

148	If she had seen me, she _____ greeted me.						
A	Will have	B	Would have ✓	C	Would	D	Would has
149	Although Ali was ill, he _____ to work.						
A	Will go	B	Go	C	Goes	D	Went ✓
150	I _____ writing this letter by June next year.						
A	Finish	B	Finishing	C	Finished	D	Shall have finished ✓

Book I-Short Stories

گزشتہ 18 سال میں Book-I کے مندرجہ ذیل اسباق میں سے پنجاب بورڈ ترجمہ پوچھا گیا ہے۔

Sheikh Sadi (ترجمہ آنے کا زیادہ چانس)

I have a Dream (ترجمہ آنے کا زیادہ چانس)

Thank You M,am

Clearing in the Sky (ترجمہ آنے کا زیادہ چانس)

Button Button

A Mild Attack of Locusts

The Use of Force (ترجمہ آنے کا زیادہ چانس)

God be Praised

Imp- Paragraphs for Translation

1. While she was stacking dishes, she turned abruptly, dried her hands, and took the package from the bottom cabinet-opening it, she set the button unit on the table. She stared at it for a long time before taking the key from its envelope and removing the glass domed. She stared at the button. How ridiculous, she thought all this furor over a meaningless button.
2. Abruptly, she began to smash it on the sink edge, pounding it harder and harder, until the wood split. She pulled the sider apart, cutting her fingers without noticing. There were no transistors in the box, no wires or tubes. The box was empty.
3. When he'd gone to work. Norma remained at the table, staring into her coffee. I'm going to be late, she thought. She shrugged, what difference did? While she was stacking dishes, she turned abruptly, dried her hands, and took the package from the bottom cabinet-opening it, she set the button unit on the table. She stared at it for a long time before taking the key from its envelope and removing the glass domed. She stared at the button. How ridiculous, she thought all this furor over a meaningless button.
4. I didn't want to go with him. I had just finished walking a half mile uphill from my home to his. I had carried a basket of dishes to Mom. There were two slips in the road and I couldn't drive my car. And I knew how hot it was. It was 97 in the shade. I knew that from January until April my father had gone to eight different doctors. One of the doctors had told him not to walk the length of a city block. He told my father to get a taxi to take him home.
5. "Oh, yes" he said. "Early last spring, I couldn't climb straight up the steep path. That was when the doctor didn't give me a week to live. I made a longer easier path so I wouldn't have to do so much climbing. Then, as I got better," he explained, "I made another path that was little steeper. And as I continued to get better, I made steeper paths. That was one way of knowing I was getting better all the times!"
6. "When I bought this little farm everybody around here said I'd end up with my family at the country poor farm if I tried to make a living here," he bragged again. "It took me thirty years to improve these old worn-out acres to make them do this!". "I like these woods Jess, "my father said, "Remember when we used to come here to hunt for squirrels? Remember when we sat beneath these hickories and the squirrels threw green hickory shells down at us?"

7. Summer burned the canals dry. Summer moved like flame upon the meadows. In the empty earth settlement, the painted houses flake and peeled. Tuber tires upon which children had swung in back yards hung suspended like stopped clock pendulums in the blazing air.
8. The wind blew as if to flake away their identities. At any moment the Martian air might draw his soul from him, as marrow comes from a white bone. He felt submerged in a chemical that could dissolve his intellect and burn away his past. They looked at the Martian hills that time had worn with a crushing pressure of years. They saw the old cities, lost in their meadows, lying like children's delicate bones among the blowing lakes of grass.
9. The rocket metal cooled the meadow winds. Its lid gave a bulging pop. From its clock interior stepped a man, a woman, and three children. The other passengers whirled away across the Marian meadow. Leaving the man alone among his family. The man felt his hair flutter and the tissues of his body draw tight as if he were standing at the center of a vacuum. His wife, before him, seemed almost to whirled away in smoke. The children, small seeds, might at any instant be sown to all the Martian climes. The children looked up at him, as people look to the sun to tell what time of their life it is. His face was cold.
10. She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but a hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, dark, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with a sudden single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance.
12. Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door. She dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette – furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the women were not alone.
13. The diners discussed the crops and the weather which was favorable for the green things but not for wheat. Suddenly, at the sound of drum beat in the court everybody rose from the seats except a few ones who still had the food in their hands. After the drumbeat had ceased, the drummer called out to the people who were now attentive and impatiently waiting for him to call out the public announcement.
14. After the meal had concluded the Chief of the police appeared on the scene. He inquired, "Is Mr. Hubert here?" Mr. Hubert seated at another end of the table replied, "Here I am." The accompany me to the Mayor's office, the Mayor would like to talk to you. "Mr. Hubert surprised and disturbed, followed the Police officer. The Mayor, a stout serious man, was waiting for Hubert.
15. There was no use of Mr. Hubert's protesting, for nobody believed him. Mr. Manana repeatedly maintained that Hubert has picked up the pocket book. For an hour both men abused each other. Then at his own request, Mr. Hubert was searched. Nothing was found on him. Finally, the Mayor discharged Hubert with warning that he would consult the public prosecutor and ask for further orders.
16. People stated to tell the story of the string to amuse them and told it in a manner of soldier who had been on a campaign and told about his battles. Hubert's mind touched to the depth began to weaken day by day towards the end of the month he took to his bed. He died in the first week of the following month. In the delirium of his struggle he kept claiming his innocence.
17. There was young fellow, 'said Jorkens,' to whom his parents probably used to say the very things that we have been saying now; and very likely he, as many young fellows do. May have wanted to prove them wrong. I don't know: it was a long time ago. But, whatever his motive was, he hit on a most extraordinary ambition, and stuck to it. It was nothing less than to be appointed Court acrobat.
18. One he raised to touch the lowest of the swings that no was hung from the ceiling. But again, the applause broke out, assuring him that no actual activity was expected of him. And so; having made his bows, he was led to a seat, his life's ambition achieved. It must have taken him more than sixty years to do it, since first he came by that strange ambition of his. But he did it. Not many stick to a thing for so long.
20. The I grasped the child's head with my left hand tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally, I got the wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant.
21. The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever, she did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet, and unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her

face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

22. In the final unreasoning assault, I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

23. "The foundation of oppression was small in the world", said the king. "whoever enlarged it, so that it reached its present magnitude, is at fault. If the king eats one apple from