



THE WONDERS OF THE UNEXPLORED CAVE IN UZBEKISTAN

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ABSTRACT	KEY WORDS
<p>This article has been written from the story which was told by Uzbek writer Normurad Norkobilov, who made an interesting expedition to the unexplored cave “Peshigor”, which situated in Zaamin district of Uzbekistan. There too many authors whose stories were written about nature, for example as well-known American naturalist author Ernest Seton Thomson who created thousand stories about animalistic genre by travelling Wildlife of nature or Jack London , Murrey Abraham, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette ei. There are many honorable naturalist authors in Uzbekistan, such as, Tog’ay Murod, Gofur Gulom, Abdulla Qodiriy, Shukur Xolmirzayev, Normurod Norkobilov ei. Normurod Norkobilov is an Uzbek writer who gives the motivation from nature to create his amazing stories, he made thousand expeditions, his love to the nature pushed up him to research every inch of the motherland. His stories are connected with the realistic wild and domestic natural life. In this article we can get an information which happened during the expedition. There were many interesting accidents, unforeseen circumstance. And the main fact that they found an ancient building inside the cave.</p>	<p>mount, cave, expedition, risk, rock, hall, archeologist, writer.</p>

Could there be an ancient monument in the depths of the cave?

Naturally, when you hear this, the answer "no" begins to ring in your mind. Because it is unthinkable to build buildings in a cave, as if the place is dry. This seems to be a meltdown, not only for those who have never been to a cave in their lives, but also for those of us who have traveled dozens of caves from head to toe.

However, in the words of our late poet friend Sattor Karabaev from Zaamin district of Uzbekistan, there are caves in our homeland that hide ancient buildings, and the Peshigor cave in one of the Jizzakh mountains is a clear example of this. At first, we didn't believe Sattor Karabaev's excitement. Because in the process of studying and photographing various caves, we have not come across any ancient man-made monuments. Therefore, it is difficult to imagine, our poet friend said: “The peshigor is not an ordinary cave, as you might think, it is a place where one of the country's heroes fought against the army of Alexander the Great in 330-328 BC. The monument in the cave that he told us about is one of the monuments of the Ahrimaz period or it may be” he said. Then someone said, "A stone in the cave," and wanted to laugh at himself. S. Karabaev said very seriously: "No, according to our information, it

is made of clay". It was after this statement that our interest increased and we decided to organize an expedition to the Peshigor cave.

Unfortunately, due to the mistake of our lighting guy, the expedition failed on the first day. It is well known that there are peculiarly complex aspects of the work of exploring and photographing caves, and the process of preparation does not like indifference. Being excited from the words of my poet friend I hurried up to exam cave and we decided to explore the cave until the guys got ready. Because the desire to see the ancient monument which in some part of the long cave was burning in our hearts like fire. We, holding one handkerchief, examined the first hall of the cave, and then proceeded to its long and wide second hall. The second hall scene was filled with rocks of various sizes, and we immediately realized that there was a high risk of the rock falling. So this part of the cave doesn't like too much noise. But suddenly, the engine roar at the same time. Before we can concentrate, huge of red stone fall from the ceiling next to us. Our poet friend pulled me aside and clung to the wall in agony and shouted, "turn off the engine." Then, the sound of the engine stopped immediately. We immediately returned to our team and met the guys who were in the first hall. The main culprit was that, our lighting engineer on advice of one of the local guys who joined us as a companion, instead of leaving the power supply outside the cave as usual, he had brought it in and set it on fire to test, as a result he was suffering from stone injury. "You have to go to the doctor as soon as possible, it's like a broken shoulder", he said. This was a great excuse for the members of the expedition, who were terrified of the falling of stones in the depths of the dark cave, and they flatly refused to take part in the expedition. This is how the first expedition failed.

