide it from his eyes but then she changed her mind in order not to get Togonbek angrier. She walked towards the farmstead to get a meal ready for the tax collector.

Togonbek was lying under the tree sometimes getting sleepy and sometimes getting watchful. The head of the village came up to him



tired and sweating of the heat. Togonbek, who had already calmed down, explained to him his purpose. The head of the village always tried to cover his villagers from various unfair taxes even though he never paid taxes himself. Although he understood that it was useless to persuade him according to his treatment and face he did not give up and gave it a shot.

- Oh my son, - he said wiping the sweat off his forehead, - we have paid the tax called “ushr” recently and thought that we were out of problems for a while, but it is not high time to pay the tax which you are demanding now. Each tax has got its own period and time. I am aware of these things very well. Just think about it, my son.

- Tell some meaningful words, sir! - Togonbek shouted. - I work according to my khaja’s order and words.

-To tell the truth, my son, nowadays peasants are hungry and bare, - said the head of the village. - it is impossible to ask them for something until they get the harvest.

- I know that many lands belong to blue blooded people. And they do not have to pay this tax. If the peasants are hungry how shall we collect the tax then? - shouted Togonbek.

The head of the village kept silent for a while to get a rest. Then he whispered as if he was talking to himself:

- I think that a conflict might come out if we start collecting the tax in an inappropriate time...

- Have you come here to frighten me, sir? - said Togonbek suddenly. - Thank God, I have seen many battles in my life...

- Oh my son, - said the head of the village, - I had already understood that you were a brave and strong man when I saw you for the first time at a distance. I can assure you about it. Just I would like to tell that people of our village are somehow a little bit hot blooded ones. They were about to complain to the capital city about some authorities the other day. If you act carefully you will not come across any problems and get your money in a peaceful way...

- Togonbek stood up as if he had lost his temper.

- Please, follow me, I will gather the tax with my rules and ways and you will just watch me!

The head of the village stood up. He gave a sign to the old woman among the trees who had been gathering wood to feed Togonbek’s horse and left for the village with Togonbek.

Dildor ran towards her grandmother and said: “Where has Mongol disappeared?” The old woman told her that he had gone to the village to gather the tax and asked her to feed his horse. The girl approached the horse damning him a lot. She had a look at its silver ornaments with pleasure and then released its reins. Then she took its reins and pulled it to a place with bunch of grass. Then she came back to the old woman. She wanted to help her. Dildor grew up in her grandmother’s hands after her mother’s death so she liked her grandmother as her mother.

- What are you going to cook? - Dildor asked.

- I want to cook omelette for the villain...

-You are just wasting your time, granny, - said Dildor with sorrow. - he is just like a dog which bark and that’s all. Does he need for the poor’s meal?

- The old woman kept silent. As she was walking to the farmstead with some wood in her hands, she stopped suddenly.

- You’d better be in some other place, my daughter, - said the old woman with a worried tone, - take the goat and be in some other place further than our house. Do you understand me?

Dildor nodded with a smile on her lips like cherries and brought the goat. She went into the thick bushes. She came to a wide wheat field glittering as gold. She tied the goat to a tree and then she put her legs into the pond and sat alone in silence. After a while she got bored. The birds sang for a short period of time and then got silent again. Dildor has been collecting very tiny flowers on the ground to kill both boredom and time when suddenly a shivering sound was heard behind her. She got frightened and looked up with her scared eyes. Arslankul appeared behind the trees. She felt very happy to see him. She freshened up a little and gathered her hair with her fingers.

Arslankul was a handsome guy of eighteen. He was a very ordinary person who had grown up in hard labor and one could notice naïve feelings in his eyes. He came from this village and was used to the pasture, served in the fields of landowners and dug the fields from his childhood. Now he has been working as a servant in one of the blueblood man’s fields for the past three to four years. Dildor and Arslankul were united by pure love to each other two years ago. They both grew up in the hands of nature and they both worked together in their childhoods. Both the old woman and her father agreed to their marriage. But the wedding day has not been appointed yet.

Arslankul stretched his legs and sat right next to the girl. He wiped the sweat off his face. He ploughed his collars and looked at Dildor with a smile.

- You have done a great job hiding the goat: hungry wolves can be very bad.

- Dildor said:

- Have you met my granny?

- Yes, I have, - Arslankul replied. - but I knew about it before I met her.

- Have you seen that man? I have never seen the tax collector who could have even a tiny piece of justice.

- He is threatening the entire village, - answered Arslankul sadly.

- He is very angry, they say...

- What shall we do if he tries to get us pay some tax? We do not even have a coin... - said Dildor worriedly.

Arslankul answered the following:

- He will roam in this region for a long time. If we ask him for time we will be able to pay, I guess. Are we paying this tax for the first time? Of course, no!

Dildor sighed feeling ease. Arslankul was very glad to remove the anxiousness from the girl. He came closer to the girl. He caressed the girl's hair. Dildor looked around first and then hugged the boy. Arslankul also hugged her and kissed her beautiful lips...

The girl released herself, collected her hair and went farther as if she were angry with him for kissing. Arslankul also came closer smiling. The girl started to run. Then they laughed at their manners. When Arslankul promised her that he would not do anything, Dildor came up to him again. The guy told her about his work. He told her that he was going to go to Herat to shop for himself and Dildor in autumn when he got his money from his khaja for gathering his harvest. Dildor asked him about the Herat market and the goods sold there. She had heard about them from grownups before she was just trying to make some clarifications about them. Even though Arslankul had been to this big city only twice (for very short period of time) he told her about Kashmir and Chinese silks sold by dealers and about many other things. Their souls were filled with hope and pleasure, they had already forgotten about the difficulties of life.

They left the goat there and went home for lunch. Arslankul went faster. When Dildor approached the house she saw Togonbek,

the head of village and some of her scared fellow-villagers, so she did not go towards them she just went behind the wall.

Arslankul came up to them and sat a little bit farther than the people at the aryk. There were several cows, ox and sheep tied to the trees there. He understood that the tax collector brought them as a guarantee. He tried to show his anger and his face got very serious and sad.

Many peasants were bringing several meals for the tax collector. Togonbek and the head of the village were busy with calculations, so they did not even look at the meals. At last, when they finished calculations he tried some of the meals and then stood up suddenly. He gave the cows and sheep to the head of the village and told him to gather all his wards until he came back from the Foryon village. Then he petted his horse for some time, got onto it and rode away. The head of the village held his collar and shook his head and said: “Adjure this villain. Let him fall off his horse and die!”

The people pointed their hands and said: “We have to complain to the king about him!”

## CHAPTER IV

### I

A large square at the main gate of Bogi Zogon was filled with military men. Soldiers and warriors were coming from different sides. The horses were neighing and flags were shivering. The chain armor and steel helmets were sparkling in the sun. The silver handles of beks’ whips, silver ornaments on horses’ tools, the precious golden, diamond stones of swords were glittering. There were both old and young warriors among them. A usual life of Herat was still going on despite the big celebration. Herat has seen such kind of days many times in its past! If we do not take into consideration the children playing among the horses, all the other people were saying: “The king is about to attack Muhammad Yodgor. Good luck to him. The country should be in peace!” they would just say these words and keep working...

And at last, Islim Barlos appeared holding his special arms and led the troops.

Husayn Boyqaro came out on his horse through Bogi Zogon Gate.

It was very difficult to notice his sparkling royal clothes on his horse as it was decorated even better than him. His horse was dark black. Husain Boyqaro was one the best fighters in Temur's dynasty. He was holding the reins of his horse and proudly sat on it; and his horse was walking chewing its bit. Beks, commanders and respected people from honoured families were following him. They all were riding the best horses in Khorasan.

A bunch of guardians were going in front of the king giving a sign that the king was coming and they stopped people on donkeys and horses: make them get off the donkeys and if a person was on foot they made him lean against the wall on both sides of the street. Someone could even be beaten with a whip any time. The owners of shops were out and expecting the king to pass...

A group of students were standing at the gate of Gavharshodbegim Madrasah. They were discussing Yodgor Mirzo who started a mutiny in Astrobod and they were trying to guess how he was connected to Temur's dynasty. Besides, they were talking about various princes, whether they were alive, dead, coronated or not, famous or unknown. Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin were having a very interesting conversation and making everybody laugh. When a very strong, serious and squint-eyed guardian was passing them Zayniddin cried out:

*Hech kasro nazdi dud naguzoshti,  
In du shohi gov gar har doshti<sup>1</sup>*

His friends tried not to laugh, biting their lips, but when the guardian did not understand the irony they all burst into laughter immediately. Sul-tonmurod clapped his friend's shoulders and said: "if you were not here we would have already forgotten the laughter in this world..."

When Husayn Boyqaro approached them solemnly, all students put their hands together as a sign of respect. When Sul-tonmurod looked up the king had already passed away. He saw Navoiy. Navoiy was going together with Khoja Afzal, poet Saykhim Sulahliy,

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<sup>1</sup> If a donkey had ox's horns, it would not let anybody come close to it.

Kamoliddin Husain Kozargohiy, but he was holding the reigns of his horse weakly and not paying any attention to the noise and celebration as if he was thinking about his own dreams, ideas. The poet expressed his respect and appreciation with a smile to the students who were looking at him with love and happiness.

The usual life on the streets began again. The student went into the madrassah and disappeared. Sul-tonmurod did not want to go into the hujra again and carried on reading. He was to find some rare books which he needed. Suddenly he remembered that he wanted to meet with the chemist Mavlon Abdulahad for a long time. He went towards darvozai Qipchoq Gate of the city immediately without thinking it over.

He stopped at a shabby house which was opposite to a big silent cemetery covered with many plain trees and elms where there was a grave of a holy person of Herat. He started to knock on the door which was decorated with curved flowers which used to be the best examples of the past. The door was now very old. No one answered so he began to knock harder. One of the passers-by told him that the owner had gone deaf pointing at his own ears. Then he told him that he could go in without any doubts. He recalled that the owner of the house was deaf immediately so he smiled and went in. He stopped in the middle of the yard which looked like an abandoned place covered with various wild plants and stood in deep silence for a while. He had a look around and then went towards a big and high house which looked like a fortress where the chimney was smoking. When he came closer to the house its small and unattractive door was opened and a man with a clay jug in his hand came out. He had a dirty hat on his big and round head; he was wearing old torn and spotted overalls; his eyes were in tears, the cheeks of his serious and majestic face were glittering and his white beard had already turned into yellowish color. This man who was about fifty years old was a famous chemist and poet Abdulahad. He had been studying chemistry here alone for the past twenty years: he made various experiments on different materials and worked on his interesting and surprising subject of study with great patience and inspiration. His eyesight and hearing had gone bad from the fires and influence of various materials.

The chemist was shocked to see this unfamiliar guy. His entire appearance changed and showed his dissatisfaction. As Sul-tonmurod knew such kind of people's character he thought that it was a usual

case for him. He came up to the chemist fast and bowed as a sign of greeting and appreciation. The chemist examined him thoroughly and expressed his despondence with a deep sigh.

- Why have you come to my place? - he asked slowly but with an unsatisfied tone.

- Sul-ton-murod kept silent. He did his best to attract the scientist's attention and appreciation. First, he praised him a lot and then he introduced himself and told him why he had come there.

- I cannot be friends with a man who interrupts my lesson, - said the chemist with the same tone again.

- Sir, - said Sul-ton-murod with appreciation again, -I am a kind of person who considers a complicated life devoted to science and knowledge as a great one. You are Jafar<sup>1</sup> in the field of chemistry. Your every word is more valuable than any gold and diamonds for people like me who are eager to learn. Allah praised you with such a great gift and talent in science, and I think you should share it with other people like me.

Abdulahad frowned by his burnt eyebrows and went away saying nothing. Sul-ton-murod now was hopeless that the chemist would receive him and just kept looking behind him. The scientist poured some darkish liquid in a jug into the pit in the middle of the yard and came closer to him looking down and asked him with a very secret voice:

- Are you sure that you want to learn chemistry?

- What should I do to prove it to you? - asked Sul-ton-murod.

- Welcome, my son!

Sul-ton-murod got very happy to hear that and followed the scientist into the house. This "chemistry laboratory" resembled the large khonaqoh of a mosque. As there were two large holes on its blackened ceiling so the room was not dark. There were many clay jugs of various sizes, copper and iron dishes, strange glasses and other things in the niches of the room. High and low pockets, lined up in an elevated part of the lab, were not like ordinary ovens. In some of them the fire was burning brightly. In a vessel, similar to the pot, something was steaming fragrantly.

For Sul-ton-murod it seemed that he was surrounded by some witchcraft. No matter how strong was his desire to learn the secrets of

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<sup>1</sup> An ancient Arab chemist

alchemy, no matter how he loved the mysterious experiments of the man, he did not dare to touch any vessel? Abdulahad seemed as if he had forgotten about Sul-tonmurod completely. Without uttering a sound, the man diligently carried on doing his job: watching the fire, odorants seething in the vessels and sometimes he mixed them. Sometimes he retreated into the room, and then he came back again and took something to pound in a mortar.

After spending two hours in silence, Abdulahad approached the young man, who huddled in a corner, watching every movement of the scientist. This time he smiled without irony and he looked at Sul-tonmurod.

- Science of alchemy - he said in a whisper, is the science of the innermost secrets, the science of the invisible eyes of the uninitiated may prevent the disclosure of its mysteries.

- Dear Mentor, - said Sul-tonmurod begging - don't doubt the purity of intention of your servant. Your insignificant servant wants one thing - knowledge. Nothing other than that, do not throw shadows on the mirror of his soul. There are three basic things in our lives which cannot exist without other three things: the goods without trade, government without solid state policy, science without an exchange of views. Sir, in the exchange of opinions from the collision of thoughts the fire of truth will be flashed!

The alchemist seemed as if softened a little. After talking to Sul-tonmurod for a moment, he could not hide the fact that he was amazed by the sharpness of mind and vast knowledge of this young man. Apparently he had no more doubts about him, the scientist began to disclose the secrets of his science to Sul-tonmurod. After outlining the theory of ancient Greek and Arab sages about the structure of the world and the famous "four elements", Abdulahad told him that the basis of these elements was a single entity, a certain substance; that there are seven substances corresponding to seven planets: the sun corresponds to gold, silver to the moon, copper to the Venus and so on. But the more the alchemist talked, the denser he dropped into the veil of secrecy. He divided metals into two groups. The first group he called "patients" suffering from defects substances. With passionate excitement he said that the disadvantages of these metals can be removed by chemical means and by means of a substance, which he called "elixir", erected in the highest degree: mercury could be converted to silver, copper to gold. Sul-tonmurod knew this entire



staff. But Sultonmurod got tired of listening to him patiently. But he did not dare to interrupt the scientist who devoted his life to chemistry.

Finally, when one of the hearths drawn sharp suffocated him, the alchemist quickly got up and ran over to the fire, started fiddling with some substances.

In the evening Abdulahad boiled water in a jug and spread out the tablecloth.

In the same room where countless experiments had been performed, and in the flickering flame of a candle they ate bread with raisins and held discussion about chemistry.

The next day the young scientist with a passionate enthusiasm got into alchemy. Working with various substances, he burned his hands and clothes. He, reasoned with Abdulahad, about changing of substances for hours, sometimes they even argued. Getting into the work so hard Sultonmurod didn't not even notice the sunset, so he did fifteen consecutive days. Then he said goodbye to the scientist and left.

The time was past noon. Approaching the city center, Sultonmurod started to notice something unusual in the eyes of passers-by, authorities, nukers<sup>1</sup> and bustling children running around. He understood that something very important had happened. Stopping a painter who was quickly walking past, waving vigorously painted blue hands, Sultonmurod began questioning him. Dyer said impatiently:

- Mullah, the people have got a lot of trouble. Which one shall I tell you? - ran away. Sultonmurod got very scared. He quickly went behind the painter. He came to the chancellery. There was a huge crowd in front of the couch in the square mostly urban artisans and there were all sorts of professions and continuity of farmers from the surrounding villages. The people were unarmed, but the anger that burned in their eyes, concentrated severe facial expression said that it was a terrible force about ready to explode. Sultonmurod got frightened having seen the situation. Furtively looking around, they huddled around. The warriors were pale. They were looking around threatened of what was going to happen... Sultonmurod as a cautious man who first feels stranded in a terrible thread and then rushes into

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<sup>1</sup> Ancient Asian warriors

the deep water, he listened to the conversation. People were complaining to each other about the unfairness of the tax collectors, the severity of taxes; they were loudly scolding some officials.

- Khoja Abdullo, Khoja Qutbiddin, Nizomiddin Bahtiyor must face us! - shouted hundreds of voices.

A timid looking gray bearded old man with tears complained to Sul-tonmurod: "The king is Muslim, so are the viziers. But even so the infidel will not oppress his people so much. Fairness and justice has gone in the country! We have been ravaged by taxes. Some ragged peasant shouted right next to Sul-tonmurod's ears:

- We do not leave here until you give out Togonbek!

- Which Togonbek, brother? - Sul-tonmurod asked touching his shoulder.

- A newborn dog showed up... - we know Togonbek! - waved farmer and disappeared in the crowd.

Sul-tonmurod wandered long in the jostle of excited people. He understood the underlying cause of the disturbance from fragmented phrases, full of rage and grief. After the king and many Viziers left Herat, Khoja Abdullah, Khoja Qutbiddin, Nizamiddin Bakhtiar and other officials illegally introduced new taxes. Using the absence of control, they tried as soon as possible to collect money not to the treasury but into their pockets. They used the most heinous means of punishing and persecuting the people, trampling on their rights. Sul-tonmurod who dedicated his life to science, usually kept away from the ordinary people. What is an ordinary human being, how he lives, what he thinks about - these questions have never come to Sul-tonmurod's mind. He believed that people are a throng. He was convinced that a person can only be perfected through science; Sul-tonmurod believed that disaster people do not see anything without science and they were just the result of ignorance. Now, after witnessing the storm of ordinary people's anger, he realized the absurdity of his views and ideas. After all, he made up his mind that policymakers like Khoja Abdullah, Khoja Qutbiddin also enjoyed the fruits of science, yet they satisfy their greed and selfish desires from people and it was unbearable violence and insults. So, it's not some knowledge thing! Besides knowledge, officials need many other qualities to control people and to make their lives bearable.

Suddenly, the crowd moved like the sea, raging against strong winds. Sul-tonmurod wanted to step aside, but the stream of people

swept him along. There was a dump at the gates of the chancellery. Crowd, shouting, rushed inside and spread over a wide, tree-lined courtyard in the window of tax administration, hundreds of stones flew with a whistle... Khoja Abdullah jumped out of the window and ran towards the trees. Whistling stones ran after him. Here he paused for a moment and grabbed his head, - his white turban was drowned in blood. The people broke cries of joy; he was wounded, managed to hide behind trees. People began to search Khoja Nizamiddin Bakhtiyor now, but it turned out that Nizamiddin was hiding in a madrassah being scared to go home, riots broke out again, but he managed to flee.

Towards the evening prayer rage of the people start to cool down and part of the crowd dispersed, another part of the crowd marched to some other official's house. Sul-tonmurod was tired of the hustle and screams of excitement so he went to his madrassah. Having finished the evening prayer, he came back to the madrassah after it got dark. Eager to share their impressions, the young man entered Zayniddin's room, but he could not find his friend there and went to Aloiddin Mashhadiy's hujra. The poet, in the dim light of a finger size candle, was sitting, as usual, on a colorful carpet and said something to Togonbek who was stuck in the corner as a stump. In the hearth the fire was burning brightly. Meat was being cooked in the pot. A few bottles of wine stood near Togonbek...

Having greeted each other, Sul-tonmurod asked excitedly:

- Have you heard?

- About what? - Asked Aloiddin.

- There is an extraordinary thing going on outside. The people demand justice, their voices are shaking entire Heart... - Sul-tonmurod said excitedly.

- We have heard - said Aloiddin, looking at the pot with greed. - It's not the people, it is roaring wild beasts!

Sul-tonmurod realized that this poor creature was useless to argue, he sarcastically asked Togonbek:

- You have taken some position lately, - he said smiling sarcastically, - but you have been hiding it from us? Thank God, now we know what your job is... My advice to you: leave for somewhere far away tonight!

- What have I done wrong to the people? - Togonbek asked quietly.

The people smashed Khoja Abdullah Khatyb's head - said Sul-tonmurod - threw stones of curse towards your name as well.

Although Togonbek's face did not change, still his tongue did not move and Aloiddin squinted irritably to Sul-tonmurod.

- Togonbek is like a mountain and there is a whole mountain range behind him as well! - he shouted angrily

- You are right, I believe you, but the storm of people's anger cannot be defeated by any mountain! - Sul-tonmurod replied and left the room.

## CHAPTER V

### I

Husayn's troops were encamped between Janushkhan and Isfarain. Mirza Yadgar had also gathered his troops somewhere near him hoping to seize power in Khorasan.

Yadgar Muhammad is a young prince from Timur's dynasty. He was not like other Timurids, who barely standing on his feet mastered the art of war and, not even growing a mustache, rode on horseback and led thousands of young men and tempered in the struggle for power, found delight in the hardships of hiking and noisy battles. Mirza Yadgar grew up in the hall and bliss. He was given the pleasures of life, serenely floating in a sea of wine, love and music. He was not tormented in the desire for power. Anyway, it lurked in his heart, but only as a sweet distant dream. The will of the prince was in the hands of his beks and seasoned educators who sought to provoke a gentle, dreamy heart thirsty for bloody battles for glory and power in the boy's passion. His aunt Payyanda Sultanbegim, who had much experience in public affairs, also incited him to fight for the throne of Khorasan. In addition, he received considerable reinforcement from Turkmen Sultan Hasanbek. The conceited prince marched against the ruler of Jurjan - Emir Zohid Tarkhiy and easily won. Capturing Jurjan, he conceived hope to capture the capital of Khorasan and assume the crown.

Husayn Boyqaro was getting ready for a decisive battle to protect himself from the unexpected attack by the enemy though he was not surrounded by a moat of his camp, yet all sides securely fenced themselves by reinforced guard. Almost every day Yadgar's warriors would appear near his camp and they would throw arrows

toward the camp for an hour, then they would disappear as suddenly as they had appeared. Sometimes the advanced detachments encountered belligerence, at that time both sides would shout at each other or grapple. After these short but violent clashes the opponents who had lost a few people and shed a lot of hot blood, would return to their camps...

Navoiy, who lived alone in a modest tent, was sad and worried. Almost every day he saw dozens of severed heads. Who laid down their heads in the interests of people who sow discord in the state, who was not firmly against "the former civil wars? For what the people who have the same blood, flesh and lifestyle, the same origin, a unique language and past divided into two hostile camps and began to destroy each other? The poet thought about the history of these people. An endless string of terrible pictures have stretched right before his eyes. Yet Timur barely closed his eyes forever and his dead body had been buried when his sons began discord among themselves. The only consequence, the only result of a power struggle was a spraying state and wanton. Navoiy fierce in anger: Mirza Yadgar raised his axe over one branch of the tree, which apparently was still able to survive and grow.

When news about uprising spread, Mirza Yadgar came to Herat Navoiy urged Husayn Boyqaro to march immediately. Navoiy wanted to strengthen the power of Sultan Husayn in Khorasan not only because of the friendship that bound them since childhood. He also noticed a talented poet and patron of science in Sultan Husayn. Besides, Husayn Boyqaro knew military strategy and was good at fighting on the battlefield; he often showed heroic courage and courage in battles. Navoiy, who longed to see fairness, justice and sovereignty, expected many things from Husayn Boyqaro.

Although the poet seemed to be having a quiet life in his modest tent, he actually worked diligently to strengthen the forces: he tried to collect information about the forces of the enemy, the intentions of Mirza Yadgar. Finally, the decisive days came. Husayn Boyqaro called a large council.

He came out of a large silk tent guarded by special warriors and spoke about the rules of the war to Navoiy and several other experienced military commanders. These rulers and warriors had already been formed in incessant battles in the times of Chingizkhan, when the storm of fire and a sea of blood flooded over continents and

kingdoms, and they were in the bloody campaigns against Timur that's why they had good experience in such battles and they started to give advice to Husayn Boyqaro. The beks expressed their views on how to advance the attack and who was supposed to be appointed as a commander of individual units. Husayn Boyqaro who was now more attentive and focused than usual, supported their planned activities. Then he looked at the gathered with delight and excitement:

- Now we must turn to the book of heaven, mustn't we?

Broad, clumsy Islim Barlos nodded. Raising his eyes to the ceiling covered with braid of fringe even though he could not see the sky and said thoughtfully:

- Of course... What will the stars say?

The Sultan looked at his viziers.

- We have to call an astrologer here. Maybe he will announce that the star has risen favorable for us - the sultan said looking at Navoiy.

- And what will your Majesty do if odds say the opposite? - Navoiy asked with a smile.

Husayn Boyqaro did not try to answer.

- In that case we will only expect favorable time. On the day when our star will rise, we will sit on the horses too.

Beks started to look at both Navoiy and the sovereign from time to time but they kept silence.

- Great Sovereign, - said cautiously Navoiy - in our opinion, in any case one should follow the instructions of his mind. Everything is ready for our victory and there is no need to consult with the stars. You know, I am not a military man but I have studied the positions of both sides and the current situation for a long time and I think that this is an opportune moment for us. In the morning, when the sun rises you should raise your flag of victory.

- But we all know, - seriously and with conviction said Husayn Boyqaro - if there is no appointed time for a battle, victory averts its face. Therefore, commanders must consider the favorable time of a battle and consult with astrologers.

- History shows, - said Navoiy. - many trips that started in agreement with the predictions of astrologers ended tragically. There are more imaginations than reality in consideration of astrologers. I repeat once again we should attack the enemy at the dawn.

Zulnun Arbunbek combed his thick beard with his thick fingers. He seemed to be bored of disputes. Straightening up, he took a deep breath and, as usual, he said sharply and imperiously:

- There is much sense in our vizier's words... We have seen that there is no permanence in stars. Predictions often turn out to be a cry instead of joy!

Other lords were forced to agree with Navoiy and they strongly encouraged the sovereign. Then the meeting ended.

Servants helped Husayn Boyqaro put on his chain armor and helmet, tie up to his waist with a golden sword decorated with precious stones and also he hang a quiver and bow decorated similarly to his sword. Sovereign firmly stepped and came out of the tent. It was almost dawn... exhausted stars twinkled at a distance over the slumbering mountains shrouded in mist. Cool slight steppe wind ruffled the silk of the tents. The warriors were up. One could notice that they were hasty with their preparations for the big battle.

Padishah got on the horse decorated with gold and precious stones, which had been brought by his special servants. Surrounded by armed beks, Husayn Boyqaro rode into the troops quickly. Here he watched the preparations of the warriors attentively. Valibek, Mirzoi Kichik and Islim Barlos were appointed as commanders of the right wing, the left one was commanded by Emir Badriddin. He chose the most experienced and brave warriors among his troops and created the front side of the troops and they were entrusted under the commandership of Sheikh Timur and Zulnun Argunbek.

As the sun started to rise the troops lined up and moved slowly towards the enemy. Swords, armor, lances and axes gleamed in the golden beams of the sun. The horses were shaking their heads impatiently trying to run. The faces of the warriors and beks were severe and cold.

Husayn Boyqaro went to the heart of the troops "like the soul in the human body," as for the words of the famous historian of that time. Loyal generals and horsemen surrounded him.

Guardians reported that Mirza Yadgar hastily rearranged his troops and apparently was preparing to resist. Husayn Boyqaro ordered to attack immediately. Karnays, surnays and drums started to be played. When the hostile army was seen at a distance, Islim Barlos and Valibek attacked to the left wing of Mirza Yadgar. Sheikh Timur and Zulnun Argunbek, trying to get to the back side of the enemy's

troops, rushed at a gallop. Emir Badriddin boldly led his troops against the right wing of the enemy. The parts of Mirza Yadgar's troops under the leadership of Emir Ahmadali Barlos tried to repel the attack by Valibek and Islim Barlos: arrows rained continuously. But skilled Valibek and Islim Barlos who could fight like lions began to restrict the enemy. Cries became louder. Even though Emir Ahmadali Barlos strongly encouraged his warriors they stood huddling together and did not dare to move forward. When dozens of riders in the front rows were killed and their horses fell, confusion and disorder increased. Besides, as usual, Mongol warriors of Mirza Yadgar started to collect loot. They started to beat their own people instead of the enemy and took off their clothes and arms.

The right wing of Mirza Yadgar was in a hot battle. Emir Badriddin who was as light as a tit and tenacious like a hawk was gradually oppressing the enemy. Suddenly Turkmen horsemen of Mirza Yadgar's troops rushed to the very center of Husayn Boyqaro's troops. They shot a hail of arrows, but thousands of whistling arrows did not stop brave Turkmen warriors. Turkmens were approaching, waving their swords and shooting continuous arrows and they attacked the front wing of the enemy. A group of Turkmens broke towards Sultan Husayn. The guardians, surrounding the sovereign, tried to protect him with their swords and pikes. The people fell down, swords were broken, horses were left without riders and asked saddles and reins were dangling and they were roaming in various directions.

Husayn Boyqaro anxiously looked around. Dust hampered him to watch the battle. Finally, he could not take it anymore so he drew out his sword and rushed upon the enemy with his personal bodyguards. His huge horse broke into the battle. Husayn Boyqaro knew how to fight. Fighting for the throne he had led continuous years of wars and perfected his art of sword fighting. Even now he was fighting very well. His warriors also fought bravely beside their king not noticing the dead ones. They managed to push back the enemy, but the battle did not end here. The right and left wing forces of Mirza Yadgar had been broken and started to run away disorderly. This event has undermined the morale of the Turkmens. Now they were not eager to fight. Boyqaro's warriors intoxicated with the wind of victory ran after the enemy with loud cries. Clouds of choking and blinding dust rose into the air. Husayn Boyqaro's warriors, expelling Mirza Yadgar detachments scattered over a



distance of several farsahs and towards the night they returned with lots of loots and prisoners. Some of the prisoners, mostly commanders, were killed immediately. Then karnays and surnays were played at once to announce the victory.

## II

The poet entered the luxurious silk tent, which was surrounded by guards. At first glance, Husayn Boyqaro was sitting on a cushion embroidered with gold; Navoiy noticed that the Sultan was concerned about something. With a formal bow, he sat beside the Sultan after his sign. There were not any true beks and viziers in the tent. Poet Hasanali Jalayir was sitting far away from the Sultan, putting on his knees a beautifully covered book. Majdiddin Muhammad, was sitting at a distance. Several interlocutors whose task was constantly to be present with the sultan and entertain him with their jokes and anecdotes, now were trying not to meet the angry Husayn's eyes. Navoiy did not notice any strange thing in him, because he knew that the situation was not easy. Husayn Boyqaro had not rejoiced by the victory over Mirza Yadgar too long. Recently the camp started to receive unpleasant news such as Mirza Yadgar gathered a large army again and that Emir Hasanbek helped him with several thousand nukers<sup>1</sup>. They said that Sultan Mahmud with his army was waiting for a battle on the banks of the Amu, intending to attack Khorasan. Besides, many beks and warriors, who conspired with Mirza Yadgar, secretly left the camp of Husayn Boyqaro.

Navoiy asked the sultan about his health. Husayn Boyqaro said that the messenger arrived from Herat and looked at Navoiy seriously. Then he took a letter under his pillow and handed it to Navoiy. He carefully read the letter, then put it on his knee and turned to the Sultan looking down. Then he read the letter again. When he completely understood the situation he put the letter beside him on a satin kurpacha and looked at the Sultan. There was not any sense of fear, confusion or surprise in his look. His eyes retained their usual confidence and thoughtfulness. Unable to hide his excitement, the sultan said bitterly:

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<sup>1</sup> warriors

- What can we do to suppress the rebellious vagrants in the capital? We have talked about it to our emirs and beks. Maybe we will hear some good advice from you...

Navoiy, with his usual stately elegance and softness, replied:

- Great Sovereign, the fate and life of Khorasan are in your hands. What do you think about this sad event?

- We obtained the crown with the power of sword - after a moment of silence snapped Husayn Boyqaro. - The same sword must act to strengthen it.

The answer did not confuse the poet. Although the descendants of the lame Emir, who conquered the half of the world, were able to wield the sword well, they liked to boast rather than wielding the sword, they were fond of wine and cheerful feasts more than a battlefield. The poet believed that he could give some good advice to Sultan Husayn. But sometimes insignificant reason could inflate his anger like the wind. Navoiy slowly said:

- Sultan, you must be a skilled doctor and be able to heal the wounded hearts. According to your humble servant, the sword is not needed here!

Husayn Boyqaro did not answer, he just kept looking at the ceiling of the tent. All others were also keeping silence.

Painful silence was broken by Majdiddin Muhammad:

- Truly, - he said, proudly looking at Navoiy - Plan of His Majesty the Sultan is the fruit of a sound mind in the world -. To educate rude people you need a sword, or at least a stick. The people do not deserve mercy and grace.

- The point is truth and justice - Navoiy said trying to contain his anger. - Do not tear the mouth which utters the truth - you have to chop off hands which are eager to shake the foundations of the truth. The right of the Sultan is to collect taxes, but they should not be a source of enrichment for several nefarious people! The collection of taxes should have certain laws and regulations, it is necessary to adapt them to the property status of the population. I repeat again and again, the fury of the people is to be justified. Our duty is to listen to people and listen patiently to their complaints.

- Things have gone too far, - retorted Husayn Boyqaro. - When the people who serve us have been stoned it is an insult to the crown. They could have written complaints instead of fighting against us.

- In our opinion, this is not so, - said Navoiy. - The crown of power is like the sun in the sky. The attitude to power is a stone thrown into the head of some insatiable dragon like Khoja Abdullah Khatib. If people are taking up the stones, then there is something like a mountain in their hearts, and it should be rinsed with the water of justice.

Husayn Boyqaro kept silence. He hesitated. Then he pointed his narrow, shifty eyes to the poet and said sadly:

- Ungrateful people like Khoja Abdullah will be punished for sure. But the rebels, who have violated the peace in the capital, must be punished too... At least for deterrence, we have to fine them in order they will not dare to raise a rebellion again in the future ...

Navoiy sighed secretly. In order to break the stubbornness of the Sultan, he said seriously:

- Your majesty, if life and property of the people had been given to the wolves and if people are moaning in the clutches of these bloodthirsty creatures, it would be unfair not to listen to their moans. There is a need for mercy now. In relation to the people one should not rely on the sword, it is necessary to save the people from violence and oppression. People are like a broad river: if it comes out of the coast, it spares neither the royal palace nor the poor man's hut. In addition, if its fire sparks and burns both the grass and the sky will be damaged... So we have to do good deeds. If the country and people are happy - the power will be safe.

The sultan did not hesitate any longer, but he did not dare to act contrary to some beks and advisers; on the other hand, the bad prevailing military situation dictated the need for rapid suppression of the rebellion in the heart of the state - Herat. Husayn Boyqaro finally decided:

- We have accepted your ideas completely. We instruct you to perform this delicate matter. By the will of Allah, an experienced and resourceful man like you will soon restore peace and tranquility in our capital. We will let you immediately begin preparations for the journey.

Navoiy, as usual, did not object as it was useful for both the people and the country. He just bowed in assent, and asked:

- What kind of gift will I bring the poor long-suffering residents of the capital? What medicine will cure them?

- The whole world knows that I am the emperor but not a doctor, - answered Husayn Boyqaro making a joke.

Navoiy loved funny witty speeches. He could answer eloquently to the sultan, but this time he just smiled and continued in a serious voice:

- When your servant will arrive in the capital, he should please the townspeople with something. I would like you to give me your decree.

- What should I write there? - asked the Emperor.

- The decree should be like the sun for the people - said Navoiy.  
- Each word of this decree shall be like the sea of justice! It should promise that the heads of cruel, hypocritical officials looting people's wealth will be hailed with stones.

Husayn Boyqaro did not answer he just smiled slyly. Then he spoke about other matters that should be fulfilled in Herat. When the poet rose to go, the Sultan said:

- Get ready for the journey. We will soon draw up and hand you the decree.

Navoiy walked slowly toward his tent. He took off his coat and tried to relax for a moment. But now his whole soul was in Herat and his mind was occupied by various thoughts and plans.

A servant brought food from the common pot. After eating some meat, the poet put aside the dish. Instead of sorbet he demanded a cup of cold buttermilk. Then he gathered chess pieces scattered on the carpet. He really wanted to invite someone from the players who lived in the neighboring tents, but he was afraid to get excited about the game and be late for the journey. He picked up the rustling sheets of white colored paper lying on the table littered with books, and he put them in a small, ornamented ivory box. They were ghazals, muammas and tuyugs composed during the march but they had not been rewritten in a good paper yet.

All preparations for the journey were finished. Having read the decree by the Sultan the poet was satisfied with its content. He turned the paper into a tube, sealed it and put it on top of the folds of his turban. Servants brought to the tent slender pacer. Companions of the poet were ready too. There was Boboali among them who was his trusty nuker, a powerfully built, intelligent, polite young man, Navoiy got onto the saddle covered with a velvet carpet and the horse started

wagging its head easily. Boboali and some other palace servants and officials followed him.

The poet loved to ride and enjoy the quiet fields. Sometimes he would even compose some ghazals on the way. A gentle blue haze of fog, mountains, dim shadows of trees would ignite the poet's talent.

Navoiy carefully surveyed the crops and gardens. He looked at herds of goats, which jumped at dizzying cliffs and mountain peaks. He admired the tents of nomads, noticing features of simple prairie life and talked to his companions about their language, way of life and customs.

Navoiy noticed some traces of drawings on a huge rock, which proudly rose from the banks of the river, he got off his horse. He looked up and down the cliff and made sure that those drawings that were almost erased depicted an armed man. Navoiy called his accompaniers, told them that this figure has remained since Iskander Zulqarnayn's times, and spoke about the importance of historical monuments. A storm of thoughts arose in Navoiy about the eternal flow of time, the brevity of earthly life, the spark of life like lightning fading in eternity, the meaning and the mystery of being. The poet sadly took his eyes off the cliff and kept silent surrendered by his thoughts. Only when the travelers stopped in one of the caravanserais to feed the horses and to relax a little bit he started to speak again. In a circle of his companions he started talking about the need to improve roads and construction of new caravanserais. After dinner, Navoiy read many muammas by him and his friends and asked to unravel the hidden names in them. His companions told various jokes some time.

When Navoiy arrived in Herat the news that the poet had brought a special decree spread in the city like lightning. Everybody was eager to hear it as soon as possible. Although it seemed that the usual calm life reigned in Herat the wrath of the people was not cool yet... Every minute the mutiny was ready to break out again, even more menacing than before.

The poet came to the chancellery. He studied all the events thoroughly. He revoked the tax imposed by Khoja Abdullah and other officials. He dismissed the officials responsible for the crimes. Then he started to receive the poor with petitions in hands crowded at the door of the chancellery. Whoever that may be whether he was an old man, a young man, a woman, Tajik, Uzbek, Navoiy listened to each of them patiently. He inquired about the affairs of the complainants,

comforted them and settled their disputes. The people received by the poet went out soothed.

There were ordinary people everywhere: on a wide flat yard, on minarets, on the roofs of the buildings surrounded on all sides by the mosque and the khanakah of a large mosque in Herat, which had painted aivans, were thick pillars. Even the tramps - muhtasibs who usually neglected prayers, somehow they had wound their turbans on their heads and came to the mosque today.

Navoiy slowly, majestically rose to high minbar<sup>1</sup> after the prayer. Everyone stood up immediately. No one said a word; all eyes were on the poet. Standing on the minbar Navoiy scanned the crowd with a single thought. The poet understood the deep feelings of the people. Keeping the decree in his hands the poet read it trembling and slightly raising his voice. The people expressed their feelings close to their hearts and cried: "Either true!" or "God grant," "Curse of the villains!".

The content of the decree was passed from mouth to mouth. Instantly it became known to the back row and even to those who were on the rooftops. The poet, worrying, made a brief deeply felt speech. When he had finished thousands of rough, powerful palms of farmers, green hands of painters, thin and bony fingers of the other handicraftsmen rose into the air. Prayers and blessings said towards the poet echoed in the high arches of the mosque...

The people went out on the street joyfully. After that the poet remained in the mosque to talk to the scientists and great mudarrises about the situation in madrassahs and students. Avoiding any worship, Navoiy returned to the chancellery alone. Here he made a long list of officials and the vexed to offend people deciding to punish each of them according to their guilt and transgression.

The whole Herat talked only about the poet.

Navoiy completed this work and returned to the camp of Husayn Boyqaro and told him that he had established peace in the capital and the king wanted to go back to Herat as soon as possible. But after the first defeat of Mirza Yadgar he again assembled a large force and conquered Astrabad. Now he was about to conquer Herat. His troops were operating around the city secretly. Husayn Boyqaro was alarmed. Navoiy advised him to return to Herat and to gather new

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<sup>1</sup> Pedestal for making speeches

warriors there and finally deal with the rebels as soon as possible. So Husayn Boyqaro hastened to go back to the capital with his troops.

The events unfolded with a speed of lightning.

Husayn Boyqaro walked day and night. He stopped in one or two rabot<sup>1</sup>s from the capital. The sultan expected that the honoured people of Herat would give him a grand welcome, according to custom, but the capital seemed like it had no idea of his return. Herat was deaf and cold. The Sultan got pale. The troops started to gossip about it. The men sent to find out what was going on came back in dismay. They reported that the road to the capital had been closed and that the beks and commanders of the fortress had taken Mirza Yadgar's side. Excitement and confusion in the army intensified again.

Navoiy went into the tent of the Sultan. He tried to calm the Sultan down.

- What a betrayal! - Husayn Boyqaro said sadly shaking his head. - Treacherous ungrateful people shut the gates of the fortress in front of my face!

-The deceiver will fall himself into the pit which he had dug for someone, - Navoiy said with conviction. - Do not lose your faith and bravery. Of course, it is extremely complicated, but you can overcome any difficulty if you act decisively and confidently. We need only look after the troops. Try not to spoil relations with the troops. Be always in concert with them; the Sultan who breaks up with his troops will face failure!

- What do you think we need to do now? - Husayn Boyqaro asked looking thoughtfully at the poet.

- Now you must get out of here, - replied Navoiy without any hesitation. - There are many faithful people in the capital. With their help you will find out everything about the situation in the city. When the right moment comes you will take a decisive action to end the enemy...

Husayn Boyqaro silently thought with his half closed eyes. He wiped his forehead covered with cold sweat. Then with a sigh, he climbed on shakily and ordered beks to get on the horses. He travelled day and night and came to the area called Sartoq Ulanga.

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<sup>1</sup> Rabot-old name for the word "city"

Here he found out that the rebellion was rising gradually by Sultan Mahmud near Balkh. Husayn Boyqaro was caught between two fires in his own realm. Now he was supposed to kill both enemies who were threatening his throne. But he is scared of meeting with the enemy in open battle. Not seeing a safe place, Husayn, like a bird without a nest, wandered around the country. He moved to the Saqilmoq Dasht from Sartoq Ulangi. There, he lost some of his warriors and came to Naratau. He expected to hold the reliable fortress called Ogrug in his hands, but soon it became clear that it was impossible to count on it. Finally, Husayn stopped in Maimana Fortress.

## CHAPTER VI

Mirza Yadgar's supporters conducted their affairs very agilely. One of the respected queens - Poyonda Sultanbegim, on Emir Farididdin Barlos's advice moved from his suburban house to Herat. Bribing prominent people of the capital such as beks and officials she announced her nephew as the sultan of Khorasan. On the ramparts solemn music was played. She even ordered to mention the name of Mirza Yadgar in hutba<sup>1</sup>. Yadgar Mirza who was in Tus region swiftly moved to Herat.

People, who are battered by the sovereigns of good and used to frequent change of rulers, treated these events with indifference. As for the beks and noble citizens of Herat, they looked favorably on the young sultan and had been eagerly waiting for his arrival, counting on new assignments and allotments of land. Finally, overdressed in silk and velvet, they got on their thoroughbred horses to welcome Mirza Yadgar. Bowing nine times they kissed the young prince's robe. According to Mirza Yodgor's respectful people it was not a favorable time to enter the capital so he decided to stay here for a night. The next day he entered the capital with great treatment and celebration and settled down in Bogi Zogon.

Mirza Yadgar knew nothing about the administration of the state and he did not even try to learn anything. The careless prince did not think of what he was going to do in future; he did not worry about his

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<sup>1</sup> prayer



enemy Husayn Boyqaro and his intentions. The Bogi Zogon was filled with beautiful girls, feasting and binge drinking.

Poyanda Sultanbegim ran the affairs of the state. Acting vigorously in favor of his nephew, of course, she tried to raise her own prestige in the country. She managed to achieve her goal. She became famous as a reasonable businesswoman. Aloiddin and some other poets wrote odes in her honour. However, Poyanda Sultanbegim was not able to break the pride and willfulness of Turkmen warlords. On the contrary, she had to get along with them because the military power was in their hands. They brought Mirza Yadgar to the state and they were supposed to protect him from his rivals. Turkmen commanders started to abuse their occupations. Excesses started in Herat and its suburbs. People were exposed to violence and harassment.

In these troubled days Sul-tonmurod almost did not go outside the madrassah at all. Behind the high stone walls of madrassah which was like an impregnable fortress he spent his days and nights reading in his cramped, dimly lit hujra. Sometimes Zayniddin would bring him the latest news and listening to him, the young scientist would curse the rebels who violated the peace of the country.

One evening on the third day after Mirzo Yodgor's formal entry into the capital Sul-tonmurod was sadly sitting alone at a flickering candle. The silence reigned everywhere. The students had gone to the celebration in honour of the young prince.

Aloiddin Mashhadiy entered the room with his half-closed eyes. He offered Sul-tonmurod to go with him to Togonbek's place. Sul-tonmurod refused it saying that he could not break away from his studies.

- I have seen people in our city who have read so many books and they have gone crazy, - said Aloiddin with displeasure. - It is madness to lose your mind, being eager to develop your mind. Come on, let us go.

- The books are my consolation, - replied Sul-tonmurod sadly. - I probably would have gone mad from all that is happening in the country without them.

- There is nothing to grieve. Life is an old chameleon. Try to spend the day with fun. Togonbek will certainly entertain us. Nowadays his star has risen high...

- How come? - asked Sul-tonmurod interestedly.

- Don't you know? Togonbek is one of the heroes of Mirza Yadgar's time! - said Aloiddin Mashhadiy proudly.

Sultonmurod wanted to know the details of the latest news. Without a doubt that Navoiy was on Husayn Boyqaro's side he was particularly interested in the current situation of the former Sultan. He decided to talk to Togonbek and find out some information about Navoiy, so he suddenly stood up surprising Aloiddin Mashhadiy.

- Let's go and have some fun!

The streets were dark and empty. Despite the early evening people were passing occasionally... Only some warriors on horse would pass like a gloomy whirlwind.

Sultonmurod had to go very slowly as Aloiddin Mashhadiy told him to do so. At the gates of the house they were met by the old slave-Nurbobo. He said that Togonbek had not returned home since yesterday. Sultonmurod turned to leave, but Aloiddin Mashhadiy grabbed his arm and asked the slave to open the sitting room:

- Let's get some rest, maybe Togonbek will come back, - he said.

Nurbobo unlocked the door, lit a candle and led the young people into the house. They opened the window. Freshness of the evening burst into the stuffy room. Sultonmurod frowned being sorry for coming. Aloiddin Mashhadiy talked about poetry and poets. He tried to refute the view of Navoiy about the richness and beauty of the Turkic language. This annoyed Sultonmurod more. He had to speak in order to stop this chatterbox. It was very easy for him to prove that nine out of ten contemporary poets writing in Persian of Herat were pathetic rhymers, and the rest were weak imitators of the great ancient poets. Aloiddin Mashhadiy, as usual, said a few poisonous words then closed his eyes and kept silent. When Nurbobo spread out tablecloth and brought some fruits, the poet got excited a little bit. Continuously clicking almonds and pistachios, he praised the nature and the air of Badgis. Sultonmurod offered Aloiddin to go when the tablecloth was taken away. Suddenly, stamping horses were heard from the gate. Delighted Aloiddin asked Sultonmurod to sit down again. Togonbek entered the room. His eyes gleamed drunkenly. Seeing his guests, he was delighted and immediately ordered Nurbobo to bring food and drink. He filled the cups to the brim and handed them to the guests. Aloiddin Mashhadiy got drunk from the first cup and began to chatter incoherently. After the second one, he fumbled in his pocket and took

out a long ode for Poyanda Sultanbegim and began to read it aloud. Then he asked Togonbek to give it to the "Treasure of the era" who was Poyanda Sultanbegim.

- What do you think about the mind and the insights of this woman? - Sul-tonmurod asked Togonbek.

- Everyone thinks that she is a treasure trove of intelligence, - Togonbek replied with a sly smile. - She is amazingly beautiful, but I still did not notice even a feature of intelligence in her!

Aloiddin Mashhadiy started to object, but Togonbek did not even want to answer him and started to talk about something else. Sul-tonmurod asked him what occupation he was holding now and about the position of Husayn Boyqaro. Togonbek replied succinctly about his job: "I am beside the young princes" - and about the situation with Husayn Boyqaro he said that it was very complicated and his horsemen were scampering to Mirza Yadgar. In conclusion, he said with conviction:

- But Husayn has got Alisher Navoiy. Mirza Yadgar should be afraid of this man more!

- What an exaggeration! - Aloiddin Mashhadiy got angry. - Alisher is a very humble man. You do not know him.

- No, Navoiy is a great power: he's a great politician. This is a man of great intelligence and people respect him very much. You are right, I do not know him. Maybe I have even to hide from him. But "the art of weaving can be seen on the fabric made by the weaver"; a person can be recognized by his deeds. If there is no taste in your odes, no one will call you a poet.

Sul-tonmurod nodded as a confirmation of Togonbek's words. We hope, - he said, - that Navoiy soon rids the country of the dangers and disasters!

Togonbek grimly looked down.

- The country is not in danger, - he said slowly. - There is Temur's blood in the veins of Mirza Yadgar too. He demanded his rights only!

Assuming that it was unnecessary to argue with Togonbek, Sul-tonmurod kept silent. Togonbek was drunk. Aloiddin drank a few more cups than Togonbek and eventually stretched out on the floor. Sul-tonmurod was drunk too. He stood up intending to leave Aloiddin there. Togonbek went to see him off up to the gate. The large, tree-lined courtyard was asleep peacefully in the moonlight.

- Nurbobo, bring a candle! - shouted Togonbek.

- No need - said Sul-tonmurod.

- Do not hurry, you still have got time to return to your hujra.

Please go to the beauty and show your appreciation, first!

Sul-tonmurod understood nothing he just followed Togonbek. The old man brought a candle. Togonbek opened the door of one of the houses that stood behind a number of the trees, and said:

- Please, come in!

Sul-tonmurod saw the girl sitting in front of a locked window whose head was bowed, "Perfect, perfect beauty" - thought Sul-tonmurod and got somewhat embarrassed. Togonbek looked at the dish, which stood on the shelf and approached the girl:

- Dildorhon, - he said softly, leaning slightly over her, - why didn't you eat anything? Should I order something else?

- Something to eat?! You had better bring me some poison, poison! - she cried bitterly and straightened.

- Nurbobo, holding the candle in his trembling hands, began to speak:

- Pray to Allah, my daughter. He is the one who can solve your problems.

Togonbek proudly approached and whispered to Sul-tonmurod – Is she beautiful? Do you like her? Sul-tonmurod kept silent. He looked sympathetically at her and walked out. A minute later Togonbek came out after him.

- Who is she? - Sul-tonmurod asked thoughtfully.

- Last night I took her from the village - said Togonbek. - She has surprising elegance and beauty!..

- Aren't such cases a disaster for the country?

- My friend, stop these talks! Stealing a woman is a very pleasant affair. It is midnight. She is sleeping on the supa with hair spread over the pillow. Her old grandmother is snoring next to her... I approached her on my tiptoe with two guys. First of all, I kissed her lightly on her forehead. Then we tied her mouth, lifted her up and we ran away. We easily jumped over the wall like stealing a flower in a garden: We threw her on our horses and rushed at full speed. It is a very nice deal! In the morning we came to the town, rested in the garden of my friend and now we have brought her here. There is a special pleasure in all these things...

- Why have you done it? She is unhappy. Can there be anything worse for her parents? - Sul-tonmurod spoke in a trembling voice.

- To play with love, you need mutual desire in it. I know it very well, - calmly and seriously said Togonbek. - If she does not want I will not touch her. She will just live at my Khoja's place; in essence, this girl could be a decoration of the Sultan's palace!

- No, send her to her family. A person should not serve as a toy for fleeting desire.

- All right, I will think about it. Goodbye... - said Togonbek and went away.

Sul-tonmurod stood looking at the closed door for a long time. Then he went home sadly. The town was asleep. In the calm moonlit night the Herat mosque still seemed huge and the Fortress Ihtiyariddin looked even more threatening than usual. Sul-tonmurod, full of hatred towards Togonbek and rapists in the world, walked along the streets, not noticing anything around him. In his khujra he did not light candles; he somehow got his bed ready and slept. He could not sleep, he thought about Dildor all the time. He felt a sweet pain in his breasts. Silently moving his lips he repeated the following verses several times:

*Chashm agar inastu abru inu nozu ishva in,  
Alvido, ey aqlo donish, alvido ey ilmu din<sup>1</sup>.*

## CHAPTER VII

Husayn Boyqaro languished in the large garden Chahor of the town Maimana. There weren't any royal receptions or lush, noisy feasts there. The Sultan mostly would sit alone in a spacious, decorated with faded painted house and he would not even write a poetry. Can the governor, who lost his power, write about some girls with eyebrows like a bow and beautiful eyes? Lust for power soaked into him with his mother's milk. Husayn Boyqaro felt now sharper and more painful than ever the power of pain and sorrow. He could hear the sound of noise and shouting of his warriors who had forgotten about their duties, who fought to have at least something fun in a

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning: If someone has got such beautiful eyes and eyebrows and beauty. In that case we should say goodbye to science and to our minds (Kamol Khojandi)

remote corner of the garden. Husayn Boyqaro sighed heavily, he was waiting for someone impatiently. Eshikoga entered and reported:

- He has come. Will you allow him to enter? - he asked bowing.

Husayn Boyqaro nodded as a sign of agreement. Navoiy entered and bowed as usual. The Emperor quickly showed him the place beside him and immediately said:

- I've got one idea. First of all, I wanted to listen to you. I know that these sad events have disturbed you more than others.

- Thank you for your attention. I came here to hear good news from your Majesty, - said Navoiy.

Although the room was empty, Husayn Boyqaro lowered his voice and spoke about the news that he learned through his informants. According to them the situation with Mirzo Yodgar was fragile. Navoiy asked:

- To what solution have you come?

- The difficulty is to make a decision, actually... - Husayn Boyqaro kept silent for a moment, then continued, - if we go by our current warriors to the capital and suddenly, like lightning, attack Yadgarbek, what do you think, we will reach our goal?

The poet did not rush to answer. He screwed up his eyes, suddenly his face was lit up with a subtle smile. Then he said very gravely:

- If you just had not expressed this idea to me, it would have been even better!

Husayn Boyqaro thought that Navoiy did not like his idea so he asked immediately:

- Why? - anxiously asked Husayn Boyqaro.

Navoiy could not help laughing.

- No, this plan should be kept in great secrecy. - he said seriously.

Husayn Boyqaro also smiled, and then he shook his head as he spoke like an objecting person:

- It is impossible not to consult with military people!

- Of course. Nothing can be done without them, - seriously said Navoiy. - But we must protect ourselves from one danger: someone can tell the enemy about this plan, then Mirza Yadgar and his beks and emirs will wake up from a carefree sleep. We must act decisively and quickly. Mirahur lives in Herat. Let him gather the necessary

information. Then, when the day of the attack will be determined, you will reveal the secret to the military commanders.

- I have no doubts about your view and I understand that you support me in this matter? - he said and looked at Navoiy.

- For the sake of your winning, your humble servant will make all possible efforts. Let Allah praise the people of the country with peace and quiet life! - said Navoiy.

- Amen! - Husayn Boyqaro stroked his beard.

Secret preparations were conducted for implementation of the plan for some time. Then, quite unexpectedly, the troops marched out of Maimana to Murghab. In area of Togkun, Husayn Boyqaro made a great reception as reminiscent of bygone days of his fame and power. He affably met the beks and then he invited them to discuss the plan. Even though some people did not dare to speak definitely, some beks among the troops discussed it with a great pleasure. After that Husayn Boyqaro started his way with his soldiers under the secret march. In the area of Pilpoyon Muhammad Arlat, Emir Sarban and some other influential noblemen joined him. Husayn Boyqaro led eight hundred fifty warriors and moved along the shore of the Murghab making referrals day and night. According to the words of the famous historian of that time, it's said: "Each of Sultan Husayn Boyqaro's nukers tore the veil of the moon with the tips of their swords!" By morning, the troops made a halt and after short rest they went along the Bobo Hoki Road.

A famous dervish named Baba Khaki lived in those places in a mountain cave. From an **early** age he brushed off the dust from the floors of world's affairs and indulged in his stone house away from people. Husayn Boyqaro found it necessary to receive his blessing in these difficult days. The Sultan feared that Baba Khaki would follow his usual manner and not receive him, but this fear turned out to be in vain. Hearing about the Sultan, he avoided his usual habit and went out to meet him.

Husayn Boyqaro dismounted and bowed, and then he came to the dervish and kissed his little withered hand. Baba Khaki invited the sultan to his dwelling. Although Sultan cherished every minute of his life then and not daring to contradict the dervish, he accepted his offer with pleasure. Baba Khaki who was about eighty and dry as Chillaki, short and narrow-chested he was still very cheerful.

Shaking like a goat he quickly walked among huge stones, showing the way to Husayn.

Rocks were hanging on the ceiling of the cave as if ready to break. The cave had no utensils, but three or four mats. Cracked stone walls had been blackened by soot. An old and worn cow skin rug was on the ground and a blanket in a corner was sticking out of wool.

The weather in the area was very pleasant. A cool wind blew in passing under the arches and ruffled scattered pearl droplets of water sparkling in the huge stones with silver sequins in the cave. As ridge of rocks, wide valleys, wavy lines of hills and hillsides could be seen in the pale blue distance. They were prompting vague, sweet hope.

The sovereign wanted to occupy the heart of the dervish. He humbly sat on his litter. Husayn Boyqaro now pretended like dervish but his entire thoughts were occupied by the power, thirst for life dive into the vast sea of pleasure. He spoke about the holy life of the poor removed from people and about the troubles and hardships of earthly existence. The dervish noticed the purity of Sultan's words. Baba Khaki spoke about the greatness of "His Majesty". Then he spread out before the sovereign a piece of dirty calico, broke stale bread and filled to the brim clay cup with sour milk from a strange colored bottle. Two servants who accompanied the sultan, but stood at the entrance of the cave, were also given a cup of sour milk each. Husayn Boyqaro lifted the cup with unfeigned pleasure to drink milk. The dervish sat at the entrance to the cave and vaguely muttered:

- Though this house is as dark as my sinful heart, I still prefer it to king's golden palaces. Here I talk to the birds and grief stones. Oh, my Allah! Spring flows did not captivate me with the help of the sea of your mercy. Winter storms did not return me to your primal breaking rusty chain... At last! Husayn waited until the dervish had finished speaking, then he asked for permission to go. Baba Khaki rose, stretched out his arms and turned to face the direction of Mecca and started to pray. The Sultan also stood up and he stretched his arms and bowed his head.

After the pray the old man made a sign to the Sultan to wait a little. He pulled out an old spear with a rusty end out of a heap of brushwood and went out of the cave. He swung it towards Herat with his flashing eyes like a warrior as if hitting the enemy. Then he handed the spear to Sultan Husayn. All this made a strong impression



on the sovereign. He barely held back his tears and put a bony hand of the dervish to his lips.

Having started galloping their horses, Husayn Boyqaro and his servants returned to the army. He told his impressions to some beks with great pleasure. Clutching the dervish's spear like the most precious thing in the world, Sultan Husayn went to Herat. By midnight, he had already reached the region called Juzduq Chashma, near Herat and made a camp there. The waning moon in the sky, as if being eager to emphasize the wretched huts of the dilapidated village, started to get lighter. Sometimes dogs' barking were heard from the distance.

The Sovereign's heart was restless since it got dark. Here, before Herat, his crown was again captured by the anxiety and doubt. What will happen? And what if the enemy is aware of everything and will guard the city with his troops? Will he be ashamed again? These thoughts did not leave him even for a second. He got excited. The warriors wore armor and were preparing for the battle.

Navoiy on horseback rode up to the sultan. He advised him to send some people and get some informants from the city. He looked exhausted, but the poet sounded confident. Husayn called Shirim Guardian. He was clever guardian. He considered himself as Mehtarbod Yaldo<sup>1</sup>. Taking two agile fellows with him, in a moment he disappeared in the darkness. The soldiers were ready for the fight and they were just waiting for the order. It seemed that it would get dawn soon. Horses were tired, the people were worried. The guard returned leading some drunken warrior. He was one of Mirza Yadgar's people. The beks tried to get some significant information from this frightened to death man.

Shirim said that gross carelessness was in Herat. Husayn Boyqaro immediately picked one hundred people and sent to Muzaffar Barlos, Ibrahim Barlos and Dervish Arlot and ordered them to open the big gate of Bogi Zagon. Then he appointed some people to get other informants. Making sure that there was not any sound from the side of Herat, Sultan Husayn with the rest of the army, moved forward. Passing the Hiyaban Street and reaching the grave of Imam Fakhri, Husayn sent Sultan Khoja Uzbek and his horsemen to surround the Gate of Bogi Zagon which was right next to the

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<sup>1</sup> A mythical spy in ancient novels

Madrassah Gauharshodbegim. Then he sent some small detachments of warriors to other gates. Sultan Husayn remained with about eighty soldiers. He moved to the gate where Muzaffar Barlos was. He hurried to meet Mirahur, his faithful follower and who was in the camp of the enemy all this time. Mirahur reported that the gate had been broken and it was possible to penetrate into the garden. Husayn Boyqaro with a lighter heart drove his horse and rode straight into the Bogi Zogon. Sultan Husayn's warriors began to silently scour the garden searching for enemy soldiers in the groves and avenues in the darkness, but they all were gone. Then Husayn Boyqaro with a small group entered the Bogi Shimol - the night and stay place of Mirza Yodgor. Some suddenly awakened warriors did not even try to resist. They all kept complete silence.

The horsemen were looking for the prince. Here is a magnificent palace, like a fortress. There was a tent near it. The tent was empty... Husayn Boyqaro ordered soldiers to surround the high hill. He supposed that Mirza Yadgar might be behind the hill. To enter it one had to go up the hill. Everybody thought that they were supposed to do so. Perhaps the enemy had taken refuge under the protection of a hill with a large force preparing for the final decisive battle. Ominous silence of the palace in the darkness, outlines of the hill - all seemed to be full of threats...

Consumed with impatience, Husayn ordered several armored soldiers go up to the hill and invade it, but no one moved. Then they looked at each other as if they did not understand the order. Then Alisher quickly dismounted, handed the reins to his warrior Boboali and came to the sovereign and said: - Let me do it! Neither beks nor the warriors expected this from Navoiy. Many of the warriors lowered their heads with shame. But now it was too late to prove their mettle...

Husayn Boyqaro looked at the soldiers standing around with a grim look and after some hesitation he nodded to the poet as a sign of agreement. Navoiy (it was the first time in his life he drew his sword from its sheath and for the last time as well!) boldly moved to the hill, but he moved towards the hill from the other way. Someone lit a bundle of candles and raised high overhead. All eyes were on the poet, who was getting slowly up to the hill. When Navoiy almost disappeared from the sight of others his warrior Boboali, drawing his sword, followed him. Immediately dozens of guys ran quickly up to the hill along the road chosen by the poet.

Leaning on his sword as a stick, Navoiy descended from the sloping hill gently. Several armed warriors ran after him. One of them shouted angrily: - Who is that? The remaining people raised swords preparing to attack. Navoiy, without lifting his sword but ready to parry the blow, stopped and said imperiously: put your swords down! Surrender immediately! Another warrior came closer, stretched his neck and gazed at Navoiy and asked: "Who are you? Why should we give up?" "I am Alisher Navoiy!" - the poet said quietly, turning abruptly he went to the palace. Stunned warriors did not try to stop him. Trying to find his way in the dark hall, Navoiy reached the door and he was followed by Babaali. He noiselessly opened the door; they entered one after another. There were soft velvet carpets and some people were lying in different poses under the blankets in the middle of the large room. Beneath the window on a white mattress a young woman with flowing hair was quietly sleeping. Navoiy, leaning over the sleeping people, said softly:

- Take this one! Babaali crunched shards of bowls and pitchers. Grabbing the prince's hands, he pulled and made him wake up. Two warriors who slept jumped up. The room was filled with noise. The young woman with a cry of "Oh!" jumped out the window. Mirza Yadgar was twisted in iron hands of Babaali and breathlessly muttered some nonsense. The front room was filled with soldiers. Navoiy, commanding to take Mirza Yadgar out, sneered after him:

*Shoh mastu jahon harobu dushman pasu pesh<sup>1</sup>.*

The horsemen took Mirza Yadgar by dragging him down the hill and brought him to Husayn Boyqaro. The young man in royal robes was not yet sober after yesterday's binge. He was thrown at the feet of the horse of Husayn Boyqaro. Finally, realizing what had happened to him, he struggled to get on his feet and trembling with fear he stared at his enemy. Husayn Boyqaro threw a few angry words at his prisoner and gave a gesture to his warriors to take him away.

Herat was awakened by the sounds of karnays and surnays. Mirza Yadgar was beheaded. His adherents, trembling for their lives, hid in their burrows...

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning: If a king is drunk the world will ruin and enemy will surround him.

## CHAPTER VIII

Togonbek, grim and sullen, was sitting in his well-furnished room, not daring to appear on the street. His pride would not let him face his owner and confess and repent of treason. Could he think that the bright sun of Mirza Yadgar faded so fast?! He scolded "stupid daubed!" Poyanda Sultanbegim and he also cursed Turkmen beks who overlooked offensive Husayn Boyqaro. His plan was to behead the Turkmen chiefs and intimidating Mirza Yadgar, assign himself as a chief vizier. Now he bitterly regretted not having escaped from Herat with Toqli mergan in the midst of turmoil and confusion, and though he had built all sorts of plans to escape to distant lands, his heart could not break away from Herat life and he tried to find some difficulty or disadvantage in his plans.

Feeling suffocating in the expanse of room Togonbek sharply opened both sashes of the window. Yellow silk sunlight poured into the room. Togonbek noisily spat out the window and stood up to see Dildor. At this time the door was opened and the sad face of Nurbobo with a white beard and gentle build appeared, as usual. Togonbek looked questioningly at him. The old man reported that the Khoja was calling Togonbek and disappeared. Togonbek for some time grimly wondered then reluctantly got up and left.

Majididdin received him in his guest room. Togonbek respectfully shook his hands and sat at a distance. Majididdin began to reprimand him for his evil deeds. Togonbek, staring at one point, listened to him keeping silent. Finally, the host clicking his slender fingers, stopped talking. Togonbek said slowly:

- I did not do anything that could be worth saying. Residents of Herat turn out to exaggerate!

- Well, how did you escape from Alisher Navoiy? People complain about you as well. Someone told me about it.

- I earnestly tried to serve you. This is my habit - I do not like to do anything halfway. Those who gave money without talking, God knows, I did not say a word. Well, if the words did not work, I indulged in a whip. You know that when you're dealing with people, you can't do anything without lashes, but be sure, sir, your name remained untarnished. I worked as a trusted of Abdulziyo. Your Navoiy listened to all the gossip and raised a big mess here. Oh! Though he is called a poet he makes strict actions... I marvel at this

man! But I will not give up. I wrapped up in my old coat and sat in a tavern day and night. Let them try to find Togonbek then!

Majididdin did not like the high evaluation of the poet. He, turning away his face, muttered irritably:

- Navoiy wanted to raise himself in the eyes of the people. The meaning of this policy is clear to us.

- You want to say that there is something else under the love towards the people. Yes, he has got an ulterior motive - Togonbek replied with a sly glance at his Khoja.

- Togonbek, if you want to become a big man, be careful, watch your every step - peaceably said Majididdin. - For me to part with such a fine fellow and a hero like you is a big disappointment. If you hold on to my robe I'll be able to transfer you through Pulisyra<sup>1</sup>. Now, you have to go out of the city to some other regions for about two months until everything will be all right again. Let the past events be forgotten. You have to watch your tongue in conversations. That's all.

Togonbek thanked him, but his dark mood did not dissipate. After all, Majididdin spoke only about the wrong tax collection and promised him protection from Navoiy. This one, as compared with the other bad deeds, seemed to Togonbek not so significant. For some sins he could have gotten away with paying a fine, and nothing more, but his participation in the rebellion by Mirza Yadgar was another matter! A few glorious days of Togonbek could be paid with his head or he was supposed to rot like a blind mouse in a dirty prison pit for many years! Togonbek did not dare to admit to Majididdin about this violation. "This man is a faithful servant of Husayn Boyqaro - he thought. - he would arrest me and give him to the executioner or at best, throw me into the street to prove his honesty in front of the king. He said: "If you are a master of something you can cross the sea of danger and rescue yourself; if you are not, in that case you will go down!.."

At this moment Togonbek dreamed of jumping on a horse, waving his whip and running somewhere like Iraq, Azerbaijan, Dashti Kipchak or China. But he was used to living in Herat. And that's why he did not want to leave it if someone did not offer him a bigger job. He sat silently hoping that Majididdin himself would talk about mutiny, but he started asking him about taxes. Togonbek slowly told

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<sup>1</sup> According to Islam Religion it is a bridge which will be constructed on the day of reckoning

him how much money had been received, how much remained in the distant regions, and added that he handed the money to Abulziyo according to the order of Majididdin. "Perfect!", - said Majididdin rubbing his hands. - If I had had seven fellows like you, I would have won all seven sides of the earth! Inshallah, we'll commit many more glorious deeds with you in the future. Togonbek's eyes glistened and said

- Sir, - he said, slyly squinting, - your ignorant servant has committed one offense but I do not dare to say it to you...

-There is no day without a night; there is no tulip without stains. What's the matter? - Majididdin asked.

- There is a rumor spread among people, - Togonbek spoke in a low voice, - that the Sultan Husayn, deprived his troops and fled with a handful of young men to India in order not to fall into the enemy's hands...and all his beks and emirs allegedly swore to Mirza Yadgar... I'm simple-minded and believing these tales I entered the service of Mirza Yadgar. Five or ten days, we rode on horseback and shouted with laughter. At the end it turned out that this was bullshit... - Togonbek sidelong glanced at Majididdin. In the eyes of the host he saw no anger but great concern.

- Oh my boy, can there be anything more shameful than that?! - severely said Majididdin.

- Sir, I have made a terrible mistake. But believe me, God is my witness, I did not forget you even for a moment... I had my calculations, but what could I do, I had no luck?

Majididdin immediately understood the meaning of these words, but frowning he said with an angry voice:

- What does this mean? The whole world knows that I am a faithful dog of the king! Until my death, I would like to serve His Majesty the Sultan and high family. Do not try to repeat anything like that again!

Togonbek immediately lost all his hope. Today or tomorrow he thought he would have to wear his old coat and run away somewhere far away. No other choice. For some time he was silent plucking his mustache. Then he stood up and said gloomily to know what was going on in Majididdin's heart:

- No more bread to share with me in Khorasan!...

- Sit down! Do you want to escape? - Majididdin looked at him ironically with a smile.

Togonbek again slumped to the floor and said:

- If God will give strength to the hooves of my horse I will find a permanent peaceful place for myself.

