

**Remember
me**

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Аннотация

When music inspires to loveWhen it is impossible for
provincialWhen dreams are around...

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Remember me

Many celebrities are asked about what love is, how they understand it. Everyone answers in their own way. But they are united only by the fact that no one is able to give a final answer, and the dots have not yet been put over it. I am glad that, although I am a mere mortal, I found the very long-awaited answer. I found it, clutching my hand on my chest, when I walked around the room like ancient Greek philosophers, and nothing could make me give up this habit; not a word from people who are very concerned about my health, not a word from neighbors, supposedly girls should not behave like this, they need to do more housework and create a home comfort. No matter what, I still remained myself and continued to fill my constantly functioning brain with various interesting thoughts.

In my diary, to the question: "What is love, and how do you understand it?", I wrote with great pleasure: "Love is only for those who are created to create a love story. So many disappointments in people's lives happen only because they give out wishful thinking for real. And the love they dream of so much is given to those who are specially born for it" Do not think that it was easy to come to such a conclusion. To be fair, I have to say how many innocent tears I shed. I had to learn to laugh through tears, to say goodbye without forgetting, saying

goodbye, to continue to love in silence. Over time, the cruel life took pity on me, and at the age of nineteen I reached the truth that ordinary mortals do not even dream of. It started to seem funny to me when other girls were crying for love. And I calmed them with the same words that calmed me once. "Everything will be fine with you... or without you" And those poors begged me to comfort them with words that the next one will be much better. Since only the truth saves a person, I told them the simple truth: "There is no such truth that the next one is better than the previous one. There are only good ones," I sympathetically wiped away bitter tears, stroked their long hair with sympathy. I am still surprised at the pride I felt for them, realizing more and more that a woman loves more than men, and that she is much nobler in love. Therefore, I love feminine nature. Her dumb, noble nature. And I want to tell you the story of a failed love. My dear reader, you probably already know something about my character, but in order for you not to consider me like this from birth, I will tell you how I became one.

It was when I was in the eighth grade. I was one of those who knew my worth, who considered myself an opening to society and precocious. Imitating the most sentimental heroes of books, I solemnly repeated: "There is no love." But the more I inspired myself with these thoughts, the more I wanted them to turn out to be fakes, and that, like on a clear day, the same guy appeared, whose appearance I am waiting for with false hatred. And so, it happened. But I, absorbed in myself, seem to have forgotten

that he should love me too. You, probably, my dear reader, have thought about the story of unrequited, or at least platonic love. What if I tell you the wrong thing and not the other?!

Our school was considered the best in etrap, because many useful personalities came out of its walls. Either, indeed, the abode of knowledge is a secret place, and everything that is hidden affects a person, or from the praise that I heard, almost every day in my address, I loved school more than my native hearth. At school, where many feel-like prisoners of one fortress, I felt free. Perhaps it was also because I turned over many pages of books intended not for students, but for teachers. One day, an unknown guy came to my "two-storied Oxford". In a short time, he became the most popular among us, so popular that even Hollywood stars paled in comparison with him. The girls reacted to him with such delight and trepidation that they considered it their duty to inform others about the latest news from his personal life. These praises, as I used to think at that time, "silly girls" began to annoy me more and more. And I, not seeing him, hated him very much. But the more my hatred grew, the more I remembered the girls' words, the clearer they sounded in my ears: "You should have seen him, Rose! Such an amazing guy with a foreign upbringing, «Of course, I have nothing against someone else's upbringing, but this was the case when you had to find fault with anything. "With a foreign upbringing... hmm. as if we don't have enough of our own. He must be a fool who is ashamed to be himself," I thought.

