

Кузьмина Елена

МБОУ «Новотырышкинская СОШ»

Смоленского района

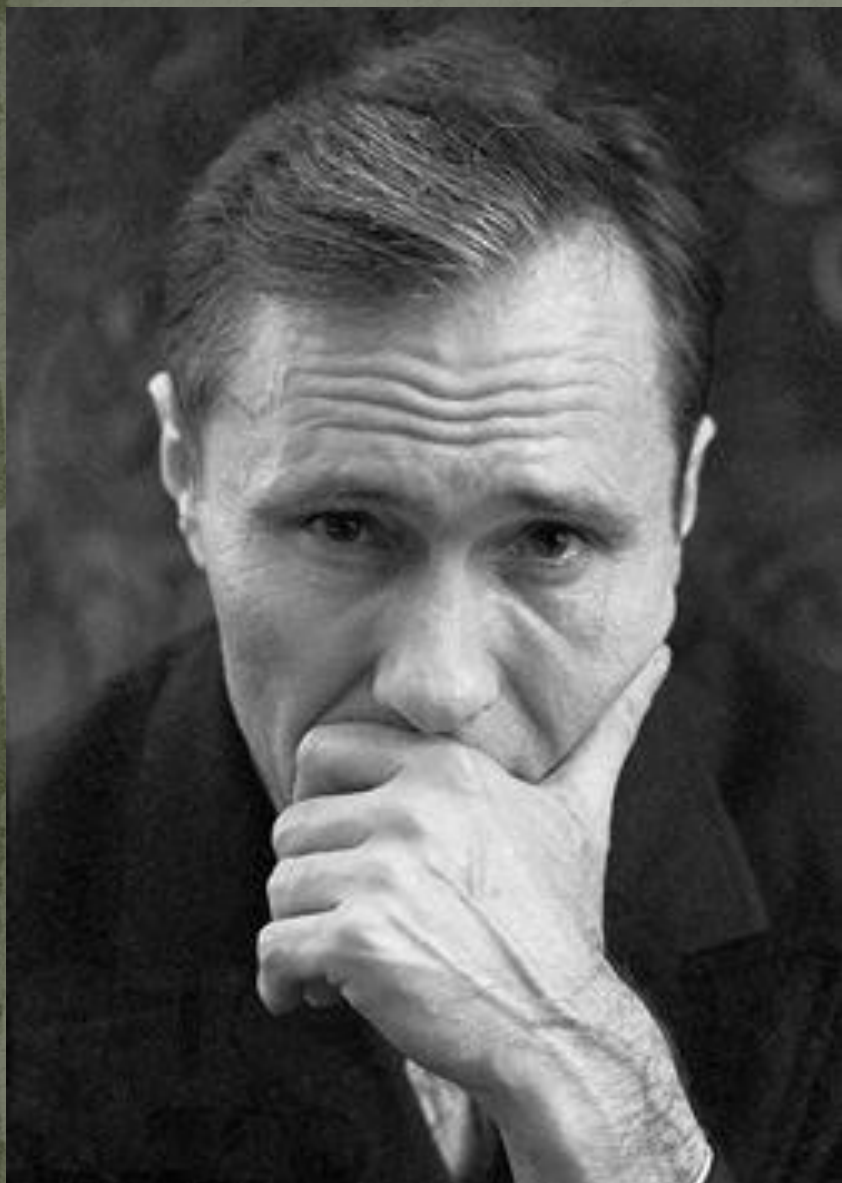
Алтайского края

9 класс

**Руководитель: Рыбкина Т.В.,
учитель английского языка**

His Small Homeland Altai





«... all the time, meeting with him, I tried to imagine what he looked like in his appearance, the character of his harsh and courageous life. And only today I have realized that Shukshin looks like his homeland, the place where we gathered today».

You can't say more precisely and thoroughly about our Shukshin: "He looks like his homeland". When meeting with his fellow villagers, you see this clearly just how the Katun gives its way from from Picket Mountain».

Victor Petrovich Astafyev

The birthplace of Vasiliy Makarovich Shukshin, the writer, journalist, film Director and an actor is an ancient Siberian village of Srostki in the Altai Territory.



From Srostki Shukshin has brought to our literature new themes and plots, the genealogy of his characters comes from here too.





“ And my homeland - Altai is beautiful: as I happen to be there, so it seems I'm rising a little to heavens. There are mountains, mountains, and the space is so breathtaking that the soul aches. Such rare, primeval beauty! It is useless to describe it, it is impossible to breathe it: everything is not enough, one would look and breathe this space”.

Shukshin V.M. (The story “Redhead”)



«It's hard to understand, but wherever they say "Altai", you'll tremble, your heart will be licked by instantly hot feeling of pain ... When I die, if I am conscious, then at the last moment I will have time to think about my mother, children and the homeland that lives in me . I have nothing more expensive».