- Maybe, there is no need to be excited, - said Majididdin. - In the city there are other people who supported Mirza Yadgar and helped him. They had dinners with him... I have told you: stay far away from people for a while. Everywhere expressively declare your devotion to the sovereign. Then we will give you some post. You will perform your duties with good faith. What else do you need?!

Togonbek thanked heartily. Then rising from his seat, he said:

- I had a little gift for you.

Majididdin looked at him and said:

- Well, give it to me! During the reign of Mirza Yadgar many rare things had been stolen from the garden Bogi Zogon...

- My gift will come to you itself. - Togonbek smiled and left. He stopped at the door of a small room near the stable.

- Hey, where are you, lame crow, bring the key! - He shouted to Nurbobo.

Nurbobo came out of the stable and looked at Togonbek suspiciously, then he took a key from his belt and handed it to him. Togonbek hastily opened the door. From the far corner of the room Dildor's angry eyes flashed.

- Come here, gorgeous, let's make it up, - said Togonbek softly.

- Get out, do not come near to me, let trouble smite thee! - cried the girl, jumping up.

- Do not be angry, my dear, - said pleadingly Togonbek. - I did not touch you. I hear thousand of curses for my every good word. When you see me, you frown like an owl. If I give you pistachios, you throw them just like sheep's manure. Come on I'll get you out of this prison...

Togonbek grabbed Dildor by her arm and dragged her along. Old Nurbobo, choking with anger, shouted:

- You will break her hands! Do not get frightened, my daughter, - he said gently patting on her shoulder, - you are not in danger.

- Father! - Tearfully pleaded Dildor. - Tell me where this villain is taking me? I do not want to part with you, I am scared, my father!

- Believe me, my daughter, inshaallah, no one will hurt you.

Togonbek, then begging and threatening led the girl. At the door of the guest room he whispered in her ear:

- Now you will see a great vizier. Stop crying! If he does not say anything your head will be chopped off. Got it? Greet him politely!

Dildor's heart sank. Togonbek opened the door and pushed the girl into the room and she stopped with an air of indifference at the threshold. Making two or three steps Dildor sat on the soft carpet. She was ready to lie face down on the floor to hide her face burning with shame, but scared from the "great vizier", she tried to seize herself.

Majididdin raised his head and stood up. Like admiring a beautiful painting or a precious stone, he narrowed his eyes and stared at the girl. Then beckoned Togonbek and whispered to him:

- Here is a rare jewel of flower... But the price for it is probably unheard?

Togonbek shook his head smiling:

- Price? - he asked in a whisper. - Where can your servant get money? During MirzaYadgar's reign I had such long arms that I could get the moon from the sky, not only a simple girl. - He looked at the girl and Majididdin from time to time with pride.

- Such kinds of deeds should be stopped, my boy! - said Majididdin with fake order.

Dildor threw a quick glance at Majididdin. In her chest hope for salvation awakened. With deep supplication in her voice, trustfully Dildor spoke to him as to her father:

- You're a great man in the country. We are all your children. Let Allah send you happiness in this life and in the paradise. Send me to my family. I shall never forget your grace...

Tears streamed from her eyes.

- It's not my will, - said softly Majididdin. - Ask this fellow here. What good deeds have you found in your family? If you stay with us you will be happy. Each day of yours will be decorated with new flowers. Do not cry at all.

Dildor bowed her head and kept crying. Majididdin ordered Nurbobo to take the girl to the head of the servants. Togonbek took hold of her hand and she jumped in fright. Barely treading on her weakened legs, the girl followed Togonbek. Joyful and lively Majididdin rose hastily. Wearing a long, gold embroidered robe and winding his turban round his head, he went to the palace.

Bogi Zogon, as usual, lived with its royal life. The servants slowly, with stately serious faces were carrying out their duties. Warriors, armed with spears and swords, and a quiver full of arrows,



slowly strolled back and forth. An old porter with a white beard, which covered his entire chest, leaning on his spear, enthusiastically was telling his younger comrades about his past campaigns.

Having admired little with the new elephants brought from India, from far away country, Majididdin approached the palace with forty pillars. In the light gazebo surrounded by trees and flowering lawns, one of the famous scientists of Khorasan was teaching a lesson to two young princes. The boys, dressed in expensive Chinese silks, were looking forward to the end of the lesson maybe because they had been forced to listen to the singsong chant and strange words of the Koran too long. From time to time, the children looked at the same elegant children as themselves who flitted among the trees, shimmering like a rainbow or snow geese.

Going to the palace, Majididdin was convinced that neither sovereign nor courtiers were there. After wandering through the alleys he slowly climbed the hill. Behind the hill, on a wide flat area, Badiuzaman, the heir to the throne, the firstborn son of Husayn Boyqaro from his senior wife Beka Sultonbegim, was both playfully and seriously engaged in military exercises. Forty to fifty beautifully dressed young men, sons of beks and other notable people of Herat, participated in the game. Badiuzzamon, was a sleek, tall, well-built boy of twelve or thirteen, was dressed in a glittering gold and silver embroidered gown; camp intercepted his belt decorated with bright jewels at the waist dazzling colored lights shone a sheathed dagger. Over the prince's white silk turban lay a small crown with a gold rim; precious stones were artfully attached to the turban, on his legs were delicate colored boots... Badiuzzamon met his father only at official receptions. He had his own treasury, warriors, poets and interlocutors. He studied with the greatest scholars of Herat, but did not show a strong preference. The young man loved music and poetry, and he sometimes wrote poems himself as well. He arranged magnificent receptions and meals. He was an expert in wines. Despite his young age, Badiuzzamon was able to arrange the royal celebration. Living in a world of pleasure and joy, the heir dreamed of the great day of his life, the day when, according to the custom of his fathers and grandfathers, he would sit upon white felt and wear a crown on his head.

Majididdin watched the game smiling contentedly. He thought of the nobles and the educators who surrounded the prince. He thought

about an idea of strengthening relations with the king's sons and he came down from the hill. Seeing Husayn Boyqaro at a distance, who was walking in the flower garden surrounded, as usual, by interlocutors, Majididdin was excited and got pale a little bit. He hurriedly took fifteen or twenty steps and leaned in obeisance. Then with another bow he came closer and gave greetings to the Sultan from Mirzoyi Kichik. Husayn Boyqaro was in a good mood so he said: "Stay with us!" Although Majididdin felt the mocking looks of the present he bowed almost to the ground and humbly thanked him.

On a shady alley strewn with gold flecks dancing of sunlight, the Sultan went to the dovecote. Each of the attendants tried to think of any word or phrase that could please the sultan. Majididdin, who was conscious of his complete inability at witticisms, was silent, but he tried to express his loyalty to the sultan together with other people.

From the little room adjoined by the dove a handsome, old man came out bowing respectfully. As a child, the sultan often ran to this old man to fly pigeons and still kept his respectful love. Husayn Boyqaro sat in the shade of fruit trees on the edge of the supa coated with silk rug. The old man carried a large wooden bowl with millet and scattered it on the ground, and then he opened the doors of all three dovecotes. Dozens of birds flew noisily on the yard and rushed to pick up grain. Mottled, gray and white doves hurried eagerly to peck the millet. Husayn Boyqaro was happy as a child. He watched and listened to the stories of the old man about the pigeon and their habits.

When there was no millet any more, the old man made a strange sound and waved, with a little waggle, a long stick. The motley flock flew up into the air. Clapping, the man forced the birds to fly. Sultan Husayn, putting his hands behind his back and sticking out his broad chest, raised his head and looked at the sky; his eyes were on the aerial dance of the pigeons in the transparent hot sky. The Sovereign's lips whispered: "These birds in flight carry my heart"... At this time, one of those present read in a loud voice about pigeons from "Mantiq ut tayr"(Conversation of birds) by Farididdin Attor. Husayn Boyqaro liked the line very much. Shaking his head, he repeated the line several times. The winged dancers descended from the heavenly scene and began to return to their homes. The king left the place rubbing his stiff neck. Servants reported that preparations for the feast were done. The junket, as usual, took place in the biggest building of Bogi Zogon.

In the center, on a pile of gold embroidered pillows, Husayn Boyqaro sat with his legs crossed. In a semicircle handsome young men, dressed alike and almost the same age, sat beside him. They stayed in the palace to give greater splendor to the meetings of the sovereign. On the right and left of Husayn Boyqaro nobles related by kinship with the reigning house, and a few unlucky princes, who had taken shelter in the palace of the Sultan, were sitting. The beks, policymakers, other guests and drinking buddies took places which matched their positions. There were many scholars, poets, famous musicians and singers of Herat among those present. They all were often at similar parties and were aware of methods and behavior. It began, as usual, to enliven a little. Husayn introduced his new ghazal to those present. Khodja Abdullah Marvoriy, a government official, who could recite a poem beautifully and subtly, read it. Fans of both Turkic and Persian poetry erected the poem to the category of high artistic works in the Turkic language. Even people who had little understanding in poetry began to repeat certain lines and discuss them. Husayn asked the poets to explore the ghazal and write a reply to it. Then telling funny jokes began. The gathered laughed incessantly. Especially, the distinguished famous satirist and wit Abdulvose made everybody burst into laughter. His words and gestures amused the people until they dropped. After Abdulvose no other jokers dared to speak. Servants, running on their tiptoes, deftly spread a tablecloth. Roast goose, lamb, dumplings and other dishes were served. The personal servant of Husayn Boyqaro presented him meals in a special dish. The cupbearer, spreading golden goblets on silver trays, with a bow, offered guests some wine. Husayn Boyqaro first picked up a gold cup and gave a sign to the gathered people. All emptied their bowls in honour of the sultan.

Although Husayn Boyqaro rarely remembered "establishment" by Timur in public affairs, in such meetings he remained in faith to the traditions of his great ancestor. No matter how he tried to follow Timur, the time and the environment have made a big change. The feasts by the conqueror were combined with extraordinary splendor. In those days, the cook on a huge platter would bring entirely fatty horse and pile them in the middle of the room like a mountain. Then the servants would tear them into pieces and hand them out to the guests. Everyone had to carry his share home, considering the adoption of take away meals and bones to eat them. But the wine was

not always served. If they started to drink, they would drink without any measure like drinking mare's milk on the summer pasture. Huge, coarse, clumsy, unsophisticated heroes, mostly in Mongolian robes, demanded at the feast more and more drinks demonstrating their fearlessness, endurance and nobility. Those who left at least a drop of wine in the bowl had to drink one after another nine bowls at a time. If the last of the bowls had at least one drop he would drink another nine bowls!

The immutable rule about drinking without leaving a drop was also in Husayn Boyqaro's parties, but usually it was not often followed. The punishment was only occasionally used for the sake of amusement...

The wine loosened tongues and revived the feasting. From time to time the poets got up from their seats and solemnly holding up their bowls recited poems composed immediately or prepared in advance for the occasion. The orchestra consisting of gidjak, tanbur, nay, lute, tambourine and other instruments played Arab, Persian, Turkic and Uzbek melodies. Singers sang songs and dancers in festive robes started to fly among a wide range of audiences.

As soon as it got dark candles were lit in golden candlesticks. The carpets, cups, ruby wine and murals on the walls started to shine. The meeting brightened even more. Drinkers filled bowls without giving the cupbearer rest. Even though Husayn Boyqaro drank a lot, he was still completely sober. To lighten the mood he kept offering guests drink, but furtively he was watching the behavior of each of the people there.

Following his custom, he got up and went out through the back door to get some fresh air and disappeared so suddenly that many of the gathered at first did not even notice his absence. Majididdin, as if he was only waiting for this moment, slipped out through another exit. Among the trees in the pale moonlight, Majididdin came across Husayn Boyqaro, he humbly approached the Sultan and respectfully asked him to pay attention to him for a minute. - Come on, let's listen to your request, - replied indifferently Husayn Boyqaro and went to a little house. At this time, two huge shadows appeared behind the Sultan at ten paces from him. Majididdin hesitated not knowing whether to go on or stop. These were two terrible bodyguards of the sovereign by the names - Doolana and Budana. Wherever Sultan Husayn was, they would always, especially at night, follow him,

cleverly hiding from the people. Those who talked about Budana and Doolana were right: "Seven grandfathers of them were executioners and seven grandmothers of them were witches." Both were living embodiments of brute force; with a sound of their names anyone would shiver with fear. Their sovereign carried out dark bloody deeds with their hands.

Husayn Boyqaro mockingly looked at Majididdin. Budana and Dulana instantly disappeared like a shadow again! The Emperor entered the small ornate house. Majididdin, with his still shaking legs, even without asking permission stood on his knees in front of the emperor. Now Husayn Boyqaro was already very tipsy. Squinting his drunken eyes he began chatting aimlessly jumping from state affairs to his personal ones and hinted his displeasure about some of his relatives without any reasons. Drunken candor encouraged Majididdin. Following the proverb "Strike the iron while it is hot", he began to praise the sultan several times and repeated the following with his arms folded again and again:

- I am the most loyal dog in your doorstep.

- Faithful people will be always praised, but who is ungrateful will be punished! - said Husayn Boyqaro. Majididdin rose to his feet and said respectfully:

- Great King! Your despicable slave has a gift for you... I hope that you will accept it and raise the heart of your servant up to the heaven...

- Offering gifts and taking them is a superb deal, - said Husayn Boyqaro with a smile.

- The breath of fate brought us a fresh rose from the garden of beauty - said a mysteriously Majididdin. - Your slave cannot describe it to you. As soon as my eyes fell on this girl I realized that she was worthy of you.

Husayn's eyes lit up with lust.

- This gift is nicer than giving a whole kingdom. - said Husayn.

- This is only a small gift of your servant, - modestly bowed Majididdin.

- I am not exaggerating. Do you remember the famous ghazalle by Hafiz Shirazi?

- No, I do not remember, Your Majesty!

Husayn Boyqaro, shaking his head in tact, read it:

*Agar on turki sheroziy ba dast orad dili moro,  
Ba holi hinduyash bahsham Samarkandu Buhoro<sup>1</sup>.*

- Yes, I remembered it, - said Majididdin getting happy, - I even heard about the story which took place between your grandfather Timur and the poet.

- This story is very famous with people.

Majididdin asked how to deliver the gift to the king's harem. Husayn Boyqaro paused and suddenly rose and headed for the exit. Pausing for a moment in the doorway, he said:

- I want to take you from Mirzoyi Kichik.

- For me, it is a great honour not only to serve at the foot of your throne, but also I will be proud to serve you as your warrior, - said Majididdin.

When they returned to the hall, the banquet was in full swing. Majididdin proudly went after the king and sat on his original place. beks and officials pointedly looked at each other. The party lasted until the morning. Majididdin, whose sleepless eyes were about to close, was tired and returned home. From high minarets of mosques, the ringing voice of the muazzin started to sound. Gardeners and farmers hurried to the market through the main road leading to the gate Mulk. They stretched from the gate driving their loaded horses and donkeys or just carrying on their heads large baskets with grapes and other fruits.

As soon as Majididdin arrived home he called his wife, who had not washed her face and hands yet and ordered her to dress up Dildor in the best dresses and jewelry and send her to the harem of the emperior. Then he threw himself on the bed without taking his clothes off. At noon he was woken up by good news: according to the royal decree he was appointed as parvanachi.

## CHAPTER IX

### I

After a bit of frost and awaited snow, a white shroud covered trees and roofs and had not melted for two days. In the palace of the

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning: if that beauty from Shiraz can occupy my heart, I will present Bukhara and Samarkand for only her black mole.

sultan, the work for winter has been prepared with their peculiar pleasure and entertainment.

Navoiy, according to the existing custom among the aristocracy in Herat, wrote to one of his friends "a snowy letter ", which drew a poetic picture of the winter and vibrant colors of the depicted experiences in his heart.

*Tuzulgay yor ila bazmi visoli,  
Vale agyoridin ul bolsa holi.  
Soqiyo, day shiddatidan aqlu hush betob erur,  
Chorasi jomi bullurin ichra la'li nob erur.  
Husho bazm aro oru, may bolsa day,  
May andoqki out, ot andoqki may.*

*(Let the luxurious to be a feast day in meetings with the road,  
But I want to be at the feast with them alone!  
About cupbearer, from winter my mind faded, faded  
But there is a cure for the mind - a glass of bubbly,  
Kohl give wine and give fire, frost is not terrible.  
Fire - such as wine, and as the fire - wine.)*

On the occasion of the first snow one of his friends invited Navoiy to his place that day, but Navoiy carried on with his work and forgot about the invitation. In the minutes when he was free from state affairs the poet did not remain idle: he read and wrote poems, practiced calligraphy and tried to write new melodies. Sometimes he even studied drawing, trying to express their thoughts in his paintings. Reflections, books and music were his everlasting companions. He liked to repeat the saying: "An hour of thinking is better than a year of piety."

The windows were firmly locked. There was a furnishing with refined taste and some internal harmony and a glowing brazier filled with bright red coals in the middle of the room. On the stained upper part of the glass windows the rays of the winter sun were playing. Navoiy sat near the brazier putting a book on the book sheet of colored paper on his lap. Slightly tilting his head covered with a pointed skull-cap, the poet started to write with his pencil.

The throes of creation are compared with pangs of childbirth. When Navoiy's heart is awakened by the throes of creation, this

suffering gives him the highest degree of pleasure, consoling like the song of Mother and giving life and joy like the sun. He writes so easily with such sincere, joyful enthusiasm. He was a true magician of the word. Any fleeting thought, any subtle, elusive peace of movement, the excitement of feeling in the heart, he knew how to put them into words with remarkable brightness: he could show the waves of the sea with his words, with a spark he could kindle a lot of light from everyday life and create sublime, deep legends... He was a poet who had mastered the millennial culture treasures of thought for many centuries. The genius of his poetry was deeply rooted in the soil of art of Arabs, Iranians and the Turks, blossomed in their undying force.

Navoiy knew by heart tens of thousands of poems. At the age of four he learnt a lot of poems by heart; and at the age of nine he engrossed in scientific, philosophical works; as a child he undertook discussions with experienced poets on the art of poetry.

The pen glides across the paper steadily. The word loosely strung on the golden thread of verse. They burn in rows like pearls sparkle with new colors and new luster. The poet celebrates the sheer beauty of the simple language of his poems. The lines filled the page. It was a new bouquet of flowers in his native language. The poet put aside the pen and read to himself the poem which means the following:

*Oh, if you did not bring to the world of beauty,  
all the more tender roses,  
Oh, if you have not plunged the world into turmoil passions  
Oh, if I have not seen your face Radiant -  
Your love yourself as ruthless and evil.  
When severe, it is my soul sorrow made,  
Ah, if she does not know me, that I did not know about it!  
Liar! Oh, if you do not bestow caresses me.  
Languishing I craved meetings and your tenderness.  
Feigned penchant me igniting me  
Oh, if you do not become suddenly colder Elbrus,  
Oh, if I rejected you learn about your deception  
I would not languished, would not become ridiculous  
in the eyes of people.  
But I'm mad, I straitened by the world I  
Oh, Seli passion kills me "let kill quickly.*



*Pretty complaints Navoiy! Cute deceived you,  
And all about "if," "and" when used "not touched her heart"*

The poet put the ghazal between pages of a book. In a sigh of relief, he stood up and put the inkwell on the shelf. His eyes rested on the casket of ivory and Chinese dishes. Navoiy loved graceful things. He thought: "There are many amazing masters in all fields of art in Khorasan. There are many talented craftsmen, skilled, hardworking people among the people of Khorasan. Why, for example, Chinese porcelain, Chinese silk, Kashmir shawls cannot be produced in Herat? We should develop these crafts, it is necessary to encourage the people that may raise these crafts to the high level of art!" Navoiy remembered the amazing items made by the hands of masters of Herat which he had recently seen at the festival of artisans. He was convinced that many imported items from distant countries could be manufactured in the Herat.

Navoiy got cold. He sat in front of the barbecue and slightly took the copper tongs of ash coals. Then he folded his arms and surrendered again by poetic fantasies. "An hour of thinking is better than a year of piety!" He wanted to create a great poem to show the strength and beauty of his native language. His thoughts soared in the lovely gardens of ancient legends. Why are the golden gates of these gardens closed to his people?! Are his people inferior in everything to the Arabs or the Iranians? No! He must create for his contemporaries an unfading flower garden of poetry!

The door opened slowly and Sheikh Bahlul appeared who had recently been hired by the poet. He was a modest, educated and soft in nature, humble young man. Sheikh Bahlul appreciated his master's talent and considered it an honour to serve him.

- Please, what do you want to say? - asked absently Navoiy.

- His Majesty Sultan inquired about you in the palace - Bahlul Sheikh replied.

Navoiy paused, lowered his head, then said in an angry voice: "Tell him I'll be there soon." Sheikh Bahlul nodded and left. Then the poet draped on a silk robe trimmed with beaver fur. On the street, at the gate, he got on his horse and went to the palace.

In the Tarabhona<sup>1</sup> the clerks met Navoiy with the usual deference. The poet went upstairs. There were four hujras on the four sides and there was a vast hall in the middle of them, the walls of which had pictures of battles and campaigns. Husayn Boyqaro received Navoiy in this room. After the customary bow Navoiy inquired about the health of the Sultan and sat down and glanced out over the painted walls. He carefully paid attention to the heroes: they lift up their horses, throw arrows defensively as a shield against the attacks and hold the sword over the head of the enemy. He did not notice liveliness or motion in their faces. Husayn Boyqaro began to complain about some rulers of the state. Taking this opportunity Navoiy expressed his observations and suggestions concerning public affairs. He said it was necessary to pay attention to agriculture and handicrafts promoting the prosperity of the country, and especially he pointed out the importance of patronizing scientists, poets, artists and musicians. A Sovereign must always be aware of what is going on in the capital and in all the regions of the country, he must carefully monitor the activities of his officials, - said Navoiy. Husayn Boyqaro listened to the poet attentively. Then, gently pushing back his astrakhan hat and smiling, he announced why he had invited the poet there: he offered Alisher the post of Emir in the chancellery. This proposal excited Navoiy.

- Once again you pick up this complicated issue, - he said. - and yet, you know that your humble servant has objections on this matter.

Husayn Boyqaro frowned:

- We have considered these objections, but we found your arguments unconvincing. Our hearts will not rest until we elevate you to the position of Emir. There is no man who can equal you in our country. By the will of Allah, our decision will bring good results.

- Thank you for your royal mercy, but, if it is possible, please, release me from any official posts... - Navoiy said flatly. - Being Emir and sealing in the chancellery is an honourable thing, but my heart is more inclined toward my freedom. I wish to serve the state and the people with a pure heart. Perhaps my objections seem meaningless, but if you think about it - I'm sure they will become apparent to you. After all, if I accept the position of the Emir, many noble people will

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<sup>1</sup> The name of one of the palaces in Herat

be sad. The soul of man is not free from weaknesses. Unnecessary gossips will rise. Hypocrisy will replace the friendship...

Husayn Boyqaro waved indicating that the decision had already been made.

- If we wanted anything to happen we cannot stand objections, - he said smiling. - We will give order that no Emir cannot sit above you in the meetings. As the Emir Muzaffar Barlos and you are good friends, only he will be able to sit above you to put his stamp if you will allow me. Now it's up to the stars. Once stargazers appoint the happy hour, you will attach the print.

Navoiy tried to bring new objections, new evidence, but Husayn Boyqaro did not want to hear anything. Eventually Navoiy had to thank him for unsolicited grace of the sovereign. Husayn Boyqaro invited him for the day's evening feast.

The poet came down to the lower floor of the Tarabhona. Navoiy's friends were gathered in one of the rooms. They were: Pahlavan Mohammad Sayeed, the vizier Khoja Ato, Khoja Abdullah Marvoriy and others. They all stood up and greeted Navoiy cordially. Khoja Ato was a modest man. He carried out his work very carefully without any noise. Muhammad Sayeed was a skillful fighter, musician and poet and a great friend of Navoiy. Pahlavan started to speak slowly through his thick lips and told them many interesting things about the art of fighting. He took his nineteen year old nephew from his madrassah for some time to prepare him for the meeting with the famous foreign fighters, who were expected to come to Herat and talked about how he was training him. Then the conversation turned to poetry, music, philosophy, dervish and other abstract themes. Khoja Afzal entered and congratulated Navoiy on the mercy of the Sultan. Friends received the news about the new appointment of Navoiy with great joy. Navoiy was surprised that the news about his appointment spread so quickly. Pahlavan, smiling with his broad bearded face, said excitedly:

- This is the golden page in the history of the ancient Khorasan!

- Today is the birthday of the people's happiness, - added Khoja Afzal.

Majididdin, Nizomulmulk, Emir Mogul and some other beks entered. They greeted the poet as if they knew nothing about the news, but their eyes were telling that they were aware of it. Parvanachi Majididdin tried to keep himself haughtily as much as possible now.

Emir Mogul glanced at Majididdin, winking his drunken eyes. Majididdin also gave him a strange sign. Some barlos beks were morose and silent. Only tricky Nizomulmulk, as usual, discharged and uppity, like a peacock, tried to show himself as a devoted friend of the poet. He approached the poet and whispered and congratulated him on the high position. Navoiy sneered and said loudly: "In my opinion, there is no high or low position. For the sake of the people I would be proud to be even a simple warrior!" Nizomulmulk looked round with his sly eyes. He studded his glittering rings on his hand and pet his beautiful beard and shook his head slowly:

- Of course, it must be like this! - he said. Soon the palace servants came and invited everyone to the feast. All stood up noisily and left.

## II

On the third day of his appointment Navoiy held a big celebration in his house. The spacious, white house was full with a lot of guests. Then he cordially greeted guests. The host could not sit down even for a second. He went silently into the kitchen to see how the chef was doing and gave some instructions and reminded him about something and left the kitchen again. Then he went to the storageroom to see what is going on with the preparation of halva and other sweets. He told them to cook better and more. Whenever his house was filled with people, Navoiy always did his best to receive guests.

In a large, luxuriously furnished room the beks, policymakers, famous poets and scholars of Herat, Iraq and Azerbaijan were gathered. General conversation had not started yet and everyone talked to his neighbor. In the corner a few beks were talking about war and hunting. Sul-tonmurod was quietly talking in Arabic with an Iraqi scientist. Strapping Muhammad Sayyid Pakhlavan was making a friendly conversation with a fussy little old man - astrologer. He would quickly and easily guess the stars using their secret councils, everything that Supreme Sovereign wanted: happiness or unhappiness, evil or good deeds, success or failure. If Ulughbek, according to Navoiy, relegated the sky to the earth with his work, that is, made clear to people the laws of motion of stars, this old man pushed its heavenly distance further and enveloped its density with a veil of secrets. When the poor man must withdraw to wear his pants; what

day and hour should the Sultan sit on the golden throne; when writing a love letter is all right? When should the poison be prepared for the enemy? - all those were submitted to the astrologer by the stars. In the palace from ancient times important business and events were supposed to be carried out according to the time selected by the astrologer. Today, he also chose the right hour for Navoiy to become Emir.

- According to our science, Allah has appointed something for every day. One star becomes a king, another will be a vizier, - said the astrologer and took back his words with hand motions. - Today, the lord of all things is the sun, the vizier is the moon. Contemplate carefully the essence of things - all the famous events happen on this day. I have chosen the star named Zukhra<sup>1</sup> for Alisher Navoiy. This is an hour of every good cause. Venus, today, is in apogee and it is on the seventh sky. Its image is also consistent with the basic nature of Alisher. For Venus, it is portrayed as the dancing beauties with chang and kamancha in its hands; it signifies beauty, art, joy and success.

Pahlavon Muhammad Sayeed asked the old man in order to continue the conversation, but at this time the Sultan's personal servants came from the palace. They brought the Emir's dress, embroidered with gold for Navoiy. Navoiy, untied the knot and dressed in the fine clothes with a smile. His friends joyfully began to congratulate him. Only Barlos beks, Majididdin and some other officials who followed them like a shadow, limited with formal greeting trying to hide the light of envy in their eyes. One of the visitors from the palace picked up a scroll, raised it above his head and gave it to Navoiy with a respectful bow. It was a decree which began with the words: «It is Abulgazi Sultan Husayn Boyqaro addressing to you." The decree was supposed to be sent to all the regions. The new emir was supposed to make his own stamp to the official paper for the very first time on this solemn meeting.

Everyone kept silent. Everybody was excited. All eyes with so many different thoughts and feelings were fixed on Navoiy! The poet slightly bowed his head and he seemed to be nervous and embarrassed. Meaningful glances of the beks and officials met for a moment and immediately parted as if they all were afraid of each other. Even Muzaffar Barlos, who was the darling of the sultan for his

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<sup>1</sup> venus

past merits, strong and often refused to obek the sultan, got pale. "Does this poet put his stamp above all emirs?" When Navoiy's stamp was attached to the decree, a sigh of relief swept through the hall. The new emir has made his stamp in a place that no one could put his own stamp below it. Everybody was shocked with Navoiy's modesty. They did not know where to hide their panicking eyes.

The poet Atoulloh and a famous scholar Burhaniddin read their odes written on the occasion of this important event. Then a few poets recited excitedly their odes dedicated to Navoiy. On this glorious day, all his friends, family, representatives of the common people, one after another came to congratulate the poet. Taking part in a big joyful feast, the gathered people dispersed.

## **CHAPTER X**

### **I**

After the Friday prayers Gavharshodbegim Madrassah was in complete silence. Most of the residents of the madrassahs had gone to the town for a walk or to visit their friends. Sul-tonmurod sat alone in his hujra. Now he met the famous Khorasan scientists and took part in scientific debates. His ability and wide knowledge in different fields of science increased his fame every day. He often met with Navoiy. Although many young "seekers of science" turned to the young scientist with a request to give them lessons Sul-tonmurod did not start lecturing in any madrassah. The boy really wanted to get a post of mudarris, but in Herat there were so many scientists who openly feuded among themselves for the right to take this position that it was not easy for Sul-tonmurod to realize his hopes. He lacked the courage to compete with the glorious elders. Navoiy, who patronized all poor students of Herat, provided special attention and assistance to Sul-tonmurod, so that the young scientist was completely spared from lack of money.

In the silent madrassahs, in his small room, a young man was suffering severely. He saw Dildor only once in the evening for a few moments, but the love of a young prisoner, like a cruel disease, glowed in his heart intensifying with each passing day. Sul-tonmurod knew this girl was unattainable for him, but his heart was not listening to the arguments of reason. To forget her he kept reading books in his

Hujra for several days. But after swallowing dozens of volumes, he again was given endless agonizing thoughts about his love...

Now he again turned to books trying to get away from the sad thoughts. Starting with easy, fun ghazals Sul-tonmurod moved to the most complex, puzzling writings, but a minute later he threw them away and grabbed a pen and paper and began to write a letter to Dildor. Sad words covered one sheet after another. A love letter to a simple village girl was graced with dozens of beautiful poems by all kinds of poets, profound Rubaiys devoted to love and passion. These effusions were relieving. The young man read the letter. Hot tears dripped from his eyes: "What is the use to write? These words will never reach her. The tyrant ripped this rose, so he cast her in his arms and then he would pass her to some rough warrior!"

The young man put the pieces of paper on the shelf and threw himself on the bed. He was exhausted.

Zayniddin entered the room humming cheerfully. He was drunk.

- Hello, esteemed scientist!

- Come, oh, flower of my heart! - Sul-tonmurod exclaimed with relief.

Zayniddin looked at his friend and sat down beside him on the bed. He has already spent time for a week in a society of poets, calligraphers and other prominent people of Khorasan and now he casually looked into madrassahs to visit his friends. Now Zayniddin rarely attended lectures, he wanted to improve his skills in calligraphy and was heavily involved in music, but there were many good handwriters and appreciators of beautiful books in Herat. This guy, who was like a dancer and light like a bird, got into extremely difficult situation to make any correspondence and built a reputation among professional scribes who knew how to rewrite beautifully and without a single error in several days. Zayniddin sometimes copied poems by famous poets and sometimes made copies from various collections commissioned by booksellers.

- Are you sick? - asked anxiously Zayniddin.

- No, I am only lonely... - With a forced smile replied Sul-tonmurod.

- My friend, - said sympathetically Zayniddin, - in your heart there is tableware of sadness. I have been noticing it recently but I did not dare to ask you about it. Today, the inner fire is burning your face. Sulking is useless!

Sultonmurod closed his eyes and sighed softly. Zayniddin, appealing to his feelings of friendship, demanded openness. Finally Sultonmurod, rising, took the recently written letter from the shelf and handed it to his friend.

- Here is a pale reflection of my endless sufferings - he said looking down.

Zayniddin carefully read all eight pages. His hands trembled slightly, sadness spread on his face. When he finished reading he looked at his friend sympathetically. He was unconscious.

- Why didn't you tell me about it immediately? - reproachfully said Zayniddin.

- Could you take the iron hand of fate from me? - Sultonmurod replied after a short pause.

- Yes, I could have! - said flatly Zayniddin. - I was able to pull out the steppe nets of violence from the neck of that beauty. Togonbek would perform any of my requests those days. I could have twisted that fool as I wanted.

- Alas! - sadly exclaimed Sultonmurod. - Rose of my love was cherished by sadness. This cup of suffering is enough for a lifetime to me!

- This letter is a sacred book of lovers - said Zayniddin looking at the sheets of paper. - Are you going to send it to her?

- It is impossible and even useless, - Sultonmurod said.

Zayniddin nodded. There was a heavy silence. Sultonmurod then asked what was being done in Herat. Every new event which occurred among the common people or the aristocracy, now was known to Zayniddin. Zayniddin knew that Sultonmurod was mostly interested in the events of scientists and poets, but this time he decided to tell the various small funny stories to cheer his friend up.

- No wonder they say that in all the inhabited parts of the world there is no another city like Herat, - said Zayniddin trying to be jocular. My lifetime is not enough to tell about the most outstanding events of this week... Recently Badiuzzamon has been given a magnificent collection. Outstanding people say that there is no other prince like him in the East or the West; ever since the world was created he was not satisfied with such a reception. Musician Ustad Kulmuhammad Udiy and Sheikh Noiy were there. Sheikh played a beautiful melody with a nay. Ustad Kulmuhammad tried to play the same tune on the gijjak, but it did not work smoothly. Kulmuhammad



said that the gijjak was wrong. Sheikh Noiy immediately took the gijjak from the hands of Ustad and sang this tune with such an art that those present expressed their pleasure with loud exclamations.

- From the Sheikh's musical instruments not only people but the stars fall from the sky - said perking up slightly Sul-tonmurod. - However, Ustad Kulmuhammad is also a very skillful master. He is a creator of music. Who but he has attached the third string to gijjak? Under the patronage of Navoiy, and his taste in music and knowledge, Kulmuhammad will create many great wonderful things...

- It is useless to argue, - Zayniddin agreed.

- Tell me more. Your stories, like a warm wind, make my heart blossom!

- Do you know Mirza Pirim? - asked Zayniddin.

- They say he is incomparable, but I have not seen him, - said Sul-tonmurod.

- Besides the beauty, he still has many other advantages. No musician can compete with him on playing the Qonun<sup>1</sup>. Mirza Pirim is such a pleasant companion that anyone who talks to him will not want to talk to anyone else. You see, one of the wives of the deceased king Abu Sayyid Mirza by the name Rukiyabegim, took her into his service. Rukiyabegim has not got a single tooth in the mouth, and on her head there is no a single black hair... an amazing old woman. She makes funny feasts and lives in the world of wine and music. She recites verses without a veil. They say that even men hesitate to go to her feasts. Rukiyabegim fell in love with Mirza Pirim and lost her peace. She put on all sorts of decorations and tried to strike fire from the ice. Mirza Pirim who appreciates the beauty of youth and spiritual pride, rejected all overtures of this ugly woman. To avoid falling into the clutches of wily, old woman he fled from Herat. Niding he lived in Balkh, in Astrabad and in Nishapur... Infuriated Rukiyabegim sent people for him and the other day the unfortunate young man was brought to Herat. She says that Mirza Pirim squandered three thousand dinars of her money. Now he's in a very difficult position. What will end it - is unknown.

- God help us! - exclaimed in surprise Sul-tonmurod.

Zayniddin read a rubaiy by one poet about Rukiyabegim. The rubaiy was so shamelessly and so consistent in quality of the aged

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<sup>1</sup> Musical instrument

beauty that Sul-tonmurod laughed involuntarily. Zayniddin also laughed to tears. Wiping his wet eyes with a handkerchief he looked out the window. The sky was covered with clouds and it was difficult to determine the time. Zayniddin asked Sul-tonmurod the time.

- I was hoping maybe you would stay with me today, - distractedly said Sul-tonmurod holding his friend's hand. - Tell me what else is new?

- Okay, I will sit for another minute. But then you will come with me.

Sul-tonmurod gestured as if he wanted to say: "We'll see."

After telling some news and anecdotes Zayniddin finally stood up.

- Rather put on your festive robe, wrap a turban.

- Where are we going to? - asked Sul-tonmurod who did not want to go.

- If you want to dispel the bitterness that has accumulated in your heart of a lifetime then come with me.

- Funny gatherings do not attract me. You have comforted me a little, that's enough.

- Your captivating beauty is now winning the hearts of others. Resign yourself to the fate, - said Zayniddin. - Forget her! If you want I'll introduce you to our Herati fairies. You will smell ten roses and choose one!

- Oh, if I could forget her, - said bitterly Sul-tonmurod. - Dildor is the sun in the sky of beauty!

- That sun went behind clouds!

Again Sul-tonmurod's eyes filled with tears. Zayniddin pulled the boy's hand.

- You still have no idea about the Herati amusements, - he said hotly. - Old people say that our modern Herat reminds them of Samarkand during the reign of Amir Timur and Ulughbek... Come on, I'm not taking you to some feast with raging passions. You will see wonderful society; you will meet with the masters of chess.

Sul-tonmurod rose. He put on an expensive silk robe which had recently been presented to him by Navoiy. Putting on his turban he said:

- In those days, even in Samarkand, Sheikh-ul-Islam would invite beautiful musicians and singers to his feasts and would drink wine and play chess.

When I was in Samarkand I heard amazing stories about it.

In the area near the madrassah a large crowd surrounded the famous fool of Herat by the name Dervish Shamrez. This ragged dervish with his hair falling down on his shoulders and glowing eyes enjoyed great fame among people. Many worshipped him believing that he was a miracle and a saint; others loved him for his jokes, aphorisms and sharp ridicule. The fool with a loud voice would read ghazals and then he would move onto funny jokes and publicly use obscenity causing laughter. Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin stood a bit and moved on. They took the road leading to the pond Mahian. There were closely adjacent to each other gardens, small fields, orchards and flower beds on both sides of the road. Among them in the drowning green of the trees there were visible light decker palaces covered with brightly painted walls, huge gorgeous homes of the rich and the beks; beside them as if ashamed of his wretched form, pressed to the ground were dilapidated ramshackle huts of Herati craftsmen. Zayniddin turned left. At the end of a narrow, curved street lined with old one-story houses with brightly painted gates, Zayniddin and his companion entered the gate and walked between the rows of slender cypress trees in the garden which were beautiful even in winter. Out of a new single-storey house with painted walls came toward them an exquisitely dressed young man. It was the son of a big merchant of Herat. His father, the owner of many shops in the bazaar, was famous for the fact that once he invited a prince to his place and set a table of thousands of different dishes and surprised the prince. The young rich boy greeted Zeyniddin whom he met at some meeting. Fearing that the boy will not pay enough attention to Sul-tonmurod, Zayniddin immediately introduced his friend and began to praise him as a great scientist. Sul-tonmurod modestly greeted the host blushing and tried to turn the words of Zayniddin into a joke. The young man smiling affably led them into the house.

There were many people in a room which was richly decorated with Chinese dishes, Iranian and Indian silk fabrics and all sorts of rarities. There were the sons of beks dressed in silk and velvet gowns and young dandies who belonged to the wealthy families of the capital as well as many chess fans there. They all talked about all sorts of things: a new palace being built in the garden of the sovereign so-called Jahon oro; the latest ghazal by Navoiy and the music composed

by Khoja Abdullah Marvoriy and about Islim Barlos's behavior during a game of chess.

Finally, the long-awaited moment came. A square scarf was spread and then they laid the chess board, a small tambourine and dagger in the middle of the room. Famous masters - Mavlon Khoja and Emir Khalil sat on their haunches before the board and began to arrange the ivory figures of chess. Both of them have reached middle age but, nevertheless, they were dapper dressers like funny young dandies. Those present gathered around the players. Sul-tonmurod pushed Zayniddin's knee and showed his surprise to the tambourine and dagger. Zayniddin whispered into his ear smiling:

- Do not try to give advice to the players during the game.

Sul-tonmurod was even more surprised.

- They really do not rush the advisers with a dagger, but they will get very angry, - said Zayniddin in whisper.

- And what about tambourine? - again Sul-tonmurod pushed him.

- Hold on, you will see...

The start of the game was not particularly interesting, but as the famous wizard played all stared at the board. Soon, however, the game activated. Emir Khalil went on the attack. Spectators got pale with excitement, their eyes inflamed. Finally Emir Khalil managed to lead the enemy into confusion. With scarcely perceptible smile he proudly looked around and read an appropriate verse to the occasion in a pleasant voice.

The viewers' excitement intensified. Khoja furrowed his eyebrows, he finally found a way out of the difficult situation. Sul-tonmurod, who was absorbed in watching the game, pointedly looked at his friend and expressed his admiration for the skill of the players. Having made a successful move, Khoja read a corresponding verse stating deliverance from danger. Those who have heard this verse for the first time, started to repeat it with pleasure to each other's ears trying to remember it. While Amir Khalil was thinking about a move, Khoja jumped up and hit the tambourine, spectators drew back expanding the circle and Khoja himself playing up the tambourine, danced with such an enthusiasm that the present burst involuntarily into cries of delight. Mavlon Khoja made with comic gestures that no one could repeat... The game got more aggravated. Both masters sprinkled poems and quatrains. Taking shape each started dancing and in addition uttered a few verses.

The opponents did not only compete in a game of chess, but also in the knowledge of the set of poems about chess and the ability to tell them in the right time. Most viewers got more addicted to that competition than the party itself and gathered mainly for the sake of poetic part of the game. Here, Amir Khalil started to win and beat the drum, recited and sat opposite Khoja. At the same time he did such funny gestures that the audience burst into laughter. Finally, the game ended in a draw. The masters with a smile, shook hands. All congratulated them warmly.

After dinner, the guests slowly began to disperse. Sul-tonmurod also rose. Saying goodbye to his host and Zayniddin who was still sitting with friends, the young man went away. At dusk when Sul-tonmurod was silently sitting at the gate of the madrassah, a simple country boy came up to him. It was Arslankul.

- Sir, do you know the man named Togonbek? - he asked Sul-tonmurod shyly.

- I know, - said Sul-tonmurod. - and how do you know that I know him? - he asked suspiciously.

- People told me that he had some friends in this madrasah. Where is he now?

- What do you want? Why do you need Togonbek? - asked Sul-tonmurod with an interest rising from his seat.

Arslankul said:

- Uh, sir, it's a long story...

Sul-tonmurod's interest intensified. He had enough time to listen to a "long story". He took the guy into his hujra; he lit a candle. With a smile, the young man who looked at him then at the big thick book: - I am listening to you. You may begin.

Introducing himself as Arslankul the young man spoke about his village, about his life and love. And then he uttered the name Dildor. Sul-tonmurod got pale as a sheet and he was thrown in a shiver. Arslankul said these with downcast eyes and did not notice the change in the face of the young scientist. He described how the taxman named Togonbek came to his village; how much grief he had caused to the peasants. Togonbek stayed in the house and he peeped Dildor. And during the brief reign of Mirza Yadgar an unidentified man kidnapped the girl one night. Guessing that Dildor had been kidnapped by Togonbek Arslankul came to Herat. Not finding Togonbek here he went to Astrabad then to Balkh on the advice of some people.

Speaking about all the hardships he had endured on the road, Arslankul sighed and looked up.

- Sir, are you all right? - he asked fearfully.

Sultonmurod got greatly embarrassed. Trying in vain to hide his pain, he replied:

- You're right. I'm not all right...

Arslankul paused. Rising from his seat he asked:

- You evidently do not know where Togonbek is now?

- Sit down, sit and talk. What do you want Togonbek for?

- When I find this dog, you know, I want to know where the girl is, whether she is alive or dead, or whether he had sold her to foreign countries. For the evil inflicted Togonbek will get only evil from me too.

- Togonbek disappeared many months ago, - said Sultonmurod. - But recently he has appeared again in our city. He is very close to the great people of the state. I do not know if you can take revenge on him... But your favorite is not in his hands.

- Haven't you heard where she is now? - asked Arslankul in a trembling voice.

Sultonmurod clenched his forehead with his hands. His head was spinning. He pondered for a long time in silence and finally, decided to tell Arslankul the truth, no matter how bitter it might be:

- The girl had been given to the sultan - he said with a heavy sigh.

All the blood drained from the face of Arslankul. His eyes misted.

-My fate is so bitter! - he said after a long silence. -I cannot see Dildor forever! - I know, I heard that people give beautiful girls to the Sultan and get great posts for this! Okay... The time will come I will compete with Togonbek... - He got up and headed for the exit. Sultonmurod seeing him off said:

- Now we have become friends. If you come to visit me I will be glad.

Arslankul thanked him and disappeared in the darkness. Sultonmurod sat around the candle. His head was spinning, his eyes got dark. "Where has this unknown young man come from? - Who sent him? Why does he love his Dildor?"- Everything that has just happened seemed to Sultonmurod like a dream...

When the owner of the neighboring hujra came in and said something while Sul-tonmurod looked at him blankly. A neighbor reported that in the afternoon a man came with an invitation from Navoiy. Sul-tonmurod hesitated to go as he was afraid of his present state. However, to refuse the invitation from Navoiy would be too impolite. In addition, a conversation with Alisher is always good for the soul. Coming out his hujra, he, ignoring the mud, walked quickly in the dark.

When Sul-tonmurod entered the room where he usually had conversations with Alisher, the meeting was in full swing. Apologizing for being late he greeted everyone. Navoiy showed him the place beside him and offered all kinds of dishes, sweets, picked pomegranates, apples and pears. The meeting was attended by the great scholars known in Khorasan and other countries, the permanent interlocutor of Navoiy - poet Sheikh Suhayliy, poets - Hofiz Yoriy, Hiloliy, aged Hasan Ardasher who led his lifestyle as a dervish and some close servants and friends of Alisher.

The Golden sun on the ceiling and colorful paintings on the walls sparkled in the light of the pair of candles in sconces and delighted the senses like poetry and music.

The present were fluent in three languages - Turkic, Persian, Arabic, - and they would speak any language which was more convenient for them. Almost all scientists have sound information, not only in their field of knowledge, but also in many other sciences. Among them there were people who united science with art - good dancers, composers composing music for the songs and skillful painters.

Navoiy, as usual, was sitting below the guests - quiet, unassuming, with refined and noble manners. Although scientists have admired his deep information in all fields of science and everywhere were talking about him, he never exhibited his knowledge on display. Patiently and carefully listening to others Navoiy would not laugh at others' errors, he said: "In the opinion of your humble servant, this question should be understood like this." Saying these words he would always try to correct his peer's mistakes.

The conversation, interrupted by the arrival of a young scientist, continued again. From the ethical teachings of Socrates and Aristotle's

works, the conversation easily passed to the views of Ibn Sina<sup>1</sup> on medicine or astronomical tables by Ulughbek.

Sultonmurod would tell his friends about these meetings: "starting from philosophy and logic and ending with the interpretation of dreams and fortune-telling in the sand very useful discussion had been made."

Meanwhile, new guests came into the room. They were Shahobiddin, the most ignorant, but at the same time the most proud of Khorasan scientists who entered the world of science by sheer audacity and he was accompanied by Binoiy, a highly capable poet, but a sharp and stubborn man, a schemer, who does not make the difference between life and the forbidden permissible.

Mavlon Shahobiddin in an overly spacious, bright robe, went into the room and sat proudly on the place of honour, as if a teacher among students. - Casually dressed, stocky Binoiy with a patchy beard and shifty eyes anxiously looked around quizzically. He bowed with mock humility and sat down on the first available place. Navoiy treated him with usual politeness. Binoiy, not interested in the conversation, paid all his attention to the food. Shahobiddin, on the contrary, did not even look at the tablecloth. As an overlooking scientist who could resolve the dispute alone at the end, he silently listened to the debate, but those present discussed all new questions and Shahobiddin could not unclench his lips.

The poets started to talk about elegant literature. Someone read a few verses from the playful music ghazal by Lutfi and praised them. Someone praised the new melodious ghazal by Navoiy which was sung by everyone in Herat. Shahobiddin opened his mouth wide and yawned.

- We do not know what the future of Turkic poetry is, - he said with a grin, stroking his sleek turning gray beard. - Anyway, I do not see much point in the work of some poets in this field. A broken crock pot and Badakhshan ruby is not the same thing.

- But, sir, - retorted the modest, dervishlike Hasan Ardasher - eloquence and perfection of the Turkic language clearly manifested in the sun of the ghazals by the venerable Lutfi and especially by Alisher. The magical sounds of this new tool plunged into the

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<sup>1</sup> Avicenna



amazement of writing in Persian. The people, who have been gifted with taste and reason, cannot deny this truth.

- Firdavsiy and Nizami's language by its very nature is designed for inspiration and poetry. This is evidenced by the whole history of the past - the whole world admires their poems. However, this statement has never needed to be proved, - haughtily said Shahobiddin.

Binoiy's eyes sparkled with a taunt. He raised his head with an ugly wound turban.

- Great noble men, - he said to the congregation, choosing his words carefully, - you all happened to pass on the street our skilled blacksmiths behind Chorsu. Each hammer blow like a nail stuck into your ears. When I listen to the Turkic ghazals I feel the same suffering!

Sworn enemy of the Turkic language - Binoiy always talked about Turkic poetry in such a tone, so that all listened to him with a smile without giving value to him. They expected from him even more gross and obscene antics. Like other scholars and poets of Khorasan and Maveraunnakhr, nine out of ten of those present were fans of Persian; in their opinion, the Turkic language was unfit for poetry. Belief, that the Persian language is the most beautiful, rich and delicate language in the world, was absorbed in their blood. Even Sultonmurod, who put ghazals by Navoiy above any works by the Persian poets and clearly felt the sounds of Alisher's music in his native dialect - when he took up his pen involuntarily he would turn to Persian or Arabic too.

Recently arrived in Herat and still not familiar with the works by Navoiy, the scientist Modar Zodaiy Mullah Usmon fastidiously looked at Binoiy ingratiatingly looked around as if seeking approval in the eyes of those present and asked Navoiy:

- Mr. Alisher, you are a bilingual poet. Which one is kinder to your heart: Foniy or Navoiy?

- To tell the truth, - Navoiy said seriously. - Our heart is amiable to our native language and that means Navoiy is better.

- Why? - hurriedly asked Mullah Modar Zodaiy.

-Foniy is better, Foniy! - Binoiy shouted dropping pieces of food from his mouth.

Navoiy gave a quizzical look at Binoiy and carried on:

- We have never denied the beauty and power of works created in the Persian language. From an early age we also wrote in Persian. However, we have concluded to love our native language and keep this love until our death. In the cities, in the villages, in the steppes and mountains live our countrymen, our relatives and tribesmen; they have their own mind, taste and their concepts. We write in the language of our own people that their hearts could be filled with flowers of thoughts, we sing in Turkish tunes to excite the people's soul. Our people will be happy in the garden of words. So far, no one has paid attention to the essence of our language and its gems eclipsed by stars are still hidden. Our young poets, in search of an easier way, just write in Persian, not noticing that their native language has many words and forms of expressing the subtle movements of the soul. The beauty and richness of our language can make other languages keep silence.

Navoiy spoke with great enthusiasm and a deep sadness. Even when he finished, the guests, spellbound kept silence and never took their eyes off him. Even Binoiy, always sharp with the tongue, did not dare to utter a new sharpness and said nothing. Who could praise the beauty and sweetness of the Persian language in front of Navoiy who had created such wonderful poems in this language in his childhood?!

Hasan Ardashir supported Navoiy. After him Sul-tonmurod proved with several examples that the Turkic poetry did not concede the works by the great Persian poets in means of beauty and subtlety of thoughts.

- The great master of Persian poetry Jamiy, - said Sul-tonmurod at the end. - praised the charm of Turkic poetry. He paid a lot of attention to our language and said that this language was capturing the Persian language.

Navoiy skillfully changed the subject to prevent aggravation of the dispute and to make conversation more peaceful.

He began to tell an interesting story about the "imaginary Qalandar"... Navoiy knew countless stories like that. Incidents of everyday life gave him material for fun and edifying anecdotes and parables. He would tell them so lively and warmly that all would listen to him with deep interest.

Mudarris Mavlonov Fasihiddin told an incident from the life of the Sufis. The scientist of medicine remembered a legend about Ibn

Sina. Sul-ton-murod told a hilarious anecdote about Iskander<sup>1</sup>. Navoiy liked it very much. They flowed with anecdotes and stories and each one was more vivid and interesting. The hall was filled with loud laughter.

At midnight when the guests began to disperse Navoiy stopped Sul-ton-murod.

- What would you say if I offered you a lecture in one of the madrassahs?

Sul-ton-murod was confused.

- Perhaps, it is not right time yet... - he said uncertainly.

- The most talented students of Herat are willing to learn from you.

- If you think that it's time I do not dare to protest - said Sul-ton-murod downcast.

- That's fine, - said Navoiy happily. - In the coming days we will solve this issue. I'll tell you one thing: put a love of science into the hearts of your students, do not sell your knowledge for power and wealth. The human heart must be clean. Give people the knowledge, try to broaden thinking and research in science. Science is not a dead treasure, it is a living tree. It is necessary for it to grow and flourish and bear fruit!

- Your obedient servant lives just for the sake of these dreams, - Sul-ton-murod said excitedly.

- See you!

Sul-ton-murod ran toward the madrassah full of excitement.

## II

After morning prayers Navoiy had breakfast with some of his friends. Having instructed his servants, the poet went to Bogi Zogon. The Garden was shrouded in clouds. The sad beauty of gardens and alleys lit by cold sunshine, and the glassy surface of ponds covered with a thin dark blue ice, unwittingly attracted the eyes. Approaching the forty columned palace, Navoiy told Eshikoga in a brocade robe that he wanted to see the sultan. Eshikoga immediately disappeared. He made Alisher wait a long time and then he came out and pointed at one of the gilded doors which drove into the circular hallway. The small rectangular room had walls that were covered with crimson silk

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<sup>1</sup> Alexander the Great

drawings. The Poet bowed to Husayn Boyqaro sitting on a pile of pillows embroidered with gold and sat down. For a few days he has not seen the Sultan, so he gave a detailed report about the important government activities carried out within this time. Husayn Boyqaro spoke about Iraq. Navoiy advised to send some trusted people there to gather information about political attitudes prevailing in the province. This proposal pleased the sultan. He also asked Navoiy whom to appoint instead of the recently deceased judge of Herat. The poet stressed the importance of this position in the people's life and called the names of several scholars who have thoroughly studied Sharia and enjoy a good reputation among the people.

- A person occupying this position, - said with conviction Navoiy, - must be honest. If even his own son commits a crime he should punish him to the fullest extent of the law!

Husayn Boyqaro did not inquire more about any of these persons. He just said:

- We will think about it again.

Navoiy spoke about the viziers. In essence, it was the main purpose of his visit. To bring public affairs into order, knowledgeable, experienced dignitaries were needed. Two existing viziers - Khoja Ato and Abdulholiq, in charge of the affairs of the chancellery, could not cope with their responsibilities. Considering that Khoja Afzal was the right person for this position, Navoiy had an idea to recommend him to the sultan for a long time. Now he wanted to finally resolve this issue.

- Isn't Nizomulmulk Havafi suitable for this high post? - Husayn Boyqaro inquisitively looked at Navoiy.

- No one fits for the post of vizier except Khoja Afzal!

- In this case, we will elevate both of them to the rank of vizier, - said flatly Sultan. - Nizomulmulk's dignity is absolutely clear to me.

Navoiy did not object.

At this time parvanachi Majididdin, accompanied by three scribes who carried paper, pen and inkwell, came in. Navoiy asked permission to leave.

Majididdin and the scribes worked at with the Sultan for two hours. They fixed decrees and letters on paper. Then Majididdin let the scribes go and looking at the Sultan with the eyes of faithful dog said:

- Oh, the sun of the world, who is the lucky one that has elected by your blessed mind for the position of city qazi<sup>1</sup>?

- No one.

- Your insignificant servant wishes to offer a wise man worthy of honour to serve the throne.

- Who is he? - asked with interest Husayn Boyqaro.

- The leader of the venerable scientists of Khorasan. His name is Shahobiddin, - parvanachi said.

Husayn Boyqaro raised his eyebrows.

- I know all the famous scholars of Khorasan, but I do not remember any of Shahobiddin.

- Maybe his name slipped out of your noble memory, - said Majididdin. - Besides, Shahobiddin is modest and unobtrusive.

Husayn Boyqaro kept silence. Majididdin started to praise his friend as a man known among scientists for his complete ignorance now was called the Plato of his time, an old rascal who once, during the reign of Abu Sayeed Mirza, had eaten ten thousand dinars of waqf<sup>2</sup> property and disgraced in the whole country, and now he dignified him as "the epitome of honesty, justice and conscience." Majididdin said that if the sultan had even a little doubt in his words he could ask for confirmation from the beks, Emir Mogul, Muzaffar and Muhammad Barlos, and Burunduq Barlos. Husayn Boyqaro, who had been listening with his eyes closed, perked up at those words. He asked about the origin of Shahobiddin. Among his ancestors there were a lot of outstanding people and so Majididdin did not have to resort to exaggeration. Husayn Boyqaro promised that if the beks joined Majididdin's opinion he would assign Shahobiddin as qazi. Then he took Majididdin and hurried to the feast.

Alisher Navoiy came into the room of the chancellery. In the spacious rooms, in a row the chiefs of offices and others officials were involved in the chatter about defiance affairs. In each room sat five to ten clerks and secretaries, who wrote, bent low over the paper and blew on numbed fingers. The beks' seats were empty. Navoiy frowned: "Probably, there is a feast somewhere. Drunkards!" How many times he tried to impress upon the Sultan that every nobleman, who runs the country, should be on the job every day and do business, not putting off something that should be completed today. "The Sultan

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<sup>1</sup> Ancient judge

<sup>2</sup> A type of tax

does not show hardness in his decisions and requirements, so there is no sense of responsibility," - thought Navoiy.

He looked at cases concerning areas and individual villages. Sending petitions and complaints to the respective heads of departments he asked them to resolve them quickly and Navoiy received ordinary people and officials who came with problems. In the afternoon, before leaving home, Navoiy remembered Sul-tonmurod. He wrote a letter to Sheikh-ul-Islam with the proposal to appoint the young scientist as a teacher in the madrassah Shahrukh and in case there are problems with the salary, Navoiy expressed willingness to issue Sul-tonmurod a salary from his own budget funds.

Having returned home, Alisher could not relax. Dozens of people were waiting for him from a variety of sectors of the population. Each had his own complaint, request or petition.

After dinner, the poet sat next to a candle and took a pen and paper and went down into inspiration. He wrote a ghazal and then a tuyug. He was very pleased with the tuyug. In this poem, he was able to show the richness and limitless possibilities of his native language. Time slipped by unnoticed, servants' footsteps and voices got silent in the yard. Outside the window, the third time the voices of Herat roosters were heard.

In the morning Mirak Naqqosh came to his home. Navoiy invited him for negotiations on painting in the garden of violets. Mirak Naqqosh was one of the most prominent painters of Herat among hundreds of painters. Beautiful drawings on buildings of Herat belonged to him; they felt a new quest, a desire to create something original.

In conversation Mirak Naqqosh mentioned one of his students as an unusually gifted young man. Navoiy got very interested in him and started asking about the young artist when he said with undisguised pride that his pupil was more inclined to draw than to wall paint.

- Our Kamoliddin Bekhzad was an orphan from Herat, - Mirak said. - I felt sorry for him. I thought: "If this orphan together with other students mastered my art, it would be an opportunity to earn a livelihood for the boy." He is an unusually clever boy. His hands are like gold. He quickly mastered his craft.

- Come on, sir, introduce me to your student, - rose Navoiy. - We can say that there is no real master in the art of drawing here!

Mirak Naqqosh, with his eyes wide open, stared at the poet. He knew that Navoiy takes great care and attention to the people of art. Navoiy asked with dissatisfaction:

- Is it true what you have just said?
- Have you ever heard that I was a liar?
- If so, why do you hesitate?

Mirak Naqqosh pushed back his point taqya and scratched his head.

- Okay, I'm ready to introduce you, - said he with a smile. - But there is no need to be hindered. I'll bring Kamoliddin Bekhzad here myself. To be received by you is a great honour for him.

Navoiy asked to bring the artist tonight.

Navoiy went to the chancellery and assumed his daily duties. He congratulated Khoja Afzal on the highest decree and heard from him that Shahobiddin was appointed as city qazi. The unexpected news made Navoiy very angry. He did not even ask about the details of the assignment and left the couch. Sitting on a horse he went to inspect the interior trim palace Jahon oro that Husayn built in the garden. When he came back home before sunset, Mirak Naqqosh and his student were waiting for him. Navoiy affectionately, as the elder brother greeted Kamoliddin Bekhzad. The young artist has just turned sixteen, he was a tall boy dressed in homespun robe. In his graceful figure, harmonious beauty and strength were sparkling in his dark eyes; he was shy and clear and like all people with great soul his face was shining with inspiration. Seeing the famous poet and a great statesman, the young man was confused.

Navoiy led both of them into his room. Mirak Naqqosh, revealing an old leather case, started to show drawings by the young artist one by one, each of them had been performed on a separate sheet. Navoiy picked up the first sheet and for a moment he scrutinized. Then he looked pointedly at Mirak. The poet squinting looked back at the picture and did not take his eyes off it. What a fine harmony of colors as lovely rays receding by azure skies in the hour of dawn!

Thrilled and delighted Navoiy took a deep breath. He looked at the second picture. The same power but the colors were richer and more luxurious. Here is an image of hunting. Ghazals as if they were ready to jump off the paper. Each point in this figure was alive. Navoiy, with infinite pleasure admired the miniature.

Kamoliddin sat embarrassed looking at the poet and at his teacher. Mirak Naqqosh considered drawings with such pleasure as if he was seeing them for the first time, although most of the minatures had been created in front of him. He could not wait to share his experiences with Navoiy. Finally, the poet with sincere joy congratulated the young artist:

- In our old world, - spoke Alisher enthusiastically, - there was not a master like you. Your pencil's dignity is infinitely beyond all praise.

Kamoliddin Bekhzad flushed. He said by trembling lips:

- I do not know how to thank you for your high attention. These drawings are only the first experiences by your student. My pencil needs a guidance of a teacher.

- Never stop learning, - said Navoiy seriously.

After evening prayers he invited Mirak Naqqosh and his great student to the dinner. During the meal, they talked about Herati artists and their works. When the table was cleaned Navoiy again began to look through the drawings by Bekhzad in the candlelight. He carefully looked at every detail in subtle shades of colors. However, he pointed to Bekhzad some shortcomings which could be noticed by a man with a deep knowledge in painting and gifted delicate taste. Navoiy explained what the strength and beauty of his unseen figure were. Bekhzad tried to memorize every word said by poet.

It got dark and the painter and a young artist were ready to leave. Navoiy asked Bekhzad to visit him more often and he would be pleased. Then Navoiy detained Mirak Naqqosh and whispered to him:

- Tomorrow certainly come to me, we will discuss what to do to support this extraordinary talent.

-Very good idea. I will come in the evening for sure. – and Naqqosh left with great happiness.

## **CHAPTER XI**

### **I**

There was silence around the harem. The wife of the sovereign, though they lived close to each other but in separate palaces, had gone to the grand feast of one of the princes unrelated to the reigning house. Most of the girls were slaves in the White Garden, in the retinue of his



beloved wife of the Sultan, Khadichabegim who was accompanied by them and there were no more than twenty women there.

Spring was flourishing. Tall, slender cypress trees, lush fruit trees and sweeping lawns covered with bright flowers, ornamental painted buildings, like rival, in sunshine with flowering meadows - all this was some fantastic picture.

Dildor did not participate in today's solemn departure of Khadichabegim. She sat alone at the open window. Yawning and stretching with painful languor, she indulged in thoughts of separation from loved ones.

Sent by Majididdin to the royal palace as a gift to the Sultan, Dildor felt alone, like a stranger in this luxurious palace. Among the amusements between peers which she had heard about only in fairy tales, there was no moment to be happy. Homesickness, longing to return to his poor but honest life for a minute, did not leave the girl.

There are women for whom love is as sacred as faith. Yielding to the inclination of the heart, these women prefer a crumbling royal palace to a poor man's hut; a simple ragged shepherd they traded for the prince. With their whole being, they seek the same goal: if the goal is unattainable - for life they elect a friend's suffering.

Dildor was one of those women. Luxury wine, debauchery, gossip filling the harem life, smothered her heart of pure love.

One evening the palace maids took Dildor home to Majididdin and led her into a beautiful, richly decorated room. Luxury reigned in the house and the treatment of young girls around her frightened Dildor. «How many troubles there are because of a simple slave. No, this hides something evil "- she thought fearfully. Although Dildor was dressed in the richest clothes here in the palace, the girls were stripped and forced her to wear a different dress; Dildor's head coquettishly was wrapped with a cashmere shawl, on her hands were gold bracelets and her fingers adorned with sparkling rings. Then Dildor sat on a pile of silk cushions and tablecloth spread out before her. Feeling as if sentenced to death, Dildor did not touch the sweets.

Mysteriously whispering among themselves, the girls cleaned the tablecloth. It was getting dark. Suddenly the door opened and a woman entered. Dildor gave her a quick startled look. She was sixty years old. Her thin face was penetrated with deep wrinkles, but she was discharged, puff young wishing like beauty. Dildor heard the girls talking to each other with fear and respect saying: "Gulchekhra Bibi

told to do so" or mysteriously whispered: "Gulchekhra Bibi calls." Realizing that this is the very same person, Dildor involuntarily rose. The old woman came closer and her experienced eye scanned the girl from head to toe. Straightening her Kashmiri shawl, the old woman feigned a soft voice asked:

- What's your name?

- Dildor, - quietly replied the girl, looking down.

- Are you from the village?

- Yes.

- You have a nice name, but not good enough for such a beauty, - smilingly, said the old woman. - If anyone asks your name, say - Dildorhon - begim. Sit down, oh my soul.

Dildor and the old woman sat opposite each other. The old woman spoke about the rules of conduct and procedures adopted in the palace. She told the girl about how to behave in society and to the Sultan to give him pleasure. Dildor was silent...

Her embarrassment rose and she listened to almost nothing consciously. The old woman called and told to the slave to prepare the bed. Then she got up and leaving said:

- Rest in peace, my daughter, and do not be afraid. There is a circle full of people if you need anything, call the slave.

On this night Dildor did not close her eyes. In the morning the girls came in. They asked how Dildor felt and seeing that she was pale, began to comfort her:

- Do not grieve! Soon you will get used to it! We also experienced it.

After breakfast Dildor forcibly was taken to the garden. Neither fragrant flower beds, nor luxury building nor silvery House, no birds in smart cages - nothing was fun. Having walked a bit with the girls, she came back and did not go out. Every minute she was expecting something terrible and shuddered.

On the third evening Gulchekhra Bibi came. She washed Dildor's hair and sprayed it with rosewater. Women telling her to wear a light, thin silk shirt had gone. Dildor burned with shame. At every rustle outside the door she began to tremble. Hot tears burned her cheeks, but at midnight there was an old woman again, muttering irritably:

- His Majesty Sultan is a little drunk and barely holding on his feet told to Dildor.

Every day she waited with longing, for the evening; however, the old woman could not put her to bed of the sultan. A week later, there was a rumor that Husayn Boyqaro left for hunting. Meanwhile Khadichabegim heard about the extraordinary beauty Dildor, called to her. Khadichabegim was the favorite wife of the Sultan and gained a lot of power. Being cunning and clever, she dedicated herself through viziers and lords to influence the policy plans and play the Sultan as she wanted. Khadichabegim had not lost her beauty and was quite tempting, but feared the Sultan's meetings with young beautiful girls. After all, she was a lonely beautiful palace's maid. Now, thanks to her charms, deceit and perseverance she became the favorite wife of the sovereign. Others could also achieve this.

That's why having seen Dildor, she immediately ordered to include her among her personal slaves.

Dildor got rid of her fear, which covered her whole being. However, from then her position in the palace changed. She did not wait more than girls, she, like other slaves, silently performed orders of Khadichabegim. Now she did not occupy a separate room, as before and lived with a few maids in a general, simply furnished room, but such a change infinitely pleased her. Her only desire was to connect with Arslankul, but how to do it? It was impossible to escape from the palace. The wife of the sovereign does not regard with the guardians of the harem and live independently, but every step, every look of the maids of the harem were strictly followed. Khadichabegim once a week went out of town; the maids including Dildor, usually accompanied her, but outside the city the silk tents were surrounded day and night by the guards.

Where is the lover boy? Is her dear grandmother alive? Dildor could only share her grief with other girls, who were the same lonely and unhappy. In this way she lived for two years.

Dildor went into the garden to talk to someone rather than remain in with the other. On one of the streets she met eunuch; probably he was bored in the silent palace and also went to the garden for walking. Although this slave with pierced ears had turned no more than forty years, he was a pitiful creature with a wrinkled face looking old with bent shoulders. His whole figure, every movement felt some internal breakdown. Like other eunuchs, charged with guarding the slaves, in his pale eyes sparkled constant impotent rage.

The eunuch stopped opposite of Dildor and smiling coldly tried to engage her in conversation. These people were true disasters for girls – captives, palace liars and gossipers, all of them, young and old, the most hated word "love" persecuted any natural attraction.

The girl despised by his company, not listening, passed. Being angry and awkwardly hobbling, he blocked her way.

- Do not cross borders, girl, - he said angrily, - I know all your secrets. You drop tears from her eyes, grieve, as the girl was left for the holiday without a new dress, and sigh, resting his hand on her cheek. Right now what you were thinking when sitting in front of a window? From my eyes, you cannot hide anywhere!

- Go away, give me a moment's rest, - Dildor said with disgust.

- Looking for love on the streets, I know...

Dildor angrily raised her head and walked away. From the side women's voices were heard. She walked along the lawn.

- Come here, or have you grieved enough? - said the slave.

On the supa Davlatbakht was sitting, the trusted servant of Khadichabegim; there were two Turkmen beauties - Humar and Asalhon and the lovely Persian girl Zulfizar. Davlatbakht remained here to perform some secret orders of Khadichabegim. Turkmen girls, the slave wives of Husayn Boyqaro, Apak-begim lived in the building nearby and often came here. Dressed in silk the slaves' glances seemed carefree and happy, but the color of their faces was something painful in the eyes, the movements were noticeably sluggish. Desires, seething in their hearts, unsatisfied desire cast shadows on the young sparkling beauties. For leisure, they often talked about love, lovers and similar heroes of ancient tales about brave warriors; sighed sadly at night.

- To whom are you whispering? - asked Dildor.

- Sit down, you will know, - Humar said.

Dildor sat beside Zulfizar. The conversation was about dark love stories about wives of the sovereign, about the quarrels between his wives and concubines, the pregnancy of one of the concubines - Zubeida-aga and other events of everyday life of harem. Dildor turned away from her friends.

- Drop it! Why you need this empty talk? Oh, it's so hard in my heart.

- The mountain passes, only you need to share it, - Davlatbakht said playing with thin, as if derived by a pen eyebrows.

- No, Davlatbakht, play a little better.

- Oh, I'll play with joy on gidjak, - said the Iranian beauty, screwing up her huge eyes.