Once, at a Turkmen language lesson, I was told that a geography teacher wanted to see me. I, without looking up from the analysis of the sentence, asked: "Maybe she wants to show me the active volcanoes of Japan?" Of course, it was sarcasm. The teacher once refused me one request, and I returned her debt in the form of mutual refusal. And then, I did not agree with her assessment and included her in the ranks of teachers who did not understand me. I retaliated by giving her a headache with antics unrelated to the lesson. Oddly enough, that day I decided to go to her, because, anyway, I had to go to wash a rag. Out of habit, hurriedly descending the stairs, I wanted to turn right. And then there was a collision. Adjusting the glasses that had slipped to the side and muttering: "Well, what is it...", I looked at the guy standing opposite, who, although he said "sorry", it was not clear whether he was sorry or funny. Even without waiting for an answer, he just went on. I assumed that this was the same guy with a foreign upbringing. After all, it was the first time I saw such a person at school. Yes, and outwardly he looked like the one who was described with such delight. For a long time, I could not forget him. The desire to be where he was pushed me to various stupid actions. Despite the fact that he does not pay any attention to me and is not interested in me (And this upset me to tears), I did not put on makeup and dress in a European way. But I began to take part in the Olympiads with great enthusiasm, because now I had a desire to prove to someone that I was strong and educated. Then I didn't understand that all my attempts to attract

his attention were useless. And this is understandable, if we take into account the fact that I didn't love anyone before, and for the same reason they didn't love me, everything becomes clear. But, where did it occur to me to fall in love with the one about whom all the girls of the school dreamed? So, what if he has indescribably beautiful, innocent eyes? But, is it just the eyes? He reminded me of those dreams that were wild stupidity for a simple provincial. His appearance, tall stature, black, burning eyes, like a brunette from Hollywood movies, and the fact that he spent a lot of time abroad, were like romantic pictures from my imagination. I believed that he was special, and my unrealistically beautiful dreams had to be special with him. He made me believe in myself. For those who doubted their abilities, it was a great happiness to find a person who would inspire faith in dreams and that they would come true. Every single day brought anxiety to the girl, who exchanged imperious loneliness for love for a guy with innocent eyes. I turned in my thoughts, saw in dreams our fateful meeting. And I was constantly thinking about how we would meet. Then something happened.

From the day we sat down at the desk until graduation, we are told not to draw on the desk. I will lie if I say that I do not fulfill all the requirements. But, among the unfulfilled requirements was the habit of writing sometimes on the desk. Perhaps this is because the desire to write did not leave me alone for a minute, and therefore I wrote everywhere: on leaves, on walls, on handkerchiefs. And then one day, in an English lesson, I decided

to write a song on the desk" Somebody is me". This world-famous song began with the words: "Do you remember me like I remember you» Wrote. Since it was a common thing, I soon forgot about the recording. But I couldn't forget the person I imagined listening to this sad song. After that day, I came to school early and sat down to repeat my lessons. From watching the movie until late at night, my eyes were blurred and my head ached. Yes, in addition, I wanted to sleep. Not wanting to torment my sleepy eyes anymore, I decided to take a nap. When my cheeks touched the cold desk, I saw an entry made in large letters. It was the answer to that sad song. The author did not hide his name. It was Serdar, whom I was constantly thinking about. I found out the day I ran into him that he was one year older than me, and that day I found out that we were both sitting at the same desk. And then, only Serdar could write lines from the song so competently, even better than me, without grammatical errors. I immediately started to answer and wrote in English: "Don't write here anymore" I wanted to show my indifference to the writer with this pretense, but in fact, I was very happy that the letter would have a wonderful continuation. Out of joy, I didn't even know what was going on around me. It was like a waking dream. From this dream, the teacher's voice brought me to reality: "Ataeva is now traveling in her creative world, let's not interfere with her." I think I laughed out loud at this. After lessons, I ran to another floor to see the author of the inscription. Serdar walked by as if nothing had happened. I also tried to