Our next expedition was in winter chill. This time my poet friend didn't join us, but instead of him his son, an employee of the district museum of local lore Sundor Karabaev and archaeologist Valijon Gaybullaev were with. Since the cave is located on Mount "Morguzar", if we talk about this mountain, it is located in the territory of Zaamin district of Uzbekistan, which means "the place of snakes". In the warm season of the year, snakes are really plentiful at this address. But now it's not summer, it's winter. It was snowing, and a cold wind was blowing from the mouth of the huge gorge in front of us. Because we knew from the experience of previous expeditions to the caves that if we embrace the cave, we begin to live in another world, forgetting not only the bitter cold, but also the day and night. After all, in the second cave of Amir Temur, like the group of academician Vinogradov, we lived for four days and nights. It was cold as it is now, and the inside of the cave was warm.

As we walk along the ravine and reach the destination, we tie to the ropes each baggage, to prevent them from rolling down like a rock, fasten one end to a tree at the mouth of a cave that is blackened on a high cliff, and lower the other end to the bottom of the ravine. We start to lift food, firewood, cave lighting equipment and other equipment one by one. One of the disadvantages of this hard work is that sweat-soaked underwear freezes instantly in the cold and begins to sink into the body like a knife.

That's when you start to miss the stove with the fire. A bonfire on the snow only warms the palms and fingers.

Once we have taken all the loads to the snow-free field at the mouth of the cave, that is, to the porch, we light a fire and warm ourselves. By the way, due to the rock on the hill, this cave is popularly called "Peshigor", ie "Peshayvonli cave". Remembering the bitterness of the expedition that failed last time, this time we place the current-carrying device in the corner of the porch, check it over and over again to see if it works, and start pulling the wire into the cave. Sundor and I will be in charge of this work.

Because the peculiarity of the expedition is that if discipline is not followed, the work will never be as it should be.

When the preparations are complete, we warm our bodies with the warm air of the cave, turn on the engine, turn on the lights, and freeze from the strange sight before us. Last time, because of the weakness of the lights in our hands, a huge tower was wide open right in front of us, unnoticed. In the light of the bright lights, we observe the surroundings silently. On the colorful ceiling, like chandeliers, hung balls of bats, as if the walls of the cave were different from the ceiling. Mother Nature, as a clever artist and sculptor, decorated the walls of the cave so skillfully that we could not help but marvel. These colors were not as bright as the colors in the outside world, but they were unique. It is hard to believe that there are so many different colors in the depths of the earth, and as we progressed, the colors changed and faded. The hall of cave, which had fallen on us like a box during a previous expedition, no longer looked terrible to us, as if the stones on the ceiling were saying, "If you don't make too much noise, we can stay in our place for another thousand years". Soon we realized that there were few places where the stones were dangerous, and that some ceilings were as smooth as the ceiling had been neatly crafted by the masters. At the base of the walls, there were rocks of various shapes - "statues", in one of which you could see the image of a woman with a knot, and in another - the most beautiful wrestler. If you felt like you were walking in a museum and gave a little freedom to your imagination, you could see a lot of wonders in this "underground kingdom". Unfortunately, the cave is not a museum - no matter how hard you try to feel free, the slight fright constantly pushes you to vigilance and keeps you in bright mind. In a way, this is true, because in caves you always have to be vigilant.

So, most of those who set foot in the cave because of the slight fright, do not fully comprehend the wonders of its depths, and enter curiously, but quickly try to leave the cave, some of them say, "If you don't feel the dust under your feet, there is no point in living ..." There is no soil in the cave, where one can only walk on stones.

This is a natural phenomenon.

Little did we know, however, that, contrary to this natural state, we would encounter a thick layer of soil in the cave, and under the guidance of our archaeologist friend we would have to excavate many ancient artifacts from that layer of soil. We encountered the next layer of soil layer. Then, as a result of distraction, we immediately remember the forgotten monument, and we gather our thoughts and focus on the stage. In our view, there was too much soil here. Could it be that the ancient monument, which we have been searching for with hope, and which is still standing in our consciousness, has already collapsed and turned to dust? At the same time, I look at the archaeologist Valijon Gaybullayev, who is standing next to me on the left, and I read the same meaning in his eyes. Then he said: "I did not believe in the existence of an ancient monument in this cave, to be honest, I thought it was a flax. Here I am now. After all, so much soil does not come into being by itself. There is something here. My suggestion is to go to the cave net and see what is there, and then we will return to our tracks and start digging. "

This offer is accepted, we continue to move forward, and we come across a neighboring soil sol. My archaeologist friend is focusing on the soil in the cave hall, and I am focusing on the unique colors on the wall. Not surprisingly, the colors on the walls resemble a collection of paintings created by rebellious artists with different theoretical and practical views, the basis of the complex was the

appearance of all available colors and their darkness and hunger, and in some places an unobtrusive system of colors. This hall was 15 meters wide, about the same height, and 65 meters long.

If we are going to bring the exact detail related to the Peshigor Cave, it is one of the largest and most unexplored caves in Central Asia. The length of the cave is still unclear, right, the man who entered the cave thinks that after a few hundred meters, he hit the high and slippery rock in the cave net and hit the bottom of the cave on his own. No, the cave does not end, it continues again through the huge arch at the top of the cliff. But how much? No one knows that. Because no one has climbed to the top of the cliff so far. However, there are various legends among the people about the duration of the cave. When we hit the rock, which is about twenty meters high, without looking for a piece of rock in the net part of the cave, we start digging in the first earthen mortar at the entrance to the cave, making sure that the ancient monument mentioned by our poet friend is in one of the earthen soles. As the young men realize that the search will continue until dawn, they begin to see the fate of their stay by building boulders on one side of the cave. So someone was looking at the excavations, someone was making bonfire and cooking, and someone was watching the work closely, as if a treasure was coming out of the ground, in short, we were all one soul. Soon various pieces of pottery began to emerge from the thick soil, the lower part of the monument wall showing its height. The clay of the monument was restored from baked raw bricks. The bricks found were undamaged, sturdy, and vigorous, even though they had been lying underground for some time. Valijon's first confession was: "The monument seems to have been destroyed by people, not time. Because the bricks were so strong, the monument could last for another thousand years. Secondly, there is no whole thing, everything is broken, as if the battle were in full swing. If you notice, the entrance to the cave is also in the form of a labyrinth, i.e. it still extends side by side, and then upwards, towards the cave. I suspect that a human being has a hand in this ... "Indeed, the entrance to the vast and huge cave, like a tower, is still on the right, still on the left, and then climbing up, the guard soldier alone can easily stand up to dozens of enemies. was possible. So, some historical processes took place in this cave. Valijon, who was among the bricks, spread out a large number of pottery fragments found in the depths of the earth and examined them one by one. He said: But what amazes me most is the presence of an old building rebuilt of clay, not stone, in the cave. The question of why is constantly running through my head. Perhaps this monument really belongs to the centuries BC, that is, to the time of Ahrimaz. Such puzzles can be solved only by archaeologists who are interested in this work".

It was midnight at this time. It was a chilly winter outside, and the inside of the cave was as warm as a stove. As the boys lay on the ground, they slept soundly, Valijon, Sundor, and me were still digging the fireplace very carefully, without even imagining sleep.

Sundor, who worked tirelessly in his shirt, always looked up at the high ceiling and said, "Why did they need to build a house in this cave, which is cool in summer and warm in winter?", Valijon led us to the neighboring dirt road: "Let's take a look at this room before dawn. I notice the strange color of the soil" He began to search for something on the ground, like a sapper looking for a mine, looking down at the sharp light of the lamp in his hand. Then he called us to him and pointed at his feet and said, "Judging by the color of the soil, there is an old furnace here". We look at the ground, but we do not notice any difference in the color of the soil. Then he begins to dig slowly. Indeed, an ancient stone and the bones of many animals were found under the ground. Soon he found another stone in the southern part of the hall. Pieces of pottery were also present here. Valijon, who finished his work in the morning, said: "We can assume that this room was the kitchen of any team that lived in the cave.

But much remains to be done to find out who lived in the cave and why the buildings were rebuilt. So, at your request, I have completed my work, and have been able to discover that there is indeed an ancient monument in Peshigor. The rest is up to other archaeologists. ”

One night we became so accustomed to the nature of the cave and its warm air that we forgot the dominance of the bitter winter frosts outside. As we grab the frozen rope in the cold, we begin to descend to the bottom of the ravine, thinking that in ancient times the locusts lived at this place. This question has not been answered yet.

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