Dildor ran into the room of Davlatbakht and brought gijjak, tambour and tambourine. Davlatbakht took to the vestibule, elegant, dreamy Asalhon - the tambourine and Zulfizar - the gijjak. The girls sang softly strumming on instruments. At this time, the eunuch who met Dildor passed them, frowning. Davlatbakht with a fake smile beckoned him. She whispered something in the ear of the servant and the servant softened. He laid under the swaying cypresses and dozed off.

- I heard about the new beautiful ghazal by Navoiy, - Davlatbakht said, plucking the strings. - If I knew it by heart, I would read it.

- Where did you hear that? - asked with interest Dildor.

- Recently, I ministered at the reception at Khadichabegim. She had the best musicians in Herat, most gay young men, sons of lords. And I would really like to be their slaves for life if they looked at me once. At this meeting, they sang very good songs. But the ghazal of Navoiy touched my heart. It began like this... Wait!..

Davlatbakht - shifted thin eyebrows and pondered. Then she slowly, in gentle voice read the ghazal which means the following in English:

*About plunged into faithlessness, moonfaced magician.  
Without fear of retribution, soul give you possess!  
On my shoulder - rags, empty, abandoned my hearth,  
Drunk and poor at home drinking serve your beauty!*

Davlatbakht dreamily lowered her big beautiful eyes.

- Well, go on, go on, - hurried Dildor. Davlatbakht regretfully shook her smooth, black striped head. The girls were very upset. To memorize the beginning of the ghazal, each of them repeated it several times.

Dildor asked Davlatbakht:

- Sing "To look at your beauty..."?

Gentle waves rose higher sounds. Davlatbakht, who played on the vestibule, with large dark eyes gazed at space and warmth, singing, like a nightingale's voice:

*Seeing your beauty, I crushed forever.  
On the day I discovered you!  
Forerunner of all the ills it is.*

Girls silently shook their heads when magical sounds were heard. Fingers stained with henna, danced on the tambourine. Closing sad eyes, Dildor imperceptibly joined in singing.

The slaves, gathered to listen, nudged each other and whispered, pointing at Dildor:

- Here it is!

When the singing was over, they rushed to embrace Dildor who sometimes secretly hummed to herself, but had never sung with other girls.

The singers started to come more and more. They sang famous Turkic and Persian ghazals one after another. But suddenly the chief eunuch appeared, like a cloud overshadowing a bright, joyful day and broke the fun of girls.

- Enough, enough! Over the edge, shameless, - angrily screamed the eunuch, straining his neck.

Before that angry old slave terrified all the inmates of the harem. Not only slaves and concubines, but even the favorite of the emperor and his wife were forced to reckon with him.

Girls picked up the musical instruments and fearfully, without saying a word, fled in different directions. The old man shouted:

- Get ready to meet Khadichabegim!

Alarmed Davlatbakht gathered all the girls and seated them to work.

Khadichabegim entered, surrounded as usual by a lush entourage. She was in a bright red, golden-flowered, embroidered dress made of Chinese silk, it was very long and wide. Several girls kept the hem of her dress. The queen's head was adorned by smooth silk scarf as a turban. This hat and the long dress made Khadichabegim taller. The turban was decorated with elaborate sapphires, topazes and huge pearls. Over the turban, the crown was shining. The queen's face was densely covered with whitewash and rouge to hide its natural color.

Women of the harem welcomed Khadichabegim by low bows. The queen seemed to notice no one. Followed by the crowd of

beautiful male and female slaves and colorful robes, she arrogantly proceeded to the luxurious house, towering in the middle of the garden.

After the dinner, Khadichabegim started the reception. On the upper part of the room, on silk cushions, the queen sat alone. A group of slaves stood behind her, on the right and the left the noble women sat according to kinship with the reigning house. The loof wife settled with lords and viziers and beauties of the noblest families in Herat... Gold-painted walls, covered with silk furniture - all this luxury and stunning splendor amazed not only those who firstly got into this big room, but also those people who have seen it hundreds of times. Here you can always see some rare thing. Today, all eyes were attracted by the tree in a large silver tub, which stood on the table beside Khadichabegim. This tree, six feet in height and thickness of the shin, was entirely made of gold poured from the golden trunk, towering over the tub silver in all directions stretched branches and sprouted leaves were emerald green, the ends of branches decorated with dozens of large, sparkling fruits of Yakhont and yellow pearls. Pretty little birds were sitting on the branches. They were covered with precious stones and seemed to be alive. Some stretched wings, as if preparing to fly away, others pecked sparkling fruits.

Maidens spread the tablecloth. Dildor, Humar and Asalhon served as cupbearers. Pouring wine into golden bowls from small jugs decorated with large pearls, fiery ruby, topazes and turquoise, girls placed them on golden trays. First of all, they came to Khadichabegim and thrice kneeling respectfully brought the cup to her. Then, backing slowly retreated. To other guests they brought wine, not kneeling, but with a graceful bow.

Khadichabegim drank much. A sensible old woman stayed with her, exchanged views, ordered wine to be carried and signalled to the singers and musicians. Famous Herati musicians, among whom there were mature, full-bodied beauty and a toothless old charmer, played on their instruments. Gidzhak sounded, as well as the vestibule, chang, lute and tambourine. The singer, with peculiar to women ease and tenderness, sang Turkic and Persian ghazal. Dancers in colorful costumes performed Turkish, Indian, Arabic and Persian dances. Fun ensued. Spectators clapped their hands in unison. Some women were excited from fun dancing beauties and strong wine, and behaved

freely and flirted with each other. Drunken laughter filled the room. Rouged faces flushed more with wine and eyes gleamed brighter.

Here the dancers, biting lightly henna painted fingertips, screwing up their eyes, eyebrows twitching and quivering breasts, bowed to Khadichabegim and scattered over a large room strewn with silk carpets. According to the sign Khadichabegim brought several people with all sorts of outfits. Musicians, dancers and other women were able to please the queen, with a nod to accept gifts.

The entertainment ended unexpectedly. "Khadichabegim has a headache", - these words instantly circled the room. Guests had risen from their seats. Khadichabegim said through the few gracious words to the noble women, wishing them "good luck", and majestic gait went to the door. In the courtyard, lined up in two rows, maids of queen covered the road, raising heavy lighted candles. Slave's and guest's noise went to their bedrooms.

In the bedchamber, the girls stripped Khadichabegim and clothed her into her nightdress. The queen laid down on the bed and Dildor began to rub her feet.

- Enough, go away, - said Khadichabegim to others. - And you, Davlatbakht, stay. The girls, walking backwards, left.

At a sign from the queen, Davlatbakht locked the window and the door and sat down beside her.

- Did you hear something? - asked Khadichabegim. Davlatbakht said in a whisper:

- The heart of His Majesty was captivated by the new concubine, the Sultan visits her every day.

- Heard from whom? - asked sternly Khadichabegim, raising her head.

- From Hanzada-begim.

- What can you do? Fortunately the sultan has many beauties in Khorasan, - sighed Khadichabegim. - Well... And about me what they are saying?

- You are blamed. They said that you took some of viziers into your hands.

Khadichabegim bit her lips and said worriedly.

- Speak more clearly! Which viziers were mentioned?

- I did not hear, it was very quietly spoken. Davlatbakht guiltily was pawing the fringe of scarf.

Khadichabegim again lowered her head on the pillow.



- I told you, all the time I repeat: he is among enemies, pretending to be scattered, but do not lose anything, - said angrily Khadichabegim. - Where does Mirza sleep?

At Papa agach. - Well, you got wind of it, - laughed Khadichabegim. - Now go away, I'll have little rest. You do not sleep; tonight will be the case for you. Come as soon as I call you.

## CHAPTER XII

### I

Violets in the garden bathed in the glow of spring. Wind from the Hindu Kush Mountains sailing through the cypress grove brought coolness to Herat region.

Navoiy walked in the garden. He was a little tired. Like every day, today he had to listen to a lot of people seeking his help and advice.

The poet walked slowly on a motley track on which the play of light and shadows created intricate patterns. Coming out on the lawn, he sat down on the carpet covered with a silk flower garden in front of the supa. Gold mugs reflected sunlight between the trees, playing on the carpet. Petals of apple and pear trees just like snowflakes lazily fell to the ground on the carpet and silk robe of the poet. Peacocks strutted proudly, spreading their tails like fans.

Sahib Daro, a modest, humble and highly educated man, appeared with an armful of books. He carefully put before Navoiy books rewritten by the best scribes of Herat. The poet knew the contents of these books and now was interested in their appearance. Praising the strength and beauty of colorful leather bindings, he slowly leafed through the book, admiring the gold frame and carefully executed drawings: each page he caressed by a look like a living flower. Some books were decorated with a magic thumbnail of Bekhzad.

A young man approached the garden path. It was the son of the late brother of Navoiy, so he treated him as his son. Luxuriously, but casually dressed, with languid, restless eyes. Haydar, as always respectful, but without further ado, said hello to the poet and began to quickly browse through the books.

- What can you say about these books? - Navoiy asked with a smile.

Haydar collected the books and handed them to Sahib Daro, thinking a little, he replied: - Bekhzad is able to revive it. But in the scribes who wrote these books, there is something lacking. When is Meshed Ali Sultan, the Sultan's calligrapher, returning? These days in Herat talks about his art are going on.

Sahib Daro noticed that such scribes as Sultan Ali were in Herat. Not wanting to argue with Haydar, he took the book under his arm and left. Navoiy said that Sultan Ali was a part of Herat. Then he asked about Haydar's classes and advised him to deepen his knowledge in the field of music. Haydar read his new ghazal. A funny love poem like Navoiy's; however, he pointed out that the poet need deep knowledge and to have it you need to read a lot. Haydar unexpectedly admitted his dreams of becoming a warrior. Considering that this is a consequence of the desire of impermanence of boys, Navoiy frowned and said nothing. But Haydar began to assert that his heart longed for military affairs.

- Our ancestors, - he spoke with passion, - were able to perfectly combine poetry and music with a sword and a bow. I have chosen the same path. Is it impossible to combine?

- Why not, - Navoiy replied, staring at his nephew. - Battlefields adorn boys. Is there a higher virtue for a young man than courage and heroism? For all the work, for all the craft you must be taken with a pure heart and a sincere desire. If you feel in your heart love for a martial case, be a warrior - I will just congratulate you.

Haydar was delighted and spoke passionately about the daring exploits of warriors. A few servants appeared. The young man, realizing that he interfered with Navoiy's work, interrupted the conversation and said goodbye and disappeared in the depths of the large garden.

Those who came were stewards Navoiy inherited after his father's death. The poet questioned them for a long in detail about their plowing, sowing, the life of farmers and bazaar prices. He expressed the desire to give some remaining grain from the last year to the army and the other part to donate to the poor and quickly arranged these orders.

In the afternoon Alisher's guests arrived. They were the usual interlocutors of Navoiy. Alone, they miraculously combined the talents of scientist, poet and musician; others were representatives of some areas of art.

An interesting conversation struck up. The famous surgeon Sheikh Husayn told about a successful operation: he was able to bring up the palace fighter, who was struck by eighteen wounds from his opponent.

The poet Hilali read new ghazal. After listening to him attentively, Navoiy joked:

- In poetry, you are not the crescent but the full moon. - These words pleased the audience.

- Well said!, - all told with a laugh. One after another, poets read ghazal, muamma, tuyug, mathnawis diligently copied on colored paper. Everyone was expecting from a Navoiy decisive, final evaluation. In every work the poet appreciated the originality of thought and vivacity of imagination. At the same time, he immediately caught the most imperceptible error and the tiniest flaws of rhymes. Having noticed a mistake, he gently pointed at it.

The poet Ayaz proudly held in his hand a piece of paper and clearly burned with impatience to read their poems. Navoiy said to him:

- Mr. poet, and what you have brought us as a gift?

Those present, with smiles, looked at Ayaz, he turned the paper and put it on his lap. Poet Ayaz before reading his poems, usually before they praised that, no one dared to criticize even if their shortcomings are most obvious. Now, as usual, he slowly began to talk about the artistic merits of his ghazals.

- Don't you allow us to express our opinions? - Navoiy interrupted with some impatience.

- Just wait, - casually answered Ayaz. - I think my comments are highly important.

- Where are we? At the meeting of poets or at the bazaar? - asked some joker.

- Ayaz erected a shaft against the expected attacks, - said one of the musicians.

- Ayaz, as usual, is building a tree on the sand, - ironically remarked Navoiy.

The poet, not paying attention to the attacks, continued his detailed explanations. Then he straightened up and in thin shrill voice, began to read. Each verse of the ghazal had a mistake.

They spread a tablecloth with brightly colored bowls, cups and bowls reminiscent of spring flowers in a meadow. Wine shined in the

eyes and the speeches became lively. In herds Kulmuhammad and Sheikh took up instruments. The air was filled with magical sounds. From the slender pitchers the wine was poured again, filling all the cups. Poets read poems about wine and the pleasures of life, enjoying themselves by sipping the ruby moisture. Older scientists and mudarris drank and repeated the best poems of ancient poets about wine and grapes. In the flower garden of verses of the immortal Khayyam no unpicked rose has been left.

Visual jokes showered. Like his guests, Navoiy drank a lot and laughed. Facing to jokes against him, he immediately reflected a sharp sword of his choice of words. Khoja Giyosiddin showed his talents: he danced with grace and ease, like a playful boy and sang Persian and Turkish songs. He then began mimicking various important people and did it so masterfully that the audience roared with laughter.

The guests left. Soon after their departure Khoja Afzal, Darveshali and several officials who were close to the poet remained. Navoiy led them to an open on all sides veranda. He asked friends about their health and laughed, telling some details held only at that meeting. Then he looked closely at Khoja Afzal and noticed in his eyes some concerns and asked seriously:

- You will probably want to talk about something with me, don't you?

- We would like to draw your attention to some very important circumstances, although I am convinced that all secrets are known to you better than us, - Khoja Afzal said, leaning toward Navoiy.

- Warn time - debt friends, - said Navoiy.

Khoja Afzal told about the endeavours of Majididdin Muhammad parvanachi to achieve its purpose with other Emir Mugul, khakim of Astrabad, the intrigues of the vizier Nizomumulk, about nefarious deeds of Qadl Shahobiddin and the military commander of the city.

- The sultan is surrounded by unfit ambitious businessmen, - Khoja Afzal concluded his speech. - It is right to say that the Sultan is surrounded by the pack of rabid dogs! - exclaimed angrily Navoiy. - At night they committed adultery, doing all sorts of abominations and in the afternoon they stagger through the cities and villages robbing people. Sultan feels leopard in these dogs, but is involved in their antics.

Harsh words led his friends to confusion. Darveshali broke the silence.

- His Majesty the Sultan apparently remains unaware, - he said uncertainly.

- Then we have to take him out of ignorance and show him the way of justice, - Navoiy said with conviction.

- Alisher, - said the young man, the employee of the sofa, - your heart is pure like a sun. But the enemies want to convince the Sultan that the brightest stars are dark, dirtier than pure intentions.

- They are everywhere sowing the seeds of confusion and lawlessness, - chimed in an elderly official dull, with colorless eyes.

- Our people have a saying, - smilingly, Navoiy said: - "The dog barks, the caravan goes on."

Darveshali, who had not expected such softness against the enemies, said excitedly:

- They envy you, hate you. Majididdin parvanachi at every turn is trying to denigrate you.

Navoiy looked quizzically at the brother.

- My brother, I do not know what the intentions of this gang are, and who is the Majididdin Muhammad? - heartily he said. - There are people worse than him. We know the traitors who would like to share with each other their homeland. No matter how high the curve lightning flashed; she would go into the ground. Spark - straight and level. Let it burn down, but it also burns out.

- I would like to say that we should not concede the battlefield to the enemies, - said, blushing, Darveshali.

- Quite right idea, - said Navoiy confirming his words by hand movement. - But we will not tolerate it in the area of personal animosity. We need to get rid of the sky's black clouds upon our homeland, anyone who commits violence against the people - is our evil enemy. Praise to Allah! I struggled trying to break the sword of oppression. In this sacred cause we all need to unite and not think about our benefit, but only for the good of the motherland. For your humble servant it is the highest truth.

## II

Navoiy watched every day in the couch and other places new machinations of his enemies. Every day he saw more clearly how the roots of conspiracies grew against him and his activities. The bouquet

of pleasant words and polite bread was breaking concealed poison. Majididdin every day raised his head higher. Nizomumulk secretly sowed the seeds of conspiracy. Increasingly important affairs of state were resolved without the participation of Navoiy. Sometimes officials suspended Navoiy for any offense again to get high positions.

Navoiy openly rebuked harmful people and the state actions of their enemies. Enemies, although they were forced to reckon with him, had not laid down their arms yet.

Once, after a sharp dispute with Majididdin about the issue of taxes in favor of the poor, Navoiy came to Husayn Boyqaro. The sultan, as always, very graciously accepted Navoiy. The poet told him about nefarious deeds perpetrated on his behalf and advised him to cut the ulcer before it spread throughout the body. Husayn Boyqaro listened attentively to Alisher, but said that such people should be considered and should not be offended.

Refusing invitations to treatment, Navoiy said goodbye to the sultan. Coming out of the palace, he drove the horse to hiyyaban.

Reaching the majestic tomb of Sadaddin Kashgar, surrounded by tall trees, Navoiy stopped his horse near a small gate. At the knock on the house a servant ran and respectfully took the reins. Navoiy entered a short, nondescript house with two windows in the yard. Jovial, an old man of sixty, despite the objections of Navoiy, rose from his seat and collecting scattered throughout the book, welcomed the guest. It was the respectable Abdurrahman Jami.

Many thousands of people revered him as Sheikh and a famous poet whose poems and scientific works enjoyed fame far beyond the borders of his homeland; he was also a scientist and thinker. Not only did poets, princes, nobles and scholars across the country worship him, but even the Sultan and princes also sought his friendship. Despite this, the old man was very simple and modest. He was a dervish of jarred Ichigo, to the tip of a simple turban. People who have heard about the famous poet imagined him as a great old man dressed in a gold-embroidered robe and there were a lot of surprised people who found the dervish in old clothes sitting on coarse mats.

Jami's guest was seated on a soft mattress and he sat down on the former place of books.

- Truly, my heart ached today meeting with you, - he said, stroking his beard briefly.

- The heart always draws me to this house. But what can you do if you cannot get rid of the burdens of life, - answered Navoiy.

- Not only we do, insignificantly, but the Lord himself will take you to excuse. Faithfully serving the people is the case of the perfect man. Such hardships and difficulties give a person satisfaction.

Navoiy briefly spoke about his sorrows in connection with the unrest and injustice, that is dissolved in the state.

- We see the color of your love for the people, - Jami said softly.  
- Giving to the same people and the homeland of its abundant fruit. All difficulties should be spoken to the sultan.

Two poets, despite the difference in their ages, tied an inseparable friendship. Navoiy, since childhood, had a deep love for Jami's boundless knowledge, poetry and sparkling clean, noble heart, and he respected him as a spiritual mentor. Jami also loved Navoiy.

For centuries, poets considered the Turkic language as dry, overgrown with the thorns of desert. Jami wrote in Persian and paid tribute to the poet who has managed to create the Turkic language and the marvelous flowerbed bunches that collect them with fresh, bright flowers. He admired Navoiy, who was adamant on the thorny path, combining many talents and proud of his friendship.

As usual the lively conversation was about Sufism. Jami not only deeply knew this philosophy - his life was a striking statement of theories of Sufism. Conversation that flowed between the poets was lively and colorful.

Navoiy offered Jami to write a book about the famous Sufi sheikhs, - their lives, beliefs, ideas and existing legends about them. Jami said that he had such a desire for a long time and that the support and assistance of Navoiy allows him to write the book. Navoiy was happy. Once this work is finished, it should be transferred immediately from the Persian language into Turkish. The two sides spoke for a long time about the book's concept. Navoiy looked at the young high trees that grew on the court, against the window. He asked for permission to retire. Jami held out his hand to the top shelf and took off a big book. He took one of the papers laid in narrow sheets and said, smiling:

- Amir, you have extracted from the depths of the sea in your heart the precious pearl. It enjoys a great reputation among the people. We also examined it and tried to write something in the same vein.

“Look, maybe you will like this”, - and he held out the sheet of Navoiy.

The poet scanned the lines. It was a Persian poem written by Jami in the same size, with the same rhyme and radif<sup>1</sup> as the ghazal of Navoiy, and it began with the words:

“Oh, you did not bring beauty to the world, all the more delicate roses!”

Navoiy excitedly read aloud the ghazal and looked at the wise eyes of the old man, which always shone quietly under bushy eyebrows.

- There are rumors that our ghazal gained some notoriety among the people, - said modestly Navoiy. - Thanks to your wondrous works - this beautiful pearl should fill the whole world.

Jami’s eyes shone with a kind smile.

- Allow me to rewrite it? - Navoiy looked for pen and inkwell.

- Do not tax yourself, - Jami stopped him from flicking of the wrist. - I rewrote it for you.

- The value of your gift to me is precious.

Navoiy carefully folded it, put it in his pocket and said goodbye. Jami escorted him to the outer door.

## CHAPTER XIII

### I

In the garden of his new estates where the first flowers of young trees blossomed and painted houses had not yet been completed, Majididdin hosted a party. Lords and officials accustomed to feasting for weeks drank a lot, but they were still sober. Only pale, bloodless, and like a lizard Shahobiddin was already tipsy. Not being able to joke with one of his guests, he lamented that today the famous wit Abdulvose was not invited. Majididdin parvanachi’s eyes narrowed.

- Mr. Penalty, we purposely did not invite Abdulvose. We need to discuss something.

- You yourself are a great master of wit and jokes, start it, - suggested Emir Mogul.

- No, Sir, I have stopped joking with princes and emirs, - said Shahobiddin, rubbing his hands.

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<sup>1</sup> A certain word or word combination which is repeated at the end of every line in ghazal or poem



- The reason for this is known to us, - said, smiling ironically, Majididdin. - Did you reprimand Alisher?

- We do not know. How was it? - with all ears said the old dandy official Khoja Khatib.

- In one meeting Alisher joked to my account, and I immediately replied. He was very unhappy, - replied Shahobiddin. - Your poet piled one arrow and I broke one of them, the lover of hunting.

Majididdin was delighted: the path to serious talks opened itself. To attract attention to himself, he said, lowering his voice, as if preparing to announce an unexpected disaster, said:

- Thank God, Qozi<sup>1</sup>. What do you know from participating in our meetings - a great mercy of Allah. Alisher's paw still threatens you. If he will drive you out of our city like paradise then what will you do?

- May I'll be a victim for you! What crime have I committed? Yes, Allah will send such a calamity to any of their slaves! - Shahobiddin exclaimed with fearful eyes.

Majididdin laughed:

- What is the fate of the venerable Binoiy, the first poet of Khorasan? Isn't he banished into exile?

- Reverend Binoiy went traveling, - said one of the guests, who played chess.

- Nonsense! You do not know, - frowned Majididdin.

- Binoiy won fame thanks to the patronage of the famed Alisher, - worrying, said Shahobiddin. - Then he went everywhere and all laughed at his mentor. Before leaving, he rustled the whole Herat and invented a new form of saddle-blanket for the donkey and called it "numdah Alisher." And I, did I hurt Alisher? I just do not like that he writes poems in Turkic, that's all!

- For Mavloni Binoiy there is also no other fault, - intervened Khoja Khatib. - Binoiy believes that to compose poems in Turkic is an empty case, because he laughed at Alisher.

The venerable Shahobiddin quickly overturned a cup of wine into his mouth and combed his long beard with his fingers.

- Yes, we do believe that the truth is on the side of Binoiy, - he said, shaking his head proudly in a blue turban. - Firdavsiy, Nizami, Sheikh Saadi, Hafiz and similar lights in the sky filled with the radiance of poetry all over the world, and the dark light of Turkic

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<sup>1</sup> Historical term denoting judge

poets cannot illuminate even the hut. Iran is a treasure trove of poetry and science, the great Allah irrigates his tongue with water from a spring of inspiration. Therefore, we should also write in this language.

Mogul emir, whose face clearly read the earlier nights spent drinking wine and playing, shook his hand to Majididdin and clinked glasses with him over a painted bowl.

- A reasonable thought, - he said panting. - I, personally, do not attach importance to this issue, let rusters sing like nightingales and they will have fans and listeners...

- As far as rumors I've heard, Navoiy achieved, on one hand, Kazan, on the other - Khotan and Kashgar - put to one of those present.

Emir Mogul glared at bek and gulped down the cup and went on:

- I worry more. The trouble is that Navoiy took Khorasan into his own hands. From it threads to all cases and to all posts are drawn. State lords, fathers and grandfathers had served as faithful servants of Timur and his descendants - and now have no authority. Navoiy in the state wants to destroy old customs and the establishment, rulers of cities and regions, with countable books under his arm, scurrying to the weaver's shuttle. Hiding behind the words "people", "justice", "law", it's still unknown what Navoiy will decide.

Emir Mogul made a great impression on those present: even the players tried to quickly finish the game and join the conversation. Majididdin clicked his fingers that were lightly studded with precious rings and fervently spoke:

- For every experienced statesman Navoiy is ranting mere words about the people and justice. People are like a herd. To chase them, the shepherd needs only a strong stick. Navoiy, wanting to blacken eyelashes, will burn his eyes. Accusing some respected qozis and officials of injustice and oppression, he inspired this idea to all the people. Now officials even in the provinces every day come with endless complaints. This is not politics, but stupidity. What to do - this truth has not yet opened the blessed eyes of Jaca.

- I wish our sultan - Khatib, said Khoja, sadly shaking his head. - Alisher Navoiy presents himself as a benefactor of the state and nation, the state has become a plaything in the hands of his supporters. If you cannot restrain the foolish people who without any reason throw stones at notable people, they can do terrible things. Behind the words of the law or justice Navoiy makes violence.

- Violence! Violence! - shouted angrily Shahobiddin, spluttering.  
- You have correctly told to Khatib. Do we need more arguments and evidence? Here is one of them, ladies and gentlemen: your humble servant, not sparing the life of flowers and precious gems of thought, created a work which in fact has no equal in the language of the Arabs, Persians and Indian. In this work, I have the easiest ways to find the right suras and verses of the Holy Koran, which is very useful for every Muslim. Yet my zeal and diligence was paid no attention. Madrassahs closed the doors to your humble servant. Mudarris that surround Navoiy and studied in our madrassahs are involved in astronomy, mathematics, logic and similar sciences, shaking the foundations of religion and exciting doubt in the pure faith of Muslims. Where is faith and piety? Where is the justice?

- This should be spoken directly to the people, Penalty, - said Majididdin.

Majididdin signaled to the cupbearer - a smartly dressed, elegant young man. Before each of the guests he put a bowl of ruby drink. Intoxication opened their closed hearts.

In the midst of the fun came Togonbek. On the shoulders of his blue silk chekmen and adorned with on embroidered collar on his head was a Mongolian cap; on overtightly milled wide belt studded with colored stones was in his hand and he held a whip with a silver handle.

With the help of Majididdin, Togonbek managed to get into the personal retinue of the emperor's favorite son from Khadichabegim - young Muzaffar Mirza.

Taking the proposal by the host, Togonbek drained a large bowl of wine. But drunken beks managed to drink out of this bowl several unfinished drops and following the ancient custom, they set out for Togonbek nine bowls. Rigorously observing old traditions, Togonbek did not object. He just grunted, smiling sarcastically:

- Is it possible to enjoy the souls of ancestors, this thimble?

Servants brought porcelain pots. The slim cupbearer put a few pitchers in a row. Togonbek crouched beside them on his heels. Like a thirsty bull who finally broke out of the crib and greedily lapping of the first, got the ditch, oh quaff began. Emptying the first pot, Togonbek drank from the pot until there was not a drop. Beks, screwing drunken eyes, watched with interest for a while. If the pot is

not filled to the brim, they shouted: "Pour! He will be able to drain entire Jayhun<sup>1</sup>! "

Togonbek drained the ninth pot and turning, wiped the reddish liquid from his mustache.

- That fellow, worthy of being a commander for such a conqueror as Chingizkhan! - said Khatib Khoja.

Beks clapped on the shoulder of Togonbek and called him a worthy descendant of the ancient heroes.

The junket become even livelier and the venerable Shahobiddin became quite drunk and fell down dead. Togonbek talked about how Muzaffar Mirza with hundreds of jigits went hunting for ten days and the young prince learned to shoot a bow. He argued with some lords about hunting and hunting birds. Seeing that the feast would not end soon, Togonbek winked to Majididdin and stepped aside. Among the young trees he saw the slave Nurbobo working tacitly. Togonbek first greeted him warmly and asked about the old man's health, but soon the wine had its effect: Togonbek took a proud look and began to horseplay. He grabbed the old man's beard and shouted:

- What's that? Make of his beard a broom and call it "Alisher broom." Is it bad? Now whoever in Herat does anything like this, it's necessary to call it "Alisher ", you know your head is stupid?

The wrinkled old face quivered with anger. With the effort of getting out of Togonbek's hand, he said angrily:

- Are you still sharpening the language of Alisher Navoiy? I see that Alisher's order annoyed you?

Togonbek, with one hand grabbed the old man by his belt and easily, like a child, raised him:

- I would have tossed you like a puppy, but I respect your broom here, - he said to the old man and carefully lowered to the ground.

Clear eyes clouded Nurbobo's sadness and he looked at his feet. He said: thousands of eyes are looking at you, I know you think about promotions. We are all miserable, weak, powerless and you're not looking with the corner of your eye. But know this, you and I both will go to one place, our share is a piece of cold earth. While we are alive, there is a difference between us: I am a slave and you are the honourable, brave, free, but in the land we will lie down. Ah, just what I have not seen the heir: Shahrukh Mirza, Abulqosim, Babur Mirza,

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<sup>1</sup> Ancient name of Amudarya River

Abu Sayyid Mirza. All went on the same road. Soon, I'll go after them. Both the king and the servant has the same last journey.

Nurbobo, with an old robe, wiped tears streaming down on his face, worn out with labor again went to work.

- The old man, - said haughtily Togonbek, - your words have meaning, but life is short. Raise the same dust of life as high as possible.

- In the dust we can suffocate, - Nurbobo said quietly, not looking at Togonbek.

Seeing the approaching Majididdin, Togonbek quickly ran toward him.

- Well, what do you say? - asked Majididdin, leaning heavily on the arm of apple barrel.

- Khadichabegim wants to talk to you tonight - Togonbek whispered.

The eyes of Majididdin widened. He immediately sobered.

- Did she... she say? - he said, stammering. - Where we'll meet? At the palace?

- She said about it to her main slave. At the new palace of Muzaffar Mirza.

The face of Majididdin blurred with fatuous smile. Togonbek sidelong glanced at his former master.

- Say a word for me to our queen.

- We'll see, brother, if appropriate.

## II

After evening prayers parvanachi came to the palace of Muzaffar Mirza. To avoid suspicion, he said to the servants to come to see that the prince read a prayer for him. One of the servants pointed into the distance. Majididdin looked and it seemed to him that black, coal blazed torches lit up the night.

- What a marvelous spectacle, - he expressed his pleasure to parvanachi, shaking his head.

- Our prince every day finds out a new entertainment, new fun, - the servant said.

In the garden the main slave of the queen waited for Majididdin. She led parvanachi to the dark, deserted by a brightly lit two-storyed house. Majididdin went up the stairs to the second floor. Coming into the hall, where a black slave sat, he entered a small, luxurious room.

On a pile of silk cushions a woman reclined. Majididdin twice bowing, to her, and then, having obtained permission and again bowed squatted down, apart from the Queen. The slave trimmed candles in sconces and walked backwards, out of the battalion of commanders.

Majididdin, fearing to seem immodest, tried to look at the ground.

- Is the health of Her Majesty well? Is her heart satisfactory? - said Majididdin.

- Thanks to God, - said Khadichabegim adjusting with long fingers her sideburns. - I just do not bother you...

- Your office is always ready to run the call and I consider it an honour and happiness to dwell in her company.

Khadichabegim who liked to pose as a queen, with aching soul for their country, began asking questions about the state of affairs in the state. Majididdin in eloquent terms stated that under the sole sovereign and justly reasonable queen of Khadichabegim throughout the country is abundance, and skillfully managed the way to emphasize their own merits. Khadichabegim listened absently, then engaged in the jewelry and hair, then looked into the dark quiet garden.

- I'm relying on you and wanted to consult you about some matters, - she said affably,

- Your slave is unable to find words of thanks for the great kindness to him.

- Our son Muzaffar Mirza, thanks God, grows fast, with every passing day he becomes more reasonable... - the queen became thoughtful and silent.

- Come, Lord, our prince priceless gem in the crown of Khorasan, the throne of Suleiman and longevity of Hyzr, - parvanachi stroked his beard.

On the face of the queen flashed a smile.

- The mother's heart is pleased with her fortunate son, - she said with feigned affection. - If God grants him life, Muzaffar Mirza will soon grow... His heart is filled with all kinds of desires. The time will come, and he, like his father and grandfathers, sit on the horse - to arrange the affairs of state and to lead the army. The intentions of Khadichabegim were now quite clear, - Majididdin thought. He smiled and said:

- The son of the king has the people and the army, the son of a dervish - a monastery and a mosque.

- Nothing can be hidden from you, - the queen said with a smile.  
- Ways for my son to be happy should be started now. I know every prince has desires and aspirations! Badiuzzamon, the heir to the throne. Muzaffar Mirza is far from such worries. Though I'm woman, I did not think about my son... are my thoughts clear?

- Clear as the sun. Your words are pearls. They show a rare mind and lofty thoughts of our queen.

- Well, what do you think about this?

- What he thinks about your office? - parvanachi smiled and continued with a wise view: - First, we must say that I fully support the opinion of Your Majesty. For happiness of Muzaffar Mirza we need to take actions now. Variability is the infinite destiny, but to hurry in this case or to be open to anyone - God forbid! This will entail bad consequences. We must act in secret. Each step is discussed; the devotion of lords and jigits<sup>1</sup> surrounding Muzaffar Mirza, must be beyond doubt. Among them there are experienced horsemen and braves, for example, Togonbek. Let the prince take more time with mature and experienced people.

- Do you agree to give instructions to the Prince?

Majididdin was waiting for this proposal. To clap your hands, you need two hands, a promise for a promise.

- How is this poor man to his Majesty Emperor, to serve as Prince? - parvanachi said, folding his arms across his chest. - In the presence of the emperor, I strongly praise the virtues of Prince. However, my efforts and the efforts in this direction depend on my position in the state, from the place that I occupy at the court, or am I mistaken?

- You are absolutely right, - said the queen, smiling meaningfully. - We have considered this question. We should continue through faithful people to inform each other about everything. I have nothing more to say to you.

Majididdin bowed, put his hands to his chest and left.

## CHAPTER XIV

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<sup>1</sup> Young warriors or guys

In the back garden of violets in the dense shade of tall trees Sheikh Bahlul watched cooking. He was busily giving instructions to his assistant, but in his movements nervousness was felt, his eyes were sad. Having dealt with the case and not seeming to notice who was sitting on the rug in the ditch Sahib Daro, Sheikh Bahlul leaned against the trunk of cypress and silently stared into the distance. Sahib Daro, who often saw Alisher's devoted servants always calm and good humored, was surprised by his gloom.

- Come here, brother, and talk a little bit, - he called Sheikh Bahlul.

Sheikh Bahlul slowly, reluctantly approached.

- I see you in some kind of change. Sit down, - said Sahib Daro pointing to a place beside him. - If there is any sorrow in your heart, share it.

Sheikh Bahlul sat on the edge of the mat and suddenly smiled.

- Believe me, in my heart there is not a drop of suffering. If there is, then to talk about it would be ingratitude.

- Ungrateful? - asked with interest Sahib Daro. - Probably there is some misunderstanding with Emir? Now have you already tell?

- Your Grace is absolutely right, - smiling said Sheikh Bahlul. - Last night, the Emir returned from the couch and went to my room. A few minutes later he called me. I collected letters, received petitions and petitions sent to the emir and went to him. Emir pointed to the table and said, "Take." I, frankly saying, was confused - there was a candle, an inkwell with a pen and bowl with water on the table. What is there to clean? There was nothing to do, so I asked: "What do you order to take away?" Believe me, Amir glared at me and said, "What a nerd! How many years are you in my service and do not know about this? Did you know that the candle burns in the morning? I need the inkwell and a pen - there is nothing to explain. What, then, is redundant here?" I immediately took the bowl and went out.

Sahib Daro slapped his knee and laughed.

- What is funny? You sprinkle salt on my wound, - said Sheikh Bahlul offended.

- God forgive me, Allah. Okay, I will not laugh. So what happened next? - Daro Sahib asked, wiping his eyes with a handkerchief.

- The worst thing was that at that morning Emir apologized. Ashamed, I did not dare look up.



- Bahlul you are disquieted in vain, - said Sahib Daro. - The conversation between the emir and his servant will now become known around Herat. Wherever the name of Alisher mentions, mongers will talk about this case, to rejoice the hearts of those present. Once Emir gave a great feast in the garden Figon that was attended by many poets, scholars and dignitaries. Various dishes were served. When dastarkhan was removed Emir disappeared somewhere. The participants decided that the Emir, apparently, does not have time to chat and departed. At this time, the Emir came and asked me, "Where are the guests?" I explained. Emir suddenly got angry with me. He frowned and said, "Is the house of Alisher a tavern where people will come, eat and disperse!" I gave these words to several friends, and, would you believe it, they spread like wildfire around Herat. Judging from the stories of people who came from Yakubbek, this case also passed from mouth to mouth.

- Your words are the truth, - said Sheikh Bahlul. - All sorts of stories about the poet are listened to with pleasure across the country. But still... he is glorified like a fool.

- No, you're wrong, - said Sahib Daro. - Speaking about this case, everyone will start like this: "I have a servant of the Emir, unmatched in mind and shrewdness." After all, people are always credited to the emir as great and wonderful.

In particular, the common people, - said Sheikh Bahlul and lowering his voice, he continued: - Among others, there are those who seek out any flaws in the poet. When they find out about something like that, they're in seventh heaven, but the common people is another matter.

- So are you offended by the Emir? - asked with a smile Sahib Daro.

- No, I, myself, am not offended, - Sheikh Bahlul replied sheepishly looking at the ground. What could be the reproach! After all, thousands and thousands of cases - were hoisted up the hill and she did not survive. If his eyes sometimes flashed with anger or gave rougher treatment, I get just surprised - nothing more. I understand this, of course.

- It should be understood at the outset and then pouted like a child, - said sarcastically Sahib Daro.

- The human heart is not without weaknesses.

Sheikh Bahlul moved to talk to the gardener, who appeared from the depths of the garden. Daro Sahib lay down on the mat. He looked at the water jet, which murmured, and flowed along the lawns, shimmering like a silver braid, and disappeared in the depths of the cypress groves, peacefully dozing in gold languid air. Involuntarily he recalled a pet ghazal:

A letter from a cute chest, the heart cannot hold, it hastens to break my chest, he kissed the letter.

He started to read the next line, but suddenly the voice said:

- Let peace be with you!

Sahib Daro squinted, looked at the stranger who stood in front of him and put his hand to his chest.

- What can I do for you?

With difficulty and overcoming embarrassment the guy said:

- Sir, I was sent here by Sul-tonmurod the respected. You should know this man.

- Oh yeah, I know Sul-tonmurod, - Sahib Daro replied. - And to whom did he send you? To me or to Emir?

The guy scratched his forehead in confusion:

- They said that in this house I can find a job. Maybe I should talk to Navoiy?

- No need to, we realized what was happening, - interrupted Sahib Daro. - Wait a minute.

The guy sat down on the bank of the ditch, just fascinated, watching the garden. Sahib Daro lazily stood up, stroking his beard. He slowly put on the chekmen hanging on the apple tree, carefully wrapped his head in the snow-white turban and told to the young man:

- Come, I'll take you to the bank of the Injil. Have you ever been there?

- I've heard of it, but have not seen it.

- Herat is the whole world, and Navoiy tries to erect another new world. Yeah, what's your name? Are you related to Sul-tonmurod?

- My name is Arslankul. Mudarris is my friend.

On the banks of the Indus River there was a noisy crowd; Arslankul lost his companion from out of sight. For a while he sheepishly looked around, then was picked up by the human wave and involuntarily moved. On the banks of the canal there was a full swing. Laden carts crashing heavily, the loud roar of stubborn camels, the majestic sluggish pace of elephants, angry shouts of masters and

overseers - all stunned Arslankul. Fascinated, he stopped before the masons. Some of them carefully polished squares and oblong boulders of all sizes, while others were polishing to a mirror shine rough surface of stones. Group masters carved on marble and sanded faceted flowers. Fresh flowers that gradually arose from under the master cutter, struck Arslankul. "I thought that was no more complicated case than the craft of the jeweler in the world, but their job is even more difficult", said the young man to himself.

Somewhere elephants brought huge blocks of stone. Staring into the ground, elephants knelt. With the shouts of the overseers, boy's of athletic forms unloaded a heavy burden.

Arslankul walked among people, tirelessly scurry like ants, and glanced around curiously.

Near the madrassahs being built opposite the portal he saw Sahib Daro, busily talking with boys smartly dressed in robes embroidered with gold collars. Stopping at a distance, Arslankul stared at dexterous masters in turbans and caps, who worked at a high portal madrassahs. Among them gray-bearded, elder guys and young men quietly performed the dangerous work. Dozens of artists painted a huge gate and wall facing the street. Multicoloured paint dazzled in the sunlight. To avoid losing Sahib Daro again, Arslankul came and stood beside him. However, Sahib Daro was carried away with the dispute and had not noticed Arslankul. Arslankul for a moment listened to their conversation. Arguing about some ghazals Arslankul did not understand, he waited patiently, until they finished.

"Again ghazal! Ah, Herat! Wherever you look, everywhere you see the poet. At the mosque, madrassah, in the bazaar, in the tavern - all read poetry, and pack of them. Perhaps these two poets, too," - thought Arslankul.

Finally, the smart poet, apparently not convinced in the arguments of his opponents, rather coldly, said goodbye to Sahib Daro. Arslankul coughed and stood beside Sahib.

- Sir, I have lost time and was looking for you, - he said, respectfully folding his arms.

- Oh, brother, here it is impossible not to get lost, - smiling, said Sahib Daro. - Well, here we go.

Arslankul went behind Sahib Daro who led him to a dense, stocky middle-aged man, who was sitting under the tree and vigilantly watching every movement of the working group.

- I instruct that you take that fellow, - said Sahib Daro, indicating Arslankul. - Here, take him to work and pay him as much as others.

The stocky man looked at Arslankul:

- You seem to be a well-built guy, but if you become lazy, alas, I'll scratch your shoulders with stick.

- I'm not a couch potato, uncle, - said seriously Arslankul.

- Okay, tighten your belt and start working, - he pointed up at the carriers of bricks.

Arslankul slung pile of bricks on his back, without bending, and quickly with firm step started up to the sloping forests. Several workers shouted from below:

- Hey, kid, you'll be nothing if you strain the lower back; it will break!

The higher Arslankul climbed, the more he had to bend, but he quickly ran up to the forest. Throwing the bricks off, the boy looked downstairs. By the green waves of the Herat gardens, the sun disappeared in the blue horizon, as if it unwound the tangle of pain that enveloped the heart of Arslankul.

In the afternoon the work on buildings ceased. People brushed and wiped the sweaty clothes, sat in a circle at the canal's bank. Arslankul washed his hands and face in the muddy water of Injil and going to his new friend, sat on the mat spread under the trees. Tired people, fanning with handkerchiefs, quietly talked among themselves in Turkic, Persian and other languages, Arslankul found it incomprehensible. All stole glances because at forty-fifty paces were big steaming cauldrons, where people clustered around. The head of building, without lifting eyelids, gave them a look and shouted to the cook: "Start!" Old dastarhanchi gave flat cakes, sprinkled with cumin, then the soup in the colored clay cups was served.

Arslankul finished eating before everyone. Not being close to any of workmates, he did not wait for them.

Silence was at the construction site. Only the children ran around elephants and camels and teased them. Here people wandered outside coming to see the construction.

Arslankul climbed to the spot where he had just worked. He leaned against the crossbeamed forests surrounding the dome and fixed his eyes at the distance. Ancient madrassahs straight as candles, tall minarets covered with multicolored paint, princes' palaces, fortresses with huge teeth - all this clearly loomed before his eyes.

Many of these buildings Arslankul had seen up closer, but the distance gave them a new beauty. The boy opened his eyes at the large area, belted with cypresses. "Yes, is it the garden Jahan - Ara? It is. Alleys..," - mentally Arslankul said. Leaning his head against the blackboard forgetting everything else, he turned his eyes away. "Who knows, maybe my Dildor lives there? Now, she walks through the alleys of this flat, similar to the period. Though she may be the one hundredth wife of the sovereign, I had not forgotten her. "Heavy sighed the youth at the village. They made lyrics which meant the following in English:

*Oh, disaster threatens her pupil.  
What to do! He captivated me.  
Spring breeze! Tell her  
How I love, how I'm lonely.  
Arrive larks, to her,  
Tell us how many years and days  
I burn, I burn stronger Majnun,  
Seared flame passions.  
Friend, do not touch the strings of my anguish.  
Hide my sufferings of the people.  
Not even dream gave me happiness  
See her roses, lips tenderly.*

Arslankul took off his hat and waved it desperately in the air, as if to say to himself: "What is there, let it go!" Taking two or three steps, he stood awkwardly, a few people stood in front of him. With masters who were already familiar to Arslankul. One of them, a well-dressed man said with a smile:

- Why did you stop singing, good horseman? After all, we also want to hear. - He looked at the people around him.

The old master, holding in his hand a large sheet of paper with the plan of the building, said slowly:

- Yes, my son, you sang the song with deep feeling.

- That's right, we enjoyed the sincerity in the song, - the stranger spoke again.

The simple treatment of the illustrious person encouraged Arslankul. Preparing himself, he said, putting his hand to his chest:

- Sir, do not embarrass me. I am your obedient servant, not a singer, so sometimes I just sing for myself.

Arslankul looked around and saw that the work had resumed, and quickly ran down.

Rising from the load of bricks Arslankul stopped being surprised: the man with whom he's just talked, tucked the floors of his expensive robe and rolled up his sleeves, and worked like a real journeyman. He filed masters' bricks and Ganj. The young man looked at him with the corner of his eye and said to himself, with a shrug: "According to the honourable gentleman, I like them."

Walking past, every time Arslankul surreptitiously glanced at him. He apparently did not tire on the contrary; on his sweaty face it could be read the growing fascination with the work. Finally, Arslankul did not resist: he pushed in the side of person who was walking beside him and asked, pointing up:

- Who is this gentleman? He works greatly. Or maybe he's afraid of boss? - he laughed heartily at his own joke.

- Uh, miserable guy, you still do not know him? - said his companion, tempering his step.

- No, who is he?

- Navoiy. He comes here often and always works hard.

## CHAPTER XV

### I

Near one of the offices there was a big motley crowd. The old man diligently swept without raising dust, the wide, flat, square courtyard. His beard was smooth and combed, his greasy face was bloodless like old men who eat some butter and a lot of sweets in the morning. It was easier to carry the cares of the day, they. Leaning on the broom handle, the old man looked at the gathered crowd. Seeing his friend, he went to him and slapped him on the shoulder and said:

- That's a miracle! Alisher spent the whole week in Childukhtaron<sup>1</sup> - there is a building, new caravanserai. Tonight he returned to Herat. All right. But who told the people about this?

There was nothing surprising. After all, people's hearts are tied to Navoiy, - confidently said the dyer with blue hands.

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<sup>1</sup> A region near Herat

At this time poet emir appeared in the yard, in a gold-embroidered caftan. All bowed and put their hands to their chests. Navoiy answered the greeting and walked quickly into the room. People, crowding at the door, began to look in the bags and their turbans for paper. A young scribe with a haughty person came from the next room.

- Patience! Patience! - he said, casting a disdainful glance at crowd, then disappeared in the room, where Navoiy was.

- Today, there are a lot of people, - he said after greeting the poet. - Can you talk to some of them?

- I do not understand what do you want to say.

- If you have little time, I will say to the rest to come another day...

- Commendable zeal! - exclaimed Navoiy sarcastically.

The scribe dropped his eyes.

- You are a young man, - Navoiy said in a softer tone. - Probably, you have to go up in the post. Let forever be engraved in your heart: to serve people this way is not the reasonable case.

The scribe did not dare to raise his head. Asking for apology, he went out. Navoiy stopped him. He ordered the young man to sit here until the arrival of his usual assistants. The scribe sat down in front of a table with stationery.

First there was middle-aged villager in rags and a dirty hat. He held his hands folded on his chest and stopped feeling embarrassed.

- Sit down, tell me, what is your request? - said Navoiy affably.

The farmer squatted in front of the door.

- The trouble fell upon me. I am from Isfizara, - he said, and suddenly asked: Shall I tell? It will be a long talk.

- Speak, - Navoiy replied with a smile.

- I have only one horse with decent hooves suitable for our work. Suddenly a hobbler came to our village. There was a handsome boy on the horse staying behind him. I had just cleaned the horse. The warrior stopped beside me and said: "Let us ride your horse; I'll give it to my brother - that's it. Soon we are going to Herat, give me the horse" - he said. I begged, "Understand me Bek, now is the busiest time, I will not manage without the horse. Ask others and if you do not find one, please go away. Get there to the Caspian Sea. No, - he said. - I went hunting and my horse is very tired. I know all of Herat. I am Qadl son - he said."

Supply by the superiors' horses is from time immemorial custom. I mounted the horse and gave the reins to the warrior. Well, two months have passed but I heard nothing from that damned son Qadl. Ten days ago, I rode on an ass and came to Herat. I did not miss a single street, no one left without permission. Where to find it? The horse was not found, and later I had one more trouble, three days ago they stole my donkey! I went to Court of Justice but they did not listen to me. I came to you with a bow, sir.

The farmer sighed. Navoiy shook a hunger growl.

- Brother, you are struck by disaster. Whoever he was, whether Qadl son, whether military, it's a trouble. There are many hunters. They have dogs. Do you know his name?

- He said, Tojiddin.

Navoiy looked at the scribe and ordered to call Kylychbek. Then, smiling, turned to the farmer,

- Your horse will be found. His real name is hidden military, but tell me how he looked like. But look rails must be useless in which he weeds, who in the crib? Can you prove that the donkey was stolen?

- Does your servant lie? Hundreds of people in caravanseray can confirm.

- If so, we will pay the cost of your donkey, - said Navoiy. - But always be careful. We, in the city, say, "Be careful, do not think your neighbour is a thief".

Farmer was confused:

- What are you talking about? Who will pay? You? No, I can manage somehow with this problem, - he said, striking his chest.

A tall, broad-chested, hook-nosed fellow was Kylychbek. Navoiy in a few words laid the farmer's complaint and said imperiously:

- Do not settle until you are satisfied with this accident. Whether the offender is even in hell itself, find him and punish.

Kylychbek reassured the farmer:

- This man here knows everybody. Come with me.

Navoiy stopped them and ordered to pay the farmer the cost of a donkey from the treasury. Overcome with joy and excitement, the farmer came out, expressing his gratitude.

Petitioners, construction workers and craftsmen came out one after another. Each had some concern, bitterness. Navoiy listened patiently, carefully examining the content of petitions that the



secretary told him. His sharp thought unraveled all the difficulties; he was able to quickly distinguish fair accusations from slander, truth from falsehood.

In the afternoon the crowd became lesser. Navoiy gathered some assistants and started his correspondence work. People worked in the presence of Navoiy diligently and seriously, but behaved independently. The famous vizier casually even joked with them sometimes.

When the work was near to its end, the venerable Alishah? one of the greatest musicians of Herat, hurried into the room.

- Please, please, how are you? - Navoiy met him friendly.

- In the shadow of your happiness our mood is perfect, - said Alishah. - Your humble servant has a request, if you do not get bored, let me express it?

- Speak, we listen; our attention belongs to you, - said seriously Navoiy.

- We hope that your Excellency orders manage Waqf to give me money for the six months ahead.

Once upon a time when Navoiy first met with Alishah and praising his musical abilities, appointed him the contents of his waqf funds.

- What is the reason? - asked Navoiy with interest.

- I do not want to bother mulozims<sup>1</sup> for waqf every month.

Navoiy was silent, his eyes downcast. The mulozims, writing some letters with their feathers raised their heads and had a look at the poet and the musician. Ironic smile appeared on Navoiy's face.

- Sir, - he said with displeasure, - we do not know if we left you for another six days of life. Why are you so relying on this temporary life and ask about the next six months?

- You just tell them and I'll take the money - boldly said Alishah.

- If I die, the money will go to the shroud and other expenses for a burial.

- "You are one of those who makes a problem from nothing, - said irritably Navoiy.

The scribes could not help laughing, Alishah laughed too.

Navoiy stood up and put his hand on the shoulder of Alishah.

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<sup>1</sup> the responsible people

- What to do? - he said softly. - You have a great talent...  
Because of respect to you, we agree to comply with your request.

Navoiy wrote a note to the manager of vaqf. The musician thanked and left.

The poet arose, intending to go home, but at the threshold encountered pahlavan Sayyid Muhammad.

- What did you come for? - asked Navoiy.

- Meeting of poets in the White Garden. All eyes were on the road waiting for you. If you're not so busy, go there.

- Since you have come, there is nothing to object:

At the gate the servants helped the pahlavan and the poet sit on the horses. Passing Chorsu, where, as always, scurried noisy crowd, and the Bazaar Mulk, they drove a mile on paved brick road and saw the high walls of the huge trees of the White Garden. The group expected Navoi at the gates. They went through the alley between the governmental green walls and huge trees, intertwining with each other's tops; along the way they met poets who respectfully greeted Navoiy. Sitting on a wide cloth, Navoiy asked the audience to read their works.

More than hundred people - poets gathered in the shade of tall trees. Among them were high officials and poor students, and many representatives of different professions - coppersmiths, tailors, master sewers of purses and potters, like a distinguished Tahiri. There were great haughty, nor in that does even pose such famous poets as Nizami and Firdavsiy. Rhymer were, like Samia, who with surprising speed and ease composed a thousand verses in a day and managed to rewrite them beautifully. There were poets who read from power too and went for the mind, or people like the venerable Muhammad who spoiled his health by excessive drinking and wandered in the streets barefootedly, bareheadedly.

At such meetings poets read and discussed odes, ghazals and muammas. Some lucky ones received high praise, others shamefully failed here, touted friends of friends, enemies spared no venom, making fun of each other. Here poets trade each others' ghazals or even entire sofas. Good ghazals and artfully composed muammas, lines embodying new image or idea, passed from hand to hand, learned by heart, copied and hidden in the folds of turbans.

Poets being confident that their products would be liked by Navoiy read the poem safely, with undisguised pride, rapping out rhythm. Most ghazals were like fake jewelry, blind by external luster.

So many poets, but if even one saz<sup>1</sup> sounded in their native language! Pearls and pearl strung on a thread of poetry seemed to Navoiy like cheap glass beads, their luster - cold as snakeskin.

“As soon as they have some work and how much they would find in their own language the words of precious pearls” - thought Navoiy.

Wishing to know the opinion of Alisher, some poets modestly brought their ghazals exactly as disciples offer their teacher the first experience of their pens. Navoiy read carefully. In his poems he most appreciated orientation and deep thoughts, original images, however, what he now read and heard, the least attention was paid to this. In one ghazal Navoiy noticed a mistake in rhyme. Poets immediately agreed. In another, he noted in the ghazal an unnatural comparison. However, this observation seemed to others not quite fair. Some even found the comparison very colorful, brilliant. Navoiy moved into the shadows, away from the blinding rays of the sun and asked to submit pencil and ink. Gathering with deep interest, they turned their eyes to him. An attentive observer might notice the faces of some particularly smug poets' signs of irony. Navoiy dipped pencil into ink, ran them on paper and handed the ghazal to an author. The first poet read the ghazal himself, then quickly glanced around the audience and recited aloud. Holding the paper in his outstretched hand, he excitedly turned to Navoiy:

- I find that my comparison may be likened to the kidney. You, sir, your breath, like a spring breeze, turned bud and filled a cup of rose colors and light.

The paper passed from hand to hand.

- Come on, who can argue, - said the aged poet, who was sitting at the far end of the supa. He brought a piece close to the eyes, and then handed it to the young man who sat next to him, and slightly leaning toward him, said:

- Alisher Navoiy with one stroke of his magic from the point of a Kalam creates lively eyes.

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<sup>1</sup> National musical instrument

- At times when many others cannot carve a spark of stone, this one is writing in Turkic; the poet produces ice flame, - politely replied the young man.

Suddenly, from the distant alley, where sat a merry, tipsy company, the sounds of music were heard.

Magical melodies of the chang<sup>1</sup> and lute were played, singers performed Turkic ghazals by Lutfi. Navoiy lowered his head and closed his eyes. How beautiful is Lutfi! His ghazals, like flames, are a burning heart, captivating the guileless simplicity of the steppe language, thick fresh colors, and originality of thought.

The last wave of music gradually died away in the greenery. Navoiy raised his head. If he had spoken he probably would have exclaimed: "Singer, come and play on the Turkish saz!"

On the other supa the group of poets, sitting in a circle, was listening to Khusrawi's ghazal. Navoiy came and stood behind, and also began to listen. Khusrawi had poor eyesight. Without looking at the paper, he recited. Both in form and content ghazals were repeating old patterns. The blind poet began to read a new poem. The first verse ended with the words "Guzar." In the transition to the second verse of Navoiy, catching the style and meaning of the poem, the rhyme was suggested: "hezar", the word "swarm", he also guessed to rhyme "kunoy." With an enthusiasm to recite their poems Khusrawi noticed nothing. Listeners giggling glanced at Navoiy. Navoiy with a smile moved his lips as if to say: "Quiet!" To "sipohi bud" he found rhyme "bamohi bud" and so on. Finally Khusrawi interrupted the reading and, screwing up his eyes, looked around in bewilderment.

- Who is it? - he said irritably. One member of the audience asked with a laugh:

- You do not know this man? You have not seen it?

- No, I do not know, - said Khusrawi. - But I remember that once, when I read a ghazal on the Pul-i-Malan, this person also prompted beforehand all my rhymes.

All laughed. Navoiy sat beside him. Khusrawi began asking questions about his affairs. Both were pleased with the joke. Khusrawi asked about their opinions of Navoiy's new mathnawis<sup>2</sup>; Alisher, wanting to encourage the poet, praised individual verses.

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<sup>1</sup> Musical instrument

<sup>2</sup> A genre of poetry

Several young poets, still unknown in the literary world, introduced Navoiy. Alisher asked about their knowledge; scolded someone for ignorance in the field of music. After talking with the poets - madrasa students - Navoiy promised to help them with material.

Towards evening, a man came out of the palace and said that the sultan asked about Navoiy. So after the meeting, accompanied by Muhammad Said, he went to the palace.

In anticipation of the sultan employing pigeons, Navoiy and Muhammad Sayyid Pakhlavan strolled along the wide avenue of the garden and at that time, Badiuzzamon appeared with his five year old son Mumin Mirza. As always the exquisitely dressed, handsome, polite, Badiuzzamon released his son's hand and bowed to Navoiy. Pakhlavan also showed his respect towards him. Navoiy stroked Mumin Mirza's head - a pretty boy with intelligent eyes dressed as smartly as his young father - Badiuzzamon asked whether he feels inspired about his studies. They walked slowly down the avenue. Mumin Mirza, shuffling his feet, shod in colored boots, ran ahead. Here he quickly pulled out a green silk robe trimmed with silver toy bow and arrow and with exact aim shot the pigeons of his grandfather, who then fell to the tops of the trees, then abruptly waving its wing, fluttered in the sky.

- The books you sent me, I got, - said Badiuzzamon. - Thank you for your attention. Reading your poems and the works of Jami filled my heart with joy.

- Reading is a true delight for the soul, - spoke passionately Navoiy. - But only to read poems is not enough. And the story? You have not looked at historical works?

- My heart is more inclined to poetry. If you have time, please also send the story - said Badiuzzamon.

- I deliberately sent you a lot of history books. Maybe you know that your father and I also recommend reading constantly. All responsibility for the people and the state is on you. Prosperity or decline of the country depends on your actions and deeds. Therefore, you should look into the mirror of history. You should know at what time and for what reasons the country prospered and the people enjoyed their joy in what periods of history and why the kingdom collapsed and died. Science cannot see the bright day of justice and reason and the dark night of ignorance is as clear as the story. While

your great ancestor. Timur Khan was deprived of the gift of literacy, he still knew the story. There were credible reports that the best chroniclers marveled at his knowledge of Timur.

Badiuzzamon listened attentively to the poet.

Extinguished from the last rays of the sun, the shadows deepened. Navoiy and his companions entered the palace. In the great hall were lords, the Wazir and major officials. Badiuzzamon and his son went to the far side of the room and sat right on the place of the Sultan. Navoiy sat out, side by side with Muhammad Said. Their presence brought confusion: parvanachi Majididdin, whose words, apparently, attracted worldwide attention, snapped closed and shut up. Dignified, as befits Vazir, richly dressed, Sly Nizamulmulk noticed it. Under his black, heavily painted mustache a smile ran. Cunning courtier, he tried his best to incite the warring parties, hoping in the future to join the one that is stronger.

- Parvanachi, you started to say something very instructive - he turned to Majididdin, pretending not to understand the reasons for the confusion. - It would be nice if you were pleased to continue. What you said also applies to Mr. Alisher Navoiy.

Some of the officials began making parvanachi signals, as if to say: «Do not." Emir Mogul frowned and looked askance at the Nizamulmulk.

Majididdin did not want to start a dispute in the presence of Badiuzzamon. However, the words of Nizamulmulk, whom he regarded as his greatest enemy, touched a nerve.

- What is there to argue! For anyone who has common sense, the question is quite clear - he said sharply.

- If your words are to me, I'd like to hear them, - Navoiy said, quietly looking at Majididdin.

Not being able to hide his trembling, Majididdin said:

- Under the shadow of happiness and well-being of a great sovereign justice nukers would have to rise to never before seen proportions. Unfortunately, every day we hear their complaints. Of course, your wise eye sees a thousand times better than we do, but we think that in a time with so much talk about justice, should not harass nukers accidents.

- We also know how the army must state - calmly replied Navoiy. - the Emperor, who cares of father, against the army eventually defeated, even though he fought on the battlefield, as

Rustam. Therefore, you should constantly think about the army and especially about how to provide soldiers with all necessary. However, rulers are worthy of such care must be true, the people and the state. It's sad, very sad that most rulers made like locusts, gnawing sown field. In a fair state such bad acts should not be the place.

- Not getting enough from the treasury of gold and silver, they inevitably reach out to national property, - with mock fervor said Majididdin.

- Hands are drawn to the national property, it is necessary to cut off, whose they were, - sharply and decisively said Navoiy. - If rulers and officials become locusts, people will soon hang on the neck of the bag starvation, and an empty treasury will celebrate the feast of the mouse.

- Once the complaint is received, it is necessary to take some measures - muttered Emir Mogul.

- The people have a saying: "Fed with fat furious" - said Navoiy with the tone of a man who is convinced he is right. - Advise your jigits not to drink too much wine and not to indulge in excessive enjoyment. What services can be expected from a sovereign ruler who is offended if he did not give a silk robe?

Emir Mogul was silent. Majididdin, furtively glancing at Badiuzzamon, saw the face of the Prince, "That he agrees with the poet. It made parvanachi bite my tongue. An awkward silence was broken by Valibek when he allocated among other lords and warlords its simplicity. This bek lived with ordinary soldiers, ate with them from one boiler. Spitfire and straight, he spoke, as always, sharply and abruptly:

- Our fathers sacrificed themselves for the true word. In our time, for some reason we do not adhere to this good old custom. Similarly, our horsemen did not try to follow the example of the ancient heroes. In my opinion, Mr. Alisher, though not military, gives good thoughts. Stalwarts require bravado from it. Thanks to the activities of Mr. Alisher horsemen do not feel any need. Therefore I tell you the truth; I do not understand the reason for your dispute.

After Valibek Khoja said Afzal and blew Majididdin to the nines. Then parvanachi began to flatter. Putting his hand to his chest, he kept saying that the diligence and zeal of Mr. Alisher in this area brought more abundant fruit.

Newly appointed Eshikoga Boboali signaled the Sultan's arrival, and they all rose. Husayn Boyqaro proudly walked down the hall and sat on velvet cushions. Behind him walked his lazy favorite, the twelve year old Prince Muzaffar Mirza, accompanied by several lords and jigits. He sat on the left of the father. An attentive observer might notice how the face of Badiuzzamon flashed displeasure.

Husayn Boyqaro was tipsy. He, as always, warmly greeted lords. The sovereign treated Navoiy with special warmth. He spoke with the poet not only of his official duties, but also about personal matters. With attention paid to Navoiy, he did not know the sultan approached. The poet felt uncomfortable as Husayn Boyqaro put his grandson Mumin Mirza on his lap. Kissing him on the forehead, he admired the baby onions and a toy dagger hanging from his belt, and then, after a little talking to the boy, let him go. Mumin Mirza returned to his father and sat silently, his intelligent eyes looking around. Husayn Boyqaro approached Muhammad pahlavans. He inquired whether everything was ready for the upcoming competitions in the fight and recalled the need to prepare now for Herat and their athletes not to lose face in front; to the outlandish wrestlers. Then the sultan began praising Malan Pahlavan, who once struggled with a drunken elephant. He gave instructions on how to meet the famous Egyptian alchemist arriving in Herat, expressed confidence in the possibility of turning copper into gold and said that he intended to be present in the mysterious scientist experiments. The participants talked with interest on this topic. Finally Husayn Boyqaro ordered to call chapter sovereign stacks. Dervishali appeared with a large bundle of books under his arm, and respectfully put them before the Sultan. Husayn Boyqaro perused books and one by one passed the presence of different quantities of one another beautifully, these, books were the epitome of wonderful arts by the famous scribe of Mashhad, Sultan Ali Bekhzad artist and master of binding Sherali. Navoiy, who had seen a lot of books and luxury itself had a whole treasure trove of precious writings, was amazed by this perfect art. Even some military leaders, indifferent to the works of fine arts, and those treated with interest books, carefully turned over rough fingers thin soft sheets. All interested in the life and personal qualities of Sultan Ali Bekhzad, came together with the lords Muzaffar Mirza Togonbek sitting in the hall, among other dignitaries. He also threw a distant look at one of the books and said, "Do not wither his hand! Outlandish thing to do! "



After the books were examined, Husayn Boyqaro invited guests to a feast. In the midst of revelry Navoiy, citing fatigue, left. With two Nukers, awaiting him at the gate, he went home.

It was a windless, moonlit night. Herat fell asleep. And here there heard drunken voices were heard. The silence of the night penalized the dull creak of special wheels to lift water from the ditch - and spinning wheels. In a narrow, curved street lined with houses a rickety horse suddenly pricked up his ears Navoiy and shied. Ten feet away from him on the ground lay a woman. Nukers, who were traveling in the distance, galloped to Navoiy. Jumping off a horse, one of them leaned over lying.

- Stabbed, the whole side is in the blood! - He said, without looking up.

Navoiy wanted to get off the horse, but kept his nuker.

- Do not worry in vain, sir. She was no longer breathing, - he said, turning his head to a dead world. - I knew this unfortunate one.

- Who is she? - Asked excitedly Navoiy.

- The daughter of Mir Halim, the weaver. She was Belle. Navoiy, sadly shaking his head, stared at the girl. Finally, he asked in a choked voice: How to invent, why misfortune happened? Nuker wiped the blood on the wall, messing his fingers and said with a sigh:

- Herat's mischievous sons of lords and officials got the girl and began to quarrel over her. Unhappy was the famous beauty and she had a good voice. I think she gave her heart to one of jigits while others harbored resentment. Eventually she fell from the hand of one of them.

- In Herat, a lot of bad people, sir, they do not leave alone beautiful girls, - said another nuker.

- Stay here. One of you should be careful to notify the parents about this grieve, true? - Said sadly Navoiy. - Then let everything youzbashi solve, grab the criminals and immediately throw them in jail. Tomorrow I expect from you a detailed report. Nukers worshiped. Navoiy drove slowly forward. While waiting for his master, Sheikh Bahlul heard hoofbeats, lit a candle and prepared a place in front of a low table. Navoiy looked very sad. He took off his coat, hung it on a peg and a turban, wearing a yarmulke on his head, sat down at the window. The unexpected event on the road enveloped his heart. He tried not to think about it and looked out of the window into the garden.

There was the large golden circle of the moon as if rolled out of the trees toward him. Rays of light sparkled straightly on the trunks of cypress trees. Corolla's colors slightly varied, and their shadows on the ground seemed to be alive. The recent bloody spectacle revived in the poet's soul distant memory. In the depths of his heart sorrow broke. He remembered moments ablaze, like lightning, and sunk into oblivion, moments that he spent on a lovely night in a small, but full of fantastic beauty, garden with one girl - the perfect embodiment of beauty, intelligence and good breeding. In his ears sounded a gentle, like a flute, beautiful voice, he felt kissing her fresh as rosebud lips. Where's the girl? Where is it - an endless source of poetic inspiration? Alas, she was nowhere to be found. Maintain a swirl in the wilderness, thunder cloud like spring, fill with tears flow direction - and yet not napadesh her trail. This flower foiled merciless hands... Goodbye, love, appealed to the great mystery, the legend!

A nightingale clicked. He seemed to be singing on a tree whose branches extend above the window. Navoiy, oblivious, for a long sat at the window, staring sadly into the garden. Then, with a heavy sigh, straightened a crooked candle and began to sort through the papers that lay on the table. He glanced at the last page: Farhad hit the mountain. He took out a golden inkwell and Kalam, a little mascara diluted with water. Kalam quickly ran across the paper. Like Farhad, crushing rock with an axe the poet with one blow broke the lumps of thought, putting them into verse. Imagination carried him to the world of fairy tales. He wrote, forgetting himself, full of pain. Here Farhad finished digging «the source of life." Tomorrow he will let water into the channel. Shirin come with their lovely girlfriends. Thousands of people and the sounds of karnays and surnays arrange a wonderful holiday by the turbulent channel. With this picture, painting the victory of life, the poet brought relief. When he blew out the candle, it was daylight. In the air, the morning breeze rustled.

## II

When feasting captured the swirling wine and dancing, Majididdin, seizing the moment, made a sign to the Emir of Mogul, and several followers of Togonbek. Coming quietly from the hall, he gathered in a remote space in the back garden Jahon oro. Everyone was drunk, only Majididdin remained sober. He sat on the carpet, and locked the doors.

Minions of Majididdin barely regained consciousness and tried to understand why they came here.

- Has the sovereign lost Alisher? My heart almost jumped out, - muttered Emir Mogul swaying.

- Now I realized that the sultan did not eat. So many of our complaints went to the wind, - said one of the dissatisfied Barlos Beks, rubbing his forehead.

- If we set a big task and promised each other to implement it, the matter should be brought to the end - said Majididdin. - Our commitment to the Sultan is obvious to all, so there is no room for any wavering. Until now we have brought to the ears of the Sultan only individual complaints. I think that the sovereign, though he has not adopted any measures, did not forget our words. Now is the time to take more decisive action.

- Correctly - said Togonbek, twirling his mustache. - The fortress of the enemy is very strong; we need to find a way to destroy it.

- It's true! - Exclaimed Shahobiddin, and Togonbek patted him on the shoulder.

Emir Mogul made a gesture. Licking the thick lips, he paused for a moment, then, as if he had forgotten about his intention to speak or suffering from the inability to find the words, turned to Majididdin:

- Tell me...

- The thread of our agreement was not to cut with a sword. Prosperity of the state depends on our sword, - muttered one of the Beks.

- You - Sabuday - Bahadur our time. Power should be in your hands, - added Khoja Abdullah Khatib.

Majididdin tried to reduce the noise.

- If you agree to act unanimously, I ask you to listen to my ideas.