behave in a similar way. But, the question: "Does he really not suspect that I am writing letters", did not give me peace of mind. The next day, the answer to my entry almost drove me crazy. From the excitement of the words "Oh, my God, does this really happen? » they just burst out of my lips, and attracted curious classmates to me. Those who knew English well asked with a laugh: Of course, I didn't tell them anything, and so that they wouldn't suspect anything, I erased the inscription with mock anger. It was done so hastily and rudely that the words "There is no life without you, but I can't say" were hardly erased. As a person who ruined his beloved and could not forget, I looked at the erased place for a long time. On the one hand, I was saddened that such words were most likely untrue, but on the other hand, I was glad that he had an interest in me. Now, I was in no hurry to run to another floor after lessons. I continued to look at the erased lines, like a person who sees the result of his work, and who wants to prolong his happiness for another moment. "What would it be like if he came to find out the answer now? I asked myself. "He would have been surprised to see me," but he didn't come. Perhaps because it was important only to me. After leaving the classroom, I ran into my classmate Myahri.

– Rose, wait a bit.

I already wanted to know the reason for her haste

– What's the matter? Everything is fine?

– Did you write that on the desk? "What is it?" she asked, coming close to me.

I immediately understood what kind of inscription she was talking about. Thought: "What if Myahri wrote the letter?" flashed through my head. Wanting to find out, I pretended not to know anything:

– What lettering are you talking about?

Myahri perked up again:

– Writing on the desk, in English. Admit it, Rose, only you can write like that. And you're sitting in front.

– Let's say so, and what? I asked, emboldened. Myahri, contrary to my expectations, suddenly looked like a defenseless girl.

– Oh, I told Serdar a thousand times that it wasn't me, but he didn't believe my words. So, it's you, then?

It is very difficult to convey my state at that moment. My face turned red, as if I had been slapped in the face, a smell hit my nose, which I feel when I'm worried or angry. I was tormented by my innermost, such native pride. And I was very humiliated. I've heard before that Serdar has a liking for Myahri. But is it really worth the attention of a girl who considers herself much better than the fool Myahri, and only considers herself worthy of being next to Serdar. At that moment, instead of confessing my feelings for Serdar, I tried to hide them. Maybe it was the wrong decision. But, still, it could not hurt my sense of pride that the letters that I thought were addressed to me were intended for another person. Myahri also sat at the first desk and participated in English language Olympiads. But how could he confuse me

with her?! And then, I don't know from where, I had the idea to humiliate Serdar. I decided to play the same role that fate played with me. This thought came to my mind so naturally that I even wanted it to be true

–I wrote a letter in response to Aman. You know, we argue a lot about songs with him...

Myahri continued to look at me questioningly. I told her about the non-existent dispute between me and Aman, because I was sure that she wouldn't ask him anything anyway, and even if she did, Aman wouldn't think of denying it, because we often had arguments with him.

– I didn't even know that, exactly, Serdar was responding to the recording. True, his name was there, but I thought it was a clever trick of Aman to write under a false name. Did Serdar get very angry?

– Yes, no. But I told him: "It's probably Rose, because she's sitting here," And then no one will write such words... That's why I said, "Either it's Rose, or she knows who"

– Oh, poor. He was probably upset to find out that it wasn't you?

Myahri blushed. She was embarrassed, as if she was standing not in front of a classmate, but in front of an eighteen-year-old guy. She interrupted me in a weak tone, like a person who knows that it's not true, but wants to believe otherwise:

– No, what are you? I didn't see any distress, on the contrary, it seemed to me that his eyes sparkled when he heard your name...

“The eyes sparkled. What can you tell by your eyes, you’re fool?» I thought ironically about Myahri. “Is it possible to describe in such ordinary words the eyes that I set as the beginning of everything? There was a reader by the eyes, hmh...”

From that moment I stopped talking to Myahri. Until graduation, I avoided meeting her. And Serdar began to look at me like a child offended by something, and I tried not to show myself in his eyes. “After all, it's me who should be offended by him,” I thought. This thought naturally did not leave me. I fell asleep with them, and got up with them. When I woke up, I erased Serdar's name from the glass, on which there were dreams of love that had not yet had time to melt.

