

**"SINGER OF NATIVE NATURE"**

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**ABSTRACT**

The article examines Konstantin Paustovsky's unique approach to depicting nature in literature. For Paustovsky, nature is not just a backdrop for action, but a living source of inspiration that reflects the inner world of the characters and the author himself. This article invites the reader to plunge into the rich inner world of Paustovsky and his characters, where nature and man exist in harmony, complementing and enriching each other.

**Keywords:** nature, perception, admiration, state of mind.

**INTRODUCTION**

Konstantin Georgievich Paustovsky is considered one of the greatest painters of our time. The author shows that nature is not only for beauty but also for admiration. He also points out that the heroes of his works are inextricably linked with nature. She reveals herself to them through her beauty.

For Paustovsky, nature is not the background of the plot, but the source of the characters, and man himself is a part of nature, knowing himself through it. Nature necessarily corresponds to a person's state of mind. The landscape is represented through the narrator's perception; it is also connected to his inner world. Vast fields that are no more beautiful in the world, their forests, endless rivers and bottomless lakes - all this touches every person. Paustovsky was an extremely attentive and grateful listener to the inexhaustible music that Mother Nature gave him [1].

K. Paustovsky's stories are characterized by great diversity, although they often lack a plot. For him, the plot can be anything - even the smallest details, manifestations of animal or plant life. For example, in one of the stories he writes about how an autumn maple leaf imperceptibly, swaying slightly, detached itself from a branch, how, having begun its path to the ground, "it trembled, stopped for a moment in the air and began to slant to fall at my feet, rustling and swaying slightly. For the first time I heard the rustle of a falling leaf - a vague sound, like a child's whisper..." ("Yellow Light")[2].

The main content of the story is the flight of the maple leaf. It is impossible not to admire this "plot" and not be amazed at this almost childish, fresh perception of the world. Paustovsky prefers to depict spring or golden autumn. For example, in the same story he describes early autumn: "The strange light - weak and motionless - was not like the sun. It was the autumn leaves that shone." During the windy and long night, the garden shed its dry leaves; they lay in noisy heaps on the floor and gave off a dim glow. This radiance made people's faces appear tanned and the pages of the books on the table seemed to be covered with a layer of wax. This is how autumn began. Autumn came unexpectedly and conquered the earth - gardens and rivers, forests and air, fields and birds. Everything immediately became autumnal... I saw foliage, not just gold and purple, but also scarlet, violet, brown, black, gray and almost white.

The colors appeared particularly soft due to the autumn haze that hung motionless in the air. And when it rained, the softness of the colors gave way to brilliance. The cloud-covered sky still provided enough light for the damp forests in the distance to burn like crimson fires.

In the pine thicket, birch trees sprinkled with gold leaf trembled from the cold.”

The story “Masha” describes the arrival of spring. Spring came, as always, early in the morning. It appeared on the wall of the wooden mezzanine, a square of orange and warm-feeling sunlight. During the long winter, no one noticed the drop of resin that glittered like topaz in the crack in the tree trunk that morning. Small silver surfaces and threads could even be seen in it, dividing this insignificant drop into several fabulous parts. At the same time, Paustovsky's landscape is described through the perception of the lyrical hero or character in the story and corresponds to his experiences and mood.

Depending on your mood, the landscape can be gloomy, but here too it remains romantically beautiful. This is the landscape from the story “Quick Encounters”, which appears after the companion's evil words and is therefore gloomy: “At nightfall a gloomy, gray wind blew over OPOCHKA and raised clouds. The rain came in gusts, hitting the window panes in hard drops and washing away the limescale from them. The darkness was so thick that even bright lanterns on the deserted streets could not drive it beyond the city limits. So she lay over OPOCHKA until the watery and cold dawn.”

When describing a natural element, the technique of gradation with a gradual increase is used (the wind blew, caught up with clouds, rain fell, hit and washed away the lime), thereby creating the dynamics of the effect of the occurring natural phenomenon achieved. The dawn is usually associated with purity, with the beginning of something new, just as the sunset is a beautiful sight, and in this story the dawn and sunset are referred to with the epithet "cold", indicating the gloom of once again confirms nature.

The author took a lyrical approach to psychologically describing natural disasters through the relationships of the characters in the story. When drawing this landscape, the author chose the subject of the picture - the rain - and described it in close-up in a simple and concise, expressive language. This creates an emotional response in the reader's soul. The description of the landscape of “Fugitive Encounters” is permeated with poetry through the use of simple and laconic language, as well as the author's use of figurative and expressive means.

From beginning to end, Paustovsky compiled the “Meshcherskaya page” from amazing stories about clean and clear pine forests, where you can see a flying bird a few tens of meters away (“Forests”: “They walk along dry pine forests, like When on A deep, expensive carpet, the ground covered for miles with dry, soft moss, sunlight lies in the gaps between the pine trees with slanting cuts. Flocks of birds disperse to the sides with a whistle and a light noise,” about forest lakes (“In Urzhenskoye Lake the water is purple, in Segden it is yellowish, in the Great Lake it is pewter-colored, and in the lakes behind Proy, in the meadow lakes The water is clear in summer, and in autumn it takes on a greenish sea color and even smells of sea water. The old people say that the blackness is caused by the fact that the bottom of the lakes is covered with a thick layer of fallen leaves ", over swamps covered with alders and aspens, over picturesque canals ("Forest rivers and canals": “They go deep into the forests. The thicket hangs in dark arches over the water. It seems that every channel leads to mysterious places. The sweet scent of water lilies mixes with the smell of resin. Sometimes tall reeds block the

canals with solid dams. Whitewing grows along the banks. Its leaves somewhat resemble the leaves of a lily of the valley, but on one leaf there is a wide white stripe, and from a distance it seems that they are huge blooming snow flowers. Ferns, blackberries, horsetails and moss lean over the banks. If you touch the tufts of moss with your hand or an oar, bright emerald green dust flies out in a dense cloud - cuckoo flax spores. Pink willowherb blooms on low walls. Olive-green swimming beetles dive in the water and attack swarms of young animals. Sometimes you have to pull the canoe through shallow water. Then the swimmers bite their legs until they bleed"), over forests ("forests": "In addition to pine forests, mast and ship forests, there are spruces, birches and rare patches of deciduous blinds, elms and oaks. There are no roads there in oak forests. You can't drive there because of the ants. On a hot day, it is almost impossible to get through an oak thicket: in a minute your whole body, from heels to head, is covered with angry red ants with strong jaws. Harmless anteaters roam around in the oak thickets. They collect old tree stumps and lick ant eggs"), across meadows ("meadows": "At dusk, the meadows look like the sea. As in the sea, the sun sets in the grass, and signal lights burn like beacons on the shore." "As in the sea, fresh winds blow over the meadows, and the high sky has turned into a pale green shell.), about flowers and herbs ("More about the meadows": "The diversity of the herbal wealth in the meadows is unknown. The unmown meadows smell so strong that habitually makes you feel foggy and heavy. Stretching for miles are dense, tall thickets of chamomile, chicory, clover, wild dill, cloves, coltsfoot, dandelion, gentian, plantain, bluebells, buttercups and dozens of other flowering herbs. Meadow strawberries ripen in the grass for mowing.), about the habits of birds, about rainfall ("My house": "It is particularly beautiful in the gazebo on quiet autumn nights, when a cozy vertical rain makes a quiet noise in the garden.") and rainbows. Finally, he writes about the great variety of colors in Russian bad weather.

With what concern does the narrator describe the rain in the story "Language and Nature". The word "rain" carries so much that is alive, different and unique: "There is drizzle, blind rain, blanket rain, mushroom rain, spore rain, rain that comes in streaks - streaks, slanting, heavy rolling rain and finally downpours (showers). Blind rain (rain falling into the sun) is particularly rich in artistic detail; The rain of spores is described in detail: "... it flows vertically, strongly. He always approaches with a rushing sound. The spore rain on the river is particularly good. Each drop of it creates a round depression in the water, a small bowl of water, jumps up, falls again and is visible for a few moments at the bottom of this bowl of water before disappearing. The drop shines and looks like pearls. At the same time, a glass rings everywhere in the river. By the height of this ringing, one can guess whether the rain is increasing or subsiding." In describing the light rain, Paustovsky also brings it to life: "It pours sleepily down from low clouds.

The puddles of this rain are always warm. He doesn't ring the bell, but whispers something of his own, falls asleep and fidgets around in the bushes almost imperceptibly, as if he were touching first one leaf and then another with a soft paw. What great images the author gives to the rain. The rain "drips", the rain "whispers" or "rings".

And what a touching attitude the author has to such a beautiful phenomenon as dawn. "Zarya" cannot be said out loud, he believes. This is the silent awakening of nature, the border between night and morning. In the story, the author compares dawn and dusk, summer and autumn

“The morning star burns deep above the earth. The air is as pure as spring water. In the dawn, in the dawn there is something girlish, chaste. At dawn the grass is washed with dew and the villages smell of warm, fresh milk. It gets light quickly. There is silence and darkness in the warm house. But then orange squares of light fall on the wooden walls, and the logs glow like layered amber. The sun rises. The dawn in autumn is different – gloomy, slow. The day is reluctant to wake up - they still will not warm the frozen earth and will not return the dwindling sunlight. Everything fades, only people don't give up... Dusk begins when the sun has already set over the edge of the earth. Then it takes possession of the fading sky, dousing it with a multitude of colors - from red gold to turquoise - and slowly fades into late twilight and night. Corncrakes scream in the bushes, quail strike, bitterns hum, the first stars burn and the dawn smolders long over the distance and the fog.” In the story he compares dawn and dusk, summer and autumn [3].

According to his words, nature appears to us as a living person who demands our love, a person with a certain character. Such a lyrical depiction of nature is achieved due to the fact that the narrator describes the landscape with love and reverence, the words sound expressive and burst from the soul with an overflow of feelings. According to his words, nature appears to us as a living person who demands our love, a person with a certain character.

In the story “In the Depths of Russia,” the lyrical hero's encounters are shaped by his perception. He sees beauty in the ordinary, he even brings something romantic and mysterious into it. An ordinary, albeit poetic, landscape, with meadows watered by night rain, with a sharp and refreshing scent of herbs and bushes, the mystery of the lake with the miracle hidden in it penetrates, and the lyrical hero brings this mystery and this miracle with yourself feeling. At the same time, he goes so far as to claim something that is obviously unbelievable: he says that the tall thickets around the lake “created an impression that there was certainly something heretofore unseen hidden within them: either a red-winged dragonfly or a blue one "A ladybug with white spots or a poisonous oleaster flower with a hollow, succulent stem as thick as a human arm," he adds: "It was all really there..." The depiction of nature through the perception of the lyrical hero allows Paustovsky to see behind the various herbs and flowers an image of his native nature, behind which is the Motherland. It is not for nothing that this landscape ends with a story about a rose hip, whose flowering “coincides with the shortest nights - our Russian, slightly northern nights, when nightingales thunder in the dew all night, the greenish dawn does not leave the horizon and in the deepest At night it is so bright that the mountain peaks of the clouds are clearly visible in the sky." At the end of this picture of the Russian night, the appearance of an airplane sparkling "like a slowly flying star" is characteristic - an image that captures the Russian landscape connects with modernity [4].

Paustovsky is a nature poet and a master of landscape. In his works, the image of nature is presented very clearly and multifaceted, fulfilling different ideas and artistic functions. The landscape is in an organic connection with all aspects of the work - with the plot, characters and the image of the lyrical hero-narrator.

The landscape of Paustovsky's works is always aesthetically inextricably linked with high moral feelings of kindness, patriotism and moral beauty, in the formation of which communication with nature takes an active part in the personality of a person.

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