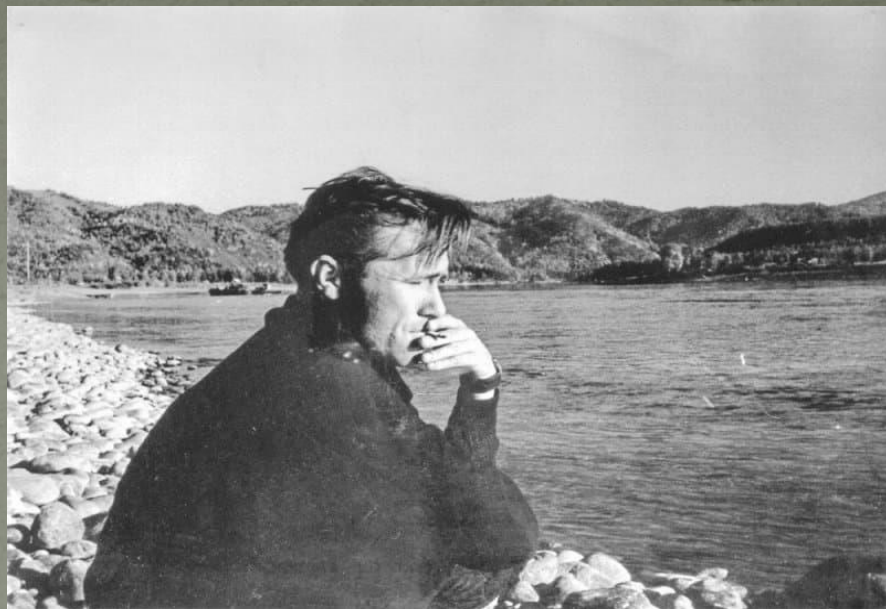


Photo: <https://www.culture.ru>

“Homeland ... Something remains in us from the homeland that lives in us for life, sometimes pleasing, sometimes tormenting, and it always seems that we will see it someday, our homeland. And some kind of slope lives in us from the whole motherland, or a house, or a damp log at the porch, where he once sat on a deaf spring night and listened to the night ...” (“Lubaviny”)

«I think that the Russian man helps out in many respects, that there is still room for retreat, there is a place to catch your breath, gather your spirit and some tremendous power seems to me, is in my homeland, some life-giving force that needs to be touched in order to find lost pressure in the blood. It can be seen that the vitality, the fortitude that our ancestors have brought there, lives there today, and it is not for nothing that it is believed that native air, native speech, a song familiar from childhood, the kind word of a mother healing the soul».

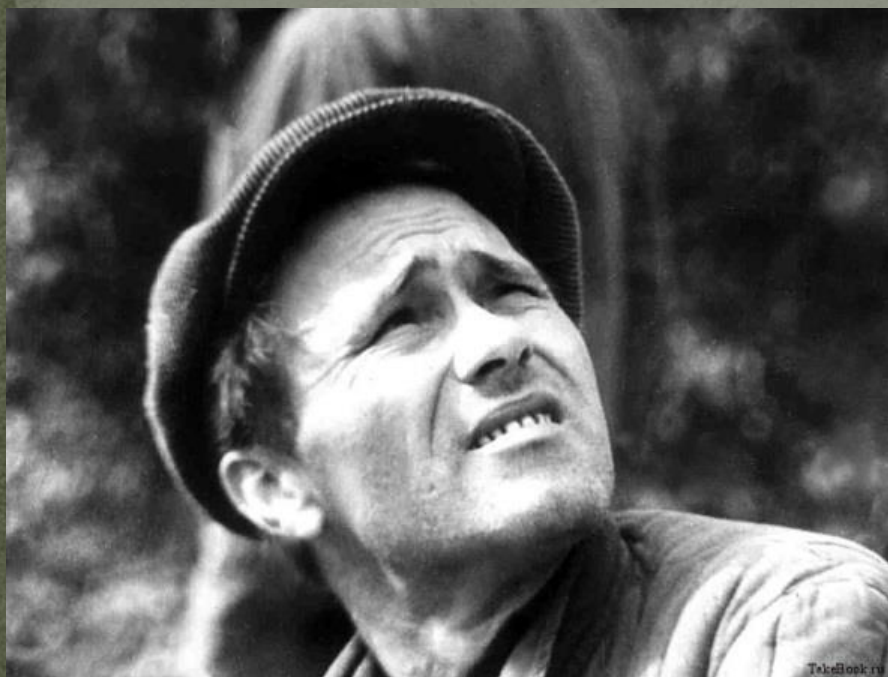
V.M. Shukshin



"Is it mine - my homeland, where I was born and grew up? It`s mine. I say it with the sense of deep rightness, for all my life I have been carrying my homeland in my soul, I love it, I live it, it gives me strength when it happens to be difficult and bitter”

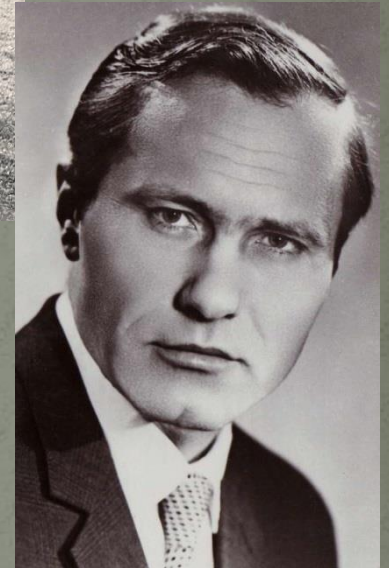


«Your son, Russia, our hot brother...»





«Homeland ... And why does not the thought live in my heart that someday I will stay there forever? When? After all, it's not like in life ... Why? Maybe because it lives constantly in the heart, and its light will go out with me. It can be seen so. Bless you, my homeland, the work and the mind of a man! Be happy! You will be happy and I will be happy too».



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