

GRADE NOUNS AND IDIOMS USED IN OYBEK'S STORY "CHILDHOOD"

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**Annotation:** We enrich Uzbek linguistics through several methods, including borrowing words from abroad. work has begun. In this article, we will analyze the words used in Oibek's story "Childhood" and words belonging to graduonyms.

**Key words:** Borrowed words, synonyms, Arabic words, Persian-Tajik words.

Aibek, son of Musa Tashmuhammad, is one of the great writers of our past century. His stories, poems, epics, novels, such as "Alisher Navoiy", "Kutlug' blood", "Gold does not darken", "Looking for light", "Alisher's childhood", "Childhood" and a total of 19 volumes of his excellent works are our heritage. got lost. The story of childhood is written in an aesthetic genre, and the biography of the main character, people's life, events of the time, and social changes are described in the work. The gentleness of the story's style, the strength and consistency of the logic of the events, the clarity of the images, the clear and attractive language of the story pleases the reader.

Come on, my son, tell me about last night!

In the narrow street, in front of the old, shabby door of our neighbor, my old grandfather talks to his friend - a long-bearded, big-chested, deaf-eared mosafid.

One evening, at an unexpected time, we hear the bleating of camels on our street, and some strange sounds fill the air.

Let your grandfather build it, why doesn't he love you so much! he shouts. My brother runs, and I run after him.

My grandfather noticed them and chased them with his cane.

The grocer says something. My sister takes the folder from the pile, hangs it around her neck and goes to school

Hurry up, Isavoy, we're going to be late,' he says, beckoning my brother.

They want to go somewhere.

We slowly open the crooked old door and enter Grandpa Mirahmad's spacious yard.

**VOCABULARY:**

The child's heart is full... I understand the meaning of this sentence. Because if I made him accept my wish, he would always say that to others or to himself. If you walk along a narrow street from our house for a hundred steps, you will come to a large stone-hewn street in the Okmachit neighborhood. There are three shops here: one is a butcher's shop, and two are grocery stores. Musa grocer's shop always looks dry to my eyes. He only sells carrots, onions, flour, kerosene. But in the gentle, sweet word, bald old Sabir grocer, you can find everything from fly-blackened holes and kulchas, horse breads, wormy jiida and turshaks, to charcoal, dry alfalfa, and corn sorghum. We will go to this store. Sabir the grocer, in a melodious voice, caresses me so that he can see his grandparents' wedding. My grandfather takes one of the small ones lying on the ground, sniffs it, puts it in my hand, and then asks the price. The grocer says something. My grandfather furrows his eyebrows, takes a look, takes out several balls from the pocket of his long, wide white surp jacket, holds each one close to his eyes, stares at the water, and throws it in front of the grocer. Sabir the grocer shakes his head. He says, "It won't be possible, father, take a picture." That's it. The grade is good, says my grandfather, jerking and turning home. Sabir the grocer shouts again earnestly from behind: Grandfather, you can't add anything! My grandfather does not care for him. When Tor enters the street, he says to himself: Sell honestly. Can you tell me as much as you want! Then he got angry with me: Tentak, you don't know patience. I used to get a big one from the market. I run like the wind as long as I hold the handle. I ask my mother

for a knife, who is sitting on the porch sewing a hat or a ziyak. Both my brother and my sister are happy, who is sitting on one side sewing something by herself. Here, the old man slowly comes in. I took it for a price. He said to my mother, "I used to go to the market, but my son didn't get tired." The child's heart is gold... May he be safe, may he stay behind me. After that, the old man enters the door sweating every two or three days.

The words written in black letters in this story are borrowed words, mostly from Arabic and Persian languages.

Idioms in the story:

1. Because it is Persian
2. Kabul-Arabic
3. Surroundings are Arabic
4. Step by step
5. Neighborhood-Arab
6. Butcher-Arab
7. Arabic only
8. Carrot-Persian
9. Onion-Persian
10. Kerosene-English
11. fly-Persian
12. Time-Persian

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