- Speak, - said one of the servants of the palace, the old schemer.

- What if you write a letter to the Sultan anonymously? We have set out in it all our views on Alisher and his men.

- Do not have any objections! It's a good idea! - Immediately cried Emir Mogul.

Someone expressed concern that the letter would be difficult to convey to the Sultan. Majididdin said confidently:

- In the palace we have servants who are able to throw the letter and bring it to the blessed eyes of the Sultan, while they themselves

remain undetected. If you outsource it to your humble servant, then, God willing, I will fulfill it.

No one objected. Soon all came from different directions, and one by one, returned to the palace. Majididdin was left alone. He locked the door, sat down in front of the candle and sweating from the strain, began to write a letter.

### III

At midnight Husayn Boyqaro entered the harem. He spent the night with beautiful girls from noble families of Herat. By Morning Prayer the Sultan got up with a heavy head and aching lower back. In a separate, small bath, an agile servant washed the Sultan, rubbed his body and carefully dressed him. Husayn Boyqaro felt better. He returned to the palace and had breakfast in the society of a tall, slender beauty with arched eyebrows and almond-shaped eyes, who yesterday was proposed to the Sultan as a gift. Maidens had just bathed her, brushed her and dressed her in fancy Chinese silks. In the new situation, among strangers, the young woman felt fear and despondency. She spent the night, with nothing conscious, and now, remembering instructions and entreaties of the palace women, tried, albeit by force, to be flirty and accommodating. Husayn Boyqaro liked languid eyes, a straight nose chiseled, and elegance of the movements of a young woman. He gently told her that she came in the evening and left the room. In the hallway of his bowing, he met Gulchekhra Bibi. The old whore had missing teeth and graying hair, but she still hung around his neck coral beads. At night, when the Sultan went to some beauty, Gulchekhra Bibi, preparing the woman, remained awake, awaiting possible orders of the lord and did not leave the door like a faithful dog guarding his master.

Husayn Boyqaro stopped and smiled to the old woman and put his hand in his pocket. He took a handful of gold coins. By the coins stuck some piece of paper. The Sultan put money into an old woman eagerly outstretched hand.

- Your service is commendable, mother.

- The Only desire of your miserable slave - is to find new colors, pleasing to the heart of the sultan, - Gulchekhra Bibi said, hiding in her sleeve the clinking coins.

Going out into the garden, Husayn Boyqaro turned soft, smooth as silk, paper. Scanning the first few lines, he stopped and frowned,

looked around. Twenty paces from him he saw the huge figures of their constant custody, Buda and Dula. Having read a few more lines, the Sire folded the paper and walked quickly down the avenue. Before going to the gold painted room where his throne is, the Sultan went into the adjoining small room whose walls are covered with porcelain. He sat down on a pillow and read to the end of the letter. With trembling hands, he then crumpled the paper and put it in his pocket.

"A man like Alisher Navoiy, so maliciously against me", - the Sultan thought angrily. - "How can people tolerate such ingratitude! I - tyrant, I - misguided monarch, surrounded by a crowd of drunken fools, I - a villain, robbing people... Good words! Instead, I sit down on the throne he Badiuzzamon. We'll see!.. I still do not want to give anyone the power of the crown and of the sons. Does Alisher not understand? I had heard many complaints about the approximate Alisher, but compared to this letter, they drop in the ocean. This letter is undoubtedly written by his enemies, and it is not free from exaggeration, however, how the nameless letter was in my pocket? I'm surprised! - The Sultan shook his head. - He wrote a great people, and the art of small Kamaka Cayenne snuck into my chambers. This is certainly not bad: it proves to me that people are committed... "

Husayn Boyqaro lay down on a big soft pillow. Long and anxiously he thought, collapsing under the weight of thought. Then he fell asleep, but his dream was disturbing. Separate letter words drilled in his brain. The Sultan suddenly opened his eyes when he heard a knock on the stained glass windows. Immediately bowed and entered Eshikoga Boboali.

- Do you know the man called Mir-Kabil?

- Of course, I know, - said Boboali.

- Did you see him today?

- In the morning I saw him at the gate.

- Find him quickly and send him to me.

- Yes, sir.

Soon the door opened softly, and tiptoed into the Mir-Kabil. The long, skinny guy's bleary eyes seemed to be afraid of his own shadow. Bowing to the ground, he straightened up and folded his arms across his chest. Husayn Boyqaro, not looking at him, said: - You leave the man you followed so far.

- I am here, - bowed Kabil.

- Starting from this moment, you will everywhere follow Alisher - continued Husayn Boyqaro. - No meeting, no reception in the house of Alisher should pass without you. All that Alisher says among his friends, relatives or guests, you'll remember and I'll pass. Know that your soul and your head are in my hands.

- Your wretched slave will fulfill your orders exactly and bring to your attention, not forget a single word - a trembling voice said Mir - Kabil.

- Well, go - waved Sultan.

#### IV

Navoiy had breakfast and, as usual, went for a walk to the Garden of violets. He tried ripe peaches, picked red as coral, apples and admired them, transferring them from hand to hand. Then he went to a large supa near the house. Sahib Daro brought a huge stack of letters. The poet unfolded the papers one by one and read them. Many letters came from distant cities and countries; topping mountains, sailed by sea. Distant strangers, scientists, poets and poetry lovers wrote that they were eager to read his ghazals, in absentia, he expressed his love. Navoiy thought that they need to write, send greetings and gifts. He asked Sahib Daro to order that more copies of the collection of his ghazals. Then he took the pen, moved on to "Farhad and Shirin", but he was unable to write. After one page builders, painters, masons came and surrounded Navoiy, asking advice on building of the madrassahs' khanakah and baths. The poet had a long talk with them about the types of marble, paint, doors, windows, about the size of the inscriptions on the portals. When the master retired, tired nuker appeared.

- You were investigating the case? Why did come so late? - asked Navoiy, having sat before the nuker.

- Sir, I did not have rest for a minute, I just went out of forces - the nuker replied, licking his lips and wiping his dark face from the sun. - In the end, I found out everything exactly.

- Well! Who is the murderer? For what the woman was killed -? - asked excitedly Navoiy.

- My words were correct, - said nuker. - Unhappy was the daughter of a weaver and in no way to blame. She loved the young flutist of Herat. Last night she returned from the wedding of her friend and met two jigits who had long plotted to knock her out of the way.

They had taken up the road and wanted to take her with them. The girl did not agree. Then one of jigits being drunk, hit her with a dagger.

- But who is the killer? - Navoiy asked impatiently, frowning.

- The noble, - shook his head naker. - One of the close relatives of parvanachi Majididdin, the other - from the suite of Prince Muzaffar Mirza. We could not get that they were detained, although reached the most killer. Now the killer is sitting and drinking in the garden Emir Shujo-ud-Din Barlos.

Navoiy allowed the nuker to relax. Shaykh ordered to Bahlul to carry stationery, he dressed quickly and went on foot to the Divan.

The air was stale and stuffy; the earth was hot, like a hot iron. People in the dusty streets, choking from heat, searched for ayran. The slightest breeze was silently napping the leaves of trees.

On the way to the Divan Navoiy went to the management. Employees, fanning themselves, talking among themselves, having seen Navoiy went and lay down arms, as if expecting his orders. The poet expressed his desire to see his friend. Hearing that he just went somewhere, Navoiy entered into conversation with employees to learn anything about yesterday's tragedy. Details that they reported coincided with the nuker's.

The management of Navoiy went to have a rest. In a large, cool room they sat on silk carpets and talked grandly, graduating classes, Majididdin, parvanachi, Nizomumulk, Emir Mogol Togonbek and several other dignitaries and senior officials. Entering the hall, Navoiy welcomed all with his usual politeness.

- Please come emir, - with feigned humility said Majididdin - You've come at the hottest time.

- Nothing, - calmly said Navoiy - I came to make important business.

- What is it? Share it with us, - with a forced smile said Majididdin.

- I think everyone here should know about it. According to my information, there are some difficulties in apprehending the killers of daughter of the weaver. I would like to know the reasons for this.

- Indeed, this is a very sensitive issue, - said Majididdin. - The fact that you cannot drink the post against the wishes of Prince Muzaffar Mirza.

- Besides the prince, who you still worried about? - Asked sharply Navoiy.

Majididdin looked away.

- Other considerations are irrelevant, - he said dryly.

- Praise to Allah, our country has government, - said sternly Navoiy. - To the sultan there is the law. If someone commits a crime, he will be subjected to appropriate penalties. Without this it is impossible to establish life, and no one can claim special rights.

- In any case, you must ask for permission from prince Muzaffar Mirza, - said with dignity Nizomumulk.

- Our Prince will be very offended. I know what he thinks, - Togonbek said, turning his face away.

Navoiy hostilely looked at him and said, to Nizomumulk: "The prince himself obliged to order the execution of the criminal towards an innocent man. If Muzaffar Mirza, being young does not understand this, he must be taught. No greater crime covers criminals. "

Navoiy's face flushed with anger. - If you carefully investigate this case, it turns out that everything that has happened - as a consequence of intoxication. Does it make sense to throw into the jail because of that decent people? - Nervously twitching, raised his voice, Majididdin.

- Decent people? - Ironically exclaimed Navoiy. - What can be dignified in predators, who put their hands with innocent blood? My friend, - he turned to one of the scribes, - write an order for the immediate arrest of criminals.

The young scribe bowed. He immediately wrote an order, read it carefully and gave it the poet. Navoiy signed and made print - Nizomumulk and two beks. The poet put the order into his pocket and confidently went toward the exit.

## CHAPTER XVI

### I

It was late autumn. Lazy winter had not made itself felt, from time to time rain filled, turbulent water flowed. Pedestrians got stuck in the mud in the streets of the only inhabited world capital, but quickly the sky turned blue; again and again the sun warms the spring. In the gardens the trees' golden leaves silently kissed the damp earth.

Navoiy wandered through the alleys, admiring the beauty of fading autumn and reflecting on the changes in nature and life. Nuker appeared and said that the horse was ready for the journey. The poet,



like the first time, he heard that he had to go to Marv to the sultan, hesitantly, said: "I'm coming", - and continued his slow walk. After talking with gardeners and other servants, patting the heads of kids; he took from his pocket a handful of gold and silver, according to the customs, and gave to all. The children were overjoyed, jumping through the alleys, clutching money in their hands and teasing each other, and adults, with sincere love, said goodbye to the host wishing him Godspeed.

Back in the house, he put on a warm chekmen and a cap. He called Sheikh Bahlul and Sahib Daro and gave them final instructions, then asked about luggage and the people who had to leave him behind and accompany him on his way. Going out into the yard, he saw friends coming to send him off - Asif Sheyhim Suhail, Mir Mirtoz, Ataullah, Zeman, Khoja Fasihuddin, Sul-tonmurod, Muhammad Sayyid Peklevan. Friends gathered around the poet.

Navoiy wished to be separated from loved ones. He stood for a few minutes, talking with them and trying to say something nice to everyone; Mir Mirtoza Sul-tonmurod the poet asked him to send the manuscript to Marv his new work, when it is finished. The attention of friends little dispelled his sadness.

Leaving the city, the horse is not sent directly to Marv, but to the tomb of Sadaddin Kashgar.

Jami, as always, met him joyfully. Navoiy had not yet managed to get off the horse, the great old man said with his characteristic gentleness:

- Now you are forcing us to turn our gaze to Marv.

- What can you do? Not going was impossible, but a tall gentleman already knows about this?

- Yesterday we had few princes and sons of lords, I heard it from them, - said Jami and decisively added: - by order of sovereign, our duty is to obek.

- An even more sacred duty - is to protect the independence of mind and heart, - said Navoiy.

Jami, who was aware of the machinations of Majididdin and his minions, was much tormented. Vile hands, sought to tarnish the clean appearance of the great poet, caused him disgust. However, Jami, believing in a bright mind of the poet and the great significance of the case initiated by it, was convinced that the Navoiy, being in a high position, can benefit the people, to curb brute force, and reduce

depression. Therefore, he did not approve of his desire to move away from public affairs.

- Serve for the happiness and prosperity of the people - the same that is to serve God, - Jami replied with conviction.

- I also thought about this slave, - Navoiy said, putting his hands to his chest, - but the person who is the sovereign, must be dumb and powerless. Demand of him, so he closed his eyes for abominations. The tongue that wants to give secrets is cut. The plight of a courtier, - no position is more difficult.

Jami paused. He thought about what kind of debauchery and licentiousness prevail in court, as the sultan fell. Quite naturally, Navoiy wilted in this environment. Jami sympathized with the poet, but as befitted a Sufi, was firmly convinced of the triumph of truth.

- By the will of Allah, you will overcome all the villains and enemies of truth, - Jami said hotly. - We are always ready to fight along the way.

The latest word of Jami was particularly stressed because his voice was fervent in faith.

Navoiy said that he would probably have to spend the whole winter in Marv, his heart, especially in recent years, is committed to peace and solitude and that he was tired of communicating with courtiers.

The peaceful life of the great elder, whose fame conquered the world, the environment, full of high moral purity forces captivated Navoiy; Dervish by nature, he often struggled to break free from the chains of worldly pleasures and spiritual surrender, but love for the people. He was not attracted to the hut as a recluse, but called to duty to the people and society, to serve in the name of universal happiness. Jami knew what feelings moved the poet and considered him worthy of respect and love.

When Alisher Navoiy asked permission to move far away, the old man asked him to wait a bit and rummaged around in the expansion books and leaflets and handed the poet a package - not bound, but circumcised in book form. Navoiy immediately flipped them. "Sea of the most pure," - he read. Skimming some places, he saw that it was a response to the poem "The River of the most pure" by Khosrow. Alisher took a quick look at the poet. Facially in Jami he saw the proud, but not arrogant, warm smile. Navoiy remembered one of his conversations with Jami and again fixed his eyes on the book:

he was ashamed. A week or two ago in this very room talking with Jami, he spoke about the work of Khosrow. Navoiy sincerely and warmly praised the magic pen of the poet. Especially high he spoke of, "River of the most pure." As proof he cited the words of the poet: «If ever a time to change and all my work completely disappear from the world and there will be only "the most pure river "- that's enough. Anyone who will read it, should know the strength and power of my poems. "Jami then said nothing. Navoiy now realized that this silence meant. "So immoderate to praise Khosrow when Jami was a mistake» - he thought. But suddenly his face lit up with a smile Navoiy: his error helped create a new, long desired product. Navoiy expressed his boundless joy and congratulated the Elder of this composition.

- If you have time, read and write me your opinion. Your praise is our highest award, - said Jami.

Navoiy carefully picked up the book. Jami followed him to the door, and they parted amicably.

On both sides of the road stretched endless orchards and gardens. Tree branches, leaning over the road, sometimes brushed the hat of poet. On the golden carpet of leaves, herds of goats and sheep were wandering. The gardens, where there were harvested, sticking bogey. The farther the poet was leaving town, the road became a deserted. Villages, and people were becoming increasingly rare. Finally the road turned into an endless steppe. Far away on the mountains the first snow sparkled. Rays of the sun lit up the dull plain. Here and there floated solid cloud shadows. A cool wind brought a slightly rotten scent of steppe plants. A kite in the sky slowly creating wide circles, vigilantly looked for prey.

The poet took out a book - the gift of Jami, and the wind ruffled its sheets, making it difficult to read, but did not deter from Navoiy the black lines. Reading gave him the greatest pleasure. The tapping of the horse's hooves was soft, and the not too dusty road seemed attuned to nature wondrous music and great poetry. When he especially liked the line, Navoiy reread it several times. When he finished, he put the book in his bosom, and already knew the poem by heart.

"Good Kasida, - thought the poet. - as colorful as "The River of the most pure." I need to respond to this poem, written in response to Khosrow. "

Capturing majestic silence in the steppe, Navoiy rode forward opening and admiring paintings and creating new tissue in the imagination. Suddenly, the poet said which meant the following in English:

*Hot Lal Shah in the crown - is coal for  
To cook in the empty thought his silly head.*

It was the first beit of the poem "The Gift of reflection." It perfectly expressed the mood and state of mind of the poet. The horse, snorting and shaking his head, carried him through the hills and passes, fantasy carried the poet away into the distance, creating a new product line.

Navoiy kept his horse in front of thick high walls. The poet came down to earth and passing a horse met his Servant, straightened up, brushed himself off. In Rabat, there were plenty of travelers who knew the poet's face and immediately came up and bowed respectfully greeted him. Servants began to cook food.

Navoiy entered one of the free rooms and laid down to rest, stretching stiffened legs. Then, demanding Kalam and ink, wrote a letter to Jami. He praised the new work of the teacher and added that he expects more and more gems of poetry that originated in his great heart. At the end of the letter, he said that on arrival at Marv he himself is going to write a poem, and bring him his first beit. He asked Jami to express his opinion about it. After finishing the letter, he carefully folded the paper and went to the bustling courtyard caravanserai to deliver the letter to someone going to Herat.

## II

Friends of Navoiy, seeing him on his way, still had long walks through the garden peacefully, sincerely, and without controversy, talked. Only avid chess players, headed by Mirtoz, spread out in the sun mat, and played the game. Sul-tonmurod was afraid to get excited about chess and to keep students waiting, quietly left the garden. He went to the madrassah Shahrukh: there were fourteen regular students waiting for him aged sixteen to thirty years. Dividing them by their level of knowledge, before noon Sul-tonmurod taught them the spiritual and the secular sciences. Then he returned to his room, sat down on the soft carpet and began to think about the nature and origin

of human knowledge. On the eve of this Sul-tonmurod led a lively conversation with Navoiy.

He thought of the views expressed by the poet and compared them with the views of the ancient philosophers. In the book he planned to write, Sul-tonmurod decided as widely as possible to highlight these issues.

Seizing bread, sprinkled with sesame seeds, a young man mentally argued with an invisible enemy. Then Alloidin entered. Sul-tonmurod who recently had seen his rare friend and very bored of yen, joyfully embraced Zayniddin and sat him down next to him.

Zayniddin devoted himself to calligraphy, music and chess. In all these areas he was already ranked among outstanding connoisseurs. In addition, he gained a lot of art in stone carving and writing inscriptions. Despite of multitude of activities, Zayniddin had time for all sorts of fun and mischief and gave the impression of a slacker.

After the first friendly jokes and mutual mourning young people began funny chattering. Zayniddin looked at the bearded scientist and shook his head.

- Do you love till your heart burns? Disease love the older, more acutely.

- You are mistaken; - sadly said Sul-tonmurod - I can overcome the disease of love.

- But it is impossible to hide. When Navoiy in summer read a chapter from "Farhad and Shirin", we also were present. I remind you of the following verses:

*Though surrounded by candle lantern,  
Lantern transparent - it is visible candle.  
And tears in his eyes did not hide anyway,  
As in the thin crystal wine do not hide.*

- Unfading flowers of Turkic poetry, - Sul-tonmurod sighed.

- Do not be sad, my friend, we will find the keys for your happiness, - laughing, said Zayniddin. - If you want, I summarized the garden you love.

- You are all-powerful, my friend, - smiled mockingly Sul-tonmurod.

- Listen to me! - Angrily cried out Zayniddin. - Dildor is a simple handmaiden of Khadichabegim. It's easy to get acquainted with the palace girls.

- What are you talking about! - Shakily Sul-tonmurod cried, turning pale.

- I have a friend, a great mischief. For some reason he wanted to meet girls from the palace. In Herat, there is one curious old fortune teller. Khadichabegim highly esteemed her. This old woman, except divination, is able to do something else. For example, she speaks two voices through the nostrils and even through the ears. So, with this old woman, he was able to meet with one of the girls. Earlier they talked writing, now occasionally they found a few minutes. Yesterday I learned through them about the fate of Dildor. Well, what do you say? If you want, we tackle the fortune-teller. Do not turn the conversation - you opened Dildor's love letter. You can see... Then accept other measures.

Sul-tonmurod pressed trembling hands to his temples, his face contorted with emotion. Suddenly he shook his head.

- And what about Arslankul? How can I trample on the poor luck in love? Can I plunge a dagger into the wound into his heart, which lives only in the suffering love!

- Is Arslankul still here? - He asked distractedly.

Sul-tonmurod wiped the tears and said, sadly shaking his head:

- He's here, poor love.

## CHAPTER XVII

On the banks of the Indus there is noise and traffic of the past: built largely completed. Madrassahs, khanakah, hospitals, baths elevate to the sky with splendid portals and domes. Now there are hundreds of painters, masons, and carpenters. Diligently laboring over the exterior and interior decoration of buildings, they reveal more secrets of the unknown world of art. Hundreds of famous gardeners divide each building around beautiful gardens.

Arslankul now knows all the buildings at their fingertips. He was so well acquainted with them, as if to make a plan helped by Navoiy their location. When asked: "What business are you doing?" - He likes to say: "We are creating paradise in Herat mired in sin." For a month Arslankul was working with painters who decorated the interior of khanakah - builds for strong forest masters. Arslankul loved this building, designed to serve like heaven for travelers, quiet housing for scholars and poets. He finished admiring the premises, asked him

to read the inscriptions on the walls cleverly deduced of bright colors, and tried to remember them; works led by the famous painters Mirak Nakkash. Arslankul most revered this wizard, who could create wonderful pictures using such paints, but in temper Mirak Nakkash was peculiar. Sometimes he was not at work, sometimes in the midst of training he suddenly disappeared and went somewhere to roam. At such moments Arslankul genuinely suffered. He raised his mighty hand and said: "Had these paws art Mirak, I would have done everything, I would not let him step foot here."

On Thursday, the painters finished early. In one room decorations remained unfinished, and Arslankul was unhappy. He slowly took off his grimy work clothes, cleaned up and went home.

A simple-minded guy came to Herat searching for his beloved. About a year he lived in another town, fearing of a loud sigh, then, after losing hope of meeting with the beloved, returned to the village. But the village where he was born and raised, where he knew and loved every corner, now it seemed cramped and stuffy, like a prison. He spent a little time from the old master, but love again pulled him into the city. In Herat, he warmly greeted his childless aunt and her husband. This old man of seventy, once a famous potter, has long ceased to work. His aunt, younger by ten years, was a dressmaker.

Arslankul entered the clean yard with ayvan adjacent to a strong, well-built home. The old man plunging his head into thin shoulders, silently rose; gray, smoothly combed old woman with a ruddy face, rolled up her sleeves, was preparing dough for evening flat cakes. The young man sat on the edge of the ayvan. From the neighboring yard the unpleasant buzzing of spinning wheels was heard, cutting the ears. Arslankul said nervously:

- How do we escape from these spinners?

- Fire-fly, that they do not work, or what? Did you just hear them now? - Replied the old woman.

- Let them spin at home.

- When you spin together with others, you do not get bored. Follow each other and work is going on. Look at me, stubborn goat! - Cried the old woman, pushing Arslankul with the end of rolling pin.

The guy turned around and looked at the little old woman's restless eyes.

- Invent some excuse and go to them or look through the wall, - with a smile continued the old woman, deftly tearing the dough with

hands. - Today there are two new girls. Month crashed and fell to the ground. What eyes, what eyebrows!

- I do not want these beauties away from their boyfriends.

- Choose any of them, tomorrow I'll go there.

- I told you a thousand times - I will live all alone.

- Do not kid yourself by an empty dream. You have grieved much for the prairie girl. Come on, Get up! - Strongly ordered the old woman.

Arslankul, still sitting, said sadly:

- Man loves only once in a lifetime.

- If you're a real man, if you have a little heat in the heart - now fall on the legs, you will pray: betrothed!

Arslankul angrily stood up and walked to the wall. Sadly he bowed his mighty body, he leaned on the short, wall that separated the yards.

At the large terrace he saw a neighbor; a strong, grumbling woman, her two daughters and several plump neighbor girls. Arslankul began to search among these beauties, about whom said his aunt. Girls in dresses and short sleeves tirelessly turned the spinning wheels. While working, they were busy talking and laughing. Before each were heaps of wool and twined into thread were spindles. One of these girls had a good view. Her white, somewhat full face, laughing coral lips, jet black, curly hair at the temples, high chest heaving rhythmically in time with the movements, and hands were really attractive. The second beauty who sat at the table was not seen by Arslankul.

The old man went into the yard and took a bath. Going outside to go to the afternoon prayer, he looked at Arslankul under thick eyebrows, stroked his long beard and shook his head. In his serious, and deep wrinkled face, a smile began to play. Noticing his eyes narrowed, Arslankul shouted:

- Hey, Uncle, come here, to the flower bed!

The old man, tapping his stick, went to Arslankul.

- Autumn has come to my life, darling. What about you, have you chosen a rose? - He asked, opening rare teeth in a smile.

Arslankul deeply breathed and made a hopeless gesture.

- Look at your aunt. She wanted to walk to a wedding.

- There is pain in my heart, my uncle.



- In vain you grieve, - continued the old man, lowering the voice.  
- I was young falcon in such matters. Other nightingales sang over the rose, but I pluck the rose and ran. That is what happened! On the throne there was Shahrukh Mirza - pious sultan, guardian of the law. The present, Husayn Boyqaro widely opened the gate for any love-making.

Arslankul said nothing.

- Heart fellow - lord. I'm not forcing you, my light, - the old man said, heading toward the goal.

Girls like children released from school, went from noisy places. They hurriedly piled into bags the threaded spindles and went down into the yard. Some are secretive about something, others played the chang. Arslankul did not to embarrass them, and departed from the wall. The air rang song of parting, to match the mood of Arslankul which meant the following in English:

*Where is my poplar? Oh! I pitched with gentle separated.  
Laughing with my color, my tulip separated.  
No songs! With Guria my evil deception I separated.  
Do nightingale sings when he Gulistani separated?  
And molknet parrots with native shekeristanom separated.  
Oh, woe! Through my eyes heart particles flowed.  
Dew sprinkled with bloody tears my whole chest land.  
And over the earth - my planting tulips red ascended.  
You cry! You cannot cry miles when your favorite distance?  
As the dust from the soul, so I'm with you cheating fate separated  
No Unity Cup me! I forever deprived of meeting her  
I grieved moisture life - wine its sad days  
Do not poison grief at the wine blended miloyu mine?  
Separation bitter than death to me! On the rock, just me quickly,  
But yes I will not welcome her with pitched separated!  
Separation, my heart is no longer torment spikes:  
I am one of torment endured, I am full of sorrow over the edge!  
O heart! Undergo more, but do not forget the sweet!  
What I tens of thousands of days? Let me perish by chance,  
But I will not let my tulip separated!*

The old woman spread a tablecloth. She brought flour soup in the colored clay bowls and asked standing:

- Well, I told the truth? Girls are beautiful like the moon in the sky, aren't they?

- You may even call them "princesses" and that will not be wrong either, - answered the boy.

- May I be sacrificed for you! Of letting these girls - still that miss the bird of happiness when she sits on your head. That would be ingratitude. To which of them is your heart more inclined to? For one white and smooth as an egg or another, golden, wheat, slender as a young shoot? To tell the truth, I am lost: my heart stretches it to one or the other. Choose.

Arslankul put the spoon and silently stared at the face of his aunt.

- Well, what are you looking at? Tell me and refresh my heart.

- Aunt, in any case, I should be patient to wait, - said softly Arslankul trying not to disappoint the old woman. - Think. For two or three days nobody will leave.

Oh, my son, patience is waiting in the world you have to share. - The offended old woman no longer said a single word.

The next day Arslankul put on new boots for the first time and a silk robe, which two months ago he was awarded, among other guests at Navoiy's feast in honour of the masters and ordinary constructors. Dressed up, the young man went out. He wanted to find his friends, but later he changed his mind: "He'd be sure to be dragged off to the pub."

Admiring the finished and unfinished houses, two-storey buildings and gardens light, which stretched along the long large park, Arslankul walked slowly along the road covered with golden leaves of the trees. After a little walk, the young man went to madrassah of Shahrukh: he had not seen Sul-tonmurod for two weeks already.

Dark, as always, the room on a cloudy day seemed even blacker. Arslankul saw Sul-tonmurod surrounded by books, lying on cushions like a sick man.

- Ah- ah, what happened, sir? - Arslankul asked excitedly, sitting beside Sul-tonmurod.

Sul-tonmurod's eyes were sunken, his complexion was sick, and pale. He raised his head and sat down, leaning his elbow on the pillow.

Two or three days ago I fell sick, but today the heat and sleep are easier for me, - he said.

- Shall I call the doctor? - with sincere sympathy asked Arslankul.

- No, I already spoke to the doctor. And I'm waiting for you. Yesterday afternoon, I sent you a boy. Did he come?

- No, sir. Yesterday I left early from work to home, - said Arslankul.

- Tell me, what is your request, I will do it, - he added apologetically.

From his emaciated face Sulonmurod slipped a painful smile.

- I got the correct information about your girlfriend, - he said, lifting his head. - She is also personal maid of Khadichabegim, because of this, she has not been met by the sultan yet.

Arslankul's face brightened.

- Sir, from whose blessed mouth have you heard it? - In a trembling voice asked Arslankul. - In this, and in the world I will be your slave. Sir, tell me, is it true? You lit up the whole world for me.

Sultonmurod, of course, concealed his love from the boys. He said to Arslankul that once he told his friend Zayniddin this, like a fairy tale story, he became interested and started asking and reported what he had learned.

- Is your friend in a palace?

- No, - said Sulonmurod - but only if he wants he can reveal any secrets. You can trust him.

- Okay. Palace harem for us, the poor, anyway, is like the wall of Iskander<sup>1</sup>. What to do? - exhausted from inability Arslankul asked.

- Indeed, before you there is the wall of Iskander, - Sulonmurod said, nodding. - But until now you did not know what to do. Now go away as a lighted beacon of hope. If Allah wants, your efforts will not remain fruitless. I think that's where to start from: you need to contact your perfect lover, tell her how you suffer and yearn and learn how it applies to you. Do not you mind?

- It's the truth. I'm not the least bit in doubt about Dildor's purity and nobility. However, many years have passed. Who knows what she was thinking, - Arslankul said, lowering his eyes.

- I consulted with my friend, how to contact her and we found a way.

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<sup>1</sup> The great Fortress built by Alexander the Great

Arslankul looked at the scientist. Sul-tonmurod's fortune teller told me about the old woman.

- That cunning old woman, of course, greedy creature, devoid of any human feelings, - he said. - I'm sure she will require a lot of money. If you do not have any money, do not hesitate. We will somehow find the means.

- If it comes down to money, I will pay myself, but I find it. Do not worry about this.

Arslankul hastily rose, intending to immediately go in search of a fortune-teller. Sul-tonmurod reminded him that it should be carried out very carefully.

In the half-open window, he saw a powerful figure of Arslankul, who raced across the yard of madrassahs and sighed deeply. Cursing the cruel life poisoned heart of a guileless but noble guy who had been keeping his love in his heart for a long time and he wished him luck. An old pain wave rose in his heart, but it was not jealousy. It was just the pain of real love. The captivating look of Dildor appeared before the eyes of a scientist as clearly as if he had seen her only yesterday. To distract Sul-tonmurod he stretched his hand to the shelf and took a thick book and absently began to leaf through it.

## CHAPTER XVIII

When Dildor woke up morninglight already poured in the window. Her friends were lying on a mattress next, to sounds asleep; huddling together.

- Get up, do not delve be denounced! - Dildor cried, lifting their heads from the pillows.

Two girls lazily opened their eyes and squinted capriciously. Dildor, yawning and stretching, got out of bed. She dressed quickly and opened the door. A damp, cold wind swept the body. The girl left.

Sprinkled with small snowflakes, the lawns were white and graceful trunks of cypress trees were covered with silver. The long-awaited snow arrived: Winter was here again. How many times had Dildor met here for the first snow?.. She could not even remember. Yielding, as always, sad dreams, she quickly ran through the garden. Snow loaded her, but she did not feel it. Cawing Ravens and crows flew overhead and scurried away shadows - slaves' overseers.

Dildor slowly sat down on the shore like winter and washed, drawing water by the handful. Smoothing wet fingers, she went back into the room when she heard the excited voice of Davlatbakht from afar.

- Dildor, run! Run here! - What happened? Again the rat was caught?

- The trouble came! - shouted Davlag-Bakht. Dildor on the go shaking snow from kavush<sup>1</sup>, ran into the room where Davlatbakht lived. The girl quivered and her face was bloodless.

- What are you afraid of, sister? - Dildor asked excitedly clinging to Davlatbakht.

- Look at Gulsanam. - Davlatbakht pointed to the mattress lying on the floor.

Dildor went to the far end of the room, bent over the mattress, opened her frightened eyes and screamed. Dull, cold winter daylight reflected on the dead girl's face, Turkmen Gulsanam.

- Girlfriend, my dear, what have you done, why had we left?

Dildor hugged her favorite girlfriend, her keeper of secrets and sorrows and sobbed bitterly. Davlatbakht sat at the head of a dead girl and trembling, spoke through tears:

- Today, I did not sleep at home. When you came in screaming "Get up!" - she didn't respond. I came closer to look and pushed her - she was dead. Poisoned, poisoned! Didn't you see? She is already blue. Suppose I were dead! Why I left you alone, why not learn your secrets!

- Oh, Davlatbakht, you speak as if you do not know what kind of sores and wounds are in our hearts - Dildor said, bursting into tears. Is it easy to live away from their fathers and mothers, from their homes, in captivity, with burst love and desire, yellowing and fading in the girls? Oh, my Gulsanam, my lovely girlfriend! I know you always wanted death, but to leave us! - Dildor pressed her cheek against the cold face of her girlfriend and let out another bitter sob.

The room was filled with crying girls. Gulchekhra Bibi entered. The old woman looked at the cold dead, pursed lips, frowned and turned away. Although the girls were crying silently, she said quickly:

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<sup>1</sup> Leather slippers

- Enough! Weep quietly, do not bother Khadichabegim. Go on, do your job. We will arrange everything ourselves and bury her where God commands.

Maids parted reluctantly, as if someone were pulling by their necks.

During the noon prayer the body of Gulsanam was put on a stretcher and carried to the cemetery. For mourning they tied scarves on their heads and wore black for three days in memory of the deceased.

Dildor grieved most for her friends. Every night she lit a candle and read the only known sura of the Koran in commemoration of the soul of Gulsanam. Nights' sleep fled from her eyes and gloomy thoughts froze the blood in her veins. It ceased to scare the black abyss that separates life and death.

But two weeks after the terrible events, in Dildor's heart was suddenly awakened a lust for life.

One day, tired of running around on the big reception of Khadichabegim, Dildor relaxed alone in her room and suddenly the face of the old fortune-teller appeared, like a terrible person that you see in a nightmare.

- Is that you, Dildor? - The old woman asked, staring at her with bloodshot eyes.

- Yes, I am. Did you see me the first time? - She replied indifferently.

A minute later, the fortune teller came into the room and sat down next to Dildor.

- Give me your hand, and I'll tell your fortune.

Dildor was surprised by the courtesy of the old woman. This clever woman received from Khadichabegim for each divination entire dresses, but never helped a damsel, despite their pleas. "For every word - Dinar", - she said, and speaks all languages.

Dildor's eyes sparkled and she quickly reached out.

Typically, the old woman, with wondering stares of inflamed eyes, before she said anything meaningful, chatted nonsense. Now, she grabbed her hand and quickly whispered to Dildor:

- My little daughter has a boyfriend, sent by God. A hero like Rustam. He, like Majnun, wanders in our city and is looking for his Leili.

- What do you say, Grandma! - Paling Dildor murmured.

- Shut up. You know Arslankula? Dildor, trembling all over, snatched her hand.

- Come to your senses, what happened? - Croaked the old woman.

- Every word you say - is the truth - said Dildor in a broken voice.

- I'm always right - the old woman replied.

- No, Grandma, you know Arslankula. It is not fortune.

- Keep your voice down, - the eyes of the frightened old woman widened.

- When did you see Arslankula? Where? What did he say? Is he healthy? - Dildor, overjoyed, was ready to embrace a hideous old woman.

- Are you crazy! Where are you? - Fortune Teller angrily shook Dildor and, rising, covered the window.

In a whisper said that Arslankul came to her home and asked her to give Dildor the report - that he in Herat, lives in Kuduk quarter - Bashi, with her aunt.

- Grandma, my dear! If I had all the treasures of the world, I would not regret giving it for you - crying, saying Dildor. - And what else did he say? My grandmother probably died... And about his father, he did not say anything? Did he give you a letter?

- Letter? Languish in prison you will, a letter means - to the gallows, daughter. I'd avoid taking such things. Do not cry. The fountain pen recorded your destiny and your beloved in different books. All this is the will of Allah. I also stayed for a lifetime well-off. Farewell, my child!

The old woman rose from her seat.

- Do not go, Granny. I will tell you my mountain, and you will pass it to Arslankulu - Dildor pleaded, grabbing her hand.

The fortune teller looked startled and said angrily:

- Enough, enough! I already know all your sorrows. I decided once in a lifetime to do a good deed - assumed flour. Beware, a word to anyone. - The old woman hurried out.

Unable to contain her unrest, Dildor, with a pouring heart, dropped her head on the pillow. "Do not forget! My dear! - She thought. - Will we ever live and suffer together? How long was he in this city near me? How did he meet the old woman? What's he doing now? Probably he is looking for a way to see me. If only he, for

simplicity, did not bank with grief on a risky business and not put his life in danger."

Good news brought by the old woman dispelled the gloomy thoughts Dildor. Now she no longer thought about death. The whole world seemed to become different - light and joyful. Even the vile, greedy fortuneteller to Dildor now seemed a noble, holy woman, exactly like Bibi Fatima, daughter of the Prophet, which on the day of resurrection will lead all women in paradise.

Every day the girl was waiting for the arrival of the old woman. Every minute she was looking forward to more news from her lover, but the old woman had disappeared. Days dragged on like years.

Oh, if you could tie up their wings and fly to the beloved! Sometimes Dildor was happy as a child, sometimes was sitting with a beating heart, surrendering a scary thought.

On the tenth day the old woman appeared in a harem. Dildor happily met her in the yard. There were a lot of people, and she beckoned with the corner of her eye toward the fortuneteller, but the old woman, mocking her lip, went headlong to the Palace of Khadichabegim. Dildor's heart sank, but she tried to console herself: "The old woman is probably cunning." Dildor decided to wait until the fortune teller come out of the palace. An hour later, she saw the old woman away. Timidly following her, Dildor asked quietly:

- Grandma, have you seen him? What did he say?

- I saw him. He has bad thoughts. I do not want to lead you and get into trouble - prickly as a thorn, the old woman - said, accelerating her steps.

- Grandma, my dear, what is the bad idea? Tell me for God's sake! - Longingly, the girl pleaded.

- Do not ask! Stone speak, but I cannot speak! - said not looking back, gone the old woman.

Dildor nearly fainted. "Evil thoughts... I want to ask the old woman. Arslankul or asked out on a date with me or said he wanted to steal me away?" Dildor was scared for Arslankul.

She ran after retreating the old woman.

- Grandma - she whispered, - if you see him, tell him - even if he is not plotting evil.

The old woman bared her teeth and nodded. Since that day the girl had one thought: "Either die or connect with her sweet." At night, she lay awake making plans. Inventing anything, in a minute later



renounced her thoughts, for implementation of the plan seemed so comfortable, insuperable obstacles. Finally, tired of thinking, she made a firm decision.

A few days later, at midnight, Dildor's head stuck out from under a blanket. The girls slept soundly. In addition to their breathing, that was not a sound, not a sigh. Dildor quietly dressed in the dark and pulled out the dagger that she put under the pillow in the evening when the bed was creeping. She had found this dagger in the chambers of Khadichabegim after a reception while she was tidying up the hall. "Perhaps his son dropped some vizier or bek" - thought Dildor and just in case stashed the dagger.

Stumbling in the dark by the wall, she reached the door, but suddenly stopped and leaned against the jam. Her heart was breaking. She left the friends with whom she lived so many years together, suffered together. Pages of life were lived with them, recorded the blood of her heart, one after another passed before her eyes. Dildor could share her secret with almost all of her friends. She believed him, but feared that friends will keep her from this dangerous step. Now Dildor sadly thought, «Why am I not warning at least some of them? Sorry, you cannot light a candle and kiss them all. "The woman was choking with grief." "Farewell, my friends, my Wistful, - she whispered. - If I die, remember me sometimes. Lord Give you a long life, you go - bright days!"

Dildor with the end of her sleeve wiped away hot tears and left the house. The night was dark, impenetrable, and a cold biting wind was blowing. Dildor quickly walked down the dirt track through a grove of winter. In the darkness, she felt someone grab her terrible hands, her heart was pounding, and her legs gave way. At the gate Dildor heard a squeaky voice "Who goes there?" - asked the servant, for his nickname was Biter. Dildor's fright receded. Then, having mastered them, hid the dagger in her sleeve, and ran to the servant, said boldly:

- I, I am, Allah Yar!

- In the middle of the night? Look at me! - Allah Yar brought lantern light to the girl's face.

Dildor, not hiding her excitement, said breathlessly:

- Open the gates! A man went for the doctor Abd al- Hai!

- Huh? What are you talking about? Explain really!

- Khadichabegim is ill. Oh, she is very bad! Tongue is taken away.

- Where is Davlat - Bakht? Why did she not come? - Angrily asked Allah Yar.

- Oh, do you not understand? Davlat - Bakht is near the patient. Go beyond the gate keeper there and command him.

Allah Yar, muttering something under his breath, headed away. He took a key from his belt, and put it in a huge castle. Then, opening the gate leaf, shouted angrily:

- Mirzab, hey Mirzab!

No one answered.

Then Allah Yar went out of the gate and retreating a few steps, again called Mirzaba.

- I wish he was dead, that watchman! Every evening he is drunk - muttered Allah Yar.

Dildor was counting on it. She went for a slave.

- I'm going to find it! What carelessness! - Said the girl hastily.

- Come back! - Allah Yar pushed the girl back and wanted to close the gate.

Dildor decided not to miss an opportunity. She threw herself on Allayarov and hit him with a dagger. She aimed for the chest, but in the excitement and inexperience got the servant's shoulder. Allah Yar dropped the lantern and cried out. Dildor, not looking back, ran out of the way. Allah Yar, screaming, chased her. Running fifty paces, the servant grabbed Dildor by the hair. She turned and scurried several times, but hit him with a dagger anywhere, and with a terrible cry Allah Yar fell to the ground. Dildor, clutching in her hand, a dagger flew like an arrow. From all sides came harsh, abrupt shouts, "Hey," "Hold!" "Full of wrath, nothing conscious Dildor raced until she bumped into the wall. The wall was low, and she easily leaped over it. Behind the wall began a dense grove. That minute Dildor thought she safe, but someone gasping and wheezing, slid off the wall and ran behind Dildor. She felt that she did not run away. Anger seized her with renewed vigor. Raising her dagger, she threw herself on the pursuer. At the same moment a heavy blow, knocked her to the ground.

## CHAPTER XIX

### I

In one of the gilded rooms of Bogi Zogon Togonbek, dressed in a fur coat, was having a breakfast with the young prince Muzaffar Mirza. The star of Togonbek in recent years had risen very high. Khadichabegim, which in every case relied on force, deceit and deception, valued Togonbek. She became a close friend and adviser of the young prince Muzaffar Mirza. With each passing day increased his value at the court. Husayn Boyqaro showed him the same attention as beks. With him were forced to reckon the most senior princes. Togonbek received as a gift from the prince vast land and married the daughter of Abu - s - manifold - the famous wealthy. At gates were constant pairs of nukers, and waited in the house dozens of slaves.

In the name of Muzaffar Mirza, Togonbek was ready to cover any crime justified by whatever wrongdoing. Slowly he pushed the noblest lords and influential courtiers, who served the prince, and from morning until night inspired him with the desire of his crafty soul longed for unlimited power. Togonbek was able to express his thoughts in simple words, supported by vivid examples, in an understandable way that was fascinating for children so that Muzaffar Mirza enjoyed listening to his speech. Khadichabegim after the first meeting with Togonbek conceived in the hope that in the future it would be even more useful for her son.

The dastarkhan laden with all sorts of dishes with sweets, dried fruit, roasted pheasants and partridges, large cups of sour cream and cream, and Togonbek, as always, was fine at weaving a web of intrigue. He talked about the secret schemes and how to fill the coffers aside Badiuzzamon, Feridun Husayn Abu al- Muhsin Mirza, Sheikh Muhammad Husayn Mirza Abu Masuma Mirza and other princes, - relatives and brothers- Muzaffar. Instilled that Muzaffar Mirza was the favorite son of the sultan, he should surpass them in all. Finally, he proposed to send spies to be knowledgeable about all of their secrets. This idea is especially liked Muzaffar Mirza.

The boy loved any mysterious case. Proudly, gladly, as an adult, sipping wine from a beautiful gold cup, he stared at his Togonbek drunken eyes and with childish importance said: - I want to make with you these things. Mr. Togonbek bekind the power of any king of the world!

- Yes, the prince, - Togonbek replied pointedly smiling. - Ties the belt tighter with aspirations for great purposes.

They returned to the question of sending spies. This is a delicate matter that Togonbek decided to take over.

When the servant removed the tablecloth, entered one of prince's jigits - songwriter, dancer, wit, semifighter, semipoet. Orders were associated with treats and feasts, in most cases carried out by him. Jigit asked whom to invite to the reception today and what treat to cook. Togonbek listed guests, musicians, dancers, as well as the need " of food and drink. Jigit stroking a beautiful manicured mustache, said with a smile, referring to the present:

- Today at the palace of Khadichabegim an amazing event occurred. Did you hear?

- What? - at the same time asked Togonbek and the Prince.

- From the palace, - continued the guy, - at midnight she seriously wounded one of the slaves with a dagger.

- Good girl! Well, was she caught? - asked Muzaffar Mirza.

- She was caught.

- Where is she now? - In the fortress Ihtiyar -uddin.

- Do you know her name? - Asked Togonbek.

- Yes. Her name is Dildor.

Muzaffar Mirza went into the next room. Togonbek requested horseman and, left alone, lost in thought. If the interrogation reveals that when Mirza Yadgar kidnapped a woman, I can climb into unpleasant talks, - thought Togonbek - and Majididdin, in wild purpose, was not in Herat. It was necessary to cover their tracks and protect themselves. Tightly pulled down over his forehead with beaver hat, Togonbek ran outside, jumped on his horse and ordered three Nukers follow him, and rode at full speed towards the fortress Ihtiyar - uddin. At that moment, when he went to the horse before the guardroom, he was approached by Zayniddin.

- Why do you wander in these places, Mullah? - Through gritted teeth Togonbek.

- Today, one of our relatives went to the prison, - with mock humility replied Zayniddin. - I believe that you, Mr. Beck, have the same operation on the heart?

Togonbek felt in his words hidden mockery, but pretended not to understand.

- Do not get carried away with such inventions, Mirza - horseman, and he said, passing the horse Nuker, quickly entered the guard room.

Zayniddin went out at dawn to the prolonged revelry, and learned from a friend of a soldier on the case in the palace. "How she was beloved by Arslankul" - he thought and ran to the fortress. His assumptions materialized. He heard that the first interrogation of girls was performed by Pirmat's son executioner Yar- Ala and that Dildor did not call anyone by name and kept with admirable courage.

Zayniddin was shivering, but still decided to wait Togonbek. He assumed that he came in the same case. Soon Togonbek guard came out of the room. He smiled mockingly at Zein al- Din. "Dog, you want to stir up the truth!" - Thought to himself, Zayniddin. - But no! Poet has rightly said, "The sea does not become impure if the dog finds itself in its face."

He went to Togonbek.

What consequences will be done of yesterday's incident, it has nuts? - Asked Zayniddin, as if out of idle curiosity.

- How do I know? What other concerns I have pet? - Rudely replied Togonbek.

Zayniddin turned abruptly and ran to a madrassah.

In Hujr Sul-tonmurod with Arslankulom talked passionately about something.

- Sul-tonmurod, as always, was happy of coming Zayniddin.

- Come here, my friend, help us solve a difficult question! - Sul-tonmurod exclaimed, pointing to a place near you.

- What is the question?

- Dildor should finally be released - said Sul-tonmurod.

- That's right, and, moreover, as soon as possible. But you know where to release?

- Not her from - this is known, and how to get to the palace, tell me this - Arslankul said, adjusting his hat and looking at Zayniddin hopeful eyes.

- What? Yes, you probably are not awake yet? The girl fell from one prison to another;

Arslankul and Sul-tonmurod caught their breath. They helplessly looked at each other.

Zayniddin told about the incident. In the room profound silence reigned. From eyes of Arslankul tears dripped. Sul-tonmurod suddenly rose from his seat.

- Truly, this girl is known worldwide - said he covered with excitement. - Brothers, let each of us will take on a specific task. We

will cherish the life of Dildor as you Zayniddin, and try to find out about the antics Tight - bek. You Arslankul, are not very far from the prison, but be very careful. What do I do? It is a pity that Mr. Khoja vizier Afzal left yesterday. Well, just ask for help from Heart, Beks have respected people.

No one objected to Sul-tonmurod. Having agreed to meet at Zain -ud -din, the friends came out of the hujras.

Arslankul with huge strides raced to the fortress Ihtiyar-uddin. The fortress, like a chain of mountains, towered above. This formidable, heavy building billowed into the sky their high battlements, thick walls, earth mounds. The prison was here. Arslankul, sad, wandered between the fortress and the horse bazaar, located to the north of the fortress. His head was heavy, as if he squeezed an iron hoop. Before his eyes rose terrible pictures. He did not often see here - decapitated corpses with severed hands and feet, hung, who hung on the gallows, writhing in agony, and soon stretched as Arabic letter " alif ". Suddenly terror filled his heart: "Suddenly Dildor was now withdraw and will be hanged! What will he do with empty hands?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the young man rushed home. The uncle was in the bazaar. Arslankul approached the old man and gently patted him on the shoulder.

- Uncle, you were telling me about some sword. Show it to me.

- A sword? Is it going to Herat enemies? - The old man asked, opening his eyes wide, shaded by thick eyebrows.

- No... All is calm... But I need to... - Arslankul hastily said.

The old man went into the house and pointed to the large trunk. Not finding the key, the young man grabbed the ring and pulling it with force, opened the lid of the trunk. From the piles of clothes, he drew his sword, drew it out of its sheath and examined it.

- How handsome is that considered? - The old man asked. - Isfahan Steel... My father was a soldier of the late Timur emirate. How many countries have seen this sword and over how many heads taken it! This sword saw India, Dasht-i -Kipchak, Arabia, Iran, the Caucasus, the land Rumov. I live in the times of Timur Sahib - Kiran, except I would have stayed for a lifetime a potter? I would rule somewhere in China, oh life.

- A good sword, - Arslankul said.

He sheathed his sword and hung it to his belt under a long bathrobe. Then he took a knife from the high shelf, wrapped into a rag and put it into his boot.

- What was going to fight with you and Yajuji Majuji? The belt sword, knife in his boot. Look!., Raising the sword can only be for a just cause. Do not shed innocent blood, - said the old man, blocking the road in Arslankul.

- Uncle, at the time Husayn Boyqaro has many bad people. This sword will rise only against injustice.

Arslankul went ashore and Injil, having seen there of some of his friends, went to the fortress again Ihtiyar -uddin.

In the hour of evening prayer Arslankul, as prearranged, knocked on the door of the house Zein al- Din, A woman opened it in the dark and invited him into the room, whose windows were streaming light. In the room there was no one... On the carpet lay feathers, cases for pens, inkwells all kinds of shapes, sheets of blank paper, hanging on a peg and gidzhak vestibule. Arslankul sat in a corner - put a cap beside him and closed his eyes wearily. "I tore these noble people on the case, made to part with the book - the young man thought sadly. - One of them is the sage who has surpassed the great scientist Chalabiy, who came to us from the land of Rumov, and another - a wonderful scribe. A stranger to me, illiterate man, they showed me so much love. Without such honest, truth- people, the whole earth would be covered with darkness. They troubled me, and I'm sitting here." At this time, the court heard a noise. Arslankul jumped to his feet and went to meet friends.

- Well, what you've learned in a day? - Sul-tonmurod asked, looking at the tired Arslankul, under his robe the sword outlined. I learned nothing. If you look outside, it seems that all is well.

- Yes, so far all is quiet. What you have decided to do next? - Asked Zayniddin, scattered around the room collecting stationery.

- Tonight I will, if you will approve, arrange some business.

- What? - Asked with interest Sul-tonmurod.

- What if we attack the prison at night, slaughter the guards and free the innocent prisoner? -. Arslankul spoke seriously.

- Honourable courage, but where's the power? It is no easy matter - Sul-tonmurod impatiently.

- Apart from me, there are five other stalwarts - Arslankul said. - All - brave boys, who love to fight. This is my good comrade; I

became friends with them in Herat. We are all - one body, one soul. Now they go around the prison. If you allow, we will choose the time and arrange the attack.

Zayniddin and Sul-tonmurod silently looked at each other.

- How do you find this bold intention? - Finally asked Sul-tonmurod.

- To tell you the truth, I did not expect from Arslankula and his companions such courage. Their courage is commendable. However, no matter how brave this plan seems to us, I am compelled to speak out against it.

- Why? You do not believe in the success of our business? - Interrupted Arslankul.

- There is no doubt - this determination worthy of jigits - seriously continued Zane -uddin, frowning. - Dozens of our opponents, of course, will die, but one of us too, no one would survive. And the result? Probably nothing.

There was a painful silence.

Arslankul sat, head bowed. His brave back was bent, hands dropped. - In my opinion, my brother - Sul-tonmurod turned again to Arslankul - your solution may be carried out in the last minute, when there will be no other choice. Then acquire such bravery perhaps, custom, deep meaning. But now there is no such need. We spoke to some senior people. Dildor was delayed penalty. We must try to forget about the matter.

- You cannot be afraid of punishment? - With a trembling voice asked Arslankul.

- It's hard to say because there are predators such as Togonbek - Sul-tonmurod said.

- In our country, praise be to Allah, there will be people who will be able to call for responsibility and a man like Togonbek - Zane said with conviction.

- If so, I will go to Marv to Alisher Navoiy - spoke upright Arslankul. - And opened all the pain of my heart. This thought occurred to me before, but I thought that the time is short, that every minute is precious. If the penalty is nothing to fear, I'll go.

- It is for this idea I'm willing to give his life! - Exclaimed Sul-tonmurod. - It occurred to me. Alisher - lion in the fight against cruelty, the sword of truth and justice.



Zayniddin liked this offer of Arslankul, Arslankul brightened, as if he had fallen from the mountain shoulders. All three began hotly debated plan. First of all it was necessary to find a strong, fast horse. This question made young people break down. Sultonmurod finally decided to ask the horse of a certain rich man who took his private lessons. He packed up and left quickly. Arslankul went to the fortress Ihtiyar -uddin. With Zayniddin him gone and. He wanted to get to know just in case his teammates of Arslankul.

At dawn, when the gates opened, the first man who went from Herat, was Arslankul. Unhappy love rarely stayed in Rabat. Like the spirit of sacrifices the raced in the wilderness, even at night without interrupting the way «Having stayed at inns, Arslankul bought before leaving with money given by his aunt, feed for the horse, and he sat down and saddle hungry. Discussion satellites vacationing in Rabat, did not reach his ears, his heart trembled incessantly: suddenly executed Dildor now! And now she may be tortured, and perhaps his brave comrades were forced to carry out an attack on the prison, and all died. These thoughts covered the horseman like dark abyss.

On the fourth day, in the evening, it seemed Marv was strengthening. Arslankul was overcome shyness. When he reached the camp, sprawled in the desert, the mood was even greater. Weak from excitement, he dismounted. Proud lords in mustelid caps, in coats, belts strapped precious, formidable warriors, hiking and horseback, with swords hanging to their belt and put on over shoulder bows - all that splendor, and the need to appear before the great poet Arslankula plunged into confusion. With nukers who mistook him for a messenger - the youth got to Alisher's tent. With a deep breath, he crossed the threshold.

At the far end of a large high- tent adapted to winter, with the bright light of candles and lamps, bent low over the sheets of paper, sat the poet. Arslankul, arms folded, reverently worshiped. Alisher raised his head and looked at him.

- Come, my brother, is it well with you? - The poet said, and holding a pen, stretched his hand to Arslankul.

Arslankul respectfully shook hands and thicken the specified host location. The poet sat below the place that is for a guest. Then he spoke cordially, as a close friend.

- Why did you come here? When did you leave Herat? Tell me, how are our actions on the shore Indzhivya?

Simplicity and friendliness of the great poet emboldened Arslankulu. He told Navoiy about taxation affairs on buildings. Complained about Mira Nakkash. Navoiy listened attentively. He liked the simple speech of Arslankula, his directness and homogeneous mind.

Gathering his courage, Arslankul said the purpose of his arrival.

- Sir, I would like to be working with Mirak Nakkash Injil on the shore, but on my head fell trouble, and I came to bow to you.

- What is the trouble? - Immediately interested in Navoiy.

With deep emotion in his voice Arslankul told everything, from beginning to end. He did not conceal anything, even the beam of the fortuneteller. - All my hope is in you. Do not pity for the unfortunate mercy for which you are so generous and he finally, pulling from his pocket a letter written Sul-tonmurodom, handed it to the poet. Navoiy brought to the light the letter and read it, then asked about the health scientist. Hearing that Sul-tonmurod associated with Arslankulom sincere friendship, he heartily rejoiced. Then he wanted to know more details about the love and Arslankula and Dildor and about their life in the village. Now Arslankul talked to Navoiy and did not hesitate, as if with his best friend. Eager to hear from his mouth the word of hope, he exclaimed:

- Sir, is it possible to save the poor? Or... Unable to continue, he stopped and looked down.

- Hold on, brave said Navoiy seriously. - Although cruelty and violence have crossed all the limits of our country, true love does not have to suffer. Who dared to kidnap the daughter of the people and turn her into a slave? Once you visit us, we will try to find a cure for your illness. Probably, we will report on this to the sovereign. Your sweetheart made too bold a move. But the sacrifice of love is a great virtue. It is possible to justify the actions of your cuteness. However, in order to find a legitimate excuse for it, we should think a little.

Arslankul, joyful, excitedly rose and asked permission to leave.

- Well, get some rest, you will eat! Groping in the dark, the young man found his horse. Patting him on the back, he asked him a stern, then joined the nukers who sat in small groups, lit bonfires and talked. Arslankul, with a big appetite, ate with them Siauliai - rice porridge with meat, and strong teeth thoroughly gnawed bones. At dusk, when the noise in the camp began to subside, he went into the tent of the nukers, wrapped himself in his caftan and fell asleep.

Arslankul's long morning was busy taking care of his horse – it was watered, cleaned, given a stern. At noon, he was told that Navoiy called him. Not feeling his legs under neath her, the young man rushed into the tent. Alisher, dressed in a blue robe, was sitting in the same place as the day before. Around him lay the gidzhak and vestibule.

- Your wish has been granted, my brave, - happily reported Navoiy. - That's an order to fly faster than the wind and give it to Bek, the chief fortress. Be happy with her sweet prisoner. Tell her hello from us. - When the last words in the eyes of the poet lit natured smile.

Arslankul carefully put the paper into his bosom. With eyes full of tears, trembling with joy, he thanked the poet.

- We just do our duty. Your joy for us is a great reward - Navoiy said, watching the boy.

Arslankul ran to his horse. Promptly adjusted the saddle and bridle, he anxiously thought that he had nothing to feed his horse on the road. Money left him little. To placate Nuker and the grooms, he filled his sack full of barley, sprang to his steed and quickly moved into the path.

## II

After leaving, for Arslankul and for Sul-tonmurod with Zayniddin came anxious days. They had to be on guard: on words and promises jailers were difficult to rely on. Two days later the danger increased. In Herat, disturbing rumors began to spread, "They will hang her and will tear off her skin", "She will be sawn in half, like a log..." – said other people. By this it was impossible to safely treat: for rumors black felt murderous shadow Togonbek.

Comrades of Arslankul from morning until night were wandering around the prison. Zayniddin was persuaded to go to other Togonbek and ask his help. Sul-tonmurod did not want to hear about it.

- Come on, my friend, I see I cannot. His ears seemed leaden - they are completely deaf to the words of truth.

- I know. I myself hate him, - answered Zayniddin. - But what to do? We have to address it, even beg him. You go to him. Remind him of an old acquaintance. I think he once treated you with respect. I remember he said, you are even higher than Sul-tonmurod sovereigns. In his mind, he collected treasures of all sovereigns of the world.

- In those days, he was only a low, despicable traitor. And now - look! - Sul-tonmurod pointedly raised his eyes to the sky. - You know, there is one good Navoiy beit, its meaning is: "Wait for good from evil people - still that hope rip rose with animal horns."

Zayniddin did not insist. He went to see some friends, had connections in the highest circles of Herat. Everywhere reached him terrible rumors. He again went to Sul-tonmurod.

- Khadichabegim was very angry by the action of Dildor, - anxiously he said.

- So, it's bad, - whispered Sul-tonmurod. - This cloudy autumn face of this woman will not pass without storms and tempests.

Zayniddin in confirmation of these words nodded. Sul-tonmurod sighed. He rose silently and went to Togonbek.

At the gates of the imperial palace in the northern part of the city, Sul-tonmurod met two nukers.

- What do you need?

- Tell Mr. Togonbek that I, Sul-tonmurod, want to see him.

One of nukers lazily, reluctantly went off, to be the rule in the house. Soon he came out and nodded his head to go. Going through a large garden, near Sul-tonmurod faced richly decorated rooms, not knowing which of them enter, he was in some difficulty.

"Oh, dissolute sky! Do not be so blind fate, she would send a happiness that ass!" Thought - Sul-tonmurod.

Following the instructions of a slave with a ring in his ear, he entered the marble decorated room at the end of the alley, lined with high cypresses. In the middle of the room, sitting on the wide cushions sat Togonbek and several important officials. Alauddin Meshkedi, having brought the paper to the narrowed chapters and read satire written only to amuse the host.

Togonbek affably met Sul-tonmurod. Trying to keep himself as an intelligent nobleman, homeland defender, who is interested in all aspects of life, Togonbek started talking about the affairs of madrasas. Sul-tonmurod with a mocking smile told him something, and then spoke about the goal of their visit. Togonbek paused, scratching his rare reddish beard, then laughed with a cold laugh.

As you become a patron of runaway slave, - he said, mockingly with his arch an eyebrows. - Maybe you're going to marry her? Drop it! I'll find a beautiful girl with breasts as fresh as melons.

- Beck, led me to you desire to marry, - Sul-tonmurod said angrily. - I'm worried about the happiness of others. To make people happy and bring too much joy.

Togonbek, leaning back on the pillow, was staring at the ceiling. All present, except for Alaud-Din Mashhad and Shahobiddin al-Din, heard the answer, and Togonbek the scientist, looked down sheepishly. Only on the yellow, bloodless as a drug addict, face - Shahobiddin reflected undisguised satisfaction.

- The country has rulers, - he said haughtily. - They should be given the matter. One of them would commit a crime, as now, and advocates appear who talk about the justice.

- Yes - There are a ruler! - Exclaimed nervously Sul-tonmurod. - But depression - also power, arbitrariness - also power. Among those who occupy high positions in the state, there are also villains. We have come to remove the black stain from the face of the truth.

- Brother - Togonbek said, straightening up and trying to speak softly - God and the prophet command the prick offender. Resolve the question, Sheikh al - Islam.

- Nobody has the right to call her a criminal! A clean, noble, brave girl should be taken - with compassion and mercy.

- Wow! This is from what book? - Cried Shahobiddin.

- You will find this idea of truth in all the books, - Sul-tonmurod said.

- I'm not so well versed to teach you, - Togonbek said, frowning, - but one thing is certain: no sovereign has issued, the law allowing you, to declare black white.

Sul-tonmurod regretted that he came, he wanted to ask who during Mirza Yadgar kidnapped the girl, but held back for fear of making Togonbek furious. Having said coldly through his teeth, - "goodbye" he rushed to the door.

Sul-tonmurod ran straight through the garden, on the soft, wet ground, feet sinking in the mud. Suddenly he heard a voice behind him: "Venerable Sul-tonmurod!" The scholar turned and saw Togonbek on the stairs of the house.

- My friend, you have offended us? - Smiled Togonbek.

- I urge you to do a good deed.

- In public, I had to give you this from the vet. You did not understand me. This case does not concern me but I still try to make your request yet not remain without consequences.

Sultonmurod watched in amazement the affably smiling Togonbek.

- Let your heart be not worried, - Togonbek said with conviction. Sultonmurod thanked him and joyfully, returned home. In Hujr he saw Zane -ad-din, even more sad than before.

- Calm down, my friend, we warned against the trouble.

- Really? - Asked incredulously Zayniddin. Sultonmurod happily told Zayniddin the entire conversation.

Zayniddin, who first tormented various suspicions, eventually calmed down. The confidence of Sultonmurod influenced him. This evening friends even released Arslankula's armed comrades and quietly fell asleep.

At dawn, in the dawn prayer, the young people took to the streets. They went to see the new series of binding books. There, as always, they met scientists, poets, calligraphers, and talked and argued with them. Then, in the last few days, the some exhausted habit, they went to the fortress Ihtiyaruddin. On the way listened famous holy fool divan - Dervish Shamriza. Surrounded by a crowd of people, the sofa amused all funny jokes.

Then they went into a tavern with friends, ate and sat there, looking at the passers-by. Zayniddin, as always, trying to entertain his friend, telling him interesting details about every passerby, whether on foot or horseback, man or boy.

Coming out of the shashlik tavern, young people saw in the distance, outside the prison, a large crowd of people. Suspecting evil, they ran there. At the gate guardhouse stood Togonbek importantly.

- What happened? - Asked Sultonmurod. He pursed his lips angrily and disappeared. A few minutes later he came back and pushing Sultonmurod, took him aside.

- You know, - he said in a broken voice, - it was over. Togonbek on behalf of Muzaffar Mirza, wrote the order and handed it to jigits prince. Who will enforce the sentence?

- Dog Tugan! That's how he led us! - Exclaimed Sultonmurod and, beside himself with rage, rushed to Togonbek. Zayniddin quickly grabbed him by the shoulders.

- My friend, you're crazy! Now nothing can be done - he said, pulling back Sultonmurod.

- For God's sake, leave me alone! - Shouted Sul-tonmurod. - With all the people I will give this dog in the face! Let him hang me, if he can.

- Do not talk nonsense! - Begged him Zayniddin. - Someday we'll settle up with him.

Crowd swelled. Everyone interpreted in their own way, "hang", "cut!" Many regretted: "What was her fault? Unhappy girl! Wanted to escape from the cage, that's all!"

Togonbek entered the guard room. Guards became even more. There were horsemen of personal holy Muzaffar Mirza. With menacing cries they began to disperse people.

- What to do? Do we have to kill an innocent girl's eyes! - Shouted Sul-tonmurod.

- Too late! Who is now going to complain? Not to Togonbek same we will ask for help!

Nukers, dispersing the people, began to prepare a place for punishment. There was a sinister figure of the executioner.

- Arslankul! - Sul-tonmurod suddenly shouted and ran to meet the rider on the red horse, who raced toward them. Zayniddin hurried after him.

- Do all quietly? - Shouted Arslankul without dismounting.

- What did you bring? - Sul-tonmurod asked anxiously.

Arslankul dismounted. Pulling from his pocket a paper he gave it Sul-tonmurod. All three ran to the chief fortress.

Sul-tonmurod with undisguised pride, filed the paper with the chief fortress - broad-jigit with staring eyes and a mustache on end. He unfolded the paper with rough, thick fingers and stared blankly at it. Then he shouted:

- From death and freed from prison. Get her out, he ordered Nuker.

- What is this paper? From whom is it? - Said angrily Togonbek, approaching the chief fortress.

- From Alisher Navoiy. Here and print all lords. I submit - Goth replied coldly;

- The truth always prevails, - she always wins! - Grew sharply Togonbek and Sul-tonmurod.

Togonbek's sinister face contorted. He picked up his hat and went out in silence, swaying on his feet.

The nukers brought Dildor. Her face was covered with painful yellowness, but her bold eyes shone brightly. Exhausted, she leaned against the wall. Arslankul, crying and stroking her forehead, quickly began to remove her chain.

- Where am I to lie? And you have nothing here? - Asked absently Dildor.

- You are free, my soul? Absolutely free! - Tearfully told Arslankul.

- Is it true? - Dildor said, looking round the audience, as if asking them for a response.

Sultonmurod standing in four - five steps away from her, not daring to look in her eyes lowered his head.

On the street the crowd greeted them with a joyful noise. Someone loudly said:

- Navoiy prevented from Marv Herat trouble!

- Give him the god of long life! - Shouted the people.

Getting out of the crowd, Arslankul stopped and invited friends over. Sultonmurod citing fatigue, apologized and asked Zayniddin to hold them. The friend agreed. Dildor looked at Sultonmurod. His face seemed familiar to her, but she could not remember where she had seen him.

- Come with us - she said, smiling shyly and looking down - such a happy day...

- Thank you, sister, - said in a trembling voice Sultonmurod - I will come to you for a wedding. Yes, your happiness will be as bright as the sun.

Having seen through the eyes of friends, flying on the wings of joy, Sultonmurod slowly went toward his Hujr. The storm raging in his heart, gradually subsided. Connecting two loving hearts and their happiness, like the sun, which appeared from behind a cloud, lit up the soul of the scientist.

## **CHAPTER XX**

### **I**

The sun was hot every day and very palpable, but now a prickly sharp wind blew a bracing, invigorating breeze. April clouds were gathering in the sky, and rivers filled mighty streams. After the rains, a clear blue sky blinded the eyes. In the steppe young people played in chavgan; behind the ears at all flaming tulips Warriors and servants typing tulip skirts, decorated their tents.



Spring brought a poet new paint, new sounds. Neighing of horses, issued in the songs sounded different to jigits.

Happy Navoiy usually raised the edge of the tent and sat admiring the glittering fields, distant hills and hillocks. Read ghazal. Invited skilful players and removing head yarmulke, given to the game.

Husayn Boyqaro celebrated the spring holidays. Gathering the most pugnacious sheep everywhere, he was a grandiose spectacle. Several times there was silver revelry. Finally the Sultan announced his intention to return to the capital. Everyone started to prepare for the campaign. To Navoiy were nukers who said: - With your permission, we will add the tent. - So soon! - Navoiy said irritably.

- Tomorrow is the campaign.

- Now, when I heard the news about the campaign, I faced an insoluble difficulty - Navoiy said thoughtfully.

- What is the difficulty? - The nukers looked around, surprised to look at the poet.

- That's it! - With a smile Navoiy pointed to the corner of the tent.

There, at head height, sitting in the nest was a turtledove. Baffled, the nukers exchanged glances.

- If you remove the tent, an unfortunate event will be caused by this. That's what scares me - said Navoiy.

The nukers laughed. One of them said boldly:

- Sir, this winged creature flies.

- Her chicks also have wings? - Asked sharply Navoiy. - Call Khoja Hassan.

Khoja Hassan, a meek little man with laughing eyes, went into the tent. Navoiy, pointing to a turtledove, said:

- We will not take the tent. You stay here as long as turtledove chicks are here and fly away from the nest. Then you gather up the tent and go back to Herat. I'll pay you well for it.

- As said, I will. With Gorlinka not happening, there is nothing wrong. With the nukers heads down, they slowly walked out.

In the morning all tents, except Navoiy's were cleaned. Filling the steppe with shouting and noise, all left the parking lot.

On the second day after arriving in Herat, with a group of buddies Navoiy went ashore Injil. On the banks of the channel there

was a big beautiful quarter. Buildings sparkled in the bright, clear air painting and eclipsing each other's beauty and splendor.

Navoiy primarily went to the madrassahs. He looked around the four, large stoned soup, where students had to sit during lectures, visited the rooms whose rows stretched around a square paved with a brick courtyard, and examined them. He explored everything from bookshelves on the walls to small foci for cooking to finishing rings and locks on the doors.

The madrassahs towered against an imposing building, where scientists and poets were living and working. Navoiy had mind to make it a lovely piece of architecture and painting. Together with artists and architects he had long discussed the style of internal and external decorations and inscriptions. Thanking the artists for their work, Alisher examined a large library, sauna and other facilities.

The poet walked into a small garden and flower beds, near each building. His eyes enjoyed the view of slender, young trees covered with rare delicate foliage. Flowers in the flower beds opened their first buds laughing. In the group of gardeners and florists the poet met Arslankul. He asked, as he lives with Dildor, if they need anything. Arslankul happily and thoroughly answered every question. Navoiy told his friends about the courage of Dildor.

In the evening at home the poet discussed with friends, relatives and the opening ceremony of new knowledge. Experienced people expressed their thoughts about how many horses, sheep and goats should be slaughtered, how to prepare fruits and other edibles and the order in which to submit dishes. Navoiy allowed cooking to start the next day.

On Friday the Injil coast witnessed the festivities. There were the princes, courtiers, scholars, poets, artists, and representatives of different crafts - in short, people from all walks of life, from Herat to Vezirs to orphans. In dozens of huge boilers for preparing dishes and before the guests were scattered pistachios, almonds, and sweets served for thousands of meals. After treats, the guests divided into groups and examined the building. The complex of buildings, which included madrassahs and khanakah was named Ikhlas, hospital and Bath - Shifayya, library and adjacent premises were called Unsiya. Gathered tirelessly by praise these buildings - a great art triple bouquet, were thanked in songs and sounded odes, carried away by the wind, on the wings of the living word in a distant country.

To turn these buildings into a hotbed of science and culture and a source of creative thought, still required a lot of energy. In madrassahs the Ikhlas poet appointed mudarris the most distinguished scholars of his time, each of which was a "treasure trove of science and knowledge." Some of them came, and Sul-tonmurod was a teacher of logic and mathematics. For treatment of patients Navoiy attracted to Shifayyu the best doctors of Herat. The great healer Ghiyas al-Din Muhammad was invited to give lectures there on medicine. The library, designed for scientists, tried to amass the most precious writings. Dozens of scribes copied for her the most expensive and rare books. Part of the proceeds from their lands, Navoiy donated to these institutions as a permanent waqf.

As the years passed, the works of the wonderful pen poet became more and more famous. With collections of his ghazals as a precious treasure, caravans carried them to distant lands and spread among the various tribes and peoples.

Navoiy has set it himself the task before him that he was destined to be the poet of his people - to rise to the top of sparkling poetry. He wanted to create «Hamsa» in their native language. The poet, who, during the literary disputes with special pride and boundless love talked about the immortal treasures of the Iranian people - "Shahnameh" and "heel - Ritz" - often with regret thinking, "Why do my people not have the same treasure? My people have a deep understanding, healthy taste, and pride in its traditions. There is a beautiful language, sounding in songs and folk choral melodies - laparotomy."

In forty years, the poet told these thoughts and this longing to his unfailing friend Jami. Jami, who felt the full force of inspiration from Navoiy already in his earliest ghazals and proudly wrote their imitation, welcomed the intention of Alisher Navoiy who craved a calm, creative life. From official government duties, he was released and almost decided to send all the power of thought and energy to "«Hamsa»," but the waves of life overwhelmed his native country stronger every day.

Farming, the fruits of which he gave to the poor widows and orphans, a Royko slave somewhere in the desert, the revival of irrigation to desert land sensitive responses to complaints and requests for assistance, business people, and art all absorbed his time and

effort. Despite this, Navoiy, with extraordinary tenacity and energy, devoted himself to composing "«Hamsa»."

In the poet was a raging sea of thoughts on the historical destiny of the people. His pen captured vitally sharp important issues of our time. It was necessary to consider them, select the most important; they penetrate into the essence and translate into vivid language poetry.

"Hamsa" is similar to the five-story mountain. Each zone requires a lifetime. Navoiy great inspiration a rose in two or three years to the five peaks.

## CHAPTER XXI

### I

It was early morning. Wearing a bright, long silk robe and a carefully reeled, large pure white turban came Sul-tonmurod from the madrassah Ikhlas. He, as usual, wandered in the fragrant, sun-drenched gardens on the Injil. The scientist meditated and loved walking around the clean, cool, shady avenues. In the irrigation ditches was murmuring water, running from the gardens to the flower beds of the wide avenue. In the cypress grove someone sadly played the flute. Sometimes over his head could be heard ring Sul-tonmurod chirping. Some wandering dervish hiyyabane with a great sense read a ghazal by Khoja Hafiz Shirazi.

When Sul-tonmurod came in a big way, he saw in the distance a man who led a donkey, as if the traveler wandered the road, and looked around. Coming closer, Sul-tonmurod carefully scanned the stranger - he was the poet Binoiy. The scientist hastened to meet him and respectfully saluted.

- When did you come back? - He asked.

- Today - said Binoiy.

Leaning against the donkey, he fixed his eyes on the green gardens and merrymakers around.

- Where are the Injil deserted beaches that we knew?

- By the hands of Navoiy converted bare ground in to a flower garden -: Sul-tonmurod said, choosing his words carefully.

- A lovely, fragrant place - Binoiy said, scratching his tough beard that framed his small brown face. But «Hamsa» Navoiy, which I heard, probably is not so beautiful?

- Why? - Smiling sarcastically asked Sul-tonmurod.

- Mother language poetry. In the Turkic language there is no paint, no sonority. Without these two things it is impossible to compose verses.

- You are mistaken, Mr. Binoiy - Sul-tonmurod said seriously, pulling Binoiy in shadow. - In «Hamsa» Navoiy created a perfect poetic work. Now advocates of Persian will be forced to shut up forever. Our language in the pen of Navoiy rang with such power and beauty that we all, in truth, were amazed. Now «Hamsa» Navoiy makes a triumphant march not only in Khorasan, but Indiai, in the Caucasus and in China. There is no doubt that she will win all the seven zones of the country land.

Binoiy, frowning, looked askance at the scientist. He wiped his dirty robe on his perspiring face and asked:

- Will you take us to the house of Mr. Navoiy?

- Please, we are close to it, - said Sul-tonmurod.

On the way back they were talking about "«Hamsa»." Sul-tonmurod enthusiastically praised the work. He read the beautiful poetry of Jami extolling «Hamsa» by Navoiy. Binoiy was the evil island, but here Sul-tonmurod was not in debt. He completely used words to cut like spikes Binoiy's sword of his thoughts, so they quietly reached Unsii.

Navoiy was in one of the many rooms of Unsii - in a large, cool room the bareheaded poet played chess with friends who almost never left him.

Seeing Binoiy, Alisher rose, shook hands with a friendly guest and showed him the place beside him. He asked about health matters and his return from a long trip.

The table was soon filled and general conversation ensued. Binoiy told amusing tales about his travel experiences and coarse jokes amused everyone Navoiy said to him:

- You were in Iraq at the Yakubbek. Tell us about it. Probably - a man full of virtues.

- The highest dignity was Yakubbek - Binoiy said with a sly smile - but he did not speak a word of Turkic.

Awkward silence ensued. Poets Sheikh Suhail, Hilali, Hafiz Jari Pier Muammai and other confused lowered their eyes. Sahib Daro was not able to keep anger out of the room. Sul-tonmurod turned away in disgust from Binoiy. Only two people were quite calm: Binoiy, who went on to have a snack, and Navoiy, self-righteous.

- Our language is a gem. - Said Navoiy after a pause, emphasizing each word - Yakubbek knows languages, and a stone should be distinguished from a pearl.

Binoiy again began to tell coarse jokes, but all his assertions, arguments, and attempts to prove the superiority of the Persian language fell apart under the blows of the iron logic of Navoiy.

Sultonmurod started talking about the history of languages and changes in their content. He cited many examples from Arabic, Persian, Indian and Turkic languages.

The scientist objected to Binoiy, revealing the harmony of these languages. Sultonmurod supported the present.

- Wow! Thank you, - said Binoiy pleased. - I listened with pleasure, you made a very mature thought. But what is the issue? Why are you so his bulge?

At this time came Sahib Daro and Binoiy said:

- Come on! - Listen to the vestibule. - Hey, you, baldy, do you not understand the joke! - Said Binoiy. - You sit or get out.

Everyone laughed, and Sahib Daro, blushing, sat at the entrance.

- I'm sorry, because I'm a joker by nature - said Binoiy.

- Is it not a joke? In fact, a joke, an anecdote, Askia - are all very lively, nice things. A witty joke or anecdote - like smelling a bright rose, makes one feel pleasure. Sometimes I throw to Alisher spikes. It is in my nature. Mr. Navoiy does not remain in debt, he mocks me so that I have no patience, but such humorous "conversations" are like - flowing water. The eye should always be humane, friendly. It will not be forgotten.

Those present breathed easily. Sahib Daro and others said happily: "Rain pokapal and easier!"

- Oh, if there is no laughter, jokes, then where shall we go?

Navoiy, smiling, replied:

- As long as we exist, live jokes. Maybe sometimes objections, passion, controversy translated into insults, maybe we were offended.

But ultimately, Navoiy and Binoiy cannot be called enemies.

A new guest came and the discussion was cut short. It was the painter Bekhzad. A gifted young man stopped in on a mature man and the famous, the fame of which had spread far outside Herat. The participants met the painter with sincere joy. Navoiy led him to the honourable place and tried his best to give him attention. Bekhzad,

opening a large folder, took out a piece of paper and handed it to modestly Navoiy.

- Your student will be happy if you accept it as a gift a small piece - the artist said, bowing respectfully.

The painting depicted on the bottom of the construction of the buildings erected in accordance thoughts of Navoiy. Alisher anxiously took the picture and gave a long look. He saw before him, as in reality, the construction of a madrassah in full swing. Reeves, masons, carts, elephants, characteristic postures and movements of familiar figures - all this is on the flippers but a true, vivid picture. Navoiy excitedly thanked the artist. All bent over the picture.

The guests left towards the evening. Alisher asked Binoiy to stay with him. The sun was setting like a fire in the sky. "Unsiya" looked wonderful. They went for a walk for some time.

-The garden is beautiful! –said Binoiy looking at the neighbourhood. What a wonderful landscape!

-Did you see that? That is water! –said Navoiy looking at a far distance. Our people brought that water very skillfully. There is enough water to drink and water the plants there...

Binoiy got surprised at the water, "Unsiya" and other buildings. Navoiy turned left. Binoiy was walking beside him.

They talked for some time at the place with peacocks. They walked and then entered the orchard.

-Please, come into the room! –said Navoiy pointing with his hand. It is a very convenient place to work!..

Binoiy stood in front of a house and an aivan and said:

-Oh, what a wonderful place! –said Binoiy looking at the house and the orchard with surprise. –Thank you! And now I would like to write some poems if you let me.

So, Navoiy went away through the green grass.

## II

Majididdin parvanachi every morning, upon coming into the garden Jahon oro, first listened to his palace "ears" and posts on the latest developments, intrigues, conspiracies. Today he met Pir Khoja Bakaula – the first palace schemies. He told him about the good news that the Sultan's close friends complained about some officials, the supporters of Navoiy. Majididdin Pir Khoja gave a new assignment and went to bed.

In his couch as always, he met two main viziers - Khoja and Afzal Nizam al -Mulk, who hated each other, but they pretended to be soul mates in public.

Majididdin did not like either one: Khoja Afzal he considered the right hand of Navoiy, and Nizomumulk looked like a snake ready every minute to attack.

After official greetings the Vizier entered into conversation. As usual, the conversation at first seemed sweet, but at the end looked like a bitter medicine.

Husayn Boyqaro entered and sat down on a large gold embroidered pillow. Sooner upon the aged persons were clearly visible traces of drunkenness, debauchery, and sleepless nights.

Parvanachi ordered to send some orders in different areas of the country, he turned to the Vizier:

- Prepare two bags of money.

Khoja Afzal gave a cursory glance to Nizomumulk. Majestic, dignified silence overcame the vizier, having lowered his head. Khoja Afzal felt uncomfortable. Not daring to speak about the true situation. Khoja Afzal was silent.

- Why is your tongue stuck to the sky? - Husayn Boyqaro asked.

Khoja Afzal replied that there is no such amount in the treasury, but if the postponement will be given, we can find a way to get it. Husayn Boyqaro paled, and his eyes flashed.

- In the treasury of the ruler of Khorasan there are not two fogs! - He said angrily, turning away from Viziers.

In the room reigned painful, oppressive silence. Parvanachi stopped writing and craned his neck, like a triumphant fighting cock. He pointedly looked at the Sultan, with a sad shake of the head.

The Vizier could not promise that the money would be founded immediately. The sultan, who was fond of luxury and splendor, quickly emptied its coffers. Under the angry gaze of the Sultan and having obtained permission to retire, the Viziers bowed their heads as if the criminals left out of the room.

Husayn Boyqaro began to complain of the helpless Chiefs. Parvanachi realized that this is an appropriate moment to carry out his plans. Particular attention had recently provided him with the sultan, and gave Majididdin courage. He began to spread from the heart of simmering resentment. The deficiencies observed in the administration of the country attributing it Navoiy and his people



invent more and more new omissions, argued that the reason for the lack of money in the treasury are countless building costd -led by Navoiy. The sultan listened attentively.

Finally Majididdin with conviction and pride like heroes who train in a difficult moment provide its intervention victory, said:

- Vault of the world! You can fill your coffers with myriador gold and silver. For example, I can promise that with the greatest of ease I'll get not only the two fog, but fog and two thousand.

- Can you believe this? - The sultan asked incredulously.

- There is no doubt the place - strongly responded Majididdin. - But for this scheme you should give its humble servant an appropriate office in the state, the necessary rights and opportunities.

Husayn Boyqaro said nothing. Stroking starts graying beard, he thought.

Sultan Husayn believed Majididdin one on the most loyal people, and was convinced of his ability to state activities. Khadichabegim also at every opportunity was praising parvanachi. The sultan knew that Majididdin has long intended to occupy a high position with many lords and courtiers by his side. However parvanachi always secretly and openly, expressed disapproval of the policy and events of Navoiy. Therefore, the Sultan was forced to put an end to his exaltation and participation in government.

Now the situation has changed. The former confidence in Navoiy gave way to doubts and suspicions. Navoiy accused him of cruelty and despotism, did not approve of his policies and encouraged ordinary people to patronize with not aristocrats and the rich, " the color of the state."

Therefore, the Sultan came to the conclusion that Navoiy was up to no good.

The Parvanachi promising to easily get two thousand mists, immediately rose in the eyes of the sultan. Navoiy will probably oppose the construction of parvanachi to power. What to do? Tired eyes closed, at the thinking Husayn Boyqaro. He decided to meet the requirements of the courtiers and high-ranking officials, who have long been ringing in his ears.

- Majididdin Muhammad. – The Sultan Husayn solemnly appealed to the Parvanachi - you take sleep in the post of the state. Proceed immediately to raise funds needed to fix your high office.

The Parvanachi was extremely thankful and called on the sovereign blessing of Allah.

The next day Husayn Boyqaro summoned Navoiy and took him alone.

- We called you, - the Sultan said the cold and official view - to share with you one consideration that came to mind. After a brief pause, he continued:

- We came to the idea to assign you to a new position. I am sure that you, as soon as possible and with a pure heart, will accept this appointment.

- What kind of job? - Navoiy asked anxiously, apprehensively.

- We have appointed you ruler of Astrabad. You need to prepare for departure.

This news was totally unexpected for Navoiy. His eyes sorrowfully creased between his deepened eyebrows.

- Open to your humble servant the meaning of your decision. I am not able to comprehend it, - said Navoiy to the sultan, as if trying to break into his thoughts.

Husayn Boyqaro hesitantly spoke about the benefits of the people and the state. Seeing that Navoiy was is not satisfied, he was very humane and vaguely mentioned some other purposes.

- It was better to speak frankly - Navoiy said with a mocking smile. - Because I see your singing is as clear as the fire in the lantern. If I'm not mistaken, you want to remove me from the capital to open the way to some others? I do not know how this decision is correct. If it would be helpful for the people and the state, yours truly will be happy. I am afraid, however, that this will lead to bad consequences.

Husayn Boyqaro was silent. His face twitched nervously. He felt uncomfortable - his secret intentions were solved. Discarding reticence, he now pointed directly to the need to take steps to satisfy the desire of a few nobles and replenish the state treasury.

- Beside you are lords and warlords with lofty thoughts, there are noble servants familiar with the situation - continued Navoiy - but there are those who seek, like the deadly vortex to rip flowers from the tree state. They all turned their eyes on the city and region, not their hearts full of love and devotion to the people, and a passion for gold and silver. Those with enough clothes sewn with gold, and gold and silver ware - they need to get a horseshoe on thier boots that also were of gold. State money is needed as blood body. You put in one hand,

and on the other scatter money you will not fill coffers. You must be able to be generous as Hatam Thai, but the wind ripping off the leaves of the tree, should not be taken for Khatam. The cloud that pours rain not on a withered garden, and high mountain, cannot be considered generous. Treasure should be spent primarily for the benefit of the people. When the harvest fills barn, then your treasury is also filled with gold. Anyone can see that to fill the coffers otherwise - is unwise.

Husayn Boyqaro listened to Navoiy quietly and calmly. Then, rubbing his aching lower back with both hands, he slowly stood up. Navoiy also rose.

- I found it necessary to send you to Astrabad - Sultan said, raising his voice. - Do not look for excuses, I will not change my decision.

- Do not banish me from Herat, let me live in a society of my books and friends. Many times I have said to your Majesty, that I do not crave any official positions. Maybe - do you remember?

- There is no other way - shaking his head, said Husayn Boyqaro.

- Okay, I'm ready to take up on my shoulders any sort of injustice - and boldly said sharply Navoiy. - But let these low people know that no matter where I am, I will protect the people and try to break the sword dangling over his head.

Husayn Boyqaro paused. Then he said goodbye to cold Navoiy and went into the next room. Navoiy nervously went into the hall. Former nuker poet, and now Eshikoga Boboali was waiting for him there.

- Sir, what happened? - He whispered anxiously. - Is such a wretch like parvanachi Majididdin, taking the reins of power, and we all have to bow down to him as the first person Mosley Sultan?

Navoiy put his hand on the shoulder of the old Boboali and affectionately began to comfort him. Then he went to the hall with forty columns. There were officials, mostly overt and covert enemies of the poet.

Confidence in the correctness of the poet gave a calm firmness of his steps. His enemies, somewhat embarrassed, pretended to be unsuspecting. The poet was disgusted..

From the next room came the Parvanachi. Arrogantly throwing back his head, crowned with a large turban, he threw those present a

contemptuous look. Seeing Navoiy, Majididdin's face changed. He went to the poet and said with mock politeness:

- Does Khakan have an important meeting. Do not you participate in it?

- No, - said the poet.

- What is your mood, tall gentleman? - My heart is always inclined to a good mood, but today my joy has reached its limit. - Why? - Asked Majididdin in an altered voice stole a glance at his friends.

Navoiy smiled at the Parvanachi, mockingly raising his eyebrows. He remembered lines of poem which meant the following in English:

*If God wants you happiness heaven reward,  
In hell asked for another, if only to not be with you.*

However, Navoiy expressed it in other words:

- I am glad that the Lord will soon deliver me from a severe need to see the faces of some unpleasant people.

Majididdin got pale. His friends silently retreated. The answer was too late: Navoiy calmly descended from the hall on the stairs.

When the poet returned home, his crowd surrounded the Mirabeau. They were instructed to bring water to the desert land lying between Cesme and - Mahia and Mashhad. Navoiy, deciding to carry this thing on their own funds, invited them to a meeting today.

The connoisseurs of irrigation - these ordinary people – were in a hurry to express their thoughts. The poet keenly felt all the inconvenience of their situation.

To conduct the case in life, he had to personally oversee its implementation. Now we have today or tomorrow to go into exile Astrabad. What surprised him was preparing fate?

Inviting everyone in the room, Alisher ordered his table with food and led the conversation. Mirabs enthusiastically expressed their ideas, arguing among themselves. These kindled a lively debate about what kind of width and depth of the channel was to be how to change its direction in accordance with the structure of the soil, how to strengthen the edges of the channel. The poet, who had long been interested in irrigation lands and gained a lot of information in this area, listened attentively to every consideration. On some

controversial issues, he expressed his opinion, and amazed experienced mirabs with his knowledge. In conclusion, Navoiy said:

- Dear brothers, I am very grateful to you for your advice. We will definitely implement this good deed necessary for the good of the homeland, however, now we have to put it. Sometimes our good wishes are met with a dam on its way.

- But Mr. himself hurried us - said one simple- Mirabeau.

- It's true, I am very anxious to meet this thing - Navoiy said, trying to smile. - However, on my head suddenly fell different. Then, when I get rid of it...

- The proverb says, a good deed will not be late - addressed the meeting a venerable old man powerfully built. - If Mr. Alisher is alive and well, his love will flow to our people by many rivers.

- That's right! Right! - Shouted around. Navoiy has presented some of the participants of the meeting expensive gowns, other like Audel with money. Bay parted very well satisfied.

Navoiy deeply grieved in his inability to implement the long cherished desire. He sat a long time, not caring about anything. In the evening came Khoja Afzal. He was very sad. By the order of Husayn Bayhara, Majididdin was appointed the chief vizier awarding him the title of «Props stronghold kingdoms and states.»

After evening prayers came to a close, so they all were lost, found the sovereign decision meaningless and worried, feeling that over the country are going to the black clouds. Many hiding behind a veil Hints sharply censured and ridiculed the sovereign Majididdin.

The tormented Navoiy tried to hide his grief, but by the expression on his face, in the eyes, it was quite obvious that he was suffering. After the conversation, where contrary to the usual sounds at heated debate, jokes and laughter, friends went to leave. Saying goodbye to Navoiy, all bent their heads low, and all eyes were full of tears.

## CHAPTER XXII

The evening prayers passed. Eyes were inflamed with wine and games. A whirlwind of excitement drove in circles voiced piles of gold. Happiness favored Emir Mogul.

In Astrabad only some players were happy with this ruler. Almost every evening they came to him with bags of gold and silver

and dispersed in the morning with the soul glowing as steel, screwing up their sleepy eyes. In all other matters the Emir Mogul preferred deception, violence and delays, but custom games he respected and being a winner, sometimes even showed generosity. The Emir had just collected a pile of gold when he was called from the door by a little servant. The Emir Mogul turned angrily and frowning cried

- Get out, scab ass! – I am the Messenger of Herat - said the servant respectfully.

The Emir Mogul's neighbor gave into the new mate, who was itching to play - and headed for the door. The tired, breathless messenger handed him the letter. Emir Mogul went into another room, brought the letter to the light and eagerly ran his drunken eyes. His face lit up with joy. He especially liked the title Majididdin affixed at the end of the letter. He folded paper, he put it in his pocket and thought, «Good job! Majididdin - " vaib Sultan! Navoiy is Astrabad's ruler."

In a letter to Majididdin the Emir of Mogul detailed the latest developments and invited him to come to Herat.

- Let Navoiy "star of Khorasan" be bored in this sad city - whispered angrily Emir Mogul. - Anyway, everything turned out excellent. Herat is our power.

The Emir Mogul returned to the players. Reflecting, writing and thinking causes an event, so he sat a long time, not participating in the game. Only when a drunken player, whom he entrusted himself to play for. The Emir pushed him deepen into the game.

In the morning, in spite of a severe headache, the Emir Mogul began to prepare for departure. Immersing the camels with accumulated wealth, they sent them to Herat. Two days later he was taking his wives and children, he was not waiting for Alisher and went to Herat.

The message of the forthcoming arrival of Navoiy excited Astroabad's people. In the bazaars, in private homes, in shops anxiously they were discussing the news.

- By the will of Allah, we got rid of that drunken camel, - said the old man, giving thanks to God.

Local poets wrote odes after Navoiy. However, some thoughtful people venturing into the wilds of thought politics, came to the conclusion that no good comes from Navoiy being God's fool, and that there is some mystery.

But then came the long-awaited day. People walked along far and near, on large and small roads, pouring out into the entire streets like a powerful wave - started at the gate and diverged widely across the plain.

Seeing far, Navoiy and his companions, spread witnessed people under the influence of strong emotion, who stood for a moment in silence. Prominent scholars and poets of Astrabad stepped forward and congratulated Navoiy and his companions for their safe arrival in the city. A crowd of people surrounded Navoiy. Loud cheers and wishes were heard everywhere. Ghazal singers sang Navoiy. Women raised sons in their arms and said: "Be the same as Navoiy".

Navoiy looked to welcoming friendly eyes, put his hand to his chest and heartily thanked them for the warm welcome. Then he went to the place prepared for his room, where he took the city of famous people, scientists and representatives of the people.

The next day, Navoiy assumed his duties. First of all, he became acquainted with the field of seed agencies and their chiefs. In Astrabad Navoiy found no order of any waqf, or madrassah or any taxes, nor in the judiciary. Already a superficial acquaintance with these institutions deeply saddened him.

«Well, well! Local affairs can come in horror! " Navoiy with his characteristic energy and zeal began to administer the area. He began to implement policies and rules that existed in Herat. The population rejoiced. People made songs about their wonderful ruler. Anyone coming to Navoiy with their needs and requests addressed to him as a protector and friend.

Navoiy's free time was spent with local scientists, poets and people of art. Friends and relatives wrote letters to him from the capital. These letters were burning with sorrow of his parting, and blazed a deep love for the poet. There were also poetic message. In the verses of Muhammad Sayyid wept Pahlavan's mighty heart which meant the following in English:

*All our thoughts, Alisher, all life - in your destiny,  
Wise mentor, every moment we remember you.  
You decorate Astrabad - concerns no end!  
And we, our teacher, you have decorated heart.  
Soul we in yours. Die and become dust  
Thy footstool ruins ground in his gardens.*

From the remotest corners of Khorasan Alisher sent greetings and bows, such was the response of pure hearts and minds of the Sultan and his entourage.

\*\*\*

Navoiy worked alone in an elegantly furnished room. Around him lay on the carpet a stack of paper, folders, printed leather, a stack of notebooks. Some were covered in dust, others had bent ends and on the skin here and there were stains. They were ghazals Navoiy. Although parts of them as separate small collections were widespread, the whole book in which all ghazals would be collected in a certain order did not exist. In Astrabad Navoiy decided to carry out the intent that he began a long time, but always postponed for lack of time, - to make their big book of ghazals. He divided it into four periods of the ghazals which corresponded to the scale of life - childhood, adolescence, adulthood and old age - and gave each section a special name.

Going through old papers Navoiy eyed his poems eyes and distributed them to collectors. The infinite number of ghazals flit sunk minutes of past life. Each is associated with a certain date and a certain place. Here ghazal was written in Mashhad when Navoiy was sixteen and seventeen young men lived in exile in a secluded Hujr.

Here are the verses composed in Samarkand Hujr khanakah Khoja Fazlullah Abullays. And here is the first ghazal that young Alisher wrote in full magical excitement when he came home from school, in a secluded corner. These ghazals he gave to his mother, and she was happy as a lamb kissing and hugging it to chest! So it seemed, and now felt on the face of these affectionate kisses. Did his father, Giyosiddin Kichkina, ever hug his brooding, prone to dreaming son after reading his first experiences? Did he shower his boy with gifts?

The poet flipped another notebook. One grabbed his couplet which meant the following in English:

*If a person is a close friend, I drop tears, and could not stand to hold them back.*

*So if the sun goes behind the mountains - loose stars illuminated the night.*



Navoiy was reliving exciting, happy moments of his life. Before him arose the majestic appearance of the glorious poet, whom he always remembered with deep love and respect. That was the late Lutfi. A maelstrom of memories captured Navoiy.

He became a child again.

Here he suddenly jumps up to implement his long-standing desire to quickly run out into the street. Herat lives their daily worries, joys and hardships. Alisher peers frolic in the streets, on the roofs: some play nuts, other archery. Alisher is a child too, and he wants to play, he quickly runs to the garden, called Bogi - Shamol. Hesitating for a moment, the boy enters the gate, and his excitement and confusion increases with each step. In the large garden, he sees a white-bearded old man from afar. He slowly walks among the trees, leaning on a stick. This is the great poet of his time Lutfi. His gaze falls on the boy poet, Alisher, bowing from a distance, who started running toward him, and in an instant is near the old man. He did not depart from Lutfi's guileless eyes. The aged poet under bushy eyebrows gently gave welcome looks at the boy, and asked who he was. Alisher calls himself and shyly tells about the purpose of his parish.

- Well done, son Giyas al-din! - Smiling, says Lutfi - you came to see us? Well, come here, I will comfort your heart with conversation to a smart and polite boy and read you my poems.

Alisher, behind Lutfi, enters the living room. On low shelves lie books, a place free from forced by porcelain and copper utensils.

Lutfi, leaving his staff in the hallway, sits on a small rug and Alisher sits beside on a rug. Lutfi reads by memory few ghazals.

- Have you heard these ghazals - smilingly the man asked.

- Most of your poems I know by heart, but these I have not yet heard.

- It's true! I wrote them just recently. Well, now you read it, I'll listen.

Alisher was embarrassed. Although he came mainly in order to present his poetry on the court elders, now for some reason he wanted to postpone the case. Lutfi insisted.

- In Herat there are poets who stop passers-by in the streets and bazaars and read them their ghazal, - chuckling, he said.

Alisher with a trembling voice, without looking at the poet, began to read. After each ghazal Lutfi made cheers: the boy's eyes

sparkled with joy. He felt that his face was flushing, it was covered with sweat.

Lutfi finally exclaimed:

- Well, my son! - and stroked the boy 's hair.

With satisfaction and shaking his head, the old man repeated:

*If a person is a close friend - I drop tears, and could not stand to hold them back.*

*So if the sun goes behind the mountains - loose stars illuminat the night.*

But Lutfi, though expressing his opinion worthy of respect and equal interlocutor said warmly:

- I swear to God, if it were possible, I would trade for your ghazal my twelve thousand Turkic-Persian poems and I would consider myself the winner. This high praise confused Navoiy. - You exaggerate, - he said.

Then they started talking about the features of the Turkic and Persian languages, and about the beautiful verses composed in the Turkic language. After a long warm conversation, the celebrated poet blessed the boy and walked with him saying that now he knows that he will always see genius Alisher.

Navoiy... for a long time echoed these joyful childhood memories. Then he took the other scribbled sheets. There were a lot of ghazals. Each of them had to be his last page.

The door opened. The poet, without lifting his head, took a quick look at the newcomer. - Come, Sabuhi!

- Mr. Alisher, you're busy... I would not want to bother you - hesitantly said Haydar.

- Sit down! You cannot do such a thing with the conversation - said Navoiy.

He stared at Haydar and displeasure continued:

- For a single day you do not leave the Astrabad taverns. Truly, you are an amazing young man: a poet, I'm a warrior and a wine lover. In life you need to take a certain position. You can only achieve this with energy and diligence. What good is meaningless, scatter of petals of life? We have talked many times about this, but you didn't listen. I feel sorry that I'm throwing pearl words to the wind.

Haydar, as usual, listened to his patron without objection. Sitting on an expensive Turkmen carpet, he ran by his bleary-eye over the pieces of paper. Finally, he said frankly:

- Grief of the heart is washed off with wine. Noisy taverns cure earth's sorrow. Once we were expelled from the lovely town of Herat on earth, we can only drink from morning up to evening and from evening until morning.

- For your departure from Herat there is hardly any obstacles - Navoiy smiled.

- Without you we will be bored in paradise. I got a letter from your friends one by one. Everyone says in Herat that we live as exiles. I cannot take it anymore - said Haidar, his voice rising. - This great city, which since the days of Iskander Dhul-Qarnayn, nobody decorated as you, now becomes a hell for our friends and haven for a bunch of villains and tricksters.

- The truth will prevail - Navoiy said, without ceasing to work. - Once the storm of fate throws us here, we have to endure. In the desert region of our country, we must persevere and have patient work to turn it into a flower bed. Have fear of indifference to the people's grief, boy!

Haydar keeping silent for a moment, closing his drunk eyes, then, with the permission of Navoiy, began to sort his papers. Most of the ghazals were known to him: he rewrote many of them the same day, when they came down from the author's pen, others read in small individual rooms, rewritten by famous scribes. Yet now these familiar works again intoxicated his soul, like vintage wine. The young man then read to himself, then, forgetting that he distracts poet loudly declaimed:

- Mr. Emir - Haydar said, reading one of the last ghazals – I wonder why this part of the ghazal, as the fruit of older years in the collection of "useful instruction to old age"?

- And what?

- Indeed, this ghazal exclaims the feelings, desires, joy of a boy warrior in whose veins the blood boils. And you, if I am not mistaken, you are in your forty-seventh year.

Navoiy smiled and said, sadly shaking his head:

- My son! Life pasts noon and quickly runs to a close. Jami also approves the allocation of written things to the four periods of life.

- Your servant remains unconvinced in this matter. You are not an old man and when you go to Allah in happiness you never get old.

Navoiy loved to talk about youth and an old age. His stories about the spring and autumn of life were always full of bright, original

thoughts and images. This time Navoiy finished one of the parts of "Hamsa".

Then he looked at Haydar, as if to ask: "Do you agree? What else can you argue about?" Haydar looked at the poet's beard, where lately have significantly increased in gray and was silent. Navoiy worked a little and then looked out the window to determine the time. He carefully folded the stacks of papers and patting his knees, turned to the High gift: - Tell me, is there any news? Haydar gestured as if to say, "What can happen here worthy of attention" - randomly and began to tell what he heard and saw in the city. Incidentally, he told interesting facts about one dead Astrabad poet. Navoiy was interested in him:

- Come on, tell us more, - Navoiy said.

Haydar, without changing his position, said:

- This is why we have many ghazals and muamma. It is said that this genius of poetry had great ability. The poet of humility and modesty, did not collect his works and everything he has created; it is scattered to different people.

- My Son, how much talent withered and dried up in the country before reaching it's peak, though devoid of any flower sun! - exclaimed Navoiy - Each khujra of madrassahs, of any village you can find wonderful, pure souls, who devote their lives to science and poetry. My son, do me a favor: resurrect extinct star stories. Find out about the life of the late poet. Collect the works of his pen, where and from whom they might be, tell them to a capable, conscientious scribe and make a book of them. I will pay all the expenses myself. From tomorrow, the same time, get to work.

Haydar readily agreed. Then he took gidzhak of Navoiy and asked for permission to play. Navoiy give assent with lowered eyelids. Haydar sang some of his favorite works. Navoiy, closing his eyes, shook his head in the time of enchanting sounds.

At this time, Sheikh Bahlul quickly came and reported:

- Guest from Herat...

- Who? - immediately perking, asked Navoiy.

- Khoja Afzal.

Navoiy jumped up and hurried out into the yard. Haydar followed.

The host and the guest greeted each other in the yard. Khoja Afzal, as a person who safely reached the shores of the stormy sea,

was excited and full of joy, but at the same time all his movements made a sign of confusion and uncertainty about the fugitive. After the first greetings and inquiries, all went into the house. Khoja Afzal sat on cushions and Navoiy again started asking about his health and spirit. The poet asked questions about the difficulties of the road and about the incidents in a way. Meanwhile, servant spread out a large square silk and gave a feast just steaming baked cakes, various sweets, candies and dried fruits. During the meal the conversation became calmer, the thread unwinded smoothly. Khoja Afzal said about developments after the departure of Navoiy from the city.

The sultan's tendency to have fun and enjoyment culminated. All sorts of troublemakers raised their heads lurking "as a snake, in every corner, in every hole and didn't know to whom to vent anger that was accumulated in the heart. In the house, all stress was managed with bribery. Seizing the reins in his hands, Majididdin, like a dragon, spewed fire and poison at all good beginnings. He considered himself as a governor Sultan. Not only friends and family of Navoiy, but even those who praise his poetry or shows the poet goodwill is subjected to merciless persecution and harassment. The guise is the need to boost the coffers, the governor of the sovereign is ruining people with exorbitant exactions. Lords and officials vested large estates with one stroke of the pen. For weeks they drink and play at feasts and festivals. In their vile, filthy dens they lead boys and girls and stifle their fetid fumes of debauchery. Parents now prefer not to let the children out and keep them locked up day and night.

- Mr. Alisher - Khoja Afzal finally said with a sigh - my mouth was afraid to even talk about the terrible deeds that are happening in Herat. A thousand and thousand times thank Almighty Allah for what I again fell to see your bright look. With my foes expelling me from service, I decided to lime. They poisoned my days with all sorts of machinations. However, the Lord who gave me life, saved my soul.

Navoiy was silent, fingering the fringe on the tablecloth.

- My friend, - the poet said, lifting his head - some of which that have reached my ears, I imagined those sad pictures that you have drawn, but I could not have imagined that the people standing in power, are so mired in squalor. To plow and sow the ground, you have to be a farmer. The pig snouts only to spoil their crops. We cannot remain mere spectators of such cases. In the darkness of the night, dressed in his homeland, we again raise high lamp of the mind.

- Who will benefit from it? - Khoja Afzal said, with hopeless shrug.

- Some creatures prefer darkness to light - continued Navoiy. - For example, for the bat, life begins at nightfall. It is a pity that among people who serve in our time, an ornament of the world, there are so many enemies of light. Like a mighty stream carries away the scum of the earth, lot triumph of reason entices these people from the arena of life in oblivion. Therefore, wherever we are, we need to keep the sacred fire to the homeland of the mind. We are like blacksmiths. We melt chains of darkness in the crucible reason, we create from them the necessary tools for life. My friend, you need a firm faith.

Khoja Afzal did not know what to say. The anguish he experienced in Herat, inspired him to be disgusted with life. Besides, he could not imagine that his friends could ever again occupy their former position. He thought that the poet in exile mastered the same mood. Imbued with deep conviction and faith, the words of Alisher surprised Khoja Afzal. "A dressed lion spirit even stronger than a lion on the loose," - he thought.

Khoja Afzal started asking about Astrabad affairs. Navoiy briefed him about who reigned here and about the needs of the inhabitants of the area and, smiling, he added:

- No wonder they say: "If a gypsy's drum breaks, it will become a plaything for the monkey." The local rulers have engaged in stupid, senseless things and acted just like this proverb.

Khoja Afzal narrowed his small slanting eyes and laughed:

- Tell me more disserve than corrected.

- They like to spoil what was nice - with anger said Navoiy. - And in such a situation they dreamed to accumulate mountains of gold for the treasury. Astrabad is a large commercial city, but it is in ruins.

The time of the afternoon prayer was approaching. All went to bathe.

Some scholars and officials of Astrabad were invited for dinner. The evening was spent in intimate conversation.

The next day solemnly ambassadors arrived from Yakubbek. With neighing of horses, servant's and nuker's voices filled the courtyard.

The people of Yakubbek very cordially welcomed Navoiy and brought him gifts. They magnificently dressed and respectfully handed the Turkmen poet a letter of Yakubbek. Navoiy's guests

expressed gratitude and questioned each individual's health and were invited to sit down.

The poet read the letter himself. His face brightened. In a letter he expressed his love and respect to the governor. Navoiy folded the paper, put it on his knees and asked to send Yakubbek his gratitude. A lively conversation lasted until late at night.

A few days later the guests left, taking with them greetings and gifts. Khoja Afzal had also set out, heading to Mecca.

He could not believe the things that were happening in Herat and being sad believed that it would improve and the enemies will be defeated. He could only leave his homeland - there was no other way he could see. Therefore, despite the request of Navoi to postpone the departure Khoja Afzal did not agree to do so.

Navoiy was alone again. Every day he personally authorized the various big and small issues, received the townspeople and local residents who came to lodge complaints and petitions. All the rest, all the tea at night, he was engaged in "Char-sofa."

Although his time was full of work, he still sometimes thought about his position and his chest was filled with anger at the thought of what caused him injustice. Letters coming from friends reported that the situation in the capital was deteriorating day by day.

Every day brought the poet a new evidence that it was a time the state started to collapse. What to do? Shake the dust in vain, devote life to take the path of austerity and asceticism? Poet hated "people in rags," who had built their nests in the warm teahouses for drugs and to rob people, but he had a deep respect for true dervishes, which were drawn by his imagination and occasionally met in his life. As to Navoiy, dervishes understood the love of truth as a source of wisdom, but in that hour, when the fate of the people and the country was subjected to severe trials, he did not consider it possible to withdraw from the world.

The poet spent hours sitting alone in his house, looking for a way to dispel the clouds of confusion, still lingering his homeland. But what could he do being away from the heart of the country - Herat? He believed that the voice of truth must not hold peace: if the one who sits on the throne, cannot or does not want to hear this voice, there is no shortage of hearts eager to hear its sounds. Navoiy thought about the way to strengthen power, to equip the State to give happiness to people. Not doubting the correctness, despite the

thousands of difficulties and obstacles, he was still deeply convinced in the correctness of his thoughts. He thought of the subtleties of what should be the tasks, duties and dignity of each civil servant - from the Sultan to the quarter guard. These thoughts needed to create unity between truth and justice, and after Navoiy carefully wrote down these thoughts, he sent separate letters to Herat.

Increasingly during these reflections, the poet felt fatigue. Then he listened to music and played himself. Sometimes, taking a pen, he ascended to the clouds of inspiration and felt refreshed, like a man roused to a morning breeze from an invigorating sleep.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### I

In the yard, rolling up her sleeves to the elbows and tilting her mouth, Dildor was soaping her head. Arslankul entered and leaning over her exclaimed:

- Come on, hurry up! Where to put the bundles?

He pointed to two packages, grumbling under his armpits.

Dildor, pressing the smooth, blue-black hair, stared at her husband.

- What are you doing?

- I invited guests to come in the morning. After Friday prayers, they will come to us.

- Put it in the kitchen. Did you buy meat? Your guests are exquisite people, they should be treated as follows, - Dildor said, flashing pearly teeth.

Arslankul, heading to the kitchen, turned.

- How I tell you no, but you still do not know them. For them that soup from that bone fat is fine. That's what it is for people! - he said.

Dressed in a plaid shirt, Oynisa - a four years-old daughter of Arslankul - came waddling down to ayvan and ran to her father.

- Father, give some sweet!

Arslankul opened one of the packages in the kitchen and gave the girl a piece of halva. Then he sat down on a stump for chopping wood and began to peel onions. Today it was especially joyful, he even sang to himself.

Once they found each other, Dildor and Arslankul did not return to his village. After living for several years in Herat, he tasted the



beauty of urban life, got friends and it was hard to leave the capital. Dildor learned that her father and grandmother died, her husband supported the decision. Besides Arslankul, the aunt Zubeida also did not want to part with them.

- God did not send his son to us. But be here now as a host and light the lamp after us - our souls will be glad - she begged.

For a strong, hardworking Arslankul a job was found in that city. Besides, Dildor was considered as a good seamstress and sewed for wealthy families. So the husband and wife - worked as two oxen yoked, did not know the needs. Seeing how they live, the neighbors said: "Even Hazrat Ali and Bibi Fatima do not respect one another so much."

They had a daughter and a son. A few days ago the son had begun to walk. Yesterday evening Dildor, in honour of this event brought together neighboring women and arranged refreshments. According to custom, the old women roasted wheat. Although the boiler burst grain onto burned hands, women were recruited and cast handful of the boy's head. Between chubby baby legs they rolled specially baked small, as bedplate bowls, cakes. Girls gathered at the neighbour-weaver's house, moved through the wall and filled the house shouting with noise and laughter. Dildor was happy.

And today Arslankul in turn, invited guests Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin.

The old woman hastily braided the hair of Dildor and a young woman, after feeding the baby, went to her husband.

- Cut the onions more: I will make the pilav, - she said and headed for the kitchen. She carefully examined and selected meat, bacon, fruits and sweets, Dildor again went into the yard. Arslankul, wiping from smelling onions tears with his hands, looked at his wife. Seeing the face of Dildor he was pleased, Arslankul said with a smile:

- What, not a little, my soul?

- No, just as much as wanted, - said his wife.

- Hey, even if I put them in the soul, those profits would be enough! - with a sense said Arslankul. - Yes, what you say - you know everything yourself!

- Let our son be the scientist as Sul-tonmurod - with a sense said Dildor.

- Treasure of the mind - said Arslankul. - Once out of a country, of what to say... yes, of Rome came a great scientist, I do not

remember what his name was - something like Chalabiy I guess. All scientists who give lessons in Herat madrassahs steel on one side and one scientist - the other and began to argue. Chalabiy then began to talk about the stars, the sage of Aristotle that God knows when he died, then read verses from the Koran in a row and then asked about the problem of measuring the earth, come on, answer it all! On some questions they gave full answer, the others - half, and at some puzzler all zaohala - stand, scratching his head, pushing each other, "You say, answer me." In a word, taken aback.

- was Sul-tonmurod also taken aback? - Dildor asked excitedly.

- Oh, my soul, that's the most interesting place to interrupt. No. Sul-tonmurod did not know why, came after all. He's a humble man. He came and sat down opposite the scientist - Arslankul put down the knife and stood up. All sat silently, staring at the ground. Here Sul-tonmurod bluntly asked one - two difficult issue. Chalabiy was hurt to the quick, and he also asked two questions, hot like fire. Word for word and was such a dispute that the fight with Muhammad Pahlavan, Malan-pahlavans compared with this - a mere trifle.

- Who will win in the end? - Dildor asked impatiently.

- Eventually Chalabi escaped into his hole like a mouse from a cat - said Arslankul and made a funny gesture that made Dildor laugh involuntarily.

The old woman, who roll out the dough at the ayvan reproachfully cried:

- What happened? Why did not you cut the meat, my daughter?

After morning prayers Sul-tonmurod came. Arslankul met him at the gate. Dildor, messing in the yard, slightly tilted her head and saying "salam", lowered her eyes in embarrassment. She noticed that the scientist again, like last time, at the sight of her face changed. The first meeting, when Sul-tonmurod led Togonbek to her room, was only vaguely recollected by Dildor; the second time was her release from prison and at the sight of her was something changed in him. Now exactly the same thing happened. In her head Dildor instantly thought "Is his heart attracted to me? "

Sul-tonmurod said in a trembling voice: - Hello, sister, live long - and went in after Arslankul.

Fortunately for him, Arslankul without going into the room, stopped at the door and said: "Come, sir, if you please," and immediately disappeared somewhere.

Sultonmurod withdrew his large turban, wiped his forehead covered with cold sweat and sighed deeply. With great effort he tried to keep his heart beating.

How could he not worry! Over the years Dildor's beauty became even more perfect. She was plumper, her face and the whole complexion became calmer, more mature.

Sitting alone in a room, where his beloved woman lived, Sultonmurod looked through the rows of shelves laden with household utensils. Here the most ordinary things seemed wonderful to him.

After he first fell in love, Sultonmurod decided for life to remain faithful to his unrequited love. However, with insistence from Zayniddin and considerations that fines should not interfere with everyday life in his studies, the young man was forced to abandon this. Due to his location and reputation Sultonmurod could marry a beautiful girl from a wealthy family of Heart, or to marry the daughter of a respectable scientist. Instead Sultonmurod two years ago married a simple girl, an orphan, but "the image of Dildor continued to live in his heart.

Arslankul, joyful and excited, spread tablecloth and laid on him the cakes which Dildor baked before it was dark, just before the dawn. Having broken the flat cake, he expressed regret that Zayniddin was late. Sultonmurod, who had already quite mastered himself, reassured him:

- You know that Zayniddin comes across his acquaintances at every step. He is probably talking somewhere.

At each meeting a famous scientist and a simple country boy found a common language and had interesting conversations about the most ordinary things.

- Guest should not be treated to just delicious food, but also an interesting conversation - smiling, said Sultonmurod.

- Gates of food and the gates of speech - they are. You start, sir.

Then talked about the incidents in recent days. Recalled the battle on the baton between Mufridom Cala gift from Iraq and Khalil, simple stroller in Herat; about awards, which was granted by Sultan; talked about how Muhammad Said Pakhlavan was grooming his nephew, who was seventeen to compete with the famous wrestler visitors; amazing glass bottle covered all sorts of drawings, which were produced by Herati craftsmen.

Soon Zayniddin came in. Waiting to hear fascinating stories about the "big world", Sul-tonmurod and Arslankul were all in ears. Zayniddin with professional awareness began to talk about the new books, which were rewritten by famous Sultan Ali, nicknamed "Kyl - Kalam" - "Feather-hair." According to Zayniddin, it was unmatched in samples of calligraphy.

Finally, Zayniddin stopped. Sul-tonmurod stole a glance at his friend, twisted his thin mustache and felt his worries and some concern.

- Of course, Sultan Ali Bekhzad loves calligraphy and painting - God blessed talents of our time - he said, raising his eyebrows, as if talking to himself. - Not surprisingly, they create timeless works of art. However, your pen from time to time takes such magic power that I am lost and I ask myself - if a person drives this pen?

Zayniddin looked at Sul-tonmurod:

- You want to make me feel better?

- Absolutely not. I'm just expressing my opinion. If you need confirmation and evidence gather here artists across the country - Sul-tonmurod answered firmly.

Zayniddin laughed:

Your simpleton naive people would do the same. When it comes to you personally, your carelessness goes beyond all limits. To tell the truth, my disappointment is caused by just that.

Sul-tonmurod shrugged.

- This is not carelessness, my friend. I believe that I do not benefit to compete with any geeks.

Think a minute, Judge, who is the Shahobiddin? Any of my students can render a lecture for him. If he is jealous of my success - that is not my fault.

- They throw terrible accusations in your face - Zayniddin said hotly.

Sul-tonmurod waved, "what may come!" - and said nothing more. Zayniddin said that Sul-tonmurod was accused of distributing harmful thoughts, Shahobiddin gathered around him people like himself, semiliterate dropouts and everywhere sows libel. To him, Sul-tonmurod today or tomorrow will block the path to his enemies, he can get into trouble.

Sul-tonmurod suddenly burst. Fiction and distribution, which propagate his enemies stung his heart like a snake.

- Slander! - he cried.

- Let these people call the real gems of science and the philosophy of "outrageous" thoughts! I teach not only the theological sciences, I enlighten the hearts of students with logic, mathematics, astronomy, philosophy and other luminaries of the human mind". Oh, if I knew these things were as easy as reading the Koran. Read thousands of books, explore, compare thoughts of different scientists to correct their mistakes and oversights - just mind your own business. But I love science and I will stand for all. If I don't do this, who needs madrassahs? Besides, I teach in madrassahs of Mr. Navoiy, get a salary from his vaqf funds. Mr. Navoiy pointed out to me the extent to which students take one or another science.

- Your fault, - said Zayniddin, slapping his knee - you're working on a plan established by Navoiy to dedicate their works to him. At every opportunity you advance ideas of Navoiy, holding his side. The chessboard policy of Shahobiddin is a simple pawn, but behind it there are strong figures, ruthless, like a rock.

Arslankul, listened to his friend with widespread covered eyes hesitantly and said:

- Prosperity left Herat together with Navoiy "Neither farmers nor the artisans do not know a peaceful life. While Navoiy would not come and take matters in his own hands, the people under the present rulers will not have plenty of bread, nor reliable protection.

Zayniddin and Sultanmurad looked at each other and with a smile were confirming Arslankul's words. Zayniddin said that at the court of intrigue complaints against Navoiy are multiplied with each passing day, and expressed doubts about the possibility of the imminent return of the poet. Arslankul, sighing deeply, got up and left. Sul-tonmurod sat in silence for a long time. Finally, he turned to his friend and said "do what he advises".

- Go to Majididdin, tell him about those allegations, which are occupying your mind. Don't defer, talk to him today - urged Zayniddin friendly.

- Complaining about the unfairness of the wolf! By Allah, I do not understand, what's the point!

- Let Majididdin know that no matter how skillfully he may conceal his antics, his heinous acts will not remain a mystery. Sul-tonmurod after some hesitation, agreed with Zayniddin and decided without delay, in the evening to go to Majididdin.

Arslankul brought manti<sup>1</sup> on a large platter, seasoned with sour milk and pepper. Then he took down two large clay jugs and poured into small bowls clear graceful red wine "to disperse melancholy." Sultonmurod raised the bowl to his lips, but suddenly raised his head and recited which meant the following in English:

*My custom is to have fun, drink wine and sing songs;  
Faith - not be faithless, but faith and not have.  
I asked the bride - fate: «What do you want from me? "  
He replied, - «Give me a heart full of fire"*

Arslankul loved poems. - Well said about the wine - he said with a voice of singing.

All three bowls were emptied and then they began to eat. The wine was strong. Sultonmurod who usually drank little, after one bowl his cheeks flared and his eyes sparkled. Since he had to go to the vizier, Arslankul persuaded him not to drink more. Zayniddin and Arslankul drank two more bowls. Sultonmurod read rubaiy<sup>2</sup> by Khayyam with great eloquence and explained its meaning. He brought a lot of Arabic, Persian, Turkic poems about wine. Zayniddin told interesting anecdotes and especially laughed at the entire story about mudarris Fasihiddin.

One evening an old Mudarris Fasihiddin junket was arranged with several youths. All were cheerful; there was music and singing. When the revelry was in full swing, it appeared that there was no more wine. It was midnight, to get wine without upsetting the revelry was impossible. The participants decided to drain the thick deposits from the bottom of the bottles. Fasihiddin, who was heavily drunk, took a handful of his snow-white beard and said to the young men: "For many years I have taken a long time every day with soap and comb to my beard this. If it's not useful, it is better to pull it out and throw it as weeds. Come on, lads, put on the floor the basin and pour wine through my thick beard. "

Those present with cheerful shouts – strained wine through a snow-white beard of mudarris.

Tired of laughter, all fell into silence for a while then Zayniddin took a vestibule and plucking the strings as thin as a girl's nimble

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<sup>1</sup> National dish

<sup>2</sup> Quatrain

fingers, sang a sad song about love and separation. Every word of the song burned Sul-tonmurod's heart, like a hot coal. When Zayniddin finished Sul-tonmurod threw at his friend a look of deep sadness. Zayniddin apparently realized that he reopened the wound in the heart of the scientist and hung the vestibule on its place.

After the late afternoon visit, they thanked him and wishing to Arslankul and his one years old son happiness, parted and left.

Zayniddin went home and Sul-tonmurod, pondering the upcoming meeting with the vizier, strode into the northern part of Herat. Passing through the narrow alleys, he went out a big road.

It was Friday, the streets were full of people. Several nukers with naked swords in their hands were vagrants, who fought in a tavern. They were accompanied by children and seafood lovers circuses. They grabbed dressing gowns and showered them with curses. All dressed Bexco sons in robes embroidered with gates and their elegant boots, stroking beautiful Turkmen horses returned from the field after the game "chavgan". Herat's beggars were walking along the road under the shade of newleaves of the trees. In a distance, there was a building with huge walls and painted glittering minarets. Palaces surrounded by large gardens, the short, crooked, piled one above the other houses of the poor, thoroughbred horses in gilded trappings, skinny, bony asses covered with dirty saddleblankets, brocade robes and patched, ragged colorful robes - all this created a colorful, whimsical painting.

Reaching the new garden «Governor Sultan» Sul-tonmurod stopped at the gate, in which, every now and then, the servants were nukers. Under the scrutiny of these people, considering it from all sides, homey scientist was troubled and he seemed to have his tongue stuck to the sky. Mentally, he even scolded at Zayniddin, who advised him to come here. Sul-tonmurod finally turned to the huge growth young man, who had clothes and manners and with commanding face.

- I came to see Mr. Majididdin Muhammad. Kindly take me to the venerable vizier.

- Tell me who you are. I'll try. Maybe for your happiness... – the servant said, indifferently looking off to the side.

Sul-tonmurod said his name and his official position - Ikhlas. Before he could finish, the servant disappeared. Pacing up and down the garden gate, Sul-tonmurod saw Togonbek, who flew like lightning, accompanied by two beautiful jigits dressed as a princess. Nukers took

breathless horses by the bridle. Togonbek deftly jumped down. His red eyes fell on Sul-tonmurod and he smiled broadly.

- Why did you come here, sir? Sul-tonmurod observing courtesy, approached to Togonbek, shook his rough, hard as iron hand and informed him about the purpose of his coming.

- Let's come together. I know that you are a scientist. We are old friends - Togonbek said cheerfully.

They entered the yard. Nokers and servants with bows gave way to them. Togonbek led the scientist through flower gardens, awakened with the first breath of spring and on flat cypress alleys. Here and there shone a large round mirror ponds. Sul-tonmurod involuntarily admired them. Togonbek casually waved.

- Imagine, a house full of wine, red velvet wine! Today, at a party of my prince Muzaffar Mirza we drank wine from this House. In the end we gave up two drunks there. They bathed in wine...

Togonbek had a large, richly decorated house.

- Come in, do not hesitate, you probably will. With a movement of the hand, he said goodbye to Sul-tonmurod and turned the other way.

The tall servant pointed to the door, decorated with gold.

The scientist entered the room. In the front corner, covered by Chinese silk pillow Majididdin Muhammad was sitting like a vizier. Haughtily Ishan receiving novice of Majididdin, not looking at Sul-tonmurod, held out his hand. Sul-tonmurod, asking his permission, took away the wall. The room had so many beautiful things that even our scientist's eyes, which attached no importance to wealth and gloss, lit up. "It's not enough, just golden thrones" - he thought.

As Majididdin did not start the conversation, Sul-tonmurod apologized that he did not come on time and shouldn't bother the blessed heart of the high lord. Vizier, fingering large pearl beads, with the usual arrogance cast:

- Tell me your case.

Sul-tonmurod said that some people are spreading rumors discrediting him and that all this talk - meaningless slander between him and slanderers, there is no rivalry or hostility.

- What does this have to do with us? - mockingly said Majididdin. - God alone is without sin. Once you go about such talk, this should probably be the reason. And you have ever thought about what thoughts you inspire in your poets?



Sultonmurod now had no doubt that his friend's fears were quite thorough. However, he decided to express the whole truth:

- High lord, - he said, I do not want to fall victim of ignorant people in vain. If the thoughts that I inspire my students, excite in you any doubt, it is my position, that's obviously dangerous. I urge you to make justice. On justice depends the prosperity of the people, it is measured by the degree of human perfection.

Sultonmurod then recounted what items he had to deal with for many years, what science he teaches, many great scholars of Greece, Iran and Arabic countries devoted their precious lives to these sciences, finally, unable to contain his anger, he cried:

- All kinds of Shahobiddin - is the embodiment of ignorance but not the other, as harmful insects saps tree roots of science. Sorry, very sorry that these people multiply and become effective. They fill their venom with golden bowls and trays to others, saying that this is honey. But the truth is immortal. Criminals like Shahobiddin appear to posterity from shame and disgraced.

Majididdin got pale. In his eyes there was an expression of evil. Stroking his black beard streaked with gray, he fixed his eyes on the rosary. Sultonmurod inwardly rejoiced that his words heavily grazed vizier.

- Sir, you ought to remember where and who you are, - he said angrily.

- I think I got out of the limits of courtesy - Sultonmurod said, tilting his head slightly.

- The animosity and resentment between our respected scientists and educated people is an extremely sad phenomenon, - continued Majididdin in an impartial tone. - It should eliminate long-wives I warn you about one thing: Islam in the country, in the state, which is ruled by the defender of our faith, perfect Muslim: - our Padishah, - who follow the teachings of sorcerers and idolaters, will have no mercy. Never! Woe to those who did not learn this truth! I recommend you do more theological sciences.

Majididdin turned and made a hand gesture that meant «the conversation is over!"

Sultonmurod wanted to nail down to earth the haughty vizier by reason, referring to the great scholars like Ibn Sina, Farabi and Aristotle, but that was impossible. "In any case we need moderation and discretion" - he thought and gave a dignified nod toward the door.

On a circular platform in front of the house Sul-tonmurod saw Abulziyoboy and few other famous Herat's wealthies, who were waiting for the reception. Merchants, dressed in expensive Chinese and Egyptian fabrics, mocked and glared at Sul-tonmurod and pointedly looked at each other. They must have thought: «That's what this beggar Mullah is greedy! Begging for alms, he slipped even in these high palaces. Sul-tonmurod passed with his head held high.

It was a cool wet spring evening, the scientist covered his chest. Of a large flower bed in front of a broken home were two broad avenues, which were lost in the garden. Winding like a serpent's trail paths diverged from them in all directions.

Busy talking to Togonbek, Sul-tonmurod should remember the direction along which they walked. He randomly turned left. Scurrying nukers could be seen outside the gate among the trees. Suddenly on the path that cut the alley appeared Shahobiddin in a large turban and bright coat. Sul-tonmurod wanted to pass by, but Shahobiddin gently laid his hand on his shoulder.

- Mr. scientist probably came here with some request. Do not let your servant know, what it is? - asked he politely.

"Got rid of the wolf - met a fox " - thought Sul-tonmurod.

Although he was convinced that the Shahobiddin guessed the purpose of his arrival, he was uncomfortable wrangling here with his enemy, he said:

- I had a small business...

Looking into the troubled face of Sul-tonmurod, Shahobiddin thought the ingenuous scientist was mortally scared at mistreatment by Majididdin.

- With all petitions and complaints for any embarrassment and anxiety, please directly contact to your humble servant, - he said patronizingly. - Praise to Allah, the lord great vizier is close to me and my request will never be in vain.

Sul-tonmurod winced.

- Thank you for your sympathy, - he said. - If I wish, I can bring my request to the sultan himself.

Shahobiddin changed the subject and began to complain of dampness. Then he ran his hands over a thick, graying beard and said:

- It's too hot, you are a man, my brother. Come over here, let's go. - And he led by force Sul-tonmurod.

They sat on the edge of summer terrace. The sun was drowning in the sea of fire afterglow. Soft transparent rays gave more and more shades of blooming garden. Sul-tonmurod resting his hand on his chin, silently was admiring the scenery. Shahobiddin nudged him:

- A real paradise, right? Allah is infinite goodness. If fate sends it, we will also get a small but lush beautiful garden.

- Sir, I do not envy, I enjoy - Sul-tonmurod said, turning away.

- Yes, of course! Yes, perish envy.

- What is your business with me? Maybe, you say? Shahobiddin again put his hand on the shoulder of Sul-tonmurod and with a forced smile, said:

- You have harbored in your heart a grudge against your humble servant. You have not shown anything, but I still see it with some eye of reason. Or am I mistaken?

- No, it's true and should be not without reason.

- Absolutely nothing! Let your heart not be on this account with any dusty doubt, my brother. In our time, there are people who do nothing but violate affection between friends. Never listen to those people. All right?

- Sir! I can always distinguish truth from falsehood.

- Did Satana enter into the soul of our father Adam? – With persuasive tone said Shahobiddin.

Sul-tonmurod was silent. The change in attitude toward Shahobiddin was totally unexpected for him. Sul-tonmurod was in deep thought - Shahobiddin is still preserved with that spark of justice, admitting his guilt he decided to reign in his dislike towards him.

Shahobiddin praised the ability of Sul-tonmurod and told that he may ask for an award from Majididdin. Sul-tonmurod emphatically stated that he was satisfied with their situation and needed no rewards. Shahobiddin, touching his ascetic habits, friendly rebuked Sul-tonmurod. Noticing an impatient young man, he hit his knee and said:

- Sit a little more?

Then, Shahobiddin began to talk about the goal of his life - to write a valuable scientific book that he secretly read and studied for ten years, his personal writings.

- Perfect intention. Write, sir, - Sul-tonmurod said, smiling. - This is the most decent thing for a scientist. After the book, the collection of pearls of human thought can be transmitted to their offspring. When

you turn into a handful of dust, the book, like a monument made of iron and stone, will remain forever.

- However, my brother - said Shahobiddin - this prevents one thing and that's why my heart is dark as night.

- Good intentions and great goals cannot prevent anything, sir.

- Talking is easy, but it is impossible to remove the obstacle. Your humble servant today had lot of posts and the day after tomorrow it will probably happen to have new responsibilities. The great vizier's decision, of course, is impossible. It seems that life will pass and my work will not please the universe.

Here Shahobiddin looked at Sultonmurod with pleading tone and continued:

- My brother, a real man does not consider it a disgrace when his shortcomings are recognized. You will not remain concealed about my secret. The truth is that although my knowledge reached a degree of perfection, for lack of experience the writing is difficult for me: the pen does not want to transfer to paper the thoughts filled in my chest. Here you have the pen that runs as fast as a horse. If you try, you will extract an extraordinary work from your mind in a few months. Write a single book for me. My hands will carry this book to the Sultan to adorn his blessed name of His Majesty. Besides me, nobody but you and the great Allah, knows about it. For your work and knowledge you will receive innumerable awards from me while I'm alive. Agree, my brother? Word is one, Allah is one!

Sultonmurod got pale. He stood up and brushed the robe.

- Sir, learning to become famous there is no need to write a book, - he said in a trembling voice. - Everyone should be aware of one's worth. Have you fallen so low? I do not trade with science, Sir!

Shahobiddin, trembling, muttered thickly: - Ay-ay, my brother! Sultonmurod, without turning back, ran to the gate.

\* \* \*

After the evening prayer, after seeing the Herat's rich people off, Majididdin stayed alone in the house. He went along the soft carpet, a similar candlelight was shining on the lawn and quietly humming the chance to remember the old song.

Vazir provided rich people with certain privileges and duties in respect to certain essential government operations. What came of it? Loss to the state treasury... But he received a gift from the rich people

such as pearls and marvelous caskets of ivory and rare Chinese, Egyptian and Indian fabrics, which the owner would have made even the Sultan jealous. What good care of artisans and farmers? Exactly no. Each of these rich people will be protected by him if it is necessary. Here is the cornerstone of sustainable policies.

Suddenly he remembered the girl who was currently being offered as a gift..

“The trouble is not a girl! As soon as I saw her, the blood boiled in my veins.”

Majididdin turned impatiently. At the door he heard the trampling of many feet. Togonbek entered with a group who lived at the court of senior officials and wore loafers in gold-embroidered robes. Once they were seated, Majididdin ordered Shahobiddin to close the doors and windows. Looking around the audience, he said mysteriously:

- My friends, there are no secrets between us. Our goals and aspirations are the same. I would suggest you to discuss one question.

All at the same time leaned towards Togonbek, wheezing and moved closer. Like a gang of thieves who gathered at the last meeting before the "business", the conspirators in the mysterious silence were all in ears.

- Our enemy hasn't yet laid down his arms. His teeth and fingernails are digging a hole for us. Truly, this is a smart, calculating enemy! He is very dangerous. However, the sultan has given us great attention and mercy, his faith is unwavering in our commitment. But let's not forget that the sultan and Alisher are childhood friends. Recently Alisher sent to the sultan letters one after another, the content of some of them I was able to read. Alisher indicates the causes of impoverishment of the country and explaining them in their own way, advises him to change completely order in the state. According to recent reports, he will arrive in the capital. If he could, he would probably fly into town.

- At that time? - asked fearfully Shahobiddin.

- He wants to die at home, in the city, - ironically continued Majididdin. - If, God forbid, he will be allowed to live in Herat, the next day everything will change here.

Majididdin paused, wishing to know the mood of the crowd. One of the young lords took off his fur cap and scratched his head. He recalled that the impact of Navoiy is increasing every day and those of

scientists and poets around the country, up to the Holy Jami; nourish deep love for him. The Sultan will not be able to resist the wishes of the people, and in the end, his relationship with Alisher must improve; Therefore, it is necessary to take drastic measures.

- We should take every opportunity to blacken Navoiy to the Sultan, to sever ties of their former friendship - suggested Shahobiddin.

Togonbek said that you should not rely on this old remedy.

- Yes, we do not have new arguments that could discredit Navoiy - slowly, choosing his words, he said, - Words - are not leather that by a shoemaker can be endlessly wet and stretched. I spent a month on the hunt with his majesty. We traveled together, partied together. Everyone knows what attention he paid to me. During conversations I tried to blacken Alisher all the time. I cannot say, however, that I managed to convince the sultan. Reading the heart of His Majesty Sultan is easy. I understand Sultan's ranges. Therefore, one of the most reliable means - once and forever remove Alisher out of this world.

Those present raised their heads. There was a painful silence. Majididdin, glancing at his accomplices, felt that his heart was struggling.

- The path proposed by Togonbek is the surest way, - said flatly Majididdin. - Togonbek said what he wished to offer. My only request is not to discuss this proposal. We all are looking for funds to fight against the enemy and what a remedy is stronger than death?

- This is not a laughing matter. How can it be done? - said uneasily an old enemy Khoja Khatib.

- Comprehensively consider and weigh all, I decided that we should send to Astrabad one of the best chefs of the palace - responded Majididdin. - He will prepare delicious dishes for Alisher.

This method was acceptable and all thought it was right. Nobody said a word and did not offer anything else.

When the assembled dispersed, Shahobiddin was not so much delayed. He appealed to Majididdin to immediately detain Sultonmurod and jail or expel him from Khorasan land. Hurrying to his beauty, the vizier said irritably:

- Do not jump over your head, sir. You are slandering Sultonmurod.

- He's a maverick, a maverick! - muttered Shahobiddin, with rude manners.

- The time is not suitable - said Majididdin - detaining a scientist in jail can cause a lot of discontent. If this scientist annoyed you, we forbid him to teach in madrassahs. Okay?

Shahobiddin got pale.

- No, let it be my soul for you, the victim, revered sir, - he said pleadingly. - Indeed, I jumped over my head. Excuse me, I do not have the wisdom of the state. You are right – it is difficult time now. Forbidding him to lecture is also not necessary. He is a talented young man... I'm sure he'll listen to my advice and choose to the right path. We probably might even entice him to our side. I ask you, sir, leave it alone.

- Is your head not in order? In your mind there is no stability. - Majididdin went to the door.

- These days I really cannot imagine - Shahobiddin muttered after him.

After a recent meeting with Sul-tonmurod, he really lost his head. Sul-tonmurod, if desired, could tarnish it, make a joke, poison his life.

Shahobiddin was very annoyed with himself for his stupid haste in the conversation with the young scientist. He should first of all improve relations with Sul-tonmurodom and properly test it, in any case without opening their true intentions. From these later regrets, the suffering of Shahobiddin became unbearable.

“Not today or tomorrow, I'll throw you in jail, and you will become food for the worms!” He thought recently, full of rage. But now that Majididdin had firmly rejected his request, he could only bow before Sul-tonmurodom. So, Shahobiddin and his mind were so strongly against the expulsion of the young scientist from the madrassah.

Barely able to stand with grief and shame, Shahobiddin left the garden. In the moonlight, he wandered through the sleepy, deserted streets, ignoring the ruts, potholes and thinking only about one thing - how to reconcile with Sul-tonmurod...

## II

The next day, at sunrise, Sul-tonmurod came to the madrassah Ikhlas. Going to a larger audience, he sat down in his usual place, awaiting the arrival of the first students. The nephew of Shahobiddin al-Din, a polite, shy, young man entered. Two years ago Sul-tonmurod gave him private lessons in arithmetic and Arabic for several months. The affable young man bowed, Sul-tonmurod sat him beside and began to ask questions about the classes. The young man replied briefly, then said, - putting his hand to his chest:

- Sir, now students will come. May I talk to you alone?

- Speak.

- There is a misunderstanding between you and my uncle. To your unworthy disciple it is completely unknown what is its essence, - said the young man, emphasizing his words with graceful hand movements. - I only know that my uncle hurt you. He is extremely upset by this, but confessing to a crime is worse than to commit it. Now my uncle recognizes that you're right...

- We are all people - smiling, interrupted him Sul-tonmurod - all have flaws. Were it otherwise, we would be angels, and the earth - a paradise. Go immediately to your uncle and tell him that I forgot the insult.

- You have a great heart, I know it! - joyfully exclaimed the young guy.

- Tell him also that I hate vengeful people. Let his heart be calm.

The young man with a respectful bow, departed.

Five students tiptoed in with books under their arms. Until noon Sul-tonmurod was engaged with them. As he waited for the next group of students, a stylishly dressed middle-aged man in a turban entered the room and carefully patterned boots. With a cold nod, he filed with Sul-tonmurod some papers and left. Sul-tonmurod began to read, it was the order of the sheikh ul-islam, which read: "Sul-tonmurod, Islam in the country in good condition and it inspires to listeners thoughts that undermine the foundations of religion..." - and so on, "expelled from the madrassah!" Sul-tonmurod eyes darkened with rage and frustration. Looking at the haughty messenger, he said, in a trembling voice:

- Mr. Sheikh ul-islam may haunt me as much as necessary. I am always ready to sacrifice myself for the sake of truth.

The messenger bowed and took resolute steps out of the room. Sul-tonmurod recalled his meeting yesterday with Majididdin. He



suspected, however, that Shahobiddin and similar ignorant people paved the way.

Sultonmurod jumped to his feet. He crumpled up the order, threw it into a corner and left. Without greeting astonished students who came out of their rooms and going to classes, the scientist rushed into the street. Arriving at hanakah, he went into his room and sank to the floor among books. Grief did not allow him to read or think. After noon prayers his students came being worried. Among them were teenagers with barely sprouting mustaches, beards and respectable living in madrassahs for decades. Sultonmurod, trying to keep cheerful, tried to reassure them. One of the students furiously shouted:

- This situation cannot be tolerated any longer, sir! If dissemination of ideas of philosophers and scientists like Aristotle, Ibn Sina, Farabi and Ulughbek is considered dishonourable and free-thinking, then what is called a madrassah science?

Such ignorance of the sovereign in the capital, who is a famous patron of science! - exclaimed passionately another student.

- If Mr. Shaikh al-Islam will not cancel your order, we will leave the madrassah! - exclaimed the second.

- It is required. There is no other way - one voice picked up the rest.

- Dear friends, - Sultonmurod quietly approached them, - not disobeying an order, I am forced to stop training in the madrasah. I would rather die than agree to prevaricate. I beg you, serve science with a pure heart, devote your life to its dissemination. In the world there is no higher, more honourable cause than the distribution of science and service to the church. However, we must be able to distinguish real science from outdated, false beliefs. Genuine science points the way to the elucidation of the mysteries of the sky and the disclosure of the secret. Believe in the power of reason, science will always be your supervisor. Do not be like those who read five - ten books and fancy themselves scientists. Another request: do not make noise and return to your classes. In Herat, there are many connoisseurs of science, the majority of them are my teachers. Use the same sea of their knowledge with genuine devotion and diligence. I am convinced that no matter how raging the storm of ignorance and violence is, it does not extinguish the light of science sparked by Mr. Navoiy.

The students listened with profound attention to their teacher. Heeding the request of Sultonmurod, they gradually, one by one went out.

Soon Zayniddin with Arslankul came, breathless, excited. The scientist met them, as always relaxed and friendly. Zayniddin cursed the vizier and Sheikh ul-islam. Arslankul was silent, sadly shaking his head. Finally he spoke:

- It saddens me to think that someday scholars from Roman Empire, India or China like Chalabiy will come to our great city. Who, then, would be here to ask them questions?

- Sheikh ul-islam in person! - angrily replied Zayniddin.

- No, he is weak in science, like an ant - said Arslankul not getting the joke, and so emphatically shook his head, that his friends could not help but smile.

- If a madrassah is no place for you... Good! Spread your thoughts in writing, - strongly suggested Zayniddin, becoming a little calmer. - Paper - tireless wings of thought, she takes them across the sea and the mountains.

- Make sure you write, certainly! - exclaimed emphatically Sultonmurod.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The Bogi Jahon oro sparkled in the sun that warmed every day stronger. It was iridescent like the wings of peacocks, strutted lazily near ponds in pairs. It seemed to paint every moment brighter.

In the glittering golden air dancer-pigeons were dancing having arranged strange circles. Husayn Boyqaro, craning his neck, admired them until his eyes were not filled with tears. A servant appeared and said that if the Sultan orders he can cause fighting rams, recently delivered to the palace, but Husayn Boyqaro drunk a too much the night before and did not feel quite healthy.

- Tomorrow we will arrange a fight, - said sultan and sent away the servant.

Then he waved his hand to approach – “stay here” - and went to the palace. He ordered his Eshikoga<sup>1</sup> to call the chief physician Abdulhay to the golden throne.

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<sup>1</sup> Head of guardians

Sultan Husayn seemed much older than his years. Sharp-eyed, his restless eyes were loosed, his powerful hands, without missing triking enemy sword, at times trembling straight like a lion, neck bent, back hunched. However, Sultan struggled, tried to keep up.

Sometimes his previous energy would come back and he could carry out campaigns against foreign khans extending their arms to his country, or the rebels who wanted to seize power in Khorasan, in the right moment, he was able to show himself as firm and decisive, but as moment of weakness were increasingly advancing, doctors were not always able to help the sultan.

The chief physician Abdulhay, bowing walked into the room. Carefully observing the instructions of medicine, who made abstinence on one of the basic rules of his life, the old man was hard as a stick.

- Are you all right, sovereign? Perhaps, you will let me check your blood pressure. - said, bowing, Abdulhay as he approached to the Sultan.

- No, give me something exciting.

- So I thought that yesterday would not go unpunished, - the doctor said and backed out of the room.

When the aphrodisiac begun to work, Husayn Boyqaro received chief vizier. Majididdin sat closer to him than usual and began his report. He eloquently argued that the population was well and that all the needs of the troops were satisfied. Then he informed the Sultan about the news received from the borders with the letters out of the mists and the Beks regions. Husayn Boyqaro listened attentively and nodded concurring. He had great confidence in Majididdin who was able to fill the coffers of money. However, the vizier took into his own hands and not all cases were admitted by government noble lords. Just yesterday his lords - Ibrahim Chegatay Tangriberdi Samanchi and Yamgurchi - have openly expressed their dissatisfaction with the sovereign on this occasion. Sultan Husayn meekly remarked to his vizier that lords should be polite. Majididdin said that nervousness and temper can sometimes be against their will, to offend anyone, but his devotion to the Sultan was not decreasing. Then he lowered his voice mysteriously and said:

- If you allow me, I will post you one more important fact.

- Please, speak.

- Khoja Afzal, who said here that he was going to Mecca, is in Iraq at Yakubbek. He was greeted with the utmost respect and very solemnly. See what intrigues your enemy builds? Astrabad is widely a snare of deceit.

- I do not doubt in truthfulness of your words - said with displeasure Husayn Boyqaro. - Yakubbek is insincere to us. He sends messengers to the person I drove out of Herat and provides him with attention. All this - the manifestation of hostility.

- According to the information received – continued Majididdin - unseemly affairs in Balkh are bad. Although the power is in the hands of Feridun Mirza, his brother Alisher Darveshali, using the young and inexperienced prince, fills all things. About Mr. younger brother and back to the older messengers. Every day I get reports about it.

- Be alert not to have to repent - Husayn Boyqaro said nervously.

Majididdin drew himself up proudly. He assured the sultan that decisive measures will eliminate evil in Astrabad.

Husayn Boyqaro spoke about events in Hisar and new intrigues of Sultan Mahmud. In conversation, he suddenly remembered the order of Sheikh ul-islam.

- What happened? Everything happened without my knowledge. Madrassah students and many mudarrises<sup>1</sup> are very excited.

- Madrassah and Alisher Navoiy khanakah became a hotbed of unrest, - said Majididdin giving a mournful expression on his face. - Under the name of science and philosophers, most mudarrises said that Alisher lectured atheism.

- Sul-tonmurod, they say, is a talented scientist, - shook his head ruefully Husayn Boyqaro. - It is a pity that he strayed from the path of truth.

- Yes, he inspires students harmful nonsenses, like that they should be more concerned about the fate of farmers and artisans than of the state treasury.

Husayn Boyqaro offered vizier to strengthen supervision over all madrassahs.

- Each madrassah has our people. In the most are in Ikhlas, - smiling, said Majididdin.

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<sup>1</sup> teachers

Husayn Boyqaro's relief rose. He invited him to listen to the vizier music and went into the room decorated with Chinese ornaments.

## CHAPTER XXV

### I

The wind pushed the carved sash windows and shut them. Paper, lying on a low stool, flew with scattered noise: Nizomiddin, calm and carefree, struggled to his feet. Stroking his stiff knees, he gathered the scattered papers and sat down again. Then carefully sharpened his pen with knife, decorated with fine turquoise and dipped it in the ink. To test the pen, he had brought up on piece of paper a few letters and then began to write orders to the village mayors.

The door of the adjoining room opened with a crack. Nizomiddin put the pen on the bench and stared at his superior with old pale eyes, who knew his servants' business.

- You no longer want to see me? - asked Navoiy.

- No. The last one was this lame farmer. In your presence, he sat quietly, but came out, I feel as if on wings. I chuckled and he came up and whispered in my ear: "Why is this man not a king at home? "I said, «This man prefers the poverty to the imperial dignity." He shook his head: «Leave me alone, do not laugh at me." Navoiy smiled.

- Surprisingly interesting people. Well said, - he said. - On every matter they may report correct information. From singing old songs to telling stories, to knowing rare wise sayings. They told me such details about the habits of steppe birds, which you will not find in any book. Thank God, many of our people in Luden are with a pure heart and a sharp mind.

- That's right, they only show it quite rarely - said Nizomiddin, shaking his unkempt beard.

- All the beauty in their hearts - convincingly said Navoiy with proud. - Clothing raised from forty patches leaves holes in her, but is she not beautiful?

- That's right, sir, right! - agreed hastily official.

- Authorizing Nizomiddin, Navoiy tucked under his arm in some cases an elegant little book and left the room. The poet went home on dusty bumpy streets. On the way he met a group of friends. There

were two poets - one of them wrote odes and another ghazal - and an elderly scientist by vocation dervish, engaged in chemistry and science of the stars. Lofty Mufti and two officials supplemented the group.

The scientist solemnly appealed to the poet:

- We thought we would take you with us on the way home. A lucky star attracted you to us. It is necessary to disperse melancholy. Come with us!

They sat on the bed in the suburban garden belonging to the Mufti. Food was served. One of the poets drew from the folds of his blue turban a piece of paper, put it to his eyes and began to read. It was a new ode. While reading it he stopped once or twice and said shaking his head:

- Grandson of copying, mistakes are done. Ah, life!

Navoiy, to the great joy of the old man, wrote off the first two rows of odes. Then the scientist spoke enthusiastically about astrology. He said that long before the bloody invasion of Genghis Khan, Movarounnahr astrologer's foretold disaster. Navoiy liked to say that astrologers were liars and their science completely unfounded. But not wanting to offend the scientist, he just noticed that astrologers' predictions are almost never justified and jokingly started arguing with the stubborn old man. Talking about the life and works of ancient poets in Astrabad, the conversation gradually subsided and finally froze, like a spring, disappearing in the sand.

It was getting stuffy. The old poet bowed his head to his chest. Annoying creaking carts passed through the dusty streets. The sky was covered with clouds. The wind came with noise, seemingly asleep dogs disturbed on approaching stranger. Patches of clouds like white camels flew in all directions. The sun flashed suddenly - so that it flashed in eyes. And rare clouds sprinkled the rain. Heavy drops dripped through the dusty leaves on people and the tablecloth. Navoiy stared at the sky. Householder, Mufti, understood the reason for his surprise.

- Sir, - he said, smiling, - our city is different in that you can see in one day, all four seasons.

- It's true - nodded Navoiy - in your town the day wears on, like a year.

The answer from Navoiy caused laughter. A dozing poet awake and rubbing his eyes anxiously asked:

- What is it? What happened?

Navoiy returned home close to evening. In the yard he met Sheikh Bahlul and said that a guest from Herat came.

- Who is he? What is his case? - vividly asked Navoiy.

Sheikh Bahlul said quietly:

- One of the chefs of his majesty. Abdusamad. Now our kitchen will flourish.

Navoiy shrugged, frowning, whispered Bahlul:

- Apparently, the little dog came to watch my every move.

Bahlul, smiling, said: - I brought, as always, gifts and bows. Abdusamad came to the house. Seeing Navoiy at the gate he ran up to him and, putting his fatty soft hands to his chest, he bowed. A shy smile wandered on his puffy face. Navoiy with mild mockery of a voice said:

- You came to serve us in a foreign country? Thank you! - and went into the room.

\* \* \*

The grandfather of Abdusamad in times of Shahrukh Mirza was an executioner: masterful at chopping heads and hanging, and chopping hands and feet, especially deftly, he could rip off human skin and fill it with straw. Abdusamad, as a child heard about it many times from his father, a prison guard at Mirza Abu Said. One night his father Abdusamad was found outside the prison bloodstained. He was killed after escaping from prison inmates. Abdusamad turned ten years old. He was cowardly, cunning and secretive boy. Soon afterwards his mother got married again. His stepfather disliked Abdusamad. The boy hardly lived at home. Every morning at dawn he ran out into the street all day, scoured the souls and returned home only at dusk. Not to be an eyesore to the stepfather, he had to sleep somewhere in a corner.

For days he hovered like a fly around pubs and eventually ended up as an apprentice to a chef. Up to his fifteen years, he was chopping wood, kindling the fire, cleaning the hearth, eating plenty of cheap soup of cow head, gnawing bones, carefully draining the brain and was very plumped. Now he did not think about any craft other than cookery. One day after a quarrel over trifles with its owner, Abdusamad left him and entered the tavern, where more subtle dishes were prepared. Several years have passed and there were no good

dishes, which Abdusamad failed to concoct. He was invited to the palace to cook. Here in front of him opened the backstage life of the court nobility. Beneath the glitter, dazzling splendor and pomp he saw dirty debauchery, intrigue and bickering. Curtained refinement, exquisite handling and various ceremonies covered the bloody daggers, deceit and betrayal. In this circle, Abd al- Samad felt like a fish in water.

When Majididdin reached the pinnacle of power, he began to organize receptions in his palace. Abdusamad was able to show his art in its entire splendor and earned the attention of Majididdin. After escorting guests the drunken vizier usually collected large and small servants who came and nokers and stayed for a few minutes chatting with them, allowing drinking and eating up the leftovers. Abdusamad wormed his way into his confidence as a cat in the house.

One day after admission, he happened to be alone with the vizier and Abdusamad spoke about the secret affairs that took place in the palace and harem. Being interested in them Majididdin, cleverly wormed him a few secrets between the vizier and the grandson of the executioner to establish close ties.

And now, having a thousand dinars and obtaining a promise to get another five thousand, Abdusamad on secret instructions from Majididdin came to Astrabad.

However, to accomplish the criminal intent, which seemed so easy in Herat, there seemed almost impossible. All the servants of Navoiy, except Haydar, accessed with the new chef friendly, but their expression of the eyes and some subtle hints, Abdusamad felt their unexpressed hostility and suspicion, and if all followed him with two eyes, Sheikh Bahlul did with four. Abdusamad decided to hide on the edge of a crime while intoxicated sheathed deceit. That no one had any shadow of a doubt on his integrity, he covered his greasy, oily face mask of sincerity and naivete.

Two months passed. Distrust of Abdusamad weakened considerably. Even Sheikh Bahlul who scrambled to conceal letters from Abdusamad that were addressed to Navoiy, recently became less suspicious.

On the third month Abdusamad received from Herat a secret nameless letter. The letter accused him of treason and ordered, if he wanted to save his life, he s immediately run an errand. The snaky crime again stirred the chest of Abdusamad and released its sting.



## II

Navoiy, returning from the couch, told him to show the Sheikh Bahlul. Without it, the house seemed empty of a poet. Sayyah Hasan reported that Bahlul has recently went out on some matter. The poet went to his room, dressed a turban on a peg, put on a pointy yarmulke and lay on the pillows. “Char-sofa” tidied. He again came to the memory of the “Conference of the Birds” by Ferid-ud-Din Attor. As a kid in school, he read this work: it captivated his childish heart. In the maelstrom of events of years, this love has been preserved in all its purity. Wanting to translate “Conference of the Birds” or to write a new work on the same theme in their native language, from time to time this tide rose in the heart of Alisher. However, Astrabad’s mood did not have this work. In poet’s soul was burning anger against the enemies of the truth, against the dark forces who sought to destroy him in his prime.

Navoiy began turning the pages of the book. He caught the eye of patterns and ornaments of Bekhzad. Enjoying a game of colors and lines Navoiy forgot everything. He thought of incomparable talent nurtured by his worries.

“What wonders does Bekhzad now create?” - thought the poet.

His heart was filled with longing for loved ones of his favorite disciples. Suddenly he stood up and took down the brush and paper. He no longer had to practice drawing: now he decided depict lion with a human head. Lion from the neck to the right and two thick chain tied to stakes ends on the left, but even in chains the lion still proud of...

The idea slowly came to life on paper. The poet worked for a long time with enthusiasm. When the sketch was finished, he went to Haydar. Going to the artist, he exclaimed in surprise, “Mr. Alisher Navoiy in chains!” Navoiy pointedly smiled, as if protesting, shook his head.

- All people will understand as well as I do! – exclaimed Haydar, looking at the figure.

- Time will still work on it, - said Navoiy.

He put the picture aside and told Haydar that he wanted to talk to him. Haydar sat down on the carpet and stared at the poet's restless eyes. Navoiy said that without having the right the person can go to Herat, he decided to send Haydar as requested. The news brought delight to the boy.

- When? What will be the order? - he asked.

- You go in the same week. Order? Report to the Sultan about some events.

Haydar was delighted when leaving the room and Navoiy went to Abdusamad. He groaned and rubbed his forehead with a tied handkerchief.

- What is it? - asked Navoiy.

- Sick, for three days all shakes - responded sluggishly Abdusamad. - Disease broke my bones, my lord. Navoiy advised him to see a doctor. Abdusamad waved his hand.

- The local doctors are worthless. Samad made for himself a home remedy. - He paused a moment, then continued: We have an insignificant slave to ask you - let me go to Herat in these days. Although for me - happiness is to lick your tracks, I still need to go home because I have children. Every day I see bad dreams. Indulge your servant's request.

Abdusamad usually seemed very cheerful. Seeing this man mocking so dull, Navoiy regretted it. "Probably it is hard to miss your sons" - thought the poet. However, he did not give a definite answer.

- You were sent from people in the capital. They should decide what to do. Is this not correct? - Navoiy said softly.

- If you let me go, no one might argue in the capital! Above your decision there is nothing - said Abdusamad, putting his hand to his chest.

- Well, we still have to think over it. Do not get bothered, lie down, relax.

Abdusamad reiterated his request and, groaning, went out.

Navoiy laid down on the cushions. Eyes slumbered in the adjacent light. An hour later Hasan Sayyah came and spread out the tablecloth. He brought in a porcelain cup... soup floating in fat with minced meat and tortillas. Navoiy broke bread and said jokingly:

- Abdusamad, it seems, is going to go and leave us orphans.

Hasan Sayyah, with a graying beard, raised his right eyebrow and said:

- You cannot trust him. Today, he would say one thing, tomorrow another one. And about the disease, he's lying, too.

- How? Indeed, he even turned yellow!

- Drank a laxative - confidently said Hassan Sayyah and waved.

- From dusk until dawn he snores so that the whole farces hear. To tell

the truth, I do not quite understand why he pretended to be sick today. For me - it is the hardest puzzle in the world.

Navoiy asked whether the present Sheikh Bahlul was cooking. It turned out that he had not yet returned. The voice of Navoiy seemed suspicious to Hassan and he said, feeling offended, that he was preparing food. Suddenly he remembered that when the dish was poured into the cup, Abdusamad wandered through the kitchen. Hassan's heart beat faster.

- Sir, do not try this dish! – in fright he cried and took a cup left.

Navoiy was somewhat embarrassed. His Herati friends in their letters to the poet advised him to walk with the faithful nuker at nights, and be careful about the meals. But now for Navoiy it seemed too suspicious.

“It is not good to offend people. There is no more fragile thing than a vessel of the heart” - the poet thought, sorry about what happened. He ate a slice of cake with caraway seeds. Suddenly Hasan Sayyah came in. He was trembling.

- The trouble occurred, sir, - vaguely said Hassan - I took the soup, put it before Abdusamad and told him “Navoi has already dined, let's eat together.” I swear to God, his face went all blue and his tongue was as if it had been taken away. Then he grabbed the bowl and wanted to throw it to the yard. But I did not let him do so. I poured soup to the dog. Sir, there is something wrong here.

Navoiy rose sharply.

- Are you not mistaken? Don't you tell a fiction? - he said, frowning.

- No, pardon me, the trouble, - Hassan insisted Sayyah. When they left the room, in the hallway was Bahlul Sheikh Haydar.

- Is everything all right? - Sheikh Bahlul asked fearfully, looking to Navoiy first, then Hassan Sayyah.

Hasan Sayyah, stammering with excitement, told him what had happened. Haydar drew a dagger from his belt and ran into the yard.

- Unproven suspicion. So why bother? - said with displeasure Navoiy to Hassan Sayyah. - Run, hold Haydar, and take away the dagger.

Sheikh Hassan Bahlul Sayyah ran behind Haydar.

Navoiy went back into the room and sat on the former place. His heart was beating hard. Weakness covered the whole body. Corner of his eye looked at the poet like a chained lion.

A few minutes later Bahlul Sheikh and Haydar returned.

- All true. Abdusamad fled! - Sheikh Bahlul exclaimed, licking his lips.

- Let him fly up to heaven, he does not get away from me! - shouted Haydar. - We sent nukers after him. I'll make him drink poison and if he refuses, I will peel off his skin.

- For this vile person any punishment will be miserable, - in a choked voice said Sheikh Bahlul. His eyes were full of tears.

Hassan Sayyah ran in, on his face there was not a drop of blood:

- The dog is dying! Kicked on his foot but it does not rise, - he said.

Navoiy shook his head with sincere regret:

- The dog dies in vain. Why did you do it? You know, a dog is the most loyal creature.

Navoiy wiped his forehead with a cold sweat. His eyes, always being the light of pure fire of thought, inspiration and love, now burned with indignation.

- Who is Abdusamad? A weak, wayward servant, being deprived of reason, - said excitedly. - But real torturers, murderers and heinous criminals are in Herat. They occupy the top positions. Traitors! They do not know the price of our fleeting lives. They are similar to a cold autumn wind from which fade the colors of the flowers in the garden. My friends, this is the most miserable creation in the world. Bliss is to see how others enjoy.

They are trying to achieve happiness, trampling the lives of their neighbours; they do not know that this is the root of their unhappiness. Alas, the fate of the people and the country is in the hands of tyrants and villains. It would be a thousand times easier and more enjoyable to swallow poison every day than to see all these injustices.

Sheikh Bahlul lowered his eyes reddened by tears and kept silent. Haydar, besides himself with excitement, then sat down, then jumped up again. Unable to calm down, he went in search of Abdusamad. In the evening, tired, he returned with nothing - Abdusamad disappeared. Navoiy decided that he had to send people to look.

The search continued all night and in the morning a headless, body covered in blood, Abdusamad was found in a deep ravine.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### I

Arslankul somehow had breakfast and put on work clothes. When he was about to leave to hiyyaban, where for two weeks he was working on the construction of the building, there was a knock at the gate.

- Probably, the tax collectors come again, - said angrily Dildor. - How many dinars are left? Give money, get rid of this trouble.

- My dear, what can I give? I have not been paid for my work. Majididdin every week invents new taxes. Honestly, I would throw these collectors of the gate.

- Easy, easy, son! «Emptiness in the stomach, but silence in the ears!" - The old woman called after him.

At the street Arslankul saw a tall, healthy and elder than Arslankul, man, putting his hand to his chest greeting him. The warden tapped the ground with a stick and, as usual, began to swear. If Arslankul again misses the prayer, he says mukhtasib and all the people will gift to Arslankul forty sticks. Knowing that the old man who ran the quarter, as a rider horse not to be trifled with, Arslankul promised not to miss more prayers and wanted to continue.

- Not so fast, my son, - said the old man, clutching Arslankul's shoulder. - From today the festivities begins on the occasion of the wedding of Prince Muzaffar Mirza. We do not live in some dead end street and the driveway. You all need to decorate the houses and walls. Orders of the Sultan. Get to work!

- I'm late for work! I am waiting for the wizard.

- What sort of work! Today the master builds platforms and booths.

Arslankul, who had already witnessed lush festivities, did not object to the old man. Looking into the distance, he saw that the shopkeepers were busy decorating shops, the warden again repeated his mandate and went to notify those who lived below. At this time neighbors of Arslankul - a weaver, potter, tailor - left their houses.

- What has dragged satin, velvet, silk carpets? - Arslankul joked.

Skinny, lopsided weaver with his one hand behind a tightened waist handkerchief dirty robe, another thoughtfully scratched his head.

- Miracles! - he said. - It was only recently that Muzaffar Mirza celebrated the circumcision.

A long, lean potter, who somehow wound his turban, emphatically replied:

- The sultan is looking for entertainment. Sohibkiron<sup>1</sup> Amir Timur<sup>2</sup> spent his whole life in the campaigns and our Sultan has the only fun but amused. Well, in this case...The festivities emptied the treasury and then again begin to squeeze taxes.

- We must also pay for your entertainment - smiling sarcastically said Arslankul.

- If I can buy from the bazaar to bazaar “Kadak halva” for children, their joy is the best entertainment for me - said weaver, burdened with a large family.

The small tailor with a beautiful mustache, who was passionately fond of feasts, games and laughter trying not to show their poverty, said:

- Fun is the jewel of life. Our happiness is so that in times of the merry sultan we can enjoy the spectacle. You will see, it will be one of the best feasts. They still talk about the feast in honour of Mirza Badiuzzamon. Now they are darkened.

Like a chief steward on the report with the Sultan, the tailor began to talk about the upcoming amusements. Finally, he said, lowering his voice and accompanying his words with expressive gestures:

- Muzaffar Mirza is the favorite son of the sultan. And we all know Khadichabegim’s appreciation towards him. A bride, Hanzada-begim, the daughter of Badiuljamol begim, the younger sister of sovereign. Oh, that would be wonderful!

The weaver and potter, smiling sarcastically, were chatting with the neighbors. Then they went home without saying a word. The tailor went to see how the houses of the rich and nobles were being decorated.

Arslankul hesitated uncertainly on the spot and went home too. He broke the news to the women. Dildor told what dress they sewed themselves this holiday was for the daughter of Sheikh ul-islam and the main Yasavul. When she began to remember what feasts occurred during the holiday in a palace on the female half, her husband exclaimed:

- What are you, my soul, telling tales!

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<sup>1</sup> Conquerer of the world

<sup>2</sup> Tamerlane

- Ah, if it were a fairy tale! It's just the tip you have opened - Dildor laughed.

Husband and wife took counsel on how to decorate a wall facing the street. Dildor like a woman, loved jewelry and believed that it supports the family's honour. She seriously thought. Arslankul always says, "I do not care whether it will succeed or not" - now seeing how keen his wife also took part in the troubles. Fortunately, they found a pretty big carpet and surrendered one to save one another. - Dildor took out two pieces of satin from the chest, which she preserved to make a dress for herself and her grown up daughter. The aunt found a suzani<sup>1</sup>.

By noon, all the walls were adorned with colored cloth, suzani, rugs, brightly sparkling in the rays of the hot autumn sun. The sight was amazing. Houses of the rich and high-ranking officials were entirely decorated with rare fabrics, shimmering in the sun. Bright colors dazzled the eyes. Sharp on the tongue the elder created a lot of trouble to both richer and more luxurious you can decorate your quarter, situated on the high road: silks of the bottomless coffers of the rich and officials hid dilapidated, ramshackle walls of huts of the poor.

To observe the procedure the mayor set up the watchmen every two steps. Most of all the tailors enjoyed the celebration. He was decorating the walls like women with the suzani borrowed from someone but pretending as if it was his own, and pure feminine art decorated the walls of their ramshackle homes. Then he, along with other viewers walked around the city, stopping at every step, and with the air of an expert talked about the colors and varieties of fabrics, - the manufacturers of the suzani. Some poets, who were able to quickly and easily compose poems on any outstanding event, passing on sparkling like peacock feathers, streets, reciting appropriate quatrains to the occasion. But soon people stopped to stay in these places. Everybody was talking about the road between Pul-i-Malan and the garden Jahon oro, on which the bride for the marriage contract had to drive.

Hearing enthusiastic stories about luxury jewelry, along with others, Arslankul walked toward the garden. Gates, majestic arches, garden walls of Jahon oro, pavilions and facades of palaces - everything was completely covered with Indian and Egyptian fabrics

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<sup>1</sup> A type of fabric

and expensive Chinese satin. Some fabrics were allocated with golden and silver flowers, the sun burning with white and red flames.

"Jewelry in our quarter, even the best, is suitable for saddle-blanket for the ass" - thought Arslankul and went on looking around in amazement.

All homes, shops, gardens, fences on both sides of the road were covered with slits. Just the paint, flowers and glitter were varied, and, wherever Arslankul looked, everywhere he saw all the same picture. When the incident wave wind shook the boundless sea of silk, the spectacle became quite fantastic.

High platforms were hastily erected in prominent places: famous painters covered tree with magic robe of his art.

Soon Arslankul reached Pul-i-Malan and was weary of the abundance of impressions. He looked from afar at the curiosities collected in the place where they were to meet the bride, and sat in a corner under a tree. Leaning against the trunk of a tall tree, Arslankul closed his eyes and thought. His mind gradually cleared.

"If you like to collect all these precious things and give Herat orphans, they could not wear rags at least for ten years, - sadly thought Arslankul. No wonder they say that bird of happiness fell on the head of our Sultan. All is ready for him. All that he does not wish to be easily executed " .. Arslankul had been thinking about this bird, and he recalled the words of Navoiy which meant the following in English:

*O King, whose power created crown,  
You chose the path of violence and evil.  
Mad King, look at his life;  
At feasts, will delight you spend in days.  
Your marvelous garden, your rich palace  
With heavenly paradise argue beauty.  
Behold, O king, on the fabric of your carpet  
Their luxury woven of human souls.  
The brilliance of jewels purple look -  
Human blood, they glow.  
Pearls for thy splendor for gilding  
You do not pay, O king, - paying people!  
Both you and your flatterers sonmische  
Become arrogant, shameless dogs.  
To drink again all night long*



*Hurry to rob his people.  
And poor robbed again.  
Feasting, drinking, to debauchery know.*

Arslankul once spoke with Sultonmurod about Navoiy while being in exile in Astrabad and Sultonmurod read these lines in detail and explained their meaning to Arslankul. Then Sultonmurod said:

- Did you understand it or not, what's the matter? Navoiy is a great fan of the truth. Every word is a torch of truth, the voice of conscience, it is not like the sultan and the surrounding senior officials, courtiers and nobles. Scoundrels who multiply their wealth, stealing from the people tremble before the poet, the noble protector of the people. They are afraid of Navoiy, the ray of the sun. They want to silence a loud voice that reveals their crimes.

Remembering this Arslankul waved and decided: "Power of the sultan must actually be the power of extortion!"

At this time, someone gently touched his shoulder. Arslankul turned angrily, but immediately jumped up with a smile. Zayniddin stood in front of him.

- Good nap? - As always it is fun, - he said. - What a crock of gold did you find on the bottom of the sea of dreams? Admired whether these are wonders?

Arslankul blushed and nodded.

- Of the last seven days, there is enough time to see a lot more - continued Zayniddin. - Come on! There is another interesting sight.

They stopped in front of the main entrance to the Bogi-Zag. Zayniddin exchanged a few words with the steward and quietly followed his companion to the garden. They walked a bit, then Zayniddin saw players, nestled on the carpet under the tree, and forgot about everything. Arslankul went alone to wander through the magnificent garden, about which he had heard so much. Strolling through the alleys of the haughty nobles, officials, dapper young people shone clothing, conversation and elegant manners. Arslankul first felt uncomfortable, but hundreds of nukers and workers scurried everywhere busy with business, and no one noticed him. It cheered Arslankul. Only now he realized the words meaning "splendor" and "grandeur". On the occasion Bogi-Zag with its many ancient palaces looked more luxurious than ever. What was not there! Creativity most famous «artists, painters and architects Herat found here was perfect,

diverse incarnation. In the bottom of the garden, in front of glittering like a magic mirror, each of the house of the fourteen sons of the sultan a sumptuously decorated palace was built. Each palace's princes feast with their jigits, friends and guests. Fourteen places feast!

Arslankul admired from afar princes' palaces. Only the feast of the eldest son of Badiuzzamon Mirza took place without noise and the prince was dressed as usual. In the palace of the humpback Gharib Mirza there were poets, feasted poets, musicians and singers. Hiding behind a tree, Arslankul listened to music and singing for along time.

At the royal palaces of Muzaffar Mirza. Fifteen grooms dressed in robe with gold flowers. Neatly coiled on the turban over his forehead with large sparkling gems. At the top of the turban plume was swaying. Right from Muzaffar Mirza Togonbek was sitting proudly. All horsemen shine with sewn luxury robes, decorated with precious stones. Young beautiful cupbearers with graceful bows and soft movements like the girls serving drinks in golden cups.

Arslankul, gnashing his teeth, looked at Togonbek and quickly walked away. Coming out of the trees, he inadvertently screwed up his eyes, dazzled with sparkling golden rays.

Going to the palace, in front of which there was no one but two nukers with spears, he stopped in surprise. Stucco ornaments and pictures of gold on bright azure stunned him. He saw a friend of a water carrier, who told him that the Sultan has an amazing building built specially for himself and what's going on at night are noisy feasts on which the sultan, lords, vezier and even the Sheikh ul-islam sometimes get drunk.

The water carrier dragged Arslankul to the kitchen, sat him down and began to entertain. Arslankul had a conversation with kitchen workers, they were belted with reeds and their faces were soiled with soot. Telling everything he saw, he smiled slyly and said quietly which meant the following in English:

*Behold, O king, on the fabric of your carpet -  
Their luxury woven of human souls.  
The brilliance of jewels purple look -  
Human blood, they glow.*

The right words! - Who said that? - asked the young worker.

- Guess who. Most truthful poet in our city, - said Arslankul.  
- Well, of course, our Alisher! - confidently exclaimed worker.  
- If Majididdin Muhammad will continue to run the country if the sultan wants another one - two of the feast, the people did not remain in the veins of a single drop of blood - play with a water carrier said.

All began to talk about the merits of Navoiy, about his fate, meetings with the poet and this warm intimate conversation lasted a long time.

\* \* \*

On the occasion of wedding in numerous areas of Herat, particularly at the Hovzi Mohiyon and Eid Gah, there were celebrations every day. Husayn Boyqaro with all the princes and nobles, sat on a special platform and watched horse races, playing chavgan, fights, fighting in the sticks and other types of fun. Like a true joker for many of these matches, the sultan himself announced winners.

On the seventh day - the day of the marriage contract - the celebration culminated. The sound of drums and karnays wafting from high portals of madrassahs and the city's fortifications, tore the air. There were human seas on streets and roads.

In the evening, thousands of people rushed to the Pul-i-Malanov to meet the bride. There a motley crowd roared for the horsemen of the personal retinue of Muzaffar Mirza. Heaving, bucking horses in the luxurious trappings, were dressed magnificently and there were hundreds of musicians, singers, jokers. High suspended torches were raised against the dusk, flooding waves of light all around the world. Elephants adorned from tail to trunk in carpets and silk cloths. The drivers sat there proudly who were cut in outlandish costumes.

- On both sides of the road from Pul-i-Malan to Jahon oro Garden, musicians and singers decorated with Indian, Chinese and Egyptian fabrics were lined up. Small beddings were placed in very few steps. The court women and slaves sat on those beddings, closing their face with lace handkerchiefs, waiting for bride to shower her with silver and gold.

Suddenly the air rang with shouts: "The bride is riding!"

The bride - Hanzada begim left her home with her entourage on dozens of painted carts and shaded canopies, noisily greeted primarily

Pul-i-Malan. The princess, surrounded by young women stand under a huge suzani, which was held over her by the slave-girls. The beks and horsemen of Muzaffar headed by Togonbek lined up before Hanzada. The noble women were sent from the palace by Khadichabegim, to greet the bride and her loved ones, all showered handfuls of gold and silver coins. People, crushing each other, picked up coins thrown down from the new elephants. With the sound of music, singers' voices, the neighing of horses, the roar of the crowd filled the air.

The train of bride moved followed by the elephants. Musicians were standing on both sides of the road, to the sounds of a lute, vestibules, sitar, tambourine and nay<sup>1</sup> slowly and solemnly directed to the garden Jahon oro. Women surrounding the bride sang a wedding song:

*Since when meadows that breeze from that fields, yar-yar!*

*Whose breath lit a fire in my soul, yar-yar!..*

The slave-girls under the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd threw a handful of coins on the ground, enclosed in shells of almonds and pistachios, in the bright torchlight almonds scattered rain like hot burning embers.

When the procession reached the great gate of the garden Jahon oro, dead silence reigned. In a large summer hall Sheikh ul-islam, surrounded by outstanding scholars of the city, a weak high-pitched voice, haltingly read a prenuptial agreement. After the announcement of the agreement Husayn Boyqaro personally poured a rain of gold coins upon the bride's head. The girl companion of the bride and groom were showered with money by Muzaffar Mirza. Merry shouts rose again from all sides. Formal wedding music, like the spring floods, by massive waves spread over a huge garden.

Arslankul began looking for Dildor in the crowd, who was supposed to come with the neighborhood women to enjoy the spectacle, but could not find her. Tired, he came out of the garden. On the big torchlit area he saw a rider who rode through the area quickly. Fifty yards from Arslankul the rider, detained by several nukers, stopped. This man seemed familiar to Arslankul. Arslankul quickly ran up to him and took the reins of karabair<sup>2</sup> horse. Strongly drunk Haydar awkwardly dismounted.

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<sup>1</sup> Traditional musical instrument, flute

<sup>2</sup> Type of horse

Arslankul began asking him about health of Alisher. Haydar, fixing his eyes burning with anger at the palace, said angrily:

- Wedding, celebration, crime is all here!

- What happened, Haydar Bek? - whispered fearfully Arslankul.

- Nothing happened! - waved Haydar. Arslankul took his horse to the side and tied it.

Feeling that something annoyed Haydar, he distractedly tread water, not knowing what to say. Suddenly he saw Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin, who quickly went somewhere. Arslankul loudly called them. Both came up and hugged Haydar.

- Sabuhi<sup>1</sup>, - Sul-tonmurod appealed to him. - Tell me how is Mr. Alisher?

- Thanks God, I am alive and well. Minister Majididdin broke his forehead against the stone of eternal truth.

Sul-tonmurod tried to warn Haydar.

- Think about where you are!

- I brought greetings from angry prince Alisher, - proudly said Haydar. - My friends, I am going to poison their little holiday. Where are those who hid daggers in their sleeves?

Sul-tonmurod whispered something into Zayniddin's ear and immediately disappeared. Zayniddin deftly managed to distract attention of Haydar. He knew his temper.

- You need to have a rest, you're tired, - Arslankul appealed to Haydar.

Haydar quickly became limp and dull looking around in confusion. Sul-tonmurod soon appeared, leading Boboali. That one braced his long powerful arms, fatherly hug Haydar and gently spoke to him. Then he sat in the saddle of Haydar, instantly found a horse for himself and took the boy home. Sul-tonmurod stared after them, then said, sadly shaking his head:

- Undoubtedly terrible events occurred in Astrabad and here, in Herat, we celebrate the holiday!

- We should be happy, - whispered Zayniddin.

- Tricks of the organizers of the festival will be exposed and they will be shamed and disgraced in the eyes of the people. Sul-tonmurod and Arslankul, sadly shaking their heads, confirmed his words. Then

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<sup>1</sup> Haydar's pen name

all three of them in painful silence moved off and disappeared in the darkness.

## II

In the morning Haydar woke up and rubbed his eyes. He was lying in a small room with the familiar golden sun on the ceiling. The upper half of the walls was decorated with an ornament and edifying quatrains.

Realizing that he was in the house of Boboali, Haydar was delighted. Although long weary from horse riding his body enjoyed a pleasant stay, still he felt fatigue and pain in the legs and lower back. Haydar gladly reached out and continued to lie. All that he saw last night in the garden Jahon oro - torches, jewelry, noisy crowds, seemed to him a dream.

Behind the door, he heard the voice of Boboali, giving orders to his servants. Haydar got out of bed and, as always, slowly dressed. He had scarcely washed in the hallway from a small copper jug as a servant entered, cleaned and brought the bed room in order.

Haydar had breakfast with the owner of the house. Being well aware of the nature of Haydar, Boboali tried to impress upon him the need to hold the tongue and distinguish friends from enemies. Not wanting to read instructions to Haydar, Boboali limited hints. He promised, if Haydar would come at noon to the palace, he could tell it to the sultan and left.

Haydar skimmed the book placed on a shelf. He admired the elegant, beautifully rewritten manuscript works of Hilali "Shah and the Pauper." Having read some of the places he opened the last page: rewritten by Zayniddin. Haydar again flipped through the book, he looked closely at the handwriting and found out that Zayniddin is not inferior to the most famous scribes of Herat. He decided to entrust Zayniddin correspondence books ordered by Navoiy.

Investing business papers in a folder, Haydar took them under his arm and went out. He wanted to breathe the air of his native city and cheer the pining for its beauty of his heart.

Haydar looked to bookbinders and visited some madrasahs. While he was chatting with friends, the time approached to the noon. Knowing that the Sultan is satisfied with buza<sup>1</sup> in the afternoon and

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<sup>1</sup> A traditional Eastern alcohol

nobody took Haydar to the palace. Haydar met Boboali with reproach and told him to go to the sultan.

- Sovereign is alone? - Haydar asked excitedly. - If not, I will not go.

Boboali nodded. Bowing to all the rules of etiquette Husayn Boyqaro, who glumly sat on a golden throne and received permission to sit down, Haydar gave the sovereign greetings from Alisher. After the sovereign took letters and documents of the sultan sent by the poet, not looking at them ordered to pass them to the Ministers. He asked how things work in Astrabad. Haydar gave him a detailed information on the status of Navoiy. Husayn Boyqaro rather absently listened to him and inquired about what the poet is doing now and how was his mood. Haydar said that Navoiy was always busy with the affairs of the country and people, and, after a pause, he continued:

- As for the mood, but recently, Mr. Emir has broken his heart, his soul was torn from sorrows and worries. He didn't know how to get out of a difficult situation, and was seething with anger.

- What are you talking about? What happened? - Sultan tensed and looked at Haydar.

Haydar hesitated. He understood that it was better to hide the truth of the Sultan, but his innate properties of nature prevailed.

- There was a case that alarmed and angered infinitely Mr. Emir - he said - One of the chefs sent by the sovereign, for our protection and support, attempted suicide to the life of Mr. Navoiy.

- What you distribute for libel! - cried Husayn Boyqaro.

- Cook Abdusamad slipped poison into the dish of Mr. Emir - calmly continued Haydar - but the emir, by the grace of God had been warned about trouble and - a hundred thousand times thanked to Allah! - He is unhurt. This terrible event filled the heart of Emir with doubt and anxiety. He is sure that the roots of the crime are here in Herat.

The Sultan's face was blue-yellow. Nostrils were breathing heavily. Haydar felt very uncomfortable. He wished that he hadn't spoken so openly now, but it was impossible to change anything, Husayn Boyqaro shouted angrily:

- All this is nonsense! I do not want to listen to you more! Get out of here!

Haydar bowed to the sovereign, who coldly turned away without answering, nodded and backed out of the room. In front of him stopped Eshikoga.

- You just cannot change their habits, - spoke warmly Boboali. - Your life hangs in the balance. If you cherish it a little bit bit your tongue; do not open your mouth.

Haydar, without answering, rushed to the marble staircase. Husayn Boyqaro called Boboali and demanded a pen and paper. Boboali at once gave him a trimmed with gold and silver inkstand, pen, decorated with small precious stones, and a stack of colored papers. Haydar ordered his delay in Herat and established strict control over it.

Alone, Husayn Boyqaro began to ponder letter to Navoiy and the title, which should dignify it. The hand of the Sultan, which was lying on the paper, was shaking. Husayn Boyqaro considered himself ignorant of plotting the assassination. However, he knew that, with enmity Majididdin and his minions prepared intrigues for a long time and could at some vigilance guess everything. He decided to remove the stain, which could lie on his name, and slowly hush up the matter. With a trembling hand, he began to write.

He decorated the letter with expressions of friendship in long lush phrases. At the end Husayn Boyqaro added that the message from Haydar very excited him and that such a criminal thought had never crossed his mind.

The sovereign's heart calmed down a bit. Boboali appeared and said that he just brought orders to the attention of the persons concerned. Husayn Boyqaro folded the letter and ordered him to make a print and send it immediately to Navoiy with a reliable messenger.

In a glittering gold flowered silk robe Majididdin proudly entered to report on current affairs. Looking into the angry face of the Sultan, the vizier was surprised and somewhat puzzled, took his usual place. He knew about the arrival of Haydar, but there was no reason to ascribe this circumstance to the sovereign.

Not daring to ask questions from the Sultan, he sat in silence, his head bowed.

- In Astrabad there was an extremely unpleasant thing, - Husayn Boyqaro said angrily.

- What circumstances embarrass your blessed heart? - asked Majididdin, leaning to the sovereign.



- The cook, whom you sent, attempted suicide to the life of Alisher. This, however, did not work, but now Alisher has a reason to denigrate us.

- I know absolutely nothing about it! - said Majididdin, trying to give his eyes innocent expression. - This is an unpleasant event as unexpectedly for your servant and for you, the patron of the universe!

- Did you give secret orders to the chef? - asked angrily Husayn Boyqaro.

- Indeed, we have committed to this wretch, some cases - muttered Majididdin - but the chef apparently exceeded his powers.

- Now there is no need to argue, - somewhat sheepishly said Sultan. - Measures should be taken to conceal the traces of this unpleasant business.

- Do not worry about it, patron of the world! - said Majididdin in firm voice.

At the right moment, we will send after him the shadow of death to do away with this chef - Husayn Boyqaro's relief straightened. Majididdin earnestly and fervently continued:

- It is possible that Alisher, taking advantage of this event, openly rise up against our government established by Allah forever. It should not be forgotten for a moment about the friendship of Alisher with Yakubbek. This must be prevented.

In the words and the eyes of Sultan the vizier saw that he agrees with him throughout. Majididdin cheered. He deftly put in a few words that he found new sources for increasing public funds. Husayn Boyqaro allowed the Vizier to retire and went to the harem to cheer his heart.

## **CHAPTER XXVII**

Haydar felt sad, not because he feared punishment for his misdeed. His sadness was by something else: since he arrived in Herat, fifteen days had passed, he felt lonely as ever, and felt a painful rift with his surrounding life. Haydar lived in Unsiya. He drank a lot and didn't meet with anyone except Sahib Daro, which he sought sympathy to, but this close friend of Navoiy was also saddened, he missed his former life in Unsiya and recalled former happy days and wrote sad, bad poems that read Haydar! However, all Navoiy's servants, his friends and relatives lived in Unsiya. They continue to

perform their duties. Sometimes poets and scholars gathered, as before and arranged interviews. But it was not the one who gave this house revival and joy. All longed for this man, who filled the heart with hope, faith, joy and love.

Haydar and Sahib Daro, both sad, went out of the gate and sat on Unsiya's little bedding. Against blue sky there were clouds like white handkerchiefs. The sun warmed gently and surrounding gardens were still green, although they already emanated from the fall.

- I intend to embark on the path of austerity and asceticism - said Haydar, whose eyes shone with sadness. - This is the only way for the heart, longing for light, purity, true love and supreme beauty. The mystery of the truth is in the heart of the dervish. Abandon wealth and live a transient life in contemplation of absolute beauty - is there a higher happiness and dignity of man?

Sahib Daro, believing that this desire, that instantly broke out in the soul of Haydar, would just fade away as quickly as many other his intentions, shrugged and said nothing. Haydar spoke about dervish philosophy. Citing the beautiful lines of the works of Farididdin Attor, Jami and Navoiy, he read this dervish with enthusiasm. Sahib Daro listened with pleasure.

Suddenly, on a winding road that ran among slender trees, raising clouds of dust, several light horsemen appeared. Having put his hand to his eyes, Sahib Daro stared into the distance. Suddenly he jumped up and shouted:

- Mr. Emir rides!

- Yes! there is emir in front of you, - confirmed Haydar.

So back again to Unsiya's life. In all rooms servants jumped, friends and relatives of Navoiy rushed to meet him.

Navoiy dismounted, brushed the floors of clothes and greeted everyone, finding a kind word for everyone, then went to his room. everything remained in its place as it was when had he left Herat. After changing the travelling dress, Navoiy lay down on the pillow. After a short rest, he called Haydar to find out what happened to the Sultan. The poet was sad. He tried to console his nephew and gently reprimanded him. Instead of honestly telling the whole truth, Haydar began to claim that he did not do anything. Navoiy admonished him and said:

- Hypocrites are afraid of truth. To tell the truth is a great advantage. But the tongue will be given only when it is necessary. Do

not forget, to live near the sultan is the same as to live near a dragon with open mouth.

Navoiy dressed and went to the Sultan. At the gate of Unsiya the large crowd of residents was waiting for him, having heard of the arrival of the poet they hurried to greet him. In front of all the light of joy he heard excited voices.

- Our eyes are waiting for you on the way!

- Life and happiness of the country are with you!

- Our sorrows are countless and endless. We do not have the defender except you.

- Let perish those who separate us from you!

Being worried, Navoiy shakily thanked them. He asked some of them about their life and work. The crowd increased with every minute. Navoiy assured the audience that his heart, no matter where he was, always was with the people and asked everyone to go home. Until the garden Jahon oro each counter - whether a dervish or a nobleman, a porter or a scientist - welcomed the poet, seeing his gaze full of respect and love.

Therefore, it took some time to walk along the garden, admiring the palace's flower beds, which for so long yearned for his eyes. When he came to the main palace, Husayn Boyqaro was drinking with his usual buddies. Among them there were Majididdin, the Emir Mogol Togonbek. The sultan welcomed Navoiy by the official nod. The nobles came up and shook the hand of the poet. The eyes of Majididdin expressed the greatest confusion, but coped with a flattering and said:

- Your obedient servant is overly happy that he fell to contemplate you, - he said, shaking hands with the poet.

Husayn Boyqaro invited Navoiy to a small room decorated with gold near the Ministry.

- You did not get the permission from us to arrive in the capital - he said, sitting down on hard pillows. - We did not expect you.

- After receiving your letter, - said Navoiy, if it was a matter for the ordinary things - I have temporarily entrusted the administration area to Valibek and rushed to your high palaces to resolve all issues reasonably and fairly.

Husayn Boyqaro was confused. Untangling the threads of the crime, could embarrass many people close to the throne and the Sultan

himself would blush for now he was so fooled. So he decided not to go into details.

- Fool Haydar talked about some unpleasant events. He probably invented them. Whatever it was, I wrote you a letter. I am firmly convinced that after this letter there remained not the slightest doubt or suspicion in your heart. What do you say?

- My heart is not prone to anger and hostility, - Navoiy said. - And I did not dream of vengeance. As a person with red hands of the executioner from the blood and soul drenched villain abomination. They will be an abomination to them with supreme punishment and disgrace.

Husayn Boyqaro put his hand over his golden belt and was depressed, not knowing where to look. Silence became more and more painful. It seemed to confirm the supremacy of truth. Finally, Husayn Boyqaro spoke.

- Now tell me, what is the purpose of your visit?

- I do not need any ranks or positions. Give me only high resolution to live in Herat.

Under the circumstances, it was difficult for the Sultan to deny Navoiy's request. However, in order to show that the wish-fulfillment of the poet was a big favor by the Sultan, he began to argue, coming up with all sorts of contradicting obstacles - one weaker than the other, Navoiy who brushed them aside as chips. Then Husayn Boyqaro rose from his seat.

- Do as you like, - he said. Navoiy thanked him and walked out.

He walked through the garden, every corner of which breathed a living beauty. Summoning a passing servant, the poet said:

- You know Bekhzad? Where is he now and is he busy?

- I know, sir, - the servant said. - He draws one of the rooms near the sovereign's stacks. Shall I show you?

- Thank you, I'll find myself, - said Navoiy. Bekhzad rushed to his mentor and benefactor, as a child rushes to his father, who had returned home after a long journey. He kissed the hands of the poet. Being moved Navoiy asked the artist about his affairs, how he feels. His voice and eyes were full of love.

- This moment I will never forget - to cope with his engulfing excitement, said Bekhzad. - My heart was full of anguish and grief of separation. Now it's overflowing happiness and joy.

The artist asked Navoiy to sit down. The room was full of light. A blue sky and green rhythmically rocking wall alleys were visible in the window, away among the trees, gleaming like a mirror. On a small circular bench were all sorts of colors in metal and porcelain cups. Immediately lay hands started and finished drawings.

Navoiy with keen interest began to consider a miniature «Prince is hunting", camel colored carpet covered," "Meet the lover with the beloved in the garden." In every line and in a gentle spot colors Navoiy saw a bright pulse of life. Again and again he kept picking up the pictures and watched them.

He admired and warmly congratulated the thumbnail artist with remarkable success, Navoiy spoke about the possibilities of painting. Overgrown with a black beard, his face lit up with a soft smile.

- Mr. Emir, - Bekhzad asked. - Whether the fettered lion torn the chain?

Navoiy threw him a quick glance:

- You said Haydar! Extremely frivolous youth.

- Haydar says that talking about it is just for me, - Bekhzad said.

- I'd love to see this picture.

- My drawing looks like a child scribbled, - waved Navoiy.

- A dressed lion is even worse for those who hold him captive, - Bekhzad said quietly. - If the lion's neck is bowed under the weight of chains, then his heart would still adamant. It is a pity that people cannot comprehend this simple truth.

- The mind and intellect are properties inherent in every person, - ironically said Navoiy, knitting his brows.

Bekhzad spread out a little tablecloth and wanted to treat his mentor. Navoiy refused. Asked the artist to visit him more often, he was about to leave when, being out of breath, Muhammad Said Pakhlavan came into the room. They hugged each other. Pahlavan's powerful figure seemed to fill the room. Although years have begun to exert its effects at the mighty Muhammad Said, nondefeated in hundreds of competitions hero seemed full of energy. Navoiy glancing at Pahlavan, sat down again. With the advent of the poet Shay-Hem and Suhail Khoja Giyosiddin Dehdor they sleep livelier: trying to entertain Navoiy, each of them told a story about important or funny things that happened recently in Herat.

The poet remembered that he had heard in Astrabad about the new musical compositions of Pahlavan, and began to question him.

Bekhzad took from the shelf the vestibule and handed it to Muhammad Said.

- Talk about your music, without music it is impossible, - he said.

- Let vestibule tell us about the art of Pahlavan! - Sheikh Suhail said.

Muhammad Said rolled up the sleeves, tuned the vestibule with his mighty hands, accustomed to compressing arena powerful mill fighter and began to play. The musician so vividly conveyed to the vestibule subtle feelings and experiences, joys and sorrows of a sensitive, loving heart that listeners forget about everything. But here, with the last cry of the soul, sounds, music stopped. Bekhzad's head, dressed in a large turban, laid down on the chest. Navoiy, like parting with a pleasant dream, reluctantly opened his eyes. He congratulated his friend with a new product.

Talking about other musicians in Herat, Navoiy said that he should write a book about the work of the most talented musicians of Herat, where all the old and new songs and tunes with musical notation would be collected for future generations. This idea was liked by all.

By the green sea garden Jahon oro rushed the flame of sunset. The drunken voices of the companions of the Sultan came from a distance. Guests, saying goodbye to the host, dispersed.

Navoiy went to the library located near Unsiya. It was a beautiful building of ten ornate rooms. Every room had been painted in a different style and taste than others.

In the second room the poet found Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin, who spoke about the books by candlelight. Navoiy greeted young people, as a father with his sons. They sat for a bit, talking about all kinds of subjects.

- Well, have they accused you for some reason that you doubt the existence of God? - Navoiy asked Sul-tonmurod with a smile.

- They call me a pantheist, - Sul-tonmurod replied. - But I follow reason and science. I only recognize the truth.

- Yes, of course, the scientist seeks the truth. This naturally falls into doubt - said seriously Navoiy. - To learn the secrets of nature it should be studied. In essence, it does not remove anyone from God. For nature is a great mirror, reflecting the endless manifestations of absolute beauty. Only ignoramuses do not understand this. Tomorrow

we will give you a madrassah and we will rejoice in your class and liberate science and truth from the hands of the ignorant.

Navoiy said that even being in Astrabad he had heard about the success of Zayniddin in the field of music and calligraphy. He reiterated that he only expressed an idea about the need to write a book about music. Sul-tonmurod expressed confidence that this task could be carried out by Zayniddin. Zayniddin promised to think about it and answer.

Navoiy asked young people if they do not experience financial difficulties. Although they claimed they did not need, Navoiy, having taken their watchful eyes, decided to issue a grant of one hundred dinars each. Then he went together with his friends along the brightly lit room filled with books. Looking for new works, Navoiy was convinced that the library was very enlarged for two years of his absence. Sahib Daro contained in its order, has gained a lot of new books, and old gave a good rewrite scribes. Navoiy in the shower was grateful to him.

All three returned to Unsiya. There they waited impatiently for about twenty friends. There was lively conversation over refreshments. On this day, from the owner to the last house servants, all were cheerful and happy.

With the arrival of Navoiy many people in Herat breathed freely. Every day, in a continuous stream, visitors went to Unsiya. Scientists, poets, craftsman - all were honoured to the visit of Navoiy, expressed their love to him. People, who were hiding in the corners, fearing violence and oppression, healed life to the fullest again. Navoiy gave to the poor and orphans money and apportioned their clothes.

## **CHAPTER XXVIII**

In one of the rooms of the palace of Muzaffar Mirza, with walls made of porcelain, Togonbek, thrown over the shoulders coat and holding hands over a hot barbecue slowly told something. Sons of lords and senior horsemen, princes, a wide range was sitting around a brazier. There were also the poet Ben and Shahobiddin among them. Togonbek lately acquired great importance, not only in the court of Muzaffar Mirza, but also for the sovereign. Having ascended to a height at which there were only high-born lords, such as Barlos Muhammad Jahangir Barlos, Togonbek retained its former rudeness

and simplicity, has known the taste of luxury. Gardens, receptions, slave - everything was there. Assuming Shahobiddin as a great scholar Togonbek was trying to have good relations with him: perhaps he will dedicate a book to him or, if fate wills a great work for Togonbek - will chronicle his deeds. Togonbek invited the poet Binoiy to every meeting. Though not understanding well Persian verses by Binoiy, he loved his jokes. His old friend, Alauddin Mashhad, in the day of adversity, which sheltered him in his cell, every month sent clothes and money to Togonbek. The poet expressed his appreciation with voiced qasidas:

Togonbek, bowed low over the barbecue with a flushed face, stroking his rare reddish beard. He just told me but I wonder about the terrible bloody battles, heroic exploits of our ancestors. Horsemen, who thought themselves the same heroes, like those worn by horses and swords were cut in these battles, enjoyed his stories and at times could not refrain from militant funny movements.

Togonbek hardly hushed and it wound up Binoi, shaking a long bushy beard, it is not marching to his small stature and unprepossessing appearance. This man loved to laugh and write poisonous satire.

Simple stories were told by militant Togonbek but not like Binoiy did it. Finishing one story think over another, Togonbek said to Binoiy. He began to read recently written poems and ghazals and praised himself.

Not hearing cheers from those present, Binoiy felt humiliated and began to criticize everyone.

- Have you seen the great poet? - asked Togonbek laughing and wishing to tease Binoiy.

- Beck jig<sup>1</sup>it<sup>1</sup>, - jokingly said Binoiy, - one of the greatest injustices of fate is that either he or I still have not driven into oblivion. I cannot stand his poetry more than his own.

One of the jigits said that the night before listening to poems from the collection of Navoiy, had a ghazal and one he loved. He took from his pocket a piece of paper and began to read. Binoiy covered his ears with his fingers.

- Yes, you listen! I'm really not a poet, but I think that I have a certain taste, - said the brave, blushing.

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<sup>1</sup> Young guy full of energy



- My brother, - Binoiy laughed without taking his fingers out of his ears, - when I listen to the Turkic word, for me it is an attacking disease, causes "pain in the ears".

- For people with good taste these words prick like thorns. In particular, in verse, - grimacing, said Shahobiddin.

The djigit read ghazal very well. Paper went on hands. Togonbek with profundity said:

- The nailed ghazal in his poems have a taste...

At this very moment Muzaffar Mirza came in. Inviting all to leave the room, the prince stopped Togonbek with a gesture.

- Do you know where I was? - he asked, smiling with drunken eyes.

- I do not know, - said Togonbek. - Anyway, you are very happy. It is good. It is true, lord, I'm satisfied. I was invited to a house. This house is always the place where interesting meetings are held. Well, I went to... Two charming girls, fresh roses from the garden of delight. Both in the prime of beauty. One plays the lute, the other sings; both were in my arms. We were drinking, having fun. I loved both equally.

- Tomorrow, if Allah wishes, you will embrace such beauties that you will immediately forget them - said, Togonbek laughing.

- Well, tomorrow we will see what your diligence ..., -

- Prince, do you know the latest news?

- What's the news? - frowned Muzaffar Mirza,

- Emir Mogul again appointed in the place of Astrabad, but Alisher mutinied. Now he had to flee to Iraq. Sultan, your father gave this area to Badiuzzamon. What do you say?

Muzaffar Mirza stared at Togonbek.

- It is necessary to consider carefully, prince - Togonbek said.

- I know. Badiuzzamon has bad intentions, - angrily said Muzaffar Mirza. - But our case can be resolved on the battlefield. Now you have to be patient and wait. No time yet!

Togonbek looked at Muzaffar Mirza. The young man's face that just lit joyous smile, now became cold and thoughtful.

- You're not a boy, - seriously spoke Togonbek - you're the brightest star in the crown of power! In order to marry it is necessary to reach maturity, but to put on the crown, mature age is optional. I believe that a young monarch is necessary to run the country. Let him just be reasonable in politics and be an expert in military affairs. Your brother Badiuzzamon makes his affairs discreetly and thoroughly.

Astrabad received and he will direct the eyes to other areas. There is a little time to act. Be vigilant, Prince!

Muzaffar Mirza has long heard similar instructions in the form of open mentors, and most often from his mother. Not seeing the actions of his brothers, as obvious signs of a struggle for power, he did not dare to take the initiative. The words of Togonbek scattered his doubts and hesitations. He suddenly became serious. Enjoying wine and love no longer reflected on his face. He gripped the handle of the dagger with sparkling gems tucked behind a gold belt as if to snatch it out of the sheath. Togonbek looked into the boy's eyes. They sparkled with anger.

- Be alert, Prince! - reiterated Togonbek.

- These cases are resolved by the sword! - suddenly shouted Muzaffar Mirza. - Whoever wants power, let it out on the battlefield. Heads, which want to wear the crown, do not fear death.

Togonbek was very pleased: his words acted upon the prince as the wind fanned the ashes of a bright light, but he feared that with an inexperienced youth in politics a careless word may reveal your plans and thereby destroy not only themselves but also their supporters. Although Togonbek himself never read history books, he knew the history of the large and small intestine wars, rebellion and conspiracy arisen after the death of Timur. He advised Prince to hide his intentions into the heart, to act secretly and always keep cool.

After some time the servant announced the arrival of Prince Badiuzzamon Mirza. Muzaffar Mirza pointedly raised his arched eyebrow and said that he would be happy to take his brother. When Badiuzzamon, accompanied by his son Muhammad Mumin Mirza, appeared in the doorway, Muzaffar Mirza rushed to meet his brother and shook his hand. Then he patted the boy's head - the same handsome like his father, with smart, too serious for his age eyes - and gently spoke to him. Badiuzzamon, as always, carefully and tastefully dressed, behaved more stately. Muzaffar Mirza being kind and helpful to his brother held the place of honour and seated him on the velvet cushions. Thanking his brother's visit, he squatted in front Togonbek. Badiuzzamon with a soft smile turned to his brother:

- You should be aware that our great father gave me a lot of attention and gave the Astrabad region. I found it disrespectful to contradict the high desire of His Majesty and accepted the gift. That's why I came to see you. I hope you will visit us?

Muzaffar Mirza listened with his heads down. Then, with folded arms, said:

- I was very happy to hear the good news. You've past the time to govern. Your task is to deepen the thought and beneficial activities to return prosperity to the region, which in the hands of unworthy people come to desolation. I, your younger brother, constantly offering up prayers for you, willing to fulfill all your orders and I will not feel sorry for the forces to provide you with help and assistance.

Badiuzzamon thanked his brother and asked for permission to retire. Muzaffar Mirza begged him to stay, to make appeal to today's feast. Badiuzzamon with hesitation accepted the invitation, thinking that it will attract the heart of his brother.

When the princes went to another room, Togonbek went out... Sitting on a horse prepared for him in the rich trappings, he drove him to the palace of Majididdin, and his thoughts were busy with the meeting of the prince. Treachery and duplicity of Muzaffar Mirza plunged it into amazement. One minute before full of anger, ready to behead his brother, a young prince, with characteristic for its environment and the entire family of Sultan Husayn hypocrisy, very naturally and skillfully played guileless devotion.

Togonbek found Majididdin in his winter house. The vizier was alone and seemed somehow sad. Togonbek told about the incident. The vizier listened in silence. Then shared a thought that haunted him. Since Navoiy returned his situation has changed; lords and officials then bring the complaint to the sultan on his rough treatment. Although Navoiy was withdrawn from public affairs, some nobles are turning to him for advice in important matters. There are reports that Darveshali in Balkh and Navoiy with Nizomumulk in Herat secretly building their machinations. When Khoja Afzal returns from a trip, the situation can be more complicated.

- In such circumstances, - Togonbek said, knitting his brows, - the most sensible course of action - sow discord in the enemy camp and they roast in the fire of strife.

- And how to do it? - perked Majididdin.

- Case unchallenging is a sly smile, - replied Togonbek - Everyone knows that Nizomumulk and Navoiy are hostile to you. But he seeks protection and therefore, adheres more opposing party. Take Nizomumulk into your hands, appoint him as a vizier, give him a place in the couch - and he will support you.

Majididdin's hand propped his chin.

- Your advice is not meaningless, - he said, thinking.

Togonbek reported that some large landowners have asked to lower the tax on property and livestock. If vizier accedes to this request, he will receive from them large sums of money. Togonbek asked for himself a suyural gift - a piece of land from public domain. Obtaining the consent of the vizier, he hurried away, it was time to get to the feast to the heir.

The next day, Majididdin met Nizomumulk in the Palace. The former vizier, who loved luxury and splendor, for many years used to air the court and often came to the palace drawn by an irresistible habit. In meetings with the former vizier Majididdin so that to scratch his wound more, held particularly arrogant. Most often it is transient by Nizomumulk, as if by some nuker without noticing him. At this time Majididdin greeted him. The sedate gray-bearded Nizomumulk, dressed in several silk robes, tried to unravel the "true reasons for this change in the behavior of their enemy. Catching his eye, Majididdin pointed to an empty room. Nizomumulk understood that it was about something important, looked around and silently followed Majididdin. The vizier explained to Nizomumulk the situation, covering his true intentions in a thick veil of secrecy.

When they were alone, Majididdin said softly:

- You are a very experienced and well-versed in the affairs of man. Forget old grudges... I'll give you your former position, but with one condition - Majididdin bit his lips and looked searchingly at Nizomumulk.

- Disagreements that took place between us, I think were the result of the error and misunderstanding, - hurriedly said Nizomumulk. - The case is reasonable if we fix errors. What is the condition of which you speak?

- Restore friendly relations and we help each other, - said Majididdin, lowering his voice. - Help to be held this: under whom I do not complain, never mind my actions. Acting together, we can overcome all the difficulties.

- It is a highly reasonable term, - joyfully said Nizomumulk. - In fact, we have to obey this term all the time. Forget the past. - Will you be true to the promise? - strongly asked Majididdin.

- There is nothing shameful but treachery. God - one word - one.

The next day, Nizomumulk, by an official decree was appointed as a vizier.

## CHAPTER XXIX

Through the upper stained glass windows the beam of sunlight fell into the room. The sun reflected on the colored paper, folded on a bench, on a copper inkwell, on a snow-white porcelain cup with water, and shimmered on the colors of the carpet. The poet, leaning back on the pillow, was reading a thick history book.

Away from the court environment of vanity he revived his soul in his favorite activities: every day a lot of reading, writing, thinking about new products, selected the desired thoughts and examples conceived from the books - "Beloved hearts" and "The lawsuit of two languages ." He went into the hanakah to find out how the scholars were familiar with their new compositions and to give them an advice. Then he visited madrassahs and cared about students paying content. He sought out new poems written by poets of Herat and other cities. Then he took servants, inquired about the status of distributing part of the revenues earmarked for charity. Then on horseback and by foot he went around Herat, admiring the ancient buildings and streets, thinking about what to do to multiply the beauty of his native city. Jami visited his friend and talked with him about poetry and Sufism. He often summoned to his friends, listening to music with them, joking, but leading quiet life Navoiy did not forget about the fate of the country even for a moment. His chest was not appeased the anger against the oppressors of the people. Sometimes the poet's heart ached with pain....

Today the poet's reading was interrupted: the servant came in and reported the arrival of Mirak Naqqosh. Navoiy put the book aside and stood up.

- Does he finally have my hands? Soon we will know! - he said, smilingly.

Mirak Naqqosh timidly entered the room, his arms folded, sat on the sidelines.

- When are they ready to watch? Whether the price for you is words and promises? - asked Navoiy and feigned a frown.

The painter, adjusting the turban on his head little sheepishly paused and then said, pinching the tip of reddish unkempt beard.

- The watches are not ready yet, - he said with a guilty smile. - And how do you come to mind such a desire, sir? It's a very difficult task.

- When will you fix them? When will we be able to determine the time correctly? Pardon me, it's going on too long, - insisted Navoiy.

- Day and night I think about it. But there are still unresolved issues. I do not know what will happen, - shrugged the painter.

- Europeans have long been manufacturing watches. It is known that the Arabs also knew how to make them. Well, why cannot you solve this problem? You're well-versed in mechanics! I know it. Attach science to business. What difficulties you have, do not only allow the power of human thought! For example, the cup, in your opinion, which country it is made? - Navoiy pointed to a snow-white cup, standing on the bench.

The painter stooped and began to consider carefully the cup.

- Chinese porcelain.

- Wow! - Navoiy laughed, his eyes narrowing. - That's a mistake - he gently pressed to continue. - This is Herat's porcelain. It has been made by the known to you master Muhammad Jamal.

The surprised painter looked at the cup, then shook his head: - Successfully! Successfully! - If I'm will be alive, - said Navoiy - this porcelain will be spread across the country. And we can produce excellent porcelain. Watches, of course, require more knowledge of great art, - he added. - But I'm sure you'll be able to do them. You are a little lazy, my brother! We must get rid of this trouble.

Naqqosh smiled, as if admitting his weakness. - However, he promised to work hard and fast to finish the watches.

By seeing Mirak Naqqosh off Navoiy left the room. He walked around the yard for a bit and talked with the servants. Then headed to the hospital to talk with doctors. Out on the high road, he saw Haydar in the distance. Haydar had long been a wandering dervish - Qalandar. All called him "Haydar Qalandar." On his head he wore a qalandar's cap, on his shoulders - rags, grew his hair. Leaving home, Haydar settled in a poor hut. Everything he needed for meager life, he begged, wandering through the bazaars. In Herat, it was not considered shameful. All Qalandars and among them there were also notable people, spent a way of life. Navoiy was sad to see that his nephew, whom he treated like a son, who was a good poet and a brave warrior,

went so. But no admonition was on Haydar - apparently not only a tendency to cause dervishes was there: on the impressionable young man strongly acted the angry sultan.

Navoiy pinned his hopes on the fickle nature of Haydar, hoping that his passion would pass, as the former one.

Noticing Navoiy, Haydar publicly bowed his head in silent reverence and crossed to the other side of the street. The poet went on. But he never had to reach to the hospital. After a few steps he met Valibek and Giyosiddin Dehdor.

- Mr. Emir, - Valibek said after greeting. - We sent for you.

Navoiy noticed that they came excited.

- In fact, I have nothing to do, I wanted to talk to you, - he said, and turned toward the house.

- A man arrived from Balkh, - said Valibek, Navoiy learned the following. Today, when the Sultan and the Vizier and lords gathered in the couch, from Balkh rushed a messenger, who said that the brother of the poet Darwish Ali mutinied and acts in concert with Sultan Mahmud. The news made a painful impression on the sovereign. The audience immediately began to interpret this event in their own way. They said that if I did not hand over Alisher, Darveshali would never have dared to go against the sovereign. Sultan found this explanation correct and began to complain on Alisher. Then Dehdor came, bowed to the Sultan and, as always, jokingly said:

- Oh Sultan, the patron of the universe! If you allow me, I'll throw this weak servant librarian to your feet!

The sovereign laughed at Dehdor's belligerent look and he said:

- Good! Cleared! Show your courage!

- From anger the sovereign shuddered, - Dehdor interrupted Valibek. - From his unexpected suggestion I dispersed to the clouds of discontent, the shrouded heart of the sovereign. Maybe I made a mistake?

- You have acted very finely, - Navoiy said, confirming his words with a nod. - Hardly Darveshali mutinied for the uncle to undermine the foundations of the state. Of course, it could be their goal. I do not know if this is true, but I tend to think so.

- What we also asked in this regard is no doubt, - Valibek smiled. - We think that Darveshali joined the rebellion to unseat Majididdin, a person harmful to the state and people and constantly intriguing against your favor.

- When I come in and talk to Balkh Darveshali about the case, the will of Allah will be established, - Dehdor said, glancing from Navoiy at Valibek.

Navoiy took a piece of paper and began to write a letter to his brother. In the deep and wise expressions he inspired Darveshali that a person should only think about the benefits of the people and the state and act based on the requirements of reason and justice, that the use of public interests for their own purposes is the gravest crime and mutual feuds should be resolved through negotiations, not shedding the blood of any innocent people.

When Dehdor with Valibek left, the poet again began to think about what happened. «Something will end the enterprise of Darveshali? - he thought anxiously. Under the shadow of the sovereign's power - whose crown was adorned with the jewels of justice, the dream of living and other neighboring nations, what a disaster that our sovereign complains of his own people that even close to him people turn away from him!.. " "

On the third day, the poet went to the palace to check rumors that went around the city. In the palace, he noticed signs of unusual excitement. Boboali said, therefore, that, according to the information received today from Balkh, Darveshali resolutely demanded that the Sultan fired Majididdin out. Otherwise, he is going along with the Sultan Mahmud continue their march on the capital. The Sultan was forced to decide on a steep measure - so dared to temporarily release him from his duties of the vizier. Navoiy felt delighted: the actions of his brother turned to the benefit of the people and the country.

Accelerating his steps, he walked into the Ministry. In a large room lords, Vizier and policymakers were sitting proudly. Majididdin sat in the front row with his head bowed, beside him triumphantly sat Nizomumulk.

Alisher had not come in, but all at once rose from their seats, just driven by some unknown force. Dozens of hands stretched to Navoiy. He was placed in the front row between the pale - Majididdin and Nizomumulk, whose eyes glittered ominously under long lashes. The door to the next room opened. All noisily rose to their feet again and bowed their heads. Reeling from weakness and intoxication Husayn Boyqaro entered the room and sat on velvet cushions. The audience slowly straightened. The Sultan in brief said grandiose words about great things and wise measures of Majididdin, told what he spent for



the benefit of the state and then he signalled to the servants. They brought a big knotted Kashmiri shawl into the room. Husayn Boyqaro took out a gold embroidered robe and threw it on the shoulders of Majididdin. He announced that he appoints the former vizier the amount of one hundred thousand dinars. This amount surprised all. Majididdin in his precious robe and in a trembling, excited voice expressed his devotion to the sultan, ending it with all sorts of good wishes.

Navoiy went into the garden with all people. Splitting into groups and talking quietly among themselves, the courtiers parted.

A cold wind tore the last leaves of the trees. Flowers withered in the flower garden. The setting sun flooded the overcast sky and the beauty of the sea. The poet, with his hands behind his back, that were covered with long wide sleeves, thoughtfully paced into the garden. His heart was filled with music rhymes of light poetic thought and delight inspiration. However, the harsh reality of these feelings suddenly covered his cold breath. Navoiy woke up from a sweet dream. The homeland, the state, the people - these concepts were sacred to him. Times of trouble for Majididdin were a thing of the past, as rain wind overclouded clouds and the earth will shine again blooming into green life. You need the control to be taken over by a conscientious person who cares about the soul of his native land, the people and the state.

Navoiy decided to talk with the monarch alone, and, if possible, tell him his opinion. Coming to the palace, he saw Valibek in darkness and took him aside, told him about his plans.

- What do you want, Mr. Alisher? - with a bitter laugh asked Valibek. - Instead of the wolf came a fox. Congratulate Nizomumulk with high purpose.

- That's the logic! Here is the dispensation of the country! - exclaimed Navoiy.

Hardly owning it he quickly left the palace garden.

In Herat, soon it became known that the temporary resignation of Majididdin, marked by unusual solemnity and expressions of the royal passion did not satisfied Darveshali. Husayn Boyqaro again fell into trouble. Supporters of Majididdin and all schemers tirelessly spread rumors about the "the hand of Navoiy".

Husayn Boyqaro, in fact, was not terribly surprised at Darveshali and his ally Sultan Mahmud. It was an old enemy of Husayn, who

never hid the sword in the scabbard and every night dreamed of the throne of Khorasan. So Husayn Boyqaro was going to march on Balkh. On the day of the speech, he sent for Navoiy: "Come at once!" The poet came and asked the sultan to allow him to stay in Herat.

- You must accompany me, - the sultan said dressed in traveling clothes so that his tone brooked no opposition.

Navoiy realized that Husayn appeared at his expense any suspicions. He had nothing to do: he had to go camping.

Husayn Boyqaro, accompanied by mounted warriors, chariots with military equipment and captains, clearing the way, with the usual solemnity made his way from the capital. The Sultan with his large retinue moved slowly. He was not so much resting on the way and even amused himself by hunting. When he reached the Murghab River, Giyosiddin Dehdor suddenly appeared in his camp. Jumping off his horse, he bowed and approached to Husayn Boyqaro and by the custom he kissed the flooring of his dress. Then he took a few steps with a sense of a prayer for the sultan. Strong in many sciences and knowing a variety of crafts, fine Dehdor also learned the rules of etiquette.

- Well, what about your promise that you gave with all the people? We have not yet seen the fruits of your courage - ironically said Sultan.

- Oh, the Sultan of universe! - Dehdor said, putting his hands to his chest. - Honestly, this poor man fulfilled his difficult task. Your rebellious slave is in my hands. I could not bring him to you chained because in this steppe there was no chain. If the Hakan allows, I'll run a train, take a blacksmith and bring to you a prisoner in chains.

The Sultan, apparently, was very happy. He asked where was the Darveshali. Dehdor said he left his three farsakhs from rates that Darveshali flooring remorse and wants to contemplate his sovereign. The Sultan Husayn Boyqaro frowned and pondered. After a brief reflection, he said:

- Let him come! I forgave him. All cheered the Sovereign's grace, except supporters of Majididdin.

Darveshali was adopted by the sovereign on the banks of the Murghab. It turned out that after the resignation of Majididdin between them there was no disagreement. Husayn Boyqaro confirmed his royal favor, appearing on the big feast arranged in the camp of

Darveshali. It was decided to head to Balkh and at the onset of spring send the troops against Sultan Mahmud.

Arriving in Balkh, Husayn Boyqaro stopped at Chahorbog, the palace of the Emir of Argun. Here, as well as in Herat, the cold winter days were busy with amusements. Feasts and a variety of fun continuously replaced each other, sometimes giving an official huntings with shooters, which lasted for weeks. Noise and screams filled the snowy steppe. Hunters returned with big booty.

Navoiy held a modest house in Balkh. Away from the surrounding king commanders and senior official's nobles who were engaged in gossip, betrayal and debauchery, alien to lavish celebrations and daily entertainment, the poet spent his days at work and thinking. He considered his participation in this campaign pointless and felt deprived of his liberty. He visited Balkh's scholars and poets. Navoiy led friendly conversations with them, read their writings, assisted them, monetarily and morally... For hours Navoiy wandered through Balkh, inspecting walls, collecting information about the city's past.

Surrounded by mighty walls, Balkh was once a large flourishing city, famous for its art, trade and artisans. Chingiz's terrible troops besieged the city who bravely defended their freedom destroying opposing Mongolian hurricane. Eventually he succumbed in the unequal struggle and surrendered. A wave of disaster filled brave city. Tens of thousands humbly people bowed their heads knocked down by an enemy sword. After this terrible blow, Balkh could not recover. Centuries passed, but life in the city barely smoldered. Terrible traces of the Mongols, like a scar from severe wounds, were still visible on the body of the city.

Seeing the terrible consequences of the invasion, the poet sadly frowned. His thoughts were being carried out in the limitless expanse of history gradually revealed in his mind. Over the seas of blood, towers of skulls on fire storm swept across the sky, Navoiy disguisedly had seen the terrible shape of the brutal conqueror. He sought in the history of heroes who resisted the conquerors, bringing life to the world, embodying the noble creative powers of the human spirit with the lamp illuminating the way of life of the mind.

The breath of winter started to soften. Yellow icicles hanging a few days on the ledges and roofs of drainpipes melted. The spring air

breeze fluttered, every day was getting warmer and warmer. Young branches of trees dressed in greens.

Husayn Boyqaro ordered to prepare to march. The nukers engaged in hunting in the vicinity of Balkh, were returning to the city. Artisans produced diligently missing weapons and equipment.

One fine spring day Husayn Boyqaro announced a campaign against Sultan Mahmud. The warriors were ready to go. Husayn Boyqaro's bodyguards and his close men left the Chahorbog. The sounds of drums and karnays filled the air. Horses, pulling themselves into the steppe, shimmering in the distance, like the blue sea, eagerly bellowed. The meek pacer of Navoiy also biting at the bit and pricked ears, hooves hit the ground. Separate groups of soldiers marched under the command of beks reared by beautiful horses, harnesses which were made by the best saddlers, glistening silver and azure. Husayn Boyqaro's servant beckoned to Navoiy and said: - You will be in Balkh until our return and take control of the region in your hands.

Navoiy was surprised by the unexpected commandment. Until now, it was not even any hint. Refusing the offer, a sign of confidence in Navoiy had no reason to.

- I accept this appointment, though it is not easier than the hardships of military campaign - the poet said respectfully.

Husayn Boyqaro seemed happy and cheerful. He gave orders, peppering his speech with jokes, laughed and chatted animatedly with Darveshali who sat silently on his horse; he asked Islim Barlos what he thinks about the future battles. When all the preparations were complete, the Sultan Husayn with the usual solemnity set out.

Appearing in Balkh Ministry, Navoiy talked with young employees and seasoned officials familiar with the situation in the area. He spent the night at the Ministry reading books.

The next day, in the afternoon, the poet gathered several employees who seemed to him the most conscientious. When he talked with them on some of the officials, known for their brutality and bribery, a nuker ran into the room.

- Mr. Amir, Mr. Darveshali is brought! - chokingly he shouted.

Overcoming anxiety, Navoiy rapidly ran out into the yard. He met by taking great strides and heading to familiar captain. Approaching to Navoiy the captain stopped and with a respectful bow quietly said, without being able to hide his confusion:

- By the command of His Majesty's Hakan, we brought Darveshali Bek. They say you have to imprison him.

Navoiy got pale and frowned. Looking at the riders at the gate, he saw between four armed Nukers, Darveshali with his hands tied, putting his hands to his chest, Navoiy welcomed and immediately looked away, embarrassed. Darveshali's face was sorrowful. Sadly, shaking his head, he shook hands with his brother.

- What do I see? The mind refuses to believe it! - the poet said, choking with grief and excitement. – Did something unforeseen happen?

- During this time, nothing new had happened. Our enemies want to revenge on us, - said sadly Darveshali. - Do not doubt I'll go to the abode of darkness.

- What do you require of me? - looked Yasavul at Navoiy.

- Write order to the chief of fortress.

- As governor of Balkh you should imprison me, - sadly smiling, said Darveshali.

Navoiy, without answering, went into the house. Entering the room, he took Kalam and paper and began to write the order automatically. His heart ached with pain and his eyes darkened. Suddenly he put down Kalam. «What an insult! Their hands to arrest his brother! For what offense? For the fact that he is an enemy - Majididdin in traitors like him!"

Navoiy's heart was bleeding, but he still had to give the order. If Husayn Boyqaro got angry at him or Darveshali, this would entail even worse consequences. Taking again the Kalam Navoiy finished the last line of the order and signed it. He ordered to door keeper to convey orders to the Nuker Cossack captain. With head bowed and hands clasped the poet had a blazing wide forehead.

"Drag us to get back to us for truthful word! - he thought, shaking with anger. - Yes, as insidious as it's hypocritical! Truly said our grandfathers: Who brought water abased, who broke the pitcher - exalted. Well!. You can bring down upon my head the whole mountain of torture and suffering, but do not force me to join the ranks of your executioners, burglars and drunken people! I agree to give up his life, to leave this homeland, which is dearer to me than life and by a mile, but I will not hide the word of truth! "

## CHAPTER XXX

Togonbek did not participate in the campaign, he was in Herat with Prince Muzaffar Mirza. Feasts, hunting, receptions and games, tuning in for the entertainment of the prince, Togonbek was always beside Muzaffar. On the boards, the prince listened with great attention to Togonbek more than other beks. After the fall of Majididdin Togonbek got more tightly attached to the Prince, showing him a dog's devotion, but he did not forget his old friend and benefactor too.

In his free time of hunting and drinking bouts Togonbek taught the art of war to the jigits of Muzaffar Mirza, among whom were noble youth... On the broad flat areas of the town they learned archery, chopping swords, rushing on horseback and beating with spears. During the exercise of Togonbek the jigits sometimes got amazed at his agility and knowledge of military affairs. Showing them some special reception, he went down on his haunches and drawing the bow end of the earth, told jigits to surround him, where and from whom he learned this technique, what were the fighting qualities of his opponent. He spoke slowly, with pauses counting words, just a drop of medication. Then slowly rose, rolled up sleeves and his wide robe, proudly looking at, his story for enthusiastic listeners ended:

- Once in Samarkand we were heroes. Tomorrow we will show you one of the amazing tricks. Once, when I fought with one swordsman, semimongol, semikipchak, he used an amazing welcome. I was barely saved by his head. Now this technique came to my mind, it's harmless to show it.

One day, returning from a hunting trip, Togonbek went to the garden of Majididdin. It was the end of summer. The trees were so full of many fruits that branches bent almost to the ground. He could not tear his eyes away from flower beds. But the palaces, each of which was a miracle of art, were empty. Besides him there were wandering gardeners and the sons of the deceased Nurbaba, but no one caught his eye.

Going to the door of a large palace, Togonbek met a beautiful slave girl of eighteen, who was carrying water in a copper jug. Togonbek winked at the girl and told her to call the owner.

Majididdin's lightweight white coat came out to greet the guest and invited him to enter.

Since his retirement Majididdin felt as if someone broke down the backboard support of him. Meeting with people he still tried to stay proud and with dignity, but this pride has been artificial. Today, however, Majididdin was very cheerful. Through his people who informed him of any new event that takes place at the yard, Majididdin learned about imprisonment of Darveshali. This gave his heart the hope that the mercy of the sultan would return to him.

Leaning on a large feather pillow, the former vizier said that two days later he would leave to meet the Sultan, who returns from a trip, without having achieved anything.

- The Beks who accompanied the Sultan were the bad soldiers, - Togonbek said scornfully. - The fortress in Hisar, however, is strongly fortified, but they still should take and teach good Sultan Mahmud.

Majididdin was pleased that the sultan returned from a trip with nothing. He was afraid that if Husayn Boyqaro had victory and was flushed with success, he can change his attitude to Alisher and his brother. So he agreed in his soul with respect to the conquest by Togonbek Hisar's fortresses, but did not contradict him. He asked Togonbek to establish friendship and trust between Khadichabegim and Nizomumulk. Togonbek's small eyes narrowed, as if trying to remember something.

- No, - he said, - we do not know about it. However, the sons of Nizomumulk are attempting to strengthen relations with Muzaffar Mirza.

- What are you talking about, my friend! - straightened Majididdin. - Do you understand how dangerous is this friendship for us, the sons of Nizomumulk with the sultan's favorite son?

- We'll wash this danger with wine, - Togonbek laughed.

- What steps are you going to take, lord?

- We will try to embroil them with wine. Majididdin calmed, Togonbek said bye and left.

Two days later, Majididdin with the prince, the vizier, lords and other high-ranking officials, as usual left to meet the Sultan. In two passages from the town they stopped in a large, well-located camp. They met here and spent the night. Various dishes were cooked in large boilers.

In the morning captains rushed to the foaming horses and shouted:

- Sultan rides!

Hurriedly straightened their clothes and mounted their horses. Soon there were the personal servants of the Sultan and said:

- Sultan is close!

Finally, in the distance, over the undulating ridges of the hills, as if fused with the cloudy sky, clouds of dust swirled.

Riders on horses froze. Coney was restlessly turning his head, gnawing at the bit, and the worst of them started kicking. Dust approached, blanketing the air, but their eyes fixed on the road to more clearly distinguish the outlines of people and riders. Anxious anticipation reached its limit. Sultan Husayn, surrounded by lords and personal retinue, was approaching the venue, kept his horse and stopped at thirty-forty paces from the crowd. Those standing in front of the princes came to the sultan and kneeled down, respectfully kissed his outstretched hand. Then they approached the Sultan princes. But their hands were not for everyone. Of the hundreds of nobles, who went to meet them, this honour went to a few, to shake hands was considered a special token of the Sultan.

Following the warlords and nobles Majididdin with a low bow approached to Husayn. But his eyes were eagerly seeking the unseen hands of the Sultan. As if struck by lightning, Majididdin mumbled something about "sacred beauty" to the sovereign and staggered, then stepped aside. He barely climbed onto his horse. Not looking at the former vizier, Husayn Boyqaro drove past.

Among those who accompanied the sultan, Majididdin saw the sad, silent Alisher. He shook hands with confusion and the poet, joining a string of riders went after the sultan.

In the evening, tired and frustrated, he returned home and locked himself in the room. For few days the former vizier did not leave the house, he finally decided to come to the sultan. Dressed as best as possible, Majididdin went to the palace. There he met Eshikoga Boboali and a few nobles and begged them to obtain permission for his reception by the Sultan. Courtiers of pity agreed to fulfill his request.

In anticipation, when the Sultan deigned to accept it, Majididdin walked slowly beside the couch. Garden Jahon oro, as before, lived a carefree life of luxury. With great pride and importance, he was there when he walked, then – the governor and vizier of Sultan! Then the



corner of his eye he did not look at the crowd in the garden of the Beks...

It took quite a long time. Finally, Boboali appeared and said that his desire, unfortunately, cannot be executed. Unable to overwhelm him, Majididdin blushed and then turned pale. Ridicule, which he read in the eyes of Boboali, pricked him like a dagger.

Coming out of the palace, Majididdin went to Togonbek. In a small courtyard surrounded by magnificent buildings, life was seething: well-dressed servants scurried and horsemen were armed with swords and expensive daggers.

Togonbek as always met Majididdin friendly. The former vizier began to complain about the cruelty of the sovereign. Togonbek heard from people about the true discontent of Husayn Boyqaro by Majididdin caused by Nizomumulk and began the most nasty curse words of vizier. Majididdin sighed.

- I offered him my hand to heaven and now he seems to have gone to hell, - he said.

Majididdin admitted to Togonbek, that he decided to turn to mediation of Barlos and his son to somehow get to the sultan. Togonbek approved the plan.

- They must have something in it to exterminate, - said Togonbek.

- Of course, promise them ten thousand dinars.

- To go? Me? - asked Togonbek.

- If I go, it would cause suspicion, - said Majididdin. - Are you on good terms with the father and son Barlos? Except you, I do not rely on anyone. My friends can now be counted on one hand, and yes, they will be afraid to stand up for me.

Togonbek promised to meet with Shujoiddin Muhammad Barlos and his father today.

Majididdin spent days in anxiety and impatience, but a few months before he had received good news from Barlos.

On the appointed day for the reception of Majididdin Barlos came to the palace and was easily admitted by the sultan.

Husayn Boyqaro sitting relaxed on the throne met him, if not with the same attention, but at least friendly. Majididdin in the strongest terms spoke of his love and devotion. On post, the service he had not said a word, but mentioned several times that he considers himself to be the pride of his faithful dog in the sovereign's palace.

After that, he offered as a gift to the Sultan twenty thousand dinars and received permission to retire. The world again seemed to him bright. Eager to celebrate the happy day, Majididdin ran home.

Nizomumulk regained his former greatness. The Sultan himself once called him "a priceless pearl of the state." To preserve his power until the end of life, it was necessary to eliminate all his enemies, of which the most dangerous vizier was considered Majididdin. Therefore, hearing that Majididdin was received by the Sultan, Nizomumulk ran to the couch and under the pretext of the report went to Husayn Boyqaro. The Sultan immediately spoke about Majididdin, referring to the gift received from him. Nizomumulk winced.

- Twenty thousand dinars? Not very generous for the former vizier! If he gave ten times more on the tablecloth it would not be less than crumbs.

- You're not exaggerating? - asked in surprise Husayn Boyqaro.

- Not at all, - said Nizomumulk. – All know about his wealth without exception.

- Where did they come from? - the state concerned.

- Without any exaggeration: half of the money received from the people, got into your coffers, the other half – in the treasury of Majididdin.

Husayn Boyqaro looked suspiciously at his vizier and said that Majididdin was received at the request of Barlos. Seizing the opportunity, Nizomumulk decided to remove from his path Barlos as well.

- I consider it my duty to enlighten his majesty Khakan the terrible crime - he said, bowing to the Sultan and his big body. When your ladyship went camping at Kunduz, Barlos and his son Shujoiddin Muhammad said: "If the sultan is defeated, we'll put on the throne of Prince Uveys Mirza and his faithful servants."

Husayn Boyqaro jumped as if stung. He quickly stood up and shouted, trembling with rage:

- Ungrateful father and son and put Majididdin immediately to jail! Call people!

Nizomumulk immediately brought people who knew how to grab and interrogate state criminals and rob their home. Husayn Boyqaro personally gave them orders. When they left, the Sultan sent for the Emir Ali Atke, a cruel and rude person, and instructed him to bring to the palace all property of Majididdin.

When large chests filled with gold, silver, rubies, pearls and other jewels were taken to the palace Sultan shook his head in amazement. On piles of Indian, Chinese, Egyptian fabrics, carpets, silk and other rarities he had not even seen before.

- Expose him to torture and then get his hoarded wealth in your hands, - in a sly smile whispered Nizomumulk to the Sultan.

Emir Ali Atke respectfully approached to the sultan.

- We need to torture him, - he said. Husayn Boyqaro hesitantly mumbled:

- I tried, but let his life not tolerate damage.

Nizomumulk winced.

A few months later the couch Palace Jahon oro began questioning, being attended by many lords, nobles, courtiers and others. Crimes of Muhammad Barlos and his son remained unproven and they were released; as a defendant from jail Majididdin was alone in chains.

The former vizier was hunched and thin, his hair and beard were gray. After the official questioning Nizomumulk signaled. Clerks and petty officials, who worked under the command of Majididdin, one after another began to go to the middle of the room and denigrate him. In their words the truth mixed with exaggerations, accusations contradicted one another. In the end, Majididdin was forced to take care of all charges and the interrogation ended. Shortly thereafter, Nizomumulk said to Majididdin, that by paying a large amount of money he can achieve liberation. Majididdin agreed and sold the remainder of his property and land and as designed with Nizomumulk, the former vizier remained poor.

After all tests he could not stay at home. His possibility was a new unexpected attack by Nizomumulk.

One evening in the old house, where he now had to live with the family, Majididdin met with Togonbek. They had a long conversation over the flickering flame of a candle. Majididdin remembered his life, howling his case. Finally, he said with deep sadness:

- The biggest mistake in my life was my feud with Alisher Navoiy. More than twenty years ago I started to act against Alisher. You know, honestly if Alisher entered.

- It's true, - said Togonbek and lowered his head. - Alisher knows tricks. He is a very honest man.

- Yes, - agreed Majididdin, sighing. - In anger, he is sincere and sincere pity. Always sincere. What can you do - time is missed, errors cannot be corrected.

Togonbek tried to console Majididdin. Afraid to disappoint his former patron, he cautiously hinted his willingness to help Majididdin with money. They should talk about much, but the time was late. Togonbek apologized and stood up. Majididdin stood up and hugged Togonbek:

- Goodbye, my friend, my brother... It's hard to say whether we will meet again.

Togonbek looked at him.

- I'm going on a pilgrimage. Leaving at dawn they all were ready for the journey. If you can, sometimes visit my family, I will be very happy in this life and in that, my brother, my dear friend, - tearfully said Majididdin.

- Is it decided? - asked excitedly Togonbek.

- Resolved, - answered with a sigh Majididdin. Togonbek embraced him still being in paradise.

- I wish you a safe journey! – he said and disappeared in the darkness.

## CHAPTER XXXI

Although winter's long night recently dropped its dark veil, it reigned in profound silence of Unsiya. Candles in all rooms were burning. In one of them few poets, headed by Asif led a lively conversation, in the other - the scribes copied books, in an adjacent room Sheikh Sahib Daro sat frowning at the chessboard.

Navoiy, after evening prayers went around the library, then went to his room. Taking off candlestick from the shelves, he knelt on a low bench covered with a small carpet. He decided to end the "Assembly of celebrities."

Taking a pen, he wrote on the paper, confiding his thoughts and feelings.

"Meeting celebrities" was a bunch of flowers of creativity of several hundred poets. Navoiy recalled poets and poetry scholars involved, the inhabitants of Khorasan and Maverannakhr, being still alive or those who permanently closed his eyes. He had known many of them and he exchanged correspondence with the most. Among

them were both friends and enemies, but Navoiy talked about their lives, characters, abilities, strengths and weaknesses quite impartially. Few words about the poet's life, another few about his character as a man and few ones was an assessment of his work. Countless manifestations of human nature - bright, dim, colorless dark - came to life in front of Navoiy. An interesting shapes and the vile, pathetic and funny images reflected in the mirror of his imagination! Sometimes the face of Navoiy flashed with a smile; poets, artists, scientists, good or bad, smart or stupid - all they owned the word. Therefore, about each of them he had to say mething in that book.

Surrounded by thoughts Navoiy did not notice as the night fell. He put the kalam<sup>1</sup> down. His fingers ached. Leaning against the wall, the poet bowed his head and sank into deep thought. He remembered the patient Jami. His heart trembled. When Jami visited him, he was disturbed by his condition.

"We had him hand in these rights", - thought Navoiy.

The concern possessed him so much that he decided to go himself. He rose from his seat, blew out the candle. The cold wind stung at the face and was clinging his clothes. The sky was dark and gloomy. Far away, in the square, the bonfires of watchmen and nukers were darkening the night. Somewhere he heard sounds of ringing lute and chang. The voice singing his ghazal was set to music. Several drunken young men came out of the narrow alley and hid behind the wall of the madrassahs; Navoiy heard familiar voices of young poets.

Before the gates and brightly lit yard of Jami Navoiy saw people, scurrying anxiously. They were relatives of Jami, his friends and family... Navoiy entered the house. The friends of the sick man were standing beside him. Son of Jami, Ziyoiddin Yusuf, sat at his feet and his father looked swollen from weeping eyes. Navoiy sank to his knees in front of the patient and, leaning his face, uttered few words of love and sorrow. Alas, the eyes of the wise man were not open. Jami was unconscious. Navoiy sadly looked at the doctor Abdulhay, skillful doctor just shook his head helplessly. Alisher's feet was shaking, tears were streaming from his eyes. He with fatherly love stroked the head of Ziyoiddin. None of those present could hold, all wept bitterly.

Jami briefly regained consciousness, then again lost it. Navoiy did not leave the patient's bedside. Giyosiddin Dehdor continuously

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<sup>1</sup> Ancient writing utensil

read the Koran over him. Then he started carrying out some manners of Nakshbandiy.

The next day, the situation deteriorated for Jami and soon ended with a death in his arms. For the funeral they were going to fly to Herat. Great poet and Sheikh had to be solemnly interred near the tomb of Sadaddin Kashgar.

On the seventh day after the death of Jami, Navoiy arranged a memorial ceremony. Thousands of people were handed out treats. Poets read poems dedicated to Jami.

In the evening Navoiy felt tired and went home. He felt orphaned. The poet recalled with pain his friends kidnapped by the hand of death, sadly thinking about the eternal struggle between life and death. Like a wounded eagle with mighty wings was beating itself against the rocks, looking for a safe heaven for himself, his mind trying to find a safety in home.

So thinking all of these he wrote one ghazal which meant the following in English:

*How not to drag me to the wine, when the heart of oppression  
And he fought me swarm disasters and worries.  
Look at the world. How to solve all the mysteries of nature  
The more you look, the stronger the confusion grows  
In essence the sun and the beam and the atom beam in  
Partly, perhaps, my mind will find the way;  
But as my coming to understand the world and how to  
understand the care?  
What to believe, where to learn that we are waiting for the  
coffin.  
I got into science, but they have not found the answer -  
Support of faith is not removed from my soul burdens.  
Seeking a clue being, doubt ill,  
In vain I was friends with many people from year to year  
Tabib not cured me, and helped me sheikh  
Mentor taught me a feast, but not helped and that.  
All his commandments I religiously performed,  
But my illness burned me, and still burns.  
Exhausted my patience, my unbearable burden,  
And there is no way back to me, and there is no way forward.  
In potatory house I trudged, confused and lonely.*

*Wines I ask, and in the hands of a broken crock.*

These thoughts were born of inspiration, most of them suited to the present mood of the poet. With regard to the truths before which worshiped hundreds of years, this view seemed most reasonable, although the question - the father of philosophy and the conductor to the truth, the idea could not elect its permanent home - told Navoiy to himself.

Hearing the voice of Sheikh Bahlul, who asked for permission to enter, the poet raised low bowed head. His trusted servant placed before him few folded different pieces of paper and left. Navoiy moved a candle and began to view the paper. They were requests on the help by two students who came from Bukhara and Samarkand, and letters of burdened years by a widow of one of the poet describing his plight, the complaints of farmers and craftsmen about tax collectors to headmen of villages and rulers dogs.

In one familiar letter the master-builder requested for protection from the prince Abdulmuhsin Mirza, who tried to dishonour his family. Navoiy reread his complaint and shook his head in disgust.

"My God, if only this beast in the shape of the human did not get the power!" - he thought and put the letter in a special folder.

He began to wonder how he would satisfy these complaints and calmed down only after he mentally resolved all these issues.

Having performed the evening prayer, Navoiy went to work. Suddenly there was a noise in the yard. A moment later, Darveshali came into the room through the pavement. Brothers joyfully greeted. Darveshali said that the Balkh authorities on orders from Herat unexpectedly released him.

- If only it all ended well, - he continued. - I do not know whether it's his sincere kindness or flowers laid poison.

Navoiy raised his eyebrows as if to say: "I do not know." Darveshali was interested in the details of events about which he heard something in Balkh. Navoiy told him that the triumph of Majididdin ended. His voice was full of anger, the irony, the wise regret about human weaknesses. Darveshali was happy.

- Exposing the abominations that Majididdin had done, without a doubt was a big deal, - said Navoiy. - But the roots have not yet taken out. Proteges of Majididdin built their nests in all public places. However, they are now strongly reviled the former vizier, but their

insatiable womb still continues to absorb the fruits of the work of the people. A new vizier uses them as a weapon to rob people.

- Nizomumulk? - opened his eyes in surprise Darveshali.

Navoiy laughed:

- You are very naive! Try everything only slightly. There are villains, hiding behind the cloak of angels and sheikhs sell their lies to the people saying that they are telling the truth, there are ignoramuses with an armful of books under their arms who call themselves scientists. At the head of our state there is no noble people with a clear conscience, they think only about the benefits from the people. That is why the life will never flourish.

- Has the sultan ignored your views about the need for innovation?

- In our country, - said angrily Navoiy, - those who talk about innovation are considered as rebels and the reward for them is gallows.

Darveshali said nothing. At this time Valibek came in. He said that he had just heard about the arrival of Darveshali and hurried to see him. Navoiy, as always, warmly greeted Valibek and struck up a conversation.

Valibek told them that the case concerning Badiuzzamon who planned to raise in Astrabad and began negotiations with Kandahar's governor Zулnun Argun has come down to him.

Navoiy excitedly listened to Valibek. Unable to resist, he slapped his knee and said, trembling with excitement:

- All this is close to the truth! Not only Badiuzzamon, but all other princes pose black intentions. Even such a bold, straightforward as Zулnun Argunbek, becomes a rebel! And why not? Argunbek did not do anything wrong in Kandahar. He took a good care of the nukers, their number is constantly growing. But in Herat there are people who envy him. A handful of people who can only destroy and destroy, all the time before the sovereign revile him. Here Argunbek is looking for a defender. Badiuzzamon decided to take advantage of this opportunity.

- Have you already heard about this case? - asked in surprise Valibek.

- No, - said Navoiy.

- You are so correctly outlined his reasons.



- From your words only conclusion can be done, - said Navoiy and continued: however, at the present we cannot afford such troubles. There is no greater crime than needlessly to shed blood and tear the country apart. Covered with ashes of hypocritical friendship and affection, hostility can ignite fires. Poisoned daggers, hidden in his sleeve, can suddenly sparkle with hatred and anger. Oh, if we could hope that some prince could make something good instead which is useful for the country. But none!

- That's right, - said thoughtfully Valibek. - Members of the royal house live together, like a cat and a dog. There is feud in the army. We are lords fighting against each other.

- The descendants of Timur hitherto have not been cured of this disease. If only it would have ended with goodness! – Darveshali remarked.

A tablecloth was set, but no one wanted to eat, just tasted dishes slightly. When Valibek with Darveshali said goodbye and left, Navoiy immediately took pen and paper and began to write a letter to Baddiuzaman. Some phrases sounded harsh. They were like a tick, glaring at the prince's heart. Rereading the letter, Navoiy pondered them; however, he did not change a single word. His heart was lighter, as if the smoke cleared his enveloping soul. The poet went to bed.

The next day, after breakfast, Navoiy sent to Astrabad a reliable messenger with the letter, telling him to personally hand it to Badiuzzamon. Then he went to bed. Scribes fixed feathers and chatted among themselves. When Navoiy entered the room they suddenly fell into silence. Among them an old man who had served in the reign of Shahrukh Mirza and boys with just sprouting mustaches came across. Going through the space for scribes, Navoiy walked into the room at the backside of the building. There was no one except Nizomumulk. The first vizier in an embroidered robe was seated on satin pillows. Rising, he politely greeted the poet and showed him the place beside him.

- I'm ready to have your person in any service, - he said, smiling hypocritically.

Navoiy pulled out a stack of papers and put them in front of Nizomumulk.

- These issues need to be resolved as soon as possible - he said. Nizomumulk unfolded and read the papers one after another.

- Mr. Emir does not have to spend precious time on such matters, - he said, pushing his thick eyebrows.

- Why? - asked Navoiy.

- When you listen to people, you are - drowned in the bang. They can simply say: do not bother me and find consent among themselves - smiling said Nizomumulk and continued: - And why did they turn to your high personage? There are government offices and officials to parse these cases.

- People do not expect officials to facilitate their ailments, - said Navoiy. - These people pierce their throat with daggers and violence.

- People look at officials with unkind eyes - said Nizomumulk. - They always have done so.

- The people are not guilty - said the poet. -No one treats a person like a snake well.

- Those who are being blamed now, actually, are the faithful friends of the government! - exclaimed Nizomumulk, beginning to feel irritated. - Anyway, it is not good to forget their dignity and merit.

- In our country - said excitedly Navoiy - we have prison sentences and chain gallows. For whom? In fair states, such measures are applied only against the oppressors. We have loyal service provided by the “faithful friends” which harms the country.

The first vizier trembled. He stared at Navoiy and so read on his face enormous strength, inflexible will, rage, ready to break and crush all around. Nizomumulk rose hastily. He called one of his subordinates and handed him the complaints and petitions and said:

- Go immediately to qozi? and examine with him the contents of these papers.

Officer was leaving the room when Navoiy gestured to stop him.

- When will you let us know the results of the complaints? The official, somewhat confused, replied with a bow:

- Your high personage? Once the verification and investigation will be finished, I, the same day, will tell you personally about this.

Navoiy went outside. The sun was hidden by the clouds. Slowly passing on the road lined with square brick tiles, the poet went to the main palace. After waiting for a short time, Navoiy received permission to see the Sultan Husayn Boyqaro, because lately he rarely met with “approximate Sultan”, or as a result of those in a good mood, he kindly received Alisher. **For a while they talked about insignificant matters. Basic passions remain the mark not only on appearance but**

also on the spiritual features of the Sultan. It was not consistent. For no apparent reason, he began to praise someone who seemed to meet him before, he did kiss. And then suddenly as he unjustly asked for ink when received somebody. But his eyes shone, as before, cunning and guile. Waiting for a suitable moment in conversation, Navoiy took a letter and its iodine from his pocket. Sultan Husayn Boyqaro closely held the letter to bleary-eye and read it silently, then placed it on his knees. His face twitched painfully. He seemed to say: «How do you bring such boring stuff?»

Navoiy boldly looked at the Sultan, as though demanding an answer. Finally, Husayn Boyqaro again took the letter in his hands.

- What kind of punishment or penalty do you find appropriate? - he asked and, without waiting for an answer, he began to complain about his unworthy sons.

Navoiy noted that members of the royal family should serve as a model for all decency and decorum, and he, unfortunately, sees something quite the opposite.

- It is a matter of conscience of your Majesty, - continued Navoiy. - Before the laws and regulations of the state both the king and the beggar must bow. I infinitely told you about this again and again, and I will repeat the same once again.

Husayn Boyqaro promised to consult with Sheikh ul-islam and punish his son according to the laws of prophet. Then Navoiy bowed and left.

The frozen at night ground melted in the sun and became covered with mud. Not liking dirty shoes, Navoiy carefully walked along the roadside. The poet greeted passers respectfully and gave way. Without going into Unsiya, the poet was held in one of the buildings that was behind the madrassah. On a large yard, surrounded on all sides by buildings and aivans<sup>1</sup>, servants were scurrying. Some wash up piles of clay cups and dishes, while others carried water in large jugs or plugged their belt floors of clothing; some put a fire under the huge, standing in a row, boilers, wiping watery eyes from the smoke. Purplish-red, like beefy cocks, cooks with roughly hewn wooden spoons and ladles in their hands were busy over the boilers. Here Navoiy daily distributed food to the poor and orphans.

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<sup>1</sup> Terrace, penthouse

Approaching the chef he asked what was prepared for today. As chef laid meat, bacon, grits and others laughed at funny verses about cooking art, which he has heard. Cooks are also not left in debt.

- Oh, you are a lot here! - said, smiling Navoiy. - Bite once and rend me apart.

The order of food, without the slightest delay, went to Navoiy in Unsiya.

After resting in his room, he played chess with the emir Mirtoz.

After the noon prayer, they went out together from madrassahs. Hanakah lived their normal, full of majesty, calm life. Servants, quietly stepping, performed their usual work. Navoiy led his companion into the room of Mirkhond. The elderly scattered, like all scientists, and inclined to riotous living, the historian and the greatest chronicler of his time, - welcomed the guests. Making them feel welcome, the twelve year old grandson of Mirkhond Giyosiddin Khondamir politely greeted them. Navoiy loved this boy as his own son. He hastily assembled and folded Books for his grandfather. Then, leaving the former place, he sat down at a distance and stared at his grandfather and his guest's smart, attentive eyes. Friendly, without undue ceremony, inquiring about the health of Mirkhond, Navoiy spoke with his grandson. Chatting about this boy's abilities gave him great pleasure. He asked what new history books he read during that time in Giyosiddin. Khondamir named several major works, the choices of which Navoiy and Emir Mirtoz approved.

The boy spent all his time with his grandfather, who at the suggestion of Navoiy lived for many years in this room and from the morning until the evening wrote great historical work "The Garden of purity." Scholars, poets and artists constantly surrounded him. Listening to their conversations, the boy imbued more desire for knowledge and especially liked the story. He had already read a lot of historical works and studied book after book of the complete works of his grandfather. Mirkhond was the old man who was proud of his grandson.

- Praise be to Allah, he is now my assistant: he rewrites my works and if my weak eyes are hard to read some old, poorly written manuscript - he fluently reads it aloud to me. I have dedicated my life story and I think that after my death, this science will not be orphaned.

Agreeing in this with the old scientist, Navoiy inquired as to how he was getting on with the “Garden of purity.” Mirkhond took several notebooks lying in a niche and said:

- We ended the fourth volume. I beg you to take it home, read it and tell me your opinion.

Navoiy leafed the notebook and scanned the individual chapters with interest, then put the manuscript in a folder to take them with him.

- Life is short like lightning - sadly said Mirkhond. – Destined am I to finish the rest of the volume...

- You're not going anywhere until you write the promised work. We all cling to the floors of your gown - joked Navoiy.

- Today you look sad, said Emir Mirtoz. - Drink a few cups of wine and the soul will become clear as the spring sky.

- Right - said Navoiy. - Do not give up the habit of drinking wine: it accelerates the iron and melts the angst, grief and sorrow.

Mirkhond denied that wine cleanses the heart dedicated to God. His words sounded of modesty befitting a dervish. Navoiy liked the mental softness of the historian, his deep poetry, his old age, his soul has been enriched by the bright colors of spiritual perfection and become more meaningful.

Sultonmurod also came as several scholars and poets. Chatting rejuvenated. Scientists talked about the works on which they worked. They consulted with Navoiy on significant aspects of several questions about specific uncertainties, reported him about their views on some critics. Everyone wanted Navoiy to approve his work. Sultonmurod said that he would like to write a book “Collection of Sciences,” that would include the most important information on all branches of knowledge. Navoiy warmly welcomed the idea.

The clock struck five. Watches made by Mirak Naqqosh were at Mirkhond’s special room. These watches were in a big box; there was a human figure holding a stick in his hands in the box. Hitting with a stick a small drum, the figure regularly beats time. Today, the conversation was so entertaining that no one could hear the loud struck of hours. Even small Khondamir who always followed with interest the progress of hours, forgot about them. Only when the

muazzin<sup>1</sup> shouted the call to prayer in the sparkling sunset minaret, they hastily gathered up and left.

## CHAPTER XXXII

Concerning the recent agreement with Hissar, both parties considered it temporary. Frustrated by the unsuccessful campaign, Husayn Boyqaro sensitively listened to what was happening with the enemies. For its part, the Hissars did not even for a moment forget about the old foes and did not put the sword in its sheath. They were filled with joy, as experienced in military affairs, when the sultan came with a great army, but could not do anything and was forced to be content with the world. The Hissars didn't stop scheming and plotting against Herat.

After three or four years after the conclusion of peace in 1497, Husayn Boyqaro led a huge army to Hissar. Son of the sultan Muzaffar Mirza and other princes with their jigits were in the campaign.

Husayn Boyqaro stopped on the banks of the Amu Darya River, across from Termez. Badiuzzamon Mirza came from Astrabad to support him. The enemy army under the command of Sultan Masud Mirza camped in Termez on the banks of the River... Winter time and the large number of enemy troops prevented Sultan Husayn from active operations so he had to spend the winter on the banks of Amudaryo. At the first sign of spring Husayn Boyqaro, abandoning the idea of defeating the enemy head-on, decided to strike the side. Along the coast of the Amu Darya he moved up to Kunduz! Five nimble jigits received orders to cross the river.

When the group was hidden from the enemy place, they crossed the river and strengthened Sultan Masood, camping not far from Hisar he raised his head. Rather than break across the Amu Darya enemy unit, his soldiers fled in disarray to Hissar. The advantage was in the confusion of the enemy, so Husayn Boyqaro moved with his army and sent Badiuzzamon with several lords to Kunduz. Husayn Sultan himself came to Hisar and besieged fortress.

Despite the complete confusion of the enemy troops and the flight of some chiefs, the Hissar fortress still remained impregnable.

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<sup>1</sup> Prayer-caller

Making a camp under its walls, Husayn Boyqaro began looking for a way to conquer the castle. Lords, experienced in the siege, diligently attached to fortress walls, tried to find their vulnerabilities. Inwardly seething Togonbek had warlike rage and feelings of youth. It seemed as if he just started to live again. He longed to make some amazing feat and excel before proud Barlos lords, convinced that they have mastered the science of war while still in the womb. The desire to attract the attention of the sovereign prince made Togonbek's heart fluttered.

Day and night was in full swing. Hundreds of jigits fortified castle at the foot of large overturned boilers filled with explosives. They were sure that powerful explosions would shatter the walls. Other horsemen, by selecting a specific portion of the fortress wall, threw huge boulders with the help of simple adaptations. On the top of that thick walls one could drive a cart and remain unshaken. Defenders with wide teeth were hidden behind the walls and showered enemy's nuclei. The kernel flew very far and mutilated men and horses. Great warriors obviously were in the camp of the enemies.

The jigits besieged by throwing and huddling under the walls doused with boiling water.

Husayn Boyqaro pitched his tent away from the fortress, to the north side of it. Herculean body and tireless Grunt was very weakened. Now he sat on the horse and moved in the royal carriage or on a stretcher. The Sultan was very concerned with the idea that the campaign would end again unsuccessfully. Sometimes he was angry, not seeing success, sometimes he persuaded jigits not to despair and told them about the heroic deeds of their ancestors. The luxurious tent of the sovereign did not stop feasting and entertaining for one day.

Warlike lords were eagerly awaiting the heady days of the battle. Sometimes the enemies organized some entertainment for them. At night, in the deep darkness of the gate, hundreds of heroes went out and like a black storm flew to the camp. Cries tore through the night. It was short but merciless fight. It took a little time and the remnants of the enemy unit disappeared in huge fortified gate.

Togonbek was restless. That was when it seemed to him that the hour has come for quite a feat, such a feat, to which all trials will pale the Barlos haughty lords.

Togonbek with inexhaustible energy was preparing to storm the fortress. He taught jigits how to make high scaling ladders. Selecting

the group of nimble fellows, one night he ordered to go to different places to put the ladders to the fortress wall. Horsemen with swords, spears, bows and arrows, some were even wearing armor - boldly climbed the walls. Excited shouts were heard in the fortress. Climbing horsemen were thrown down.

But that did not stop Togonbek. Day and night in the most unexpected places, he, acting with unusual alacrity, again and again attacked the fortress.

The siege lasted for eighteen months. They were used to all known methods of siege, but to no avail. Both sides showed the same courage and dedication of the sons of the nation, subordinate to two sovereigns, not inferior to each other in valor.

Husayn Boyqaro was possessed by despair. Hearing that Badiuzzamon who was defeated by Husravshoh, was sent to Kunduz, the Sultan Husayn finally lost his faith in success of the campaign. Precipitated Hissar endured cruel suffering. Both parties were aware of each other. At such moments, the thought of the world appears as if by itself.

To soften the mutual hostility or cover up their failure, Husayn Boyqaro expressed his desire to intermarry with the enemy. The envoys of both sides met and agreed. Husayn Boyqaro took his daughter to marry Sultan Mahmud, the father of Haydar Mirza. After the wedding festivities, the sultan with his army hurried away from Hissar to Balkh.

Husayn Boyqaro decided to leave Badiuzzamon in Balkh, appointing him the governor of the city. Subservient Badiuzaman intended to give Astrabad to his favorite son Muzaffar Mirza. Such was the desire of the beloved wife of the sovereign - Khadichabegim. Sultan Husayn consulted about this with Nizomumulk, the first vizier, wishing to curry favor with the Khadichabegim endorsed the intention of the sovereign.

Badiuzzamon agreed to take the place of the governor of Balkh, but asked to give Astrabad to his young son Mumin Mirza. This began whispering in corners. Togonbek inspired Muzaffar Mirza:

- We could not conquer the Hissar fortress, but now it's time to grab an iron fortress of your happiness, your future. Do not sit idly by, Prince!

Muzaffar Mirza firmly told his father about his demands.



Husayn Boyqaro arranged a solemn meeting with the participation of all lords, senior officials and confidants. Calling Badiuzzamon and Muzaffar Mirza, he announced his decision, and, according to tradition, demanded from them «expressions» humility and then he put a robe on Muzaffar Mirza embroidered with gold.

Badiuzzamon saw the actions of his father's injustice and considered himself disgraced.

Leaving Balkh, Husayn Boyqaro headed to the capital. Badiuzzamon, solemnly escorting his father sent a letter to Astrabad, where he ordered to his son not to let Muzaffar Mirza to enter Astrabad and, if necessary, to show him an armed resistance.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### I

Being weary with a march, Husayn Boyqaro dreamed about resting in Heart, where there were calm cheerful life of music and wine, singing ghazals in his love for beautiful women. But according to the verdict of fate, the star of his happiness disappeared behind the clouds. In the capital, the news about Badiuzzamon gathering strength began to come one after another, there was a rebellion. He heavily influenced his elder father.

When the external enemy entered the earth, Sultan Husayn mutiny was not just upset but angry, strongly and persistently preparing to march. But Badiuzzamon, his eldest son, was his heir. Was it possible to meet with him on the battlefield? This thought was a decision of life for the sultan. He invited Alisher and told what had happened, expecting for a wise advice. Alisher was also upset. It is a pity that Badiuzzamon did not obey his sincere advice. What to do now? Alisher was deep in thoughts.

The man who has ruled in Khorasan for nearly thirty years was sitting here and nearly for thirty years the poet was close to the sovereign. Navoiy knew all his weaknesses, his flaws. The sultan often acted unreasonably, insidiously. The poet himself has undergone a lot of resentment from him and injustices. At times he hated the sultan and cursed him. However, Husayn Boyqaro for almost three decades conserved power. During this time, a lot of enemies eyed to Khorasan. One never knows that today conspirators, burning with the desire to tear apart Khorasan, divide it into regions or Khanates. The

mighty will of the sovereign hunched, powerful arms that firmly restrained before the horse and sword slashed valiantly, they were trembling. Yet now he was ready to defend his state from any enemy, wherever it may appear. He still was the most reliable, though shaken, raft state?. Perhaps Badiuzzamon will unseat his father from the throne when he gets hold of him, but if it happens, at least ten of the fourteen princes like loose rabid dogs rush into a fight and claw each other's throats.

- It is necessary to prevent a disaster in the state, - said Navoiy.

- How? - dejectedly asked the sultan. - Give sensible advice.

- Reasonable advice is, - said Navoiy, - we still have time to make an attempt to appeal to the conscience mind of Badiuzzamon. Try to awaken love and trust in his heart.

After a pause, Navoiy continued:

- It is necessary to forget past grievances and strengthen sincere friendship, love and loyalty.

- So, do not we need to fight?

- It is not necessary, - said Navoiy. - Neither party is fighting for the truth, on the contrary, all these feuds are the fruit of competition and ignorance. Hence, shedding a drop of blood is a great crime.

- I did not think of shedding the blood, - said Husayn Boyqaro. - But what if an unworthy son does not understand our good desires?

- If the son cannot conceive of love and affection, the duty of the father hit him with a stick on his neck, - said Navoiy.

Husayn Boyqaro's relief rose. After a brief pause, he asked Navoiy to assume the mediation. Navoiy replied without hesitation:

- To do this good deed, your humble servant will not retreat before any difficulties.

## II

The sultan's decision to extinguish the insurgency through peaceful negotiations immediately became known everywhere. Some courtiers and nobles grieved: they expected to warm up by the fire of civil strife, standing at the head of the discontented vizier Nizomumulk and Togonbek. Nizam al-Mulk was most frightened by Navoiy's role in this matter. He feared that the Sultan, who would be grateful for the fulfillment of an important assignment by the poet, would again bring him to the coach.

Togonbek did not want a reconciliation with the son of the sultan for some other reasons as well. He intended to go to Muzaffar Mirza in Astrabad and there finally realize their long conceived plans. Badiuzzamon today or tomorrow will make up with Muzaffar Mirza and the disorder in the country will increase, the storm will dump the old feuds of Husayn Boyqaro, punishment will be as rotten wood. It was then that he, Togonbek, will give to Muzaffar Mirza the throne and send the rook into the desired state for themselves.

On the day of departure from Herat Navoiy and Togonbek went to Nizomumulk. Sons of vizier - Kemal al-Din Husayn and Amid- al-Mulk - respectfully held them to the guest room and offered the seats on a velvet cushion. Next to these fine, educated young people Togonbek felt uncomfortable. Kamal al-Din Husayn whose voice was as enjoyable as a flute, spoke about various subjects. He was so funny talking about some trifle that Togonbek involuntarily laughed. When the elder brother paused, the junior one tried to get Togonbek to talk about military affairs. Togonbek answered abruptly: he eagerly looked from the door, the window. At this time, Nizomumulk went into the room in dimensional steps. He greeted the guests and majestically, like in the couch cushions, had his seat. Togonbek was shied to talk with sons of vizier. Nizomumulk apparently realized this and began to talk, as if to reassure the guest.

- Today we sent Mr. Navoiy to Balkh, - he said, stroking his thick beard.

- We wish him success, - said sarcastically Togonbek. - Of course he will be able to lead one thousand and one arguments in proof of his words and assure the prince. I do not doubt about it.

- Alisher Navoiy, - said Nizomumulk, considering the decorations of his embroidered robe, - loves Badiuzzamon, Mirza's father. He, of course, is able to influence on the prince.

Togonbek thought a little, pinching a sparse beard, and looking at all of them with little fast eyes, said quietly:

- In fact, the father of the prince had to ride to Balkh. Then the matter probably will be settled.

Nizam al -Mulk and his sons smiled slyly. Kamal al-Din Husayn supported Togonbek, but exaggerated and even remembered poems befitting the occasion of some unknown poet. Togonbek, who annoys excessive refinement and subtlety in the manners of these people, frowned.

Then he spoke about Nizomumulk and his goals began to emerge, but he still did not say anything about which way they can prevent Navoiy from carrying out his plan. Togonbek also didn't dare to make any hasty bid.

Finally, Nizomumulk promised to consider this matter and after consulting with some princes, decided to take action. He assured Togonbek that he could lay hands on the sovereign. Togonbek, without finding it necessary, asked for details about the rise. Vizier advised him influence to Muzaffar Mirza and Khadichabegim in the right direction. Togonbek nodded.

- It can help us, - he said with confidence.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### I

The sun was on the horizon. Far away, in the hills, the evening shadows were wandering. In the fields, which ran along the great caravan road, the wind raised new waves. Navoiy with his companions, leaving the last caravanserai before Balkh, rode slowly forward, urging his weary horse on a multi-day road. Sometimes he absently threw few words to his companions and pointed to some details of the landscape, then again fell silent. Far away, there features of an ancient fortress appeared. The horse, feeling the approach to the housing, rode faster.

Groves of spreading trees were fluttering dust clubs. Soon, the travelers saw a crowd of people hurrying to meet them - Prince Badiuzzamon, surrounded by personal bodyguards and approximate, went to greet the poet.

Approaching, Badiuzzamon quickly dismounted and bowed to Navoiy and greeted him. He politely asked about the health of the poet, the difficulties of the road. His companions met Alisher and shook his hand.

Navoiy, in turn, asked about the mood and well-being of Badiuzzamon, then side by side with the prince, who was sitting on a richly decorated horse, the poet entered the Balkh. In the city, people excitedly and joyfully welcomed Alisher.

In the evening Badiuzzamon gave a magnificent feast in honour of Navoiy. Dishes, bowls and pitchers were all made of gold and silver. Badiuzzamon, who was famous for the ability to accept and treat, that day emphasized the order, taste and subtlety of

conversation, music and other entertainment. The reason of Navoiy's arrival was known to Prince, but neither one nor the other mentioned a word about it. The poet being weary by the tiresome road, looked forward to the end of the feast.

The next day, after the breakfast, Navoiy, left alone at the prince, started talks about his youth, Badiuzzamon was a disciple of the poet as many sovereigns and princes of the genius Timur, Badiuzzamon loved poetry and from time to time himself wrote poems. He treated Navoiy with great respect, conversation with the poet always gave him pleasure.

Navoiy recounted prince on the situation of the state and said that he had come to eliminate differences, hostility and resentment. He backed up his words with countless examples from history, trying to act on the mind and conscience of the prince. However, he did not hesitate to speak openly about Badiuzaman being offensive to his pride of truth on which the prince then turned pale, then blushed.

- All my life I wanted to see such a sovereign, who would be a perfect man, but unfortunately, I've only seen him in dreams - said Navoiy. - You know and remember who I mean, and if you forgot - read another tale of Iskander. That's a real master, a treasure of virtues. You do not have a shadow of his merits. You are not fit him even nukers. - Badiuzzamon dropped his head. With a deep breath, as if tormented by psychic pain, he began to complain of the injustice of his father. Finally he said:

- Rejecting the request of such a great teacher, as you would be a felony. Because of love to you I give my consent to call you and ask my father to establish justice and fairness.

Navoiy was happy. Wishing prince a success, he asked about the situation in the area, and then he went out to see his friends.

It took three or four days. One day, after returning home, the poet learned from the servants that Badiuzzamon entered the room where sat the prince, Navoiy found him gloomy and sad. The poet asked incredulously:

- Why do you want to see me?

Badiuzzamon said nothing. He took a piece of paper from under a pillow, turned and handed it to Navoiy. Running the paper with eyes, the poet trembled with anger. Husayn Boyqaro's letter addressed to the Bek of Fortress in Balkh, stated: "If Badiuzzamon Mirza leaves

the fortress, when he returns, do not let him back and immediately imprison him."

Assuming that the letter was a scam, Navoiy attentively examine printing and his doubts immediately dispelled.

- That's what love is to our father and his faithfulness to his word, - sadly said Badiuzzamon. - If my nukers concealed this letter from me, I would probably be sitting in a prison right now. But no! Glory of hypocrisy is exposed!

Navoiy put the letter before the prince and said nothing. Really - his talks with Badiuzzamon became extremely ambiguous. He cursed Husayn Boyqaro and his associates for the despicable act of the conspirators.

- Alas! - he said, getting up. - There is no reason or conscience in rulers. The spirit of deceit and hypocrisy swallowed up their dignity. There was no sense in their speeches, no shame in their actions. Such terrible misfortune was not yet revealed.

Badiuzzamon raised his head. He said that he knows how to clean the poet's heart, as his lofty thoughts, but, despite his love to Navoiy, it was not possible to talk about the world affairs.

- Then let the shame and disgrace of history, the whole world fall on you both. Let the son and his father strangle each other on the battlefield! In the name of personal strife, hatred and greed fill the earth with the blood of blessed homeland! For you, this power, courage, heroism is Rustam. With every drop of blood spilled unjustly, you will always win but covered with shame before history. Use this opportunity, hurry to show all your bad qualities!

In anger, Navoiy went out of the tent and ordered his companions to prepare for departure.

## II

Badiuzzamon assembled lords and jigits who knew military affairs well. Discussions included a set of forces, increasing the stocks of weapons and equipment and the place where they want to fight against the forces of Sultan Husayn. After this, the intensive preparations were not interrupted day and night. Having no experience in military affairs, Badiuzzamon was confused. At his request, Zулnun Argunbek and his son Shah Shujobek came from Kandahar and took matters into their own hands. Zулnun Beg Argun, a simple, gruff old man seen a lot of fighting in his life, despite his advanced years,

retained the heroic view. A lot of madness were in his words and actions, but this quality adorned him as braids of beauty? His son Shah Shujo was at the age when the soul of hero is revealed in its entirety. In his childhood, he accompanied his father in the battle, watching the war as an interesting spectacle and hacked the sword and hardened, breathing the air of battle.

Preparation for the war was not yet finished when the rumor that Husayn Boyqaro hastily marched came. Badiuzzamon somehow led his troops in order and camped in Tangdara. Strong outposts were placed around the camp. To determine the size of the enemy forces the spies were secretly sent. Camp was vigilantly guarded at night; the advanced detachments of the enemy could not make a surprise attack.

One evening bonfires blazed on the horizon showed the camped troops of the Sultan Husayn. All night the camp of Badiuzzamon was in full swing. Hundreds of empty wagons were collected and interconnected with thick chains. Bows and arrows were under the cover of these carts. Horsemen checked harness horses, then began to polish weapon. At dawn warriors in chain mail and helmets mounted their horses, divided into right and left wing, frozen in anticipation.

Badiuzzamon with Zulnun Argun, went up the hill and overlooked the location of enemy troops. It turned out that Husayn Boyqaro came with enormous forces. Badiuzzamon got pale, Dhun-Nun Argun was, as always, grimly determined and unruffled.

- What can you do? - he said with a loud voice. - Run for the walls? It's better to be defeated in a battle with a strong enemy. Being overwhelmed is also useful: those tempered to gain experience.

Badiuzzamon said nothing. Now he rose above the hillock alone. The cavalry of the enemy, breaking up into two groups - moved forward. In the center of the troops he saw his father, surrounded by personal bodyguards. A golden tie jig attached to the hat of Husayn Boyqaro, sparkled in the morning sun with thin tongues of flame.

Completely suppressed Badiuzzamon went down and mounted his horse, which was kept by nukers. It was too late to retreat. According to the sign, Prince Shah Shujo led troops advanced into the battle. Zulnun Argun rushed from the right wing to help his son. The enemies squad rushed to the cart, that covered shooters, but could not resist the arrows of the archers. Another detachment came down with horses, stealthily approached the wagon and began to cast out from the cover of the archers, showering them with arrows.

Shah Shujobek and Zulnun Argun not being able to withstand the pressure of countless enemy forces retreated from time to time and again rushed forward. But only a small part of their jigits followed them; the upsetting war series turned into a rout.

Badiuzzamon knew he was defeated, but the retreating had yet taken action on the defensive. Shujo Beg and his old father, slowly retreated with a handful of soldiers, inflicting blows to the enemy, encouraging Prince. However, the enemies became stronger and stronger; Horsemen of Husayn Boyqaro mercilessly beat the fellows like their worst enemies.

The personal bodyguards of Badiuzzamon were sent forward, then came back to him and surrounded him with shouts of: - We have to run or enemies will take you as prisoner. Badiuzzamon looked around and saw that the horsemen were right. He sent Zulnun Argun and Shujo Shah Beg with the order: "Try to get out somehow." Then, gathering a handful jigits and whipping his horse, he rushed like a whirlwind.

In the mountains, Badiuzzamon felt safe and kept his lathered horse. The prince was panting. He waited for jigits stragglers who made their way to him, with noise throwing stones on its way. The horsemen were gasping and shouting

- Abdulmuhsin rides behind us! He is coming!

Without saying a word, Badiuzzamon hit his horse with a whip. The precipitously studded road got worse and worse. Finally, it broke off, leaning into the huge rocks. Riding was impossible. Throwing wavy horses, the horsemen began to climb. After painful efforts they got to pass. But it seemed impossible to go down the other side. The horsemen put off turbans and tied a long rope of belts, strapped them to Badiuzzamon and helping each other, the prince descended down. Covered with bruises and abrasions, Badiuzzamon at the foot of the mountains and slowly walked into the region of Kunduz, seeking for refuge.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### I

In a large, sunlight-drenched garden the young prince Mumin Mirza shoot archery, happily screaming whenever the arrows flew through the tall trees.



His father Badiuzzamon went to Balkh and temporarily gave him the title of ruler of Astrabad. However, a boy of twelve, of course, was far from public affairs. After school, he rode a horse, did a bow, watched at jigits' combat exercises over a large area and tried to learn the art of war. There were many officials who ruled the area. Sometimes they asked him to give an opinion and talked to the boy about a particular case. In some cases, for some reason, if they seemed important, Mumin Mirza was by no means inclined to concede adults. He had questioned officials, sometimes before giving an answer, consulted with his mother.

When the boy left the garden, he was told that a messenger, who arrived from Balkh, was waiting for him.

Mumin Mirza first admired the beautiful horse, then spoke to the messenger. The messenger took from his pocket a letter with a bow and handed it to the boy. Mumin Mirza gave his bow to the servant and read the letter. His face suddenly became serious. His father gave him a difficult task not to give the commanding to Muzaffar Mirza in Astrabad and, if necessary, provide his uncle the armed resistance.

Mumin Mirza read the letter. Getting aware of the difficulty of situation and complexity of such a problem for the child, the lords hesitantly asked:

- What do you personally think of this? Mumin Mirza answered firmly:

- I will fulfill the order of my dear father.

From that day the boy stopped the game. Pondering the upcoming meeting with his uncle, he did not sleep at night.

Besides him, there were business people having neither experience, nor the knowledge. Most jigits of Badiuzzamon led off with him to Balkh. Despite of all efforts, Muzaffar Mirza managed to collect no more than two hundred - three hundred warriors.

For a long time nothing was heard about Muzaffar Mirza. The boy gradually calmed down and returned to his favorite games, when suddenly it became known that a huge army led by Muzaffar Mirza, Muhammad Barlos and Togonbek was approaching Astrabad. The boy did not lose. He even encouraged adults who feared the consequences of this case. Gathering the Beks, Mumin Mirza announced that he intended to fulfill his father's commandment and ordered the soldiers to sit on horses. He armed himself with a wide sharp sword, a dagger and a small but strong bow. The nukers

summoned hot Turkmen horses and the boy almost unassisted sat in the saddle. If he was going to hunt or go for a walk, he left the city. After consulting with an experienced warriors the prince chose the right place to meet the enemy.

The next day, Muzaffar Mirza camped three or four miles away and immediately began to arrange his men in battle array. This expressed his true intentions. There were Mumin Mirza's faithful people among the soldiers. With their help, they placed the boy and his soldiers in right places. Muzaffar Mirza's ambassadors arrived at this time. They offered the young Prince to surrender the city.

- Return, - boldly said Mumin Mirza to the the messenger, - and tell your master that I indeed do not want to fight with the uncle. It is a shameful thing. However, without the permission from my father I cannot surrender the city.

The ambassadors left. The horsemen of the prince were delighted by his intelligence and ability to behave.

Muzaffar Mirza deprived of honour, - said Mumin Mirza in the camp. - Otherwise, he wouldn't lead the army against the young prince.

The junior commander and his eagerly gnawing on bits Turkmen horse had no qualms about the reasonness of the war, if it was a matter of a jump or play in chavgan.

Right, because the riders of Muzaffar Mirza appeared in the hill, raising the clouds of dust. As they approached to a distance of an arrow's flight, the horsemen of Mumin Mirza began to shoot their bows. Another detachment rushed to the enemy soldiers of Mumin Mirza, intending to break. A moment later, a broad field flared in hot battle. On the right wing fighters on both sides grappled in the melee. People fell, horses raced, there was outcry, noise... The order of enemies pressed against the center troops of Mumin Mirza, despite of vigorous resistance, began to press them using superiority in number. The young prince could not resist: hitting his horse, he drew his sword, the sun ablaze white flame and rushed forward. The horsemen, who surrounded him from all sides, rushed to Mirza. One of nukers quickly grabbed the horse's bridle and, white as a sheet, prayed: - Prince, for God's sake, do not join the fight! If you want I can even sacrifice myself, but you must not fight!

Mumin Mirza frowned and shouted in a thin voice:

Leave me alone! Others go to die and we will look?

He shot a horse whip and the mighty argamak horse made the leap and rushed forward. The horsemen rushed after him. Waving his sword in thin children's hands, Mumin Mirza angrily looked around to see in what position his horsemen were and wanted to support them.

The horsemen on the right wing, pressed by the enemy, started to run. Mumin Mirza with four sophisticated warriors in battle turned in the wrong direction. Whipping the horses, they raced in a cloud of dust, but suddenly flew a large group of enemies on them. Mumin Mirza wanted to get past, but someone pulled back, pulled the boy out of the saddle and threw him to his knees, rushed off to the camp of Muzaffar Mirza. Mumin Mirza, was brought to the camp together with all the forces, huddled in the iron hands of the enemy, but it was impossible to break free. He lunged and barely looked up, when his eyes met Togonbek. Choking with rage, the prince shouted: - Dog!

Two men of Mumin managed to beat Togonbek. Raising his sword, they attacked him from both sides, but they threw a dozen of enemy soldiers. They fought selflessly, but eventually they fell, hacked by swords.

When Astrabad nukers found out that Mumin Mirza had been captured, they wept with grief, but did not stop resistance. Many of them had been destroyed and the remaining enemy was scattered over a wide field. However, horsemen again gathered in small groups and rushed to the enemy.

Togonbek delivered his prisoner to Muzaffar Mirza and proudly handed it to his master. The dusty boy, frowning boldly, looked at bejewelled Muzaffar Mirza, who was sitting on soft carpets in the cool shade of the trees. Muzaffar Mirza, smiling ironically, asked. - Well, well, what happened?

You are to blame, I'm just following orders, - Mumin Mirza said, barely moving his lips parched with thirst. If suffered a bit, I have consulted with my father and with his majesty the sultan, my grandfather and I came to town.

- There is another way, - mockingly said Muzaffar Mirza. - If you hung around the neck, the sheath, the sword itself would come to me, then I may show you mercy.

- I am the descendant of Timur! - exclaimed angrily the boy - If I hung around my neck the sword scabbard and knelt in front of the enemy, it would be an insult to the memory of my great ancestor.

- To whom do you say these words?

- You! If Rustam or Chenghis would come instead of you, I would tell them the same thing - said Mumin Mirza and sat on the ground, trembling with rage and despair.

There was regret and tenderness in the eyes of nukers who were standing around. Many of them looked at each other and silently shook their heads. Muzaffar Mirza shyly stood up and nodded to Togonbek, went away. Old, experienced fighter, a passionate lover of birds and hunting, Muhammad Barlos came to the noble prisoner and respectfully patting him on the head, said:

- You are right, my prince; grow up, you will be the chief of a large army.

He ordered jigits to feed and give water to the boy.

In the evening, Muzaffar Mirza solemnly entered Astrabad. Mumin Mirza did not run away, they imprisoned him and assigned a strong guard to him.

On the occasion of the victory of Muzaffar Mirza a great feast was held. Distinguished jigits of the prince bestowed rich clothes and had all kinds of mercy.

A few days later the news came from Balkh that Husayn Boyqaro brutally smashed his son Badiuzzamon. Muzaffar was very happy to hear this news. He sent a messenger to congratulate the parents on the victory.

## II

A month later Togonbek, at the request of Muzaffar Mirza, went to the sultan with some errands. This time Husayn Boyqaro was on the banks of the Murghab. On the day of arrival, Togonbek by the help of Nizomumulk was accepted by the sultan in his silk tent. Togonbek conveyed greetings from Muzaffar Mirza and reported about the prince's request to increase dues to him for part of the proceeds from the Astrabad area. Husayn Boyqaro agreed to satisfy the desire of his beloved son. Then he thanked Togonbek for services to Muzaffar Mirza and promised to grant him the title of Bek and vast land in Herat area. Togonbek came from the Sultan being proud and happy.

That evening the Sultan Husayn made a feast. Togonbek also was among the guests, who hold at the feast one of the most honourable places. In a huge silk tent, not inferior to one of the largest palaces in the garden Jahon oro, the cheerful, joyful feast went on. Roasted geese, quails abundantly washed down with wine, dances,

jokes wit, all sorts of entertainment did not stop all night and all day. Husayn Boyqaro became heavily drunk.

At dusk, the invited guests dispersed. Togonbek left the tent with Nizomumulk and his sons.

Series of silk tents set around, in front of efore which the captains were walking with dully gleaming torches. Nizomumulk was fresh and alert, as if he had not been drinking. Togonbek although drank a lot, as always, self-possessed. The vizier took his arm and led him to a large tent, standing at a distance. Eunuch guards located around this tent stood when they passed by. Togonbek, somewhat embarrassed, stopped at entrance.

- We will have an important meeting with Khadicha begim, - whispered Nizomumulk.

Khadicha begim affably met Togonbek. She asked about his health and asked him about the events of interest in Astrabad though she was perfectly aware of them. Togonbek briefly outlined the essence of the matter.

- What do you think of this unworthy prisoner? - asked Khadichabegim smoothing fingers over her graying eyebrows.

- I do not know, - said Togonbek. - Now he is in Herat, in the fortress Ihtiyar-uddin. We sent him back with reliable Nuker.

- This black Sheep, who caused my son disrespect, must be strictly punished. In my opinion, it is necessary to kill him. Father wanted to capture him to Herat, the son is now in Astrabad. No, we never say! - whispered angrily Khadichabegim.

Togonbek's eyes widened in surprise. Nizomumulk with sly view was silent.

The sons of Nizomumulk, who, after each word of the queen, nodding their heads, both at once exclaimed:

- Your will is our will!

Such a solution could not be more likely for Togonbek. Indeed, there was no better way to ignite anger in the heart of Badiuzzamon and increase enmity between father and son. Then it would be easier for Togonbek to implement their plans.

- When the order should be given? - Togonbek asked, leaning toward Hadichabegim.

- Get it tonight, but it must be performed quickly; it must be done by the man like you. Send a decree first, on receiving such a command they would probably try to find a way to delay the

execution. If you hear from these, emirs may ask the Sultan what crime Mumin Mirza committed.

- Sure! Absolutely! - muttered under his breath Nizomumulk.

- For such a service, you can get piles of gold, - the eldest son of Nizomumulk said.

Togonbek looked seriously at him:

- But does the trouble end there?

- What are you, that's you! - said Khadichabegim – The old whore said with a grimace - You will go with the order stamped by the sovereign.

Nizomumulk went to his tent, Togonbek went into the tent of his sons. Nobody wanted to go to bed.

- The Sultan must not agree, - said Togonbek.

- The order will now be in our hands, - said Amidalmulk. - Khadichabegim can deceive the Sultan so much that it is impossible to resist.

- Especially if his majesty is under wine. Then it is easy to obtain any order.

Togonbek lay down on the pillow and sank into thought. Kemal al-Din Husayn took the book in sparkling gold-binding and in a slow gentle voice began to read a ghazal. Two hours later Nizam al -Mulk came in.

- That's an order, - he said proudly. – Be quick and depart as soon as possible.

Togonbek brought the order to a candle, read it and shook his head.

- Beloved wife... - smiling, said the vizier.

- Drunken, beloved wife seems even sweeter - noticed Amid-al-Mulk.

Togonbek said goodbye and left the tent. Kicking he woke the nukers. They instantly prepared the horse and Togonbek rushed like escaping from the pursuit. When he reached the first caravanserai, was daylight. Giving the horse a break, he ran on.

At following Rabat Togonbek changed the horse and galloped on without a rest.

On the second evening, the horse stopped at the gates of the fortress Ihtiyaruddin. Togonbek dismounted and waddled into the yard. The jailer was dozing near a candle. The nuker was looking through an old tattered book, probably some «Book of battles." When

Togonbek entered he stopped reading and jumped. The jailer lazily rose. He was a man with a short beard like a broom and sluggish movements, his eyes shone with cruelty.

- Hello, neighbor, how are you? - Togonbek said and gave him the order.

The jailer brought the paper to the light and running her eyes, looked at Togonbek in askance. He took Togonbek aside and said in a whisper:

- I swear by my ancestors, I was not expecting such punishment. Explain what it means to beg?

- The highest order! - exclaimed irritably Togonbek. - And you and I - we are all slaves of the Sultan. Our business is to obey it! But hurry - continued Togonbek, averting the jailer further into the room - Tonight we end this matter. Until everything is done, hold your tongue.

The jailer, frowning again looked to the light. His eyes fixed on the order, he shook his head.

Togonbek decided not to go out of the fortress. He would not even see his family. The naker giving money, commanded to bring something from the inn and ate quietly.

After the evening - prayer Amir Abadi appeared there. It was quite scary looking man with a bushy beard on a small face, his eyes constantly burned in some dim light. He was appointed for interrogation and torture.

Looking at the jailer and Togonbek, he immediately sensed something sinister after a short greeting, he turned to Togonbek:

- If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Beck was pleased to stay in order to grind one of the crown jewels of the sovereign?

- To break it down, - Togonbek said, looking at the ground.

- Here's how! If we taught a lesson to the Prince, appropriate anger of His Majesty, the Sultan, would be enough.

Taking the order from jailer, Amir Abadi read it.

- In this case it makes no sense to delay, it would be disrespectful to the high command, - he said.

The jailer immediately got up and disappeared in the darkness. Amir Abadi headed toward the door of the prison;

Togonbek decided to be present at the execution and followed him. He knew that sometimes executioner managed to take the princes

hanging over their heads with promises of gold sword or high post. It also happened that the prisoner allowed to escape or hide him.

- Want to see? Perfect! - Amir Abadi said, pointing to Togonbek the road.

In the darkness of the prison was even more dismal. Sometimes screams and sobs were heard in the darkness. Amir Abadi then descended down somewhere and then went upstairs. Finally, he stopped in front of a huge wall, similar to the fortress within the fortress. Jangling with the keys, the door swung open with a creak horrendously. Togonbek walked into the room, moist stale air hit him in the nose. In dim flickering candle flame, which quivered, as if afraid of the dark, Togonbek saw a long passage. Amir Abadi unlocked the door at the end of the passage and Togonbek missed a dungeon.

Mumin Mirza was sitting on a mattress with a candle and read aloud the Koran. He thought that nukers brought food and without raising his head, he continued to read in a monotone voice.

- The prince is very passionate about the word of Allah, - Togonbek said, approaching to the boy.

Mumin Mirza looked up quickly. As if in disbelief, he looked at Togonbek and said angrily, knitting his brows.

- A Pakhlavan is here? What are you doing here? What news have you brought?

- I came to see the prince, - Togonbek muttered stammering.

- You will then come up with a great army, - said Mumin Mirza smiling bitterly. - My horsemen fought well, but we had very few warriors. Then I realized that we made a lot of mistakes, right? One day Jehangir Barlos talked to my father and told a lot about how it is possible with a small force to break a large army. I followed the advice of this hero.

- You fought well, - said Togonbek, averting his eyes.

- No, - the boy shook his head - it was necessary to gain victory; when I will be released, I'll talk to my grandfather and I will learn military affairs.

Togonbek got pale. Pressing his hand to his forehead, he said:

- Prince! Being the servants of God we must first of all ask the Lord of life.

- Of course, - said Mumin Mirza. - But life without desire for anything is not needed.



They heard a gruff voice in the hallway. Mumin Mirza looked at the door and then turned his eyes to Togonbek and Amir-Abadi.

- If you have nothing to say to me, go away. I lie down, - said the little prince imperatively.

Amir Abadi laughed, baring his crooked teeth. – We're the jailer and executioner. The boy looked at their piercing gaze. All the blood drained from his face. He jumped to his feet.

- Why did you come? - he cried. His eyes flashed with fear.

Amir Abadi, with both hands grabbed the prince and said roughly:

- Prince, now you go directly to the Lord.

- Villains! - Mumin Mirza shouted, trying to escape. Whose orders? Do not you fear the wrath of my grandfather? Leave me alone! Get out!

- We brought a high order of the Sultan, your grandfather. We must submit to your fate, - said Togonbek panting.

- Will of Allah... Destiny - the jailer said, showing the order.

- What happened to my grandfather?

- Cruel, miserable grandfather!

The executioner raised Mumin Mirza and threw him on the bare earth floor, Amir Abadi held a candle. Togonbek turned and looked down. The weak boy in a plaintive voice cried:

- Mom, where are you? Father!

The executioner plunged a dagger at his throat. The boy grunted and fell silent. The executioner wiped the dagger on the prince's silk shirt and straightened.

Togonbek lumbering went behind Amir-Abadi. He deeply breathed the fresh air. Having caught up with the executioner, Togonbek said:

- The boy was smart.

- And beautiful as Yusuf - Amir Abadi said, licking his lips.

Reaching the room of the jailer, the executioner announced that it was time to drink, then said bye and left.

Togonbek entered the room. Seeing him, the jailer asked in surprise:

- Mr. Bek is going to spend the night in this poor hut?

Togonbek said nothing. The jailer put a new candle in the light and then sat down at the corner and fell asleep. After a while he turned again to Togonbek:

- I make the bed. Relax a little.

- Lie down yourself. If I want to sleep, I'll nap so, - Togonbek grumbled.

He decided to go tomorrow in a bid to please Khadichabegim.

Togonbek did not want to stay any extra days in Herat. Tomorrow or the day after all the people will know about what happened and begin to discuss the crime. Togonbek, however, is not to blame, it was an order of the sultan, but in any case, his name will be on everyone's lips. Any sharp-tongued poets will write it satirically.

The jailer was long lost somewhere and finally returned after procuring several new satin blankets and two soft pillows. He spread a bed to Togonbek and he lay down beside him.

It was past midnight. Togonbek undressed and was about to lie down when a rider at full speed rushed through the gate. Armed nukers silently walked the wide courtyard and immediately ran to him. Togonbek, oblivious to the noise in the yard, lay down on the bed when someone entered the room. Togonbek looked up and saw one of the trusted servants of the Palace. The jailer jumped in fright.

- What's that noise? - asked rudely Togonbek.

- Are you there? Very good! – said the servant. - His Majesty Sultan overturned the previous command. Here is a new order.

- What is it? - Togonbek jumped on his feet.

- Oh, woe! - cried the jailer and slapped his forehead.

- Prince? What? Really dead? That's the trouble! What are you saying? Oh, woe!

- Fate! - Togonbek said grimly.

- No escaping fate, - trembling, said the jailer.

Togonbek took the new order. He read it to himself and was silent for a long time in confusion. The order cancelled the original command. After the heavy silence Togonbek asked why the sultan renounced his decision.

- His majesty the sultan gave the first order under the influence of intoxication and wasn't aware, - said the messenger, trying to keep the excitement. - Some approximates who knew about this order, the next morning they explained everything to Sultan, it seemed that all deal with this unfortunate order was only a bad dream. The whole camp stood. What can I say, Mr. Beck! Pandemonium started. The Sultan at the same moment wrote a new order and handed it to me. He repeated several times: fly like the wind. How many horses I drove in

my life and roads not only danced, but nothing can be compared to this insane jump. And why you flew so soon?

- Do not you know, - said grimly Togonbek – my horse is the best one in the world. Habit change is impossible. The harder I crack the bone in the body, the faster I drive. - All is fate, - the jailer said, bowing his head apologetically. - Whether the prince had another fate, you would come before the bek. The messenger left out the room and disappeared in the darkness. Togonbek, hastily dressed, angrily said to himself:

"When a woman interferes into matters, always there is a trouble!" He was dressed; he looked hard at the warden and went out. Nokers brought him a horse. Not daring to appear before the sultan, Togonbek went to Astrabad to Muzaffar Mirza.

### III

Leaving his home early in the morning to counter parties Sul-tonmurod realized that some misfortune happened. He began to ask passers-by and found out what had happened. Some people have already managed to find out more. Scientist, beside himself with rage, ran to madrassah. On the way he came across acquaintances who were shocked by the terrible accident. Heart was worried. The death of a young, intelligent in spite of his years prince, who was killed on the order of his grandfather, disclosed a terrible picture of conspiracies and revolts that for many years was tearing the royal family.

Sul-tonmurod could not resist the angry condemnation of the Sultan. Today, he did not distinguish friend from foe and was equally frank with everyone. Arriving at the madrasa, he found the students at the mercy of those same feelings. In all hujras, mudarris, students and their friends were immersed in the sea full of bitterness, fire and poison. The innocent victim, bloodstained baby turned in people's eyes into the great hero. He began to devote elegies and qasidas. Angry satire, exposing the villains, passed from mouth to mouth.

On this day classes were not held. Sul-tonmurod went to other madrassahs. Residents of Herat were full of anxiety and worry, as if in anticipation of the new troubles. It seemed that the land was strongly stirred up and was about to open up, to absorb all in their bowels. Alarmed hearts lived with hope only; Alisher Navoiy can save the falling mountain from the disaster. Most cold-blooded, most reasonable people believed in this miracle. However, in these terrible

moments Alisher wasn't in Herat. All eyes were fixed on the roads of Mashhad.

On the third day, Alisher's horse entered the gate, the good news spread throughout the city. Sultonmurod, even forgetting to lock the doors of Hanakah, ran to Alisher.

Except his everlasting companions and friends, a lot of poets and scholars gathered in Unsiya, in Alisher's room. Navoiy was sitting in his usual spot, under the window. Outwardly, he was calm. Pining for Alisher Sultonmurod warmly shook hands with the subtle poet, the sorrow was reflected in the eyes of the wise Navoiy.

Sultonmurod sat beside Khondamir - the youngest of those present. The boy did not take off his intelligent eyes from Navoiy, trying to remember every word in his heart, to capture every movement of Alisher.

Not to reopen the wound in his heart Navoiy vaguely talked about it, then something else, asked any question from first who caught the eye of the guest. Finally, after a long silence, he said in a mournful voice, talking to himself like a philosopher, convinced that the thought of the idea came to the end. Gradually, his voice grew firmer and stronger.

- Reflecting this event. - said Navoiy - a person prone to thinking with sorrow and regret, comes to immensely terrible comprehensive conclusions. If you mentally glanced at the picture of centuries and centuries, we see what a whimsical story it was. At certain times in the States there was a special life, the life of heroes and peacekeepers. Men erected magnificent buildings in history, had blood pouring river, but who eventually perish and are punished for the shedding of one drop. Neither about them, nor about their lives there remains a trace. Examples of this can be found in our history. They are known to all. I am afraid that we haven't yet come across such disasters.

The poet paused. Not only his eyes were sad, his deepened recently wrinkles and white beard also seemed to have dormant grief. Navoiy's prediction of impending destructive storm, cold and cruel words of truth, produced a strong impression on all. As if a blind person's eyes were relieved right at the edge of the abyss ...

- You must try to avert any disaster, - the poet spoke again in convinced tone. - Our duty is to sacrifice ourselves to save the blessed country and people. I would like us to be connected with each other and with the homeland to loyalty, devotion and love. Loyalty and love

- a great power, a heart full of strength that light the world and they lock the gate in front of unhappiness and open the gates of happiness.

These words acted on the breathless audience like fresh spring breeze. Sul-tonmurod warmly supported the poet.

- In the fertile land of love and loyalty the seeds of reason and science should be sown and decorate their life with flowers and blankets, - he said. - Earth, which has widely grown strong roots of art and science, can cope with any disaster.

People slowly began to disperse. Sul-tonmurod and Khondamir went out last. Navoiy stopped the young historian and lovingly began to ask how things are his classes.

Khondamir who was already seventeen years old, said that he wrote a long historical work. Navoiy was very interested in this work. He asked the difference between the books of Khondamir and other historical works, for example, the seven-volume work of his grandfather. Khondamir briefly and clearly answered the questions. He asked the poet to read the individual chapters of the book and express his opinion.

- You can see what painful events are happening in the country!  
- said Navoiy. - If there is a little free time, I'll for sure read it.

Khondamir was very pleased and left. - And when will we see the precious pearl of your thoughts? - asked Navoiy. Sul-tonmurod, without waiting for an answer, continued: - Some of your students are taught in Mashhad. All of them send you their countless greetings.

Sul-tonmurod said that the parts of his book on mathematics, astronomy and logic, are well advanced. Navoiy noticed that he wanted to view all the latest writings on these issues in Arabic, Persian and Indian languages, and added with a smile,

- We must hurry. Your beard is already half gray.

When Navoiy remained alone, he was again swept with sorrow. He cursed the Sultan, who stained hands with the blood of his own grandson. Togonbek's order was signed by the monarch when he was drunk, which is the evidence of deep-rooted conspiracy. Navoiy decided not to hesitate, but go for a bid.

In the evening he began the new chapter of «Beloved hearts." Soon precious pearls of experience and acute thoughts filled the whole book. Navoiy felt tired. His fingers and back was aching.

Every year, every month the poet felt weaker because of his old age and endless worries.

The poet laid down for a short time intending to relax, when Khoja Afzal walked in. Navoiy did not believe his eyes. Pining for the long years of separation, friends excitedly hugged each other. This joy gave Navoiy a courage. They stared at each other; time has left its mark on both of them. The beard of Khoja Afzal was white; his eyes lost their liveliness, his face covered with wrinkles. Talking about the events of the past ten years, friends sat up until midnight.

The next day, at breakfast, they continued the lively conversation. After describing the general situation of the state and recent developments, Navoiy said:

- Do you intend to take any position?

- I was offered high positions in foreign countries. I just refused. But with peace of Khorasan I gladly agree to carry out anything, - Khoja Afzal said.

Navoiy was happy. He decided to resume his former zeal for the fight for all affairs of the country were in charge of people who are dedicated to the people and the country.

A few days later the poet went to the palace. Husayn Boyqaro met Navoiy in his tent on the bank of the Murghab River, bursting into tears. The Sultan was drunk. In a sign of mourning, he clothed in long black robes.

Husayn asked the poet to sit near himself. He could not say anything through his choked sobs. Finally he said, wiping away tears:

- I have committed a terrible crime. Put me into the hands of the executioners of the Falcon, who would be as a great military leader, as Timur.

- It was a shameful thing, - Navoiy said with anger and bitterness. – God, do not send those days upon any of your slaves.

- I lost my mind and will. Dishonest people... - Husayn Boyqaro could not continue.

- Do you know the real criminals? Who are they?

Husayn Boyqaro lowered his red, swollen eyelids and nodded. However, he did not tell any names. He only complained on surrounding traitors and conspirators.

Navoiy told about the arrival of Khoja Afzal and his desire to serve the sultan. Husayn Boyqaro responded well of Khoja Afzal, calling him his dear friend and expressed willingness to issue a decree on the appointment of him as a vizier.

Navoiy, from the first day of the week, was trying to examine the overall situation, to understand the recent crime. From conversations with Valibek, Boboali, Darveshali Marverid he realized that the secret side was connected with Khadichabegim and Nizomumulk. However, the Sultan was severely angry with Khadichabegim but he did not say anything about her fault. Navoiy found out that close to Nizomumulk courtiers like Imad al-Islam Khoja, Abdulaziz, Nizamuddin Kurd, qozi Shahobiddin and many other senior officials sowed discord between princes and provided support.

Soon afterwards there came an information that Badiuzzamon, burning with desire to avenge his son, was gaining supporters from everywhere and preparing for a decisive battle. Attacks were expected every minute. For Navoiy there was no doubt in this respect. Besides, there were reasons to believe that other princes in different areas of the country today or tomorrow would raise.

The mood was unsettling. Only Nizomumulk kept all his arrogance and led the former life of luxury. According to him, "the position of the state was as strong as ever, the people rejoiced, the country prospered."

Husayn Boyqaro issued a decree appointing Khoja Afzal the vizier. Navoiy did not hold any official position, however, he worked tirelessly for the benefit of the state. He strongly promoted the appointment to senior positions of honest, conscientious people. Nizomumulk, feeling that the mountain on which he relied, began to crumble, he tried to organize new conspiracies. Husayn Boyqaro, though once called the vizier «priceless pearl of the state», increasingly expressed his displeasure to him. Besides, being tormented by his conscience, he could not forgive Nizomumulk for his involvement in the murder of Mumin Mirza. The unceasing intrigue of the vizier to the Sultan was the last straw. He called Navoiy and asked him for advice.

Navoiy expressed his opinion in such words:

- I always agree with reasonable measures necessary for the good of the state.
- What to do with him?
- To hand the destiny of the people and the country's insidious vizier is crime. You should never allow the state to be a toy in the

hands of officials, - said with conviction Navoiy. - Even crowned ruler has no right to play with the government and people on a whim.

- Correctly, - wincing with the pain said Husayn Boyqaro. - Tell me what to do with them? I'll make these traitors to go through such horrors...

- It is necessary to investigate all crimes and give every conspirator the deserved punishment. And such vile creatures as Togonbek need to leave this world, - Navoiy said sharply.

- For this unfortunate man it will be so little of punishment, - said Husayn Boyqaro, twitching with anger.

- Women must also know their place and not go abroad - Navoiy said, emphasizing each word. - One spark can ignite female guile into a big fire.

Husayn Boyqaro dropped his head and paused.

The next day, Nizomumulk, his sons and their most prominent supporters were imprisoned. For Togonbek, not found in all the cities, an arrest warrant was sent.

Husayn Boyqaro, expecting the attack of Badiuzzamon, pitched the camp. Khoja Afzal was appointed the first vizier. Navoiy returned to Herat.

The poet hoped that he would finally be able to work safely. The sun of his life began to droop. Now Alisher constantly relied on his staff. It was already hard to ride. His hand felt fatigue from writing. Questions and thoughts that had to be written, - infinitely many...

Navoiy enthusiastically worked on «The language of birds." Arising deep fascination in childhood incommensurately filed the original freshness. Like a flourishing tree, this love entrusted their abundant fruit like sparkling gems of thought.

The poet day and night was indulged in philosophical thinking. In the flower garden of his heart and imagination inspiration collected wonderful bouquets - pure and profound poetry, rejoicing the power and beauty of the native language.

The aged Navoiy worked tirelessly. He wanted, before the wind of cold sinister death blows, put as much as possible colors in the flower garden of inspiration. But what if in the political life of the state an earthquake did not stop?

Both sons of Nizomumulk were beheaded by an executioner in front of his father. Then Nizomumulk was subjected to torture in the most refined way that could think Amir Amidi. He was ripped off his



skin and stuffed with straw. A scarecrow of the former vizier, once being so majestic and handsome, for the whole week hung on the Herat square like a free spectacle for onlookers.

Supporters of Badiuzzamon were tossed to the jail by Husayn Boyqaro. But the rest of the country was still not there. Ten years ago strife and discord had taken roots in the family of the sovereign, like poisonous trees, poisoned air. Badiuzzamon remained deaf to the exhortations of Navoiy. Not thinking about the fate of the state and the nation, the vengeance moved forward, he again attacked his elderly father.

Navoiy suffered because his friend remained indifferent to the fate of the state and nation.

On the battlefield, it was necessary to send new forces: Badiuzzamon was now experienced enough to inflict a final hard defeat. Even if he was defeated and retreated, he would again resume his attacks.

Navoiy insisted on concluding peace of Husayn Boyqaro with his son. Having obtained the consent of the Sultan the prince went to Alisher. With all the force of his influence, all the force of his logic he made Badiuzzamon to sheath the sword raised against his father and the country. Winter and summer passed quietly. But in the fall other princes turned on mutiny. Abdulmuhsin Mirza lit the fire in Marv. Abulma'sum Mirza was in Obivard. The old father, who could not ride a horse, went to the campaign to fight against his son. But Astrabad and other areas also blazed the fire of rebellion; weak breeze was enough to brake into flames. Old ulcers of government bodies were not healed and many officials' loyal disciples and heirs of Majididdin continued to rob the people. In order to suppress the rebellions of his depraved, completely spoiled sons, contesting power from his father and from each other, Sultan Husayn led troops from one end of the country to another. It devastated the treasury and the Sultan demanded money from the people.

Navoiy saw all his hopes and expectations crumbling. Land, his beloved homeland, as the fire burned his feet, the poet conceived to leave to other countries. This idea completely possessed him. In his imagination, he said goodbye to his homeland skies, with beautiful groves and gardens, monuments of art, with the mountains rising their peaks to the sky.

Navoiy spoke with Husayn Boyqaro, who for several months was at war with his son Abdulmuhsin Mirza, about his decision. Then he wrote a long letter to KKhoja Afzal, who gave him a lot of thoughts about ethics and politics, suggesting that statesmen must act honestly, thinking. Putting the law above all and apply it to everyone equally, fairly rules treat people without fear or flattery, indicate the Sultan his mistakes and shortcomings.

The news about the impending departure of Navoiy excited Herat. Scholars, poets and artists headed by Sul-tonmurod went to Navoiy. So, they decided that they had to come to say goodbye. Shaking hands with everyone, he sat welcoming visitors and, as always, took place beneath all.

- My friends, - said Navoiy in soft and sad voice. - In my heart there was desire to leave the country. Parting with friends like the beauty of our dear fatherland is difficult and painful, but I obek the inclination of the heart. There is no more strength to live in the country, where I was born and grew up. At home, I see only ruins of my hopes and dreams. Maybe in my old age I gain the happiness to see the holy places... Wish me a happy road. As I instructed you, be always true sons.

With a heavy sigh, many eyes were moist. There was a painful silence. Only a sad cooing of white birds in the cage broke the deep silence.

- Mr. Emir, - said finally Sul-tonmurod, straightening, - we came to you to say goodbye. If we have to part with you, not only we, but whole Herat would escort you to any place of the inhabited earth. Foundations of the state are crumbling under the blows of the dark forces in all corners of our blessed country's raging storms of riots. You are the only bulwark of life and well-being. If you leave home, the dark forces will tear their chains. If people ... - do not let that Lord! - Lose their great defender that he then expected! In Khorasan, there are wonderful monuments of creativity - a lot of them. They are erected by you. Poets, scholars and artists of the day are your students. No one in the history didn't worry about the prosperity of Khorasan as you. To list your services, one needs to write a lot of thick volumes. Give up the thought of leaving home, great teacher! We ask in the name of the people, for the country, for the sake of its future. Do not deny our request.

All the words of Sul-tonmurod in the sincere summary were supported. The elderly poet, the old friend of Navoiy, said:

- My friend, you have had a desire to go to the holy land. I say: let the wind blowing in the holy land, fly in our direction and kiss the traces of your feet. Now, in the disastrous homeland for days, forget about it, my friend!

Navoiy raised his head slightly and moved his turban from his forehead. The audience looked at him with longing and love. All of them - the outstanding representatives of science and art of Khorasan, close friends of Navoiy: Behzad, Sultan Ali Zayniddin, Sul-tonmurod, Ustad Kulmuhammad, Sheikh Nai - great people of his time. Here was the youngest of all - Khondamir. His eyes were so sad! After the death of his grandfather, the great historian, he was wholeheartedly attached to the poet. And how many remarkable contemporaries of Alisher were in Herat! In this city you can find dozens, hundreds of artisans whose hands every day, every hour create wonderful things - the perfection of beauty, intelligence and art. But, if he really inspires a lot of them? Still alive - to help people share his sorrows! Is not that the purpose of the poet's life?

The blade pierced the deep sorrow in the heart of the poet. Tears streamed up in his eyes. However, he regained his composure.

- My friends, - he said sadly, - I cannot refuse the request, addressed to the rank of the people. Of all that I hold sacred, the word "people" is the most valuable and significant. For the sake of the people I am ready to sacrifice not only their desires, but also life.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### I

It was Arslankul's day off. Wearing a lace gown with a narrow jiyak<sup>1</sup>, which was sewn by his wife for Arslankul, he went out. Looking around, he saw the faces of nukers who were very worried: their movements were somehow especially hasty. "Something has happened" - thought Arslankul. After some time, he met friends who were moving from the fortress. Young horsemen and the elderly were fully armed as if they had prepared for a battle. Arslankul found out about the events concerning the conquest of the city. Using the fact that the sultan marched against Muhsin Muhammad Mirza, who drove

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<sup>1</sup> Decorations on headwear

from Astrabad Muzaffar Mirza, the eldest son of the sovereign Baddiuzzamon marched on Herat. Alisher Navoiy took over the defense of the city.

Arslankul briskly went toward the fortress. Not far from the castle, he saw Alisher Navoiy, who walked lightly resting on the long polished stick. The poet was accompanied by Valibek. Arslankul ran to Navoiy and putting his hand to his chest, respectfully greeted Alisher who stopped and looked at him. Poet's face lit up with a smile...

-How are you?- asked Navoiy.

- All right. - said Arslankul. - I dare to ask... Let me to be a Nuker.

Navoiy happily looked at Valibek.

Being tall, gruff, but at the same time simple, he looked at Arslankul from head to toe with his sharp eyes.

- A man's value is known in a battle - the poet said, - trying for the benefit of the motherland. Run to the castle, take the weapon.

Arslankul breathlessly ran home. As soon as he entered, he cried to Dildor:

- Open the trunk!

- What happened? What are you going to take from the trunk?

- The sword, the sword is needed! Now! - Arslankul answered impatiently.

- A sword? - Dildor asked in surprise. - Why do you need it?

Arslankul hastily told his wife what had happened. Then muttered to himself, I have never fought with swords... I do not know what will happen."

Dildor, slightly turning plump, pitched into the room. Opening the trunk, she pulled out a sword. Arslankul slightly extended his sword, looked at the blade and quickly put the sword back. Then he tied up and smiling, looked at his wife.

- Will it suit? - asked Dildor enviously looking at her husband. - But the athlete needs another weapon besides the sword. Of course, the rest will be taken from the fortress.

- Men are happy, - said with a sigh and turned to Dildor: - Go faster!

The old woman, frightened by Arslankul, looked at her aunt.

- Do not worry, - he said. - Navoiy, anyway, will not let the enemies enter the city.

- If Mr. Navoiy will lead the troops - not only men, but women also will fight, - supported Dildor.

- Yes, I will sacrifice my life for this man! - the old woman said excitedly.

Arslankul took resolute steps out into the street. His little son returned from school, clung the sword. Arslankul pinched the boy's soft, plump cheek and ran to the fortress. There, he was given a shield, bow and arrows.

In front of the castle, the mountain Kaf surrounded the city fabulously, a lot of people, armed and unarmed, gathered there. There were, slim as a young branch, boys and heroes, with the growth of Rostam and hunched elders. People crowded around the fortress, not knowing what to do, where to start. But then a stately black pacer came. Cheers were heard on all sides. The people welcomed the favorite poet, as their own father. Navoiy addressed the audience. He urged people to remain calm and have courage, said that the population, no forces can defend the capital, we should only proceed immediately to strengthen the walls.

Work started immediately. First, the breaches in the wall began to close up. People were digging, kneaded clay, brought stones. More and more defenders came. Old and young people worked equally hard. Navoiy was on horseback, then appeared everywhere on foot, checking the work done, consulting with experienced people. The poet enjoyed the view as if people, who worked with passion, did not notice fatigue.

Three days later, the town's fortress was ready for defense. On the fifth day it became known that the troops of Baddiuzzamon came closer to the city.

Arslankul, working hard for three days, slowly paced the fortress wall. He stared at the road, which was lost in green gardens, groves and fields, all sunlit.

By the evening, a rare group of riders showed up. Defenders excitedly pointed at each of them. Having put his hand to his forehead, Arslankul was staring intently into the distance. Behind the clouds of dust he saw horsemen who were hiding, then reappeared.

Arslankul hurriedly went down. Near the gate he saw Navoiy surrounded by jigits tested in battles and ran to him. Approaching, Arslankul heard that they were seriously talking about something and were in all ears.

- Till the Astrabad army arrives we will have to defend the fortress. The enemy must not pass. Be particularly careful to guard the gates. Not knowing the forces of Badiuzzamon, we will not let him open the battle. At night, you should be vigilant. Tonight none of the fighters should close his eyes even for a minute. When the army of Astrabad arrives, Badiuzzamon would be between two fires. He either be retreated or defeated.

The poet looked down. A shadow of deep concern flashed on his face:

- Father and son fight, split one nation into two troops and unjustly shed blood, it's a great crime! When we will run out of these painful days? Let's rather rise the sun of peace and security, love and harmony in our sky!

Armed horsemen, deep in thought, lowered their eyes. Arslankul listened to the poet, just being fascinated. Suddenly, behind the back familiar voices were heard. He turned his head sharply. Sul-tonmurod with Zayniddin stood before him. The last one tied a small sword in an old shabby scabbard up to his waist. Delighted Arslankul expressed a desire to fight with them.

- Armed himself for battle and I do not know that sword, knife does not even attach to belt - dissatisfied said Sul-tonmurod, pointing to the other. - What an injustice!

- Do not worry, sir, - smiling replied Arslankul - now sit quietly and write. See these legs - he continued, pulling his mighty hand - one will fight for you.

At this time, raising his bucking horse Valibek raced, ready to take off like a hawk. He chose twenty jigits and, as always, abruptly ordered them to go to the southern part of the city, to Firuzabad Gates.

The horsemen loved harsh, rattling swords, that beat them in the legs, as they galloped away.

Valibek fixated bulging eyes at the remaining jigits, among which was Arslankul who showed up at the ramparts to handle lashes.

Arslankul, pacing the wall, was staring into the distance. Drenched beautiful gardens and fields that had recently been quietly and peacefully dozing, now veering stray cows ranning distractedly, glittered in the bright sun, men, women and children, bundles and sacks. Arslankul remembered the words of Navoiy. Frowning, his eyes fixed in the ground, he had a brave thought. He cursed the princes who were fighting each other, dividing the country and the

nation into two hostile camps neither father, no respect and people are not ashamed!

The sun, at bright light pouring over trees, flashed on crescent minarets and domes and seven huge portals at the Herat mosque sparked fire helmets of jigits galloping away on fast horses and descended to the horizon. Evening twilight gradually deepened. Flowers in the sky stretched into stars.

The town and the fortress were calm. At nightfall screams were heard in distance. Hundreds of defenders, scattering the castle walls, listened keenly, intensely staring into the depths of the night.

Hearing voices behind the wall, Arslankul smiled: "Your wings are too weak to fly this shaft of Iskander... You can not enter into the fortress and cheep at the gate, like kittens... you have to suffer for a long time in front of this fortress."

After some time, at the bottom ambassadors, chalets noise started a movement. Arslankul bent down and listened intently. But two young men, looking like students, in all throat singing loudly Persian ghazals were with him and bickered among themselves.

- You are so pretty the Heart's nightingales! - Arslankul stopped them. - Even in the war the poets are having fun!

- Who are you? Is reading a good ghazal a sin? If you do not like shut your ears with cotton wool! - angrily shouted one of the boys.

- And pray also needs time! - Arslankul said. Deciding that the noise downstairs had no merit, he said, in softer voice: Read, argue, of course, it's useful and enjoyable as cream. But read some nice Turkish poetry. What's this? Persian Bazaar!

Both narrators laughed. The relationship, which began with rudeness, became friendly.

The moon rose, coloring everything in soft, gentle color. Large pond sparkled in the distance, like a silver dish. Huge reservoir in the northern part of the garden Jahon oro and four high palaces seemed so close and beautiful in the moonlight that Arslankul could not tear his eyes from them for a long time.

He heard a terrible noise around somewhere close.

- Enemies burst into Kipchak gate! - shouted one of the defenders.

Arslankul listened.

- It's true! We have to run for help. Be quiet, - he said.

Asking permission from the centurion Arslankul, taking with him ten jigits he ran down and rushed to the fight. However, the noise soon stopped; they heard only some excited shouts. The place where the attack occurred was much closer than the Kipchak gate. Arriving there, Arslankul clapped on the shoulder of one of the soldiers excitedly arguing about something, and asked:

- What happened?

- What? We know a little, - answered the warrior without looking at Arslankul.

Listening to the heated debates, Arslankul soon learned the details of the event.

Handful jigits of Baddiuzzamon, by a ladder, climbed up to the ramparts appearing like a bombshell. Defenders of the city, taken by surprise, were hacked by swords. Uproaring soldiers came running from all sides to help and killed the attackers.

- Look at that! That's dead! - someone shouted. The land was slippery with blood. Arslankul found it unpleasant to walk on spilled blood. He stepped aside and leaned against the wall.

Suddenly, everything fell silent. Alisher Navoiy accompanied by Valibek appeared there. Arslankul approached the poet and folded his hands across his chest, as if waiting for orders. Navoiy, slightly lowered down his stick with both hands and leaned on it, leaning forward, his eyes looked all around:

- What happened here?

- Everything is calm, sir, - said Arslankul.

- Say better that calm after the fight, - said sarcastically Navoiy

Some laughed. One of the men spoke in detail about what happened. Navoiy with few words encouraged jigits and reminded them to be vigilant.

- If they fit now, we pile them with ladders - somebody said, waving his hand nonchalantly.

- Will alert, so dump?, otherwise you will fold yourselves, - said Navoiy.

He ordered to pick up the corpses and slowly walked away. Looking at the lying in different poses bloodied bodies, Navoiy turned his eyes to Valibek and shook his head sadly. Valibek said sharply:

- The sin for their deaths lies on the Prince.

Warriors started clearing the corpses. Twenty paces from Arslankul some madrassa student in a large turban that was falling on



the shoulders of the ends, in a long robe, which was sticking out from underneath the sword, leaned over the body and suddenly someone shouted:

- On an ancient sky, on the treacherous fate! You broke the sword of violence, the priceless pearl of Khorasan!

"It seems that this teacher killed Mullah, - thought Arslankul. - These people love to exaggerate. For them, except us, "Pearl of Khorasan." - He went to the future mullah to calm him down and slamming the boy's shoulder, leaned over the body. Suddenly all got cold. Striking his breast, Arslankul knelt before Zayniddin. Arslankul grabbed the arms of his friend's bloody body and kissed his forehead.

- Who is he? - asked mullah in a tearful voice.

- My friend, my brother, my heart, - said through tears Arslankul.

- I learned from him music, playing chess, calligraphy, - said the student.

- Did you move here? - asked Arslankul.

- No, it was the work of some good man.

Zayniddin was lying without a move. His arms were folded across his chest, as if to welcome turban lying under his head as a pillow. Arslankul decided to carry the body down. He quickly took off his robe and spread it on the ground, then put one hand under his dead feet and the other propped his shoulders. Mullah was ordering carefully maintaining half of severed head, he was going to lift the body from the ground, when someone sat down beside him on his knees and in a choked voice, said:

- Arslankul do not hurt him! Be careful. Arslankul turned back, beside him there stood a bride, in tightly pulled over his head wide hat and coat, with a sword at his belt.

- Is that you, Dildor? What are you doing here? - Arslankul said distractedly.

Mullah heard the gentle, as flute female voice and also was surprised. Seeing that this is really a woman, he was amazed even more.

- Instead of talking, - said Dildor- carry it down. Poor Zayniddin!

War is not a game. That's what horrors happen in war, - said Arslankul wanting to calm his wife. - I know myself - Dildor sighed. They raised the body of Zayniddin and laid him on a dressing gown

and serfs walked down the dark stairs. Arslankul asked to meet friends and find some wagon. Future Mullah went to Zayniddin's house. - Well, now tell me hero, - said Arslankul to his wife sadly sitting at the head of Zayniddin.

- Yesterday we did not go out of the house, - quietly spoke Dildor. - I heard - that the city is surrounded and was afraid of you, sometimes you are looking out. After evening prayers screams were heard somewhere far. My heart was pounding. I could not sleep. When the old woman fell asleep, I put on a bathrobe of the late old man and hid my hair. Yes, before I went to my daughter Yasavul Tengri-Berdy and asked her sword as if for you. She gave me a good sword. Not seen? Look! Some sheaths - said Dildor showing sword. - I tied up the sword. Then I went straight to the Kipchak gates.

They were close to us and I thought you were there as well. There were a lot of people. No one paid attention to me. I was brave! I went up to the fortress, bested her, looked furtively at each counter - looking for you; finally decided that I would not find you there. Suddenly, there was a noise about fifty yards from me. I inadvertently ran. Enemies framed the stairs and climbed up. A scramble was fierce. One of men looked familiar. Like brother Zayniddin. I pulled out my sword and struck the appeared enemy. Do not believe me? Look at my sword. There is blood... Horsemen came rushing from all sides and saved us. Without them – both me and all others would have been killed. Enemies were defeated. I looked around. Brother Zayniddin lied there covered in blood. My heart flooded with blood. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. Quietly pulled him aside...

Dildor's eyes were filled with tears, she fell silent.

- Well, and then? – the sigh of Arslankul interviewed.

- At the bottom I twice saw master Sul-tonmurod, - continued Dildor. - I ran, I thought I could look again. But, I did not find. Soon I came back, being afraid of how they would not have taken away somewhere with the other dead.

In the morning the cart came. The future Mullah brought a blanket. The body of Zayniddin was dressed and carefully placed on the cart, Arslankul insisted Dildor went home to take care of children. By noon, it was necessary to go to the house of Zayniddin, to express sympathy to his family. Arslankul, with his head down, walked beside the wagon.

The old mother of the deceased, his sister and wife - a beautiful woman, the poet and singer, whom Zayniddin chose after many amorous adventures - met the body with deep grief.

By sunrise the yard of Zayniddin was full of his friends, family and beloved ones. The funeral took place at noon. A large crowd of people headed by Navoiy accompanied Zayniddin to the cemetery. Sultonmurod got weak from grief. Arslankul led him to the cemetery by the arm. Zayniddin was buried near the grave of his grandfather, the famous doctor.

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Argun, the right hand of Baddiuzzamon, fiercely fought, trying to conquer Herat. He resorted to all sorts of tricks and used all sorts of ways to capture the fortress, but its defenders stubbornly resisted and all his attempts ended in failure.

Defenders believed in their strength. Choosing the right moment, they went out of the gate, removed the enemy to a considerable distance and attacked the enemy for a short period of time. Arslankul participated in all these raids and in most cases was their instigator.

Once, during rather a long skirmish, Arslankul captured wonderful horse with a white mark on his forehead, which belonged to some Bek. He proudly entered into the castle and suddenly saw Navoiy, who was slowly heading for the goal. He dismounted and led his horse, went to Navoiy.

- Greetings to you, - he said, putting a hand to his chest. Navoiy returned the greeting, then looked at a thoroughbred horse in rich harness and asked:

- Whose is this horse?

- Yours, sir, - replied with a smile Arslankul. - I want to offer you a gift.

Navoiy stroked his beard and laughed, screwing up his eyes:

- Let your prey be for yourself. How are you fighting? You already know the rules of war?

For the first time I need courage - said Arslankul - and learning the rules are also very useful. That's just our great thirty man battered fifty-sixty jigits of Baddiuzzamon.

How? - asked Navoiy with an interest. I took a squad of jigits and snuck into the enemy's rear. We hid behind a garden wall. On two sides we showered them with arrows - just try to get up! Lots of blood was unjustly shed. It is a pity!

- When there is an ulcer on the body, doctors cut it, - said Navoiy - No other means. Have to cut off the rotten part of the body to save the soul. We are now going through difficult days, brave.

Troops of Badiuzzamon besieged the capital for forty days. Defenders fought selflessly forty days, showing great firmness and courage. Together with others, Arslankul didn't leave the fortress even for one day. Sometimes, in the evenings, he visited Dildor, they slowly bypassed through the ramparts of the huge city with five gates. Everything was ready to repel the enemy, wherever he appeared. Finally, when it became known that Husayn Boyqaro was coming with the army of Astrabad, Badiuzzamon retreated from Herat.

Part of the defenders of the city came out to meet the Sultan and joined his troops. Among them was Arslankul. Father's and son's troops clashed in the open field.

Valibek sent a detachment of the nukers in the neighborhood to Arslankul to get fodder for the horses. Driving around from village to village, the horsemen lost sight of each other. Some took this opportunity to fold into their native village for visit.

Arslankul drove to the distant mist. He grew up in the village; he knew very well the needs and practices of farmers and conspired with them quickly. On terms not burdensome for both sides, they produced a lot of supplies. Driving around the fields on his steed attracted everyone's envious attention Arslankul was a guest here and there. After three or four days, he set sail, intending to return to the army. Having started a trot, Arslankul lonely rode on the vast steppes. Suddenly, the outlines of the rider emerged on the right side. It seemed to Arslankul that the rider was very similar to one of his accompanying jigits. Striking the horse Arslankul galloped toward him. Approaching the rider, he recognized Togonbek.

- Good trip, Togonbek, where are you going? - shouted Arslankul.

Togonbek frowned and lathered his horse stopped and stared at the horseman. Twisting his thick lips, he asked rudely:

- Are you from jigits of the Sultan or any of the princes?

- I'm from jigits?

- What are you talking about? – the small eyes of Togonbek were boring Arslankul's face. With a sly smile, he continued:

- Come with me, good horseman. We will serve to Prince Abul-Muhsin Mirza. You are lucky - you will be a great man.

- How are you? What happened to you? It seems that wandering in the wilderness, you are afraid of royal decree. Why Muzaffar Mirza did not support you? Going to the extent you want to revolt again? Ah, wretch!

Small eyes of Togonbek lit with anger. The whip with a silver handle trembled in his hand.

- And - you will eat the steppes hawks and vultures, - he said angrily.

- We'll see! - Arslankul answered boldly and valiantly straightened. - In the meantime, I'll avenge insult.

- What kind of offense, son of a dog, speak! - Togonbek exclaimed, raising the whip. - Who are you talking to? Know your place, scoundrel!

- The woman whom you took named Dildor? Who gave her to you?

The jigit looked like an eagle ready to seize his prey. Togonbek tried to soften his anger.

- Do not slander! Let's say good -bye and go our separate ways. Revenge is not easy.

- We will talk! Draw your sword, lord! You're experienced in combatting.

Togonbek bared his teeth angrily. Pinching his scanty mustache, he looked at the sword in the hands of gleaming Arslankul.

- Really? - Togonbek reached for his sword.

- I do not like to joke! - shouted Arslankul.

Neither one nor the other had a shield. Togonbek lashed a tired horse, quickly jumped to jigit's left and swung the sword, trying to hit him in the neck.

Arslankul pushed his strong, fresh horse and rushed past. Fascinated by the force of the blow, Togonbek leaned forward and grabbed the horse's mane. Once again, whipping him, he tried to attack from behind of the horseman. Arslankul slipped forward, then abruptly turned his horse and rushed at the enemy. He hit Togonbek on his head with his sword. Togonbek fell heavily to the ground; his horse shied and galloped off. Arslankul, jumped to the ground and hit

Togonbek a few more times with the sword. Then he leaned over his bloodied body. Exposing the dagger he wanted to cut Togonbek's head aiming to take it with him, but in the last minute he decided not to do so. Waving his hand, he again put the dagger in its sheath. Removing adorned with gold and precious stones sword from the belt of the murdered, Arslankul mounted his horse and rode the horse of Togonbek, which peacefully was grazing nearby, occasionally picking up his beautiful head and looking around. Arslankul had decent tinker with skittish horse, until he finally threw the rope on his feet.

After spending the night on the road, Arslankul by noon of the next day was back in the camp. Few did not know the horse, which he kept in the matter. Arslankul was surrounded. Without dismounting from his horse, he spoke about his adventure. The horsemen looked with envy at his prey. Each horse's mane fluttered in his own way and extolled its virtues.

Arslankul went toward the tent, where his squad mates were. Noisily slurping, he began to eat flour soup in a wooden bowl with a big spoon. Sometimes he looked at his companions telling some new detail of yesterday's incident, then again started to eat.

Someone said that Navoiy wanted to see him. Arslankul swallowed three or four spoons and stood up, wiping a broad palm mustache and short black beard's tough, long strides, he left the tent.

The poet, who liked not noticing the noise and writing something in his tent, affably met Arslankul.

- Talk to me! You seem to have made a curious job, - Navoiy said, smiling.

Arslankul started talking modestly, omitting flattering for him colorful adventure details.

- Where is his head? - asked Navoiy.

Arslankul eyes widened.

- Do not you believe? The horse, sword and sash are not enough for the evidence? Damn his head!

- We believe, - Navoiy said with a smile, - but you should get a reward for his head as much gold as it weighs. Giving gold for the head of the villain is a good thing.

- It did not come to my mind, - excitedly said Arslankul.

- We will extract you a reward in another way, - said flatly Navoiy: - His life is ended, now you have to be devoted into military affairs. I will report to Sultan and we will assign you a centurion.

Allah willing, you will do things that are useful for the country. Take care of Nuker and do not regret the labor force and calm people. Do you agree with me?

- They say: "Do not be his father's son, but the son of the people." Serve the people is our duty, - Arslankul replied, deeply moved by the trust and attention of Navoiy.

- Thank you, - said the poet. - Each of us must be ready at any moment to sacrifice our lives for our country and its well-being.

- Let your heart be calm, sir, - said Arslankul, and thanking Navoiy left.

## II

Senseless war, enmity between the father and the son more depressed the heart of Navoiy. Neither one nor the other side did not dare to decisive battle, from time to time there were violent clashes, but they could not decide the fate of war. A long war gradually catches all human life, by saying «the lake is drained from the drops." There was the danger that a lot of blood would be spilled in vain. Even if Badiuzzamon would be defeated, he would turn to some distant corner of the country and gather new power from those who crave the troubles which bring new misfortune to their home. These thoughts caused Navoiy unceasing anxiety. In the end, he decided to make every effort to prevent disaster.

Appearing in front of the Sultan, he highlighted the situation in the country and asked him to appoint the heir to the throne in sake of a lasting peace. The sultan firmly was convinced that the last spark of love, devotion, honour and justice went out the hearts of his sons, at first he did not seem to pay attention to this sentence.

Defeated in bloody battles, princes have repeatedly offered peace to father on knees and were ready to beg for forgiveness. But after a little time they again raised the rebellion and Husayn Boyqaro was supposed to lead his army to march again. The elderly, sick sir, having barely led to obedience one of the sons relieved breath and was forced to fight with others. Incessant hikes wore the tired Sultan. Besides his sons or any other rebels were holding the dagger hidden in his sleeve for the time being, driven by endless strife there could be uprising in Astrabad or in Balkh, Marv, Obivard, Mashhad each day. These concerns led Husayn Boyqaro to listen to the words of the poet.

Navoiy offered his mediation and mentioned the peace and resolutely insisted on his demand. In the end, the sultan had to agree.

The old poet was lifted by the arms and put on the horse. Joyful, grateful thoughts accompanied the Messenger of Peace.

So, people first saw in the sky a golden chamois of a new month, wanting own happiness and well-being.

Navoiy went into the steppe, which for several weeks had been the scene of battle. Here and there were lay bows, scraps of harness. Bloodstains on the grass looked like dried petals of tulips. The poet's frown wrinkles on his forehead deepened. He remembered the words he heard once: "Two dervishes are better than two enemies of the Shah." The horse climbed on a naked hill. Below there were tents in the camp of Badiuzzamon, scurrying back and forth people were jumping on horses. The poet reined.

As he approached the camp, familiar courtiers of Badiuzzamon ran out to meet him and his companion, the poet Zeman. - Bring me to Mirza, - said Navoiy stepping off the horse. «Come! Come! " - soldiers pointed the way to Alisher. Badiuzzamon accompanied by Zulnun Bek Argun and other confidants came out from the tent. The prince, still handsome and elegantly dressed, respectfully invited the ambassador to the splendid tent. At the request of the prince, Navoiy sat on the place of honour. Zulnun Argun and other senior officials took place, respectively with the position of each. Nice music and singing of women could be heard from neighboring tents. Navoiy involuntarily surrendered to the enchanting beauty of the sounds. But soon singing and music stopped.

- Prince, I came to bring peace, - addressed Navoiy to Badiuzzaman.

- Your words are invaluable for all of us, - said Badiuzzamon in a quiet voice. - However, some events are known by your high personage, deprive these speeches and make them meaningless.

- You are mistaken, prince, - said Navoiy with conviction. - State Government and people yearn for peace. Life and welfare of the people depend on the word "peace." What arguments can you prove the opposite? I am sure that if you do not break the sword of violence, if your brothers every day sink down deeper in the mire of dishonour, a fire of life in our blessed country will scatter to the winds. What we expect from you? What do we see now? If you do not correct their



mistakes, the country will never forgive you. Your younger brothers take example of you. You were the instigator of all disasters.

- Grief of my son deeply penetrated my heart, - said sadly Badiuzzamon. People whose hands are stained with the blood of the child, no matter who they were, I'm never going to justify and forgive. I will always send a curse upon their heads! - excitedly said Navoiy. - But the people and the country are not to blame!

Badiuzzamon began to complain of the injustice of his father. Navoiy proved to him that personal grievances cannot serve as the basis for civil wars, carrying the grief and devastation to all the people.

He had a long talk with the prince of the virtues that a person must possess and finally finished:

- Crown does not absolve anyone from the human duty to preserve virtue. But it does require honour and conscience and being aware of his responsibility to society.

- The words of Mr. Emir are correct, - said Zulnun Argun - but it would be nice to know on what terms should we make peace?

- Terms, we brought with them, - said Navoiy encircling the assembly with scrutiny.

- Can you assure these conditions? - asked Badiuzzamon.

Navoiy said that the prince will be given the right of management in the area of Balkh and lands between Bayan and Murghab.

Badiuzzamon decided to consult with Zulnun Argun and other approximates, went forth with them from the tent. Talking to a court poet prince Zeman, Navoiy learned that the former executioner Shahobiddin al-Din was executed today in the camp of Badiuzzamon as a traitor. This qozi, declared himself a supporter of Badiuzzamon and enjoyed great attention by the prince. Muzaffar Mirza was caught with secret documents and this morning he was hung.

Navoiy expressed his deep belief in there that all criminals expect ignominious end.

Badiuzzamon entered and declared that he accepts the terms of peace. He promised the poet that, starting from today, any hostile actions would be terminated. Then a feast was prepared and agreement signed.

The next day, Badiuzzamon began to withdraw his troops. Navoiy brought peace to the camp of Husayn Boyqaro. The news of the end of the war extremely pleased everyone.

By the evening the poet arrived in Herat. On the road all the people congratulated him, expressing their appreciation and love.

Unsiya gathered thoughts and poetry, inspiration of the scientists, poets, artists, painters, musicians, beauty, pride, heart and conscience of the city, just Khorasan and Maverannakhr. Back together with friends and family, their souls have blossomed from the proximity to the poet.

Full moon in the clear depths of the sky spread its rays in his tent. The night was dozing peacefully to the sounds of magnificent choir of countless stars. Gardens were shrouded by a thin cover of moonlight, slightly startled by fresh breath of autumn. The candles were burning in the houses. Servants, employees, guests, who can always be found in Unsiya, occupied their own business. Sahib Daro lowered the Kalam into the inkwell and closed his eyes, looking for rhyme. Sheikh Bahlul grizzled in the service of this house, reading his master. In one room, chess fans were passionate about the interesting game. In another room, servants experienced in bookkeeping, counted and recorded into a notebook the amounts of the poet spent per day for charity. In the yard, the grooms were singing songs.

The poet sat alone in his room. Lately, staying alone, he often thought of the impending sunset of life and remembered his dead friends. Where kind heart of Mohammed Said Pakhlavan, where is Jami? He thought about them and sorrow oppressed his soul. Not because he was afraid of death, no, there was still much to be done, even many unfulfilled ideas!

During the last years of care, anxiety and work the poet who jumped over sixty, saw the varied phenomena of destiny. Both, joy and sorrow he experienced with the serenity of a sage:

« I have tried both bitterness and sweetness in this world."

Wishing to create scientific and cultural institutions that continued to operate after that charitable activities unfolded in ever larger proportions, he decided to make a «vaqfnama" - testamentary disposition. How much money is needed for the maintenance of madrassas Shifayi, khanakah to benefit students and teachers' salaries, requiring the issuance of clothing, how many rams, bulls on festive treats for people on a daily gratuitous boiler for the poor, orphans and

widows; how much money on gifts and awards, how to harvest wheat, get flour to bake several cakes, how to cook halva and candy - all this he decided to write in detail in "vaqfnama." But first you must finish «Litigation of two languages." He has created in their native language ««Hamsa», created "Char-divan." Like the great Persian poets, he boldly exercised his pen in all kinds of versification. Sounds of "Turkic saz", in his poems he proved strength, beauty, wealth of the native language. Now it must prove in a scientific way, the arguments of logic. All languages must be displayed at an arena of struggle with the fully renowned East Persian language.

Which athlete will be stronger? Sitting by the window in burning candles, the poet quickly led pen to paper. Two languages - Turkish and Persian are the pair of heroes. Sometimes they uplift the mace of logic and sometimes the samples of beauty and strength. Sometimes they scatter handfuls of his bowels pearls, and sometimes compete in euphony. Look at these wonderful duels, having no similarity in struggle the great Iranian poets from Firdavsiy to Jami came. Each of them shone its own merits. But they were unhappy with the arguments of their language: whatever the wealth nor boasted Iranian hero, another Turkic hero made him blush.

Navoiy's hand, holding a pen, was tired. Inspired by competition of fighters, the poet did not notice how long he sat at work. He put the continuation of the match for tomorrow. One after another, out of sight of the great Persian poets, so confident in the power of his fighter came to congratulate him on his victory and lovingly carried on his hands from the arena of battle, now they were pale and confused. Only with them, Jami welcomed the winner and friendly clapped him on the shoulder.

A lot of joy played in the heart of Navoiy. Winning the Turkic language was his victory, the victory of his attire.

The poet blew out the candle. With a bat in his hand, slowly moving his stiff legs, he went into the yard, heading for the bedroom. Cool, fresh air caressed his face. Radiance scattered at infinity stars rustling trees in the garden, jingle bells tinkled from the distant caravan - it all seemed so near to the heart of the poet, so familiar, all of which he deeply felt.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

On a bright cold morning, dressed in a silk scarf, Sul-tonmurod completed a thick book – “Collection of Sciences” and left the house. This book is voluminous works of many sleepless nights filled with reflections, precious pearls of human thought, selected creative mind of thousands of books of all time and honed sharp blade logic. Though previous works of Sul-tonmurod earned him enough fame in science, his pride was the last work. This treasury he was carrying in her true gift inspirer - Navoiy, who so often helped him and gave advice, encouragement and friendly material means. The scientist, like flying through the mud covering the road, confidently raised his head, his heart, like a spring flood, was flooded by the music of joy.

Entering the gates of Unsiya, Sul-tonmurod stopped dead: the faces of servants and workers were pale and heads lowered. It seemed that someone was sentenced to death and they are waiting for the moment when he will have to close his eyes forever.

- What happened? - asked distractedly Sul-tonmurod.

- Mr. Emir is sick, - said quietly one of the servants.

The scientist’s heart sank, as if he found himself on the edge of the abyss. He ran into the room of Navoiy. The spacious bedroom has gathered dozen of prominent doctors and Darveshali, the vizier Khoja Afzal and some relatives of the poet. The patient was lying in the front corner on the cushions covered with silk quilt.

Sul-tonmurod tiptoed over to him and put his book on the shelf at the head of a poet. Then he bent over his head resting on a pillow, as if going on a prostration. Alas! Eyes of the philosopher, which shone with all the wisdom of the universe, were closed. His face was faintly twitching. Sul-tonmurod’s eyes welled with hot flow of tears.

- Great mentor! The book that I wrote is over! - sadly he said, still leaning over the bed below.

Patient's eyes widened, his lips moved, he said something. Sul-tonmurod did not hear his words, but he knew from the expression of the eyes and lips movement of the poet that he was pleased.

Khoja Afzal came to the scientist, trying to comfort him. Doctors tiptoed out of the room again and were whispering among themselves deliberately. Most doctors advised again to bleed.

Sultonmurod did not interfere with them and went into another room. There he saw poets, scholars and artists, listening carefully to young Khondamir. Sultonmurod took place on the sidelines.

-... People who left toward Khakan, - told Khondamir - stayed at caravanserai Farha. We spent the night in this caravanserai. At dawn Mr. Navoiy started reading inscriptions left by travelers on doors and walls. First of all, he was struck by the following verses:

All helpless in these moments - and stupid, and sages,  
For there is no man on earth that fate would have prevailed  
If the light goes out rate, if his trembling subsided, -  
Slime from destructive impotence Aflatun will not pull the legs.  
If the first strong health to decline steadily goes.

That "Canon" of Ibn Sina is useless, because the rock is made here!

This poem is like Mr. Alisher. I immediately wrote it down. Soon we left towards a caravanserai Maliksho. The royal litter Sahib Kieran appeared on the opposite side. At this time, by the will of fate, a strange change has occurred in Mr. Alisher. He beckoned to Khoja Shahabud-Din Abdullah and said: " Be near me, I do not feel." A minute later he dismounted, but could not go to meet the sultan. Immediately Khoja Shahab-ud-Din Abdullah and Jalal al-Din Qasim seized him by the arm. A blow deprived Emir's ability to move and speak. Grief fills our hearts. We put the patient on expensive stretcher and headed toward Herat. On the way doctors took some blood from him. But it did not help. At midnight we arrived at the blessed house. On the vicissitudes of life!

Khondamir wiped his eyes and fell into silence. All bowed their heads. After the story of Khondamir deep, painful silence came.

The healers have redoubled their efforts, more and more doctors were trying to help the patient, but his position was deteriorating with each passing hour. The next day, on Sunday, at dawn, Alisher Navoiy said farewell to life.

This Day was the 12th of Jumada in 906 by the second year of Hijra, and became the day of deep mourning. All Herat woke up in the mountain. Gloomy news broke hearts. Each Herat's man felt emptiness in his heart. Sorrow covered the whole country.

Gardens, alleys, madrasahs, mosques, squares, streets, people wave. But today the city seems empty, orphaned. Beards of the old

men were wet with tears, the children were silenced. Throughout its history, Herat buried many prominent people, but death never caused so much grief.

Unsiya was full of people. Scientists, poets, artists, doctors, civil servants, artisans farewelled with the poet.

Grief bent Darveshali. Friends and faithful servants of the poet - Bahlul Sheikh Sahib and Dara, Makhmood Thaya Badi - completely lost their heads. Poets, praising love, tears, separation, only now comprehended the true meaning of these words.

Here is Behzad. He weeps at the head of the poet, his mentor. Here's a simple soldier crying yesterday, and today thousands nukers of Arslankul. Together with the poets cry severe fighters - lords.

When the men emptied the room, women were let in. Initially, women came out of the palace, crying, they came to the body after them, dressed in all black, they tore their screams into air.

Sultonmurod for the last time having embraced the great sage, left the room. In front of the crowd he saw Dildor in black dress and black scarf reaching to the eyebrows. From big eyes, tears dripped one after another. Sultonmurod sighed:

- Cry, sister cry! Let your eyes be blind to who's not crying - he said to Dildor.

- Oh, dear sir, cry a little, it would be better to burn into ashes! - Dildor said in a choked voice.

Poets, scientists and even doctors in poems were expressing their grief and love for Navoiy. There were countless odes with four, six or eight lines in honour of Navoiy. Written on scraps of paper, these go by hand, copied, creating new mournful works. Creating amazing elegy, where each word was imbued with sorrow and love. Flowers adorned the poetry of the poet sadness.

An entwined silk stretcher with the body of Alisher was carried on the shoulders of friends of the poet - lords, nobles and noble people of Herat. Screams shook the sky. As if not wanting to remain indifferent to the great grief, cloud droplets also shed tears. The stretcher was sent to thousands of hands in instant withdrew from Unsiya swaying over the human sea. Everyone thought his duty to touch at least the tip. When passing through many hands, stopped on a stretcher Eid Gah, Husayn Boyqaro solemnly appeared. After reading the funeral prayer, the stretcher again floated on the waves of the human sea.

The poet was buried in a building constructed by him, in the mosque, where he had prepared the place of Rest River. Herat was weeping over the grave. Huge portals like a sky dome mosque shook from bitter cryings. By evening, the crowds in the streets, squares and gardens thinned. Sul-tonmurod with drooping head, walked slowly along the square. The sun was sinking into the glowing clouds, inclined to the horizon. Sul-tonmurod stopped at the end of the square to say goodbye. He looked at Arslankul's eyes red from tears and said:

- Keep firmly the sword in the hands, hero to guard thoughts and covenants of our dear father.

I swear you - your science will serve the people! - Arslankul exclaimed, clutching the handle of the sword.

The arms of the warrior and the scholar, driven by love and loyalty, united in a strong handshake.

## **GOLDEN NOVEL BY OYBEK**

There are so many scholars and outstanding people in the history of humanity but there are very few people who can write a novel about them.

Five centuries later since Alisher Navoiy lived only Aybek was able to write a novel about this great statesman. Perhaps, God might have returned Alisher Navoiy to the people on Earth after five hundred years as Aybek. If one uses the term about such people like Aybek as "was born" it will be kind of not realizing the talent and personality of these people, because God creates and even works on such people like Aybek. Navoiy and Aybek... these two people are separated by a huge river which is called the river of 5 hundred years. But Aybek was able to gather the beam of Alisher Navoiy and think as he did and create a great work. In his entire life Aybek swam through this river and got to Alisher Navoiy's period.

Usually the mountaineers start their job by climbing on lower peaks first. So does any writer. They also start writing short stories about their acquaintance and friends. And when Aybek came into the literature Alisher Navoiy was not well introduced to people in those

times. Navoiy's life and work was as if covered with snow. But Aybek was very confident about opening this mystery and introduce to people this great poet in different colors.

It might seem that Alisher Navoiy's works had already started to be studied before Aybek. And really others also tried to study Navoiy's works very carefully before Aybek, they loved Alisher Navoiy's poems and ghazals, they wanted to understand and enjoy them. And in the 20s of the XX century Navoiy became as a point of scientific research. Some people wrote the first articles about Navoiy. And after a while Aybek also joined these people. And thanks to his Navoiytology has become as one of the sacred spheres of Uzbek literature.

So, today Navoiy is the source of national pride of Uzbek people, he is the symbol of cultural and spiritual upbringing. And our nation adores this man and enjoys his works and somehow this is a contribution of Aybek as well.

First Aybek heard of Alisher Navoiy at "old styled" school. Since then Aybek fell in love with the poems by Alisher Navoiy. Then as he got older and older he felt that this world created by Navoiy was like a galaxy with various colors and planets. And Aybek understood that he was supposed to study each of these planets separately first and then he could unite them in one galaxy. At last he started to study the works and life of Alisher Navoiy.

Nowadays there are several notebooks called "Preparation for the Scientific Research of Alisher Navoiy", "Research on Oriental Literature and Life" in the home museum of Aybek. If you read these notebooks you will be able to observe how carefully Aybek was getting ready for it. There you can see notes from books like "Zafarnoma" by Yazdiy, "Rashahot ayn ul Hayot" by Koshifiy, "Nuzrat ul-qulub" by Qazviniy, "Matlab ut-tolibin" by Muhammad Tolib and books by ibn Batuta, Klaviho, Abdurazzaq Samarkandiy, Vosifiy, Mirkhand, Bobur, Khondamir, Bartold and other scientists and travelers. Having gathered such kind of information he joined all of them and created a mental picture of Alisher Navoiy in his mind and the world which was surrounding him at those times. So Aybek was able to walk beside the poet in the streets of Heart and started to hear his voice.



Aybek wrote the following in his article called “How did I write the novel “Navoiy”?”: “Navoiy’s poetry and personality always used to call me and so I had a great desire to write about Navoiy”.

In 1936-1937 I wrote a small poem called “Navoiy”. But this was kind of an exercise for me only. And then in 1942 I wrote the novel “Navoiy”. But I had to gather all necessary information such as the spirit of that period, traditions, cultures, behavior of people, social view and other characteristic features of that time. I have gathered many historical facts, materials and I analyzed them and then I tried to understand them. I was so engaged with this work that there was no any working plan of the novel on a sheet of paper. It was in my heart. It invaded my entire soul. I used to think of Navoiy whatever I did. I used to feel him, to feel his character, his calm, proud face, actually I used to see him....

In order to “see” a man who lived five hundred years ago, reading and studying about this man is not actually enough. Besides, a writer should turn his “antennas” to the period about which he is going to write and should be able to feel the smell of that time.

Navoiy was a good, great person for Aybek. He was not only a lantern of Khorasan but the whole Uzbek nation in the XV century. He was a symbol of future with justice and dignity. As we cannot realize the sun when we are too young, so Aybek preferred not to refer to Navoiy’s youth and teenager period. That’s why the writer brings him to the stage when a reader starts missing him with Sul-tonmurod and Zayniddin. This is a literal method which is not mentioned in theoretical books. Using this method, the writer tries to raise Navoiy in the view of reader and wants the reader to get used to the idealized character of Navoiy.

For sure it is not in vain.

The point is, if we look through the history of Uzbek nation we will see Yassaviy, Beruniy, Farobiy, al-Khorazmiy, at-Termiziy, Naqshband and others there. Their work and personalities are kept in people’s minds forever. But Alisher Navoiy is a separate topic.

The outstanding people who lived before Alisher Navoiy had many opponents and conflicts in their own times. For sure there were conflicts in Navoiy’s period as well but they were created by temurids who were on the throne at that time. If Alisher Navoiy had lived a century earlier or later he would not have been able to create such kind of great works. As at that time the science and culture were on

their peak. He was able to look at the events as the son of temurids and did the thing which could not be done by any other temurids: He managed to preserve the dignity of the Uzbek language in the fight with the Persian language.

By this character Navoiy differs from Yassaviy, Beruniy and Ulugbek.

Aybek decided to write about this great personality and for sure he managed it.

The work on the novel started in 1940. At this time the writer had just finished writing the book called “Qutlugqon” (Sacred Blood). In order to avoid the fake critics and their supporters, he showed Yulchi as the member of ordinary people. At this time the situation in Uzbekistan was also the same as it was described in the novel, the country was ruled by uneducated and inexperienced people like Yulchi.

And this time Aybek chose very intelligent, educated and experienced man for his second novel. When the Second World War began people understood that there was a need for rulers, outstanding people as it was indicated in the novel by Aybek. That’s why the writer did his best in order to complete the novel as soon as he could and worked very hard in 1942 when the War was going on very hard.

If you some day visit Aybek’s museum, please, enter a room which is very small. Aybek finished the novel “Navoiy” in this room on a winter night dressed up with warm clothes and lantern in it. Aybek’s friend from Moscow, Nikolay Tikhonov used to enter this room and tell about Aybek to other people every time when he came to Tashkent.

In 1940 Aybek started to build his house in European style but still he wanted to have small hujra in it as well. He used to sit and read books there and he wrote novels there.

Every writer is national one. Every writer is the historian of his nation. But any writer who refers to the life of his nation he usually chooses a hero who is close to his heart. That’s why Don Juan was written by Byron in England, by Pushkin in Russia. None other writer could reveal the soul of Karamazov as it was done by Dostoyevskiy. If we refer to Uzbek literature, we can see that no one can create Qori Ishkanba’s character as good as S. Ayniy did. So did Gofur Gulam when he wrote Shum Bola (A Naughty Boy). And so did Aybek with Navoiy.

“Navoiy” was published in Russian and Uzbek for several times. The novel also was translated into Kazan, Turkmenian, Ukrainian, Estonian, Latish, Check, Slovakian, French and other languages of the world. And it has recently been published in the Chinese Language. And the nations of these languages met the novel very warmly. And one of the readers from Armenia wrote to Aybek the followings: I think you must be very close to Alisher Navoiy by your character otherwise you would not have been able to create such a great novel about the great poet of Uzbek nation. And there is a large piece of truth in these words.

I would like to mention one fact concerning the history of the novel here:

As it is known, the warriors who were arrested by the enemy used to be called as betrayers during World War II. They were sent to special camps of the country as soon as they were released from the enemy. So, one of the warriors had in his hands a copy of the novel “Navoiy” when he was arrested. And this novel served him as a morning star which would show him and give a hope, the symbol of excellent future then.

It has been more than sixty years since the novel was written. It has been introducing Alisher Navoiy, a great Uzbek poet to many generations so far. I hope that this book will continue this work for many years in future as well.

A famous poet of the Soviet period Mayakovskiy said in his poem called “Tuyona” that he would stand beside Pushkin in future. And these words have already become nonsense in the shadow of Communism. But I hope that Aybek and Navoiy will live together forever.

**Naim Karimov,  
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**OYBEK**

**NAVOIY  
NOVEL**

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