So, the days went by. I found a habit of crying silently. Something heavy could not get out of my chest and free me from the pain. It got to the point where I cried if I didn't see Serdar at recess. The worst thing was that I couldn't change anything. Exactly, at that time I hated reality, because, no matter how hard you try, it was relentless, mercilessly persistent. I was running after a ghostly dream, which, as it seemed to me at that time, could become real, realized. The lines of love written on the desk turned into painful memories. And it strengthened the desire to become only a memory in this world. I cried so much over films about love that then I had to cry, seeing my suffering.

One day, while talking in class about the novel “Pride and Prejudice” by the famous English writer Jane Austen, I saw Serdar walking down the corridor. Our classroom was next door

to the principal's cab. He must have gone there. I was glad that I saw so desirable through the open doors. I continued my story with a very interesting fact about the film of the same name based on the novel by J. Austin. When, during the filming of the film, they came to see the palace where the following scenes were supposed to take place, English cinematographers saw a scripture made back in the XVIII century. Despite the fact that the scripture was made quite a long time ago, it has been preserved in its original form. This lettering was made by one unfortunate aristocrat lady, whose fate is unknown to us for certain. She wrote her last word on the palace mirror in indelible colors. Then the critics told about the sad love for one gentleman of this aristocrat lady. The main thing here was that my record on the desk and her record on the mirror coincided in content. After all, it was written there: "Remember me" is almost the same as what I wrote on the desk.

My words, spoken in a trembling voice, may not have actually reached the person who was discussing something with the headmaster in the next office. And if they had, he probably wouldn't have understood. It seemed to me that he was listening to me secretly from everyone, listening with a sinking heart. Wishing that no one would suspect, I told about my love through that aristocrat lady, threw a stone from my soul. With each confession, it became easier and easier for me, as if a mountain had been lifted from my shoulders. After the confession, I fell silent a little, and my soul found peace. I had such an idea before,

but I managed to put it into practice only on that beautiful spring day.

Sometime later I heard that Serdar was being transferred to another school, and this school is far away, abroad. That's when I finally realized that nothing would happen between us, and that another person would look into his eyes. He disappeared from my life so beautifully, in a Hollywood way, like a wanderer one day who came to the palace and left it, leaving the mistress in an awkward position. The day I found out about Serdar's departure, I realized that he was leaving my world of love. I resigned myself to the fact that only memories will remain of him, and even those will be remembered when I once again hear some sad story of unfulfilled love in the daily hustle and bustle of life. I promised myself not to love anyone else, and consoled myself with the fact that "Everything will be fine with me... or without me"

After the day when Serdar said goodbye to his friends and left school, I still hurried there again to see him. It seemed to me that he should say goodbye to me. Despite the fact that we never talked for more than two minutes, and the conversations were only about studying, for some reason, he had to say goodbye to me separately. But it didn't happen. Referring to a headache, and taking my aching heart in my hands, I took leave from the lesson. I wanted, at least for a moment, to look at the desk where our love was once born. Unwanted tears blurred my eyes. And suddenly, through tears, I saw some letters, as if from a touch screen, where one touch can increase and decrease for the taste.

When my vision finally cleared, I began to distinguish the writing on the desk. In order to print small letters, the author had to press the handle hard. Usually, we didn't write with such pressure that it would be easy to erase later. I recognized the author right away. It turns out he was listening to me. This thought flashed through my head. And suddenly I remembered Myahri's words about Serdar's sparkling eyes... Unable to stand, I sat down on the table, only then things returned to their former places, and bitter tears began to choke me like a downpour. I still don't understand why, my bitter tears poured out with a scream, and only then my soul found peace, but I know that I can overcome any obstacles in difficult moments of my life, remembering those eyes in which I saw myself, and that inscription that was on a desk. After all, there was written "Remember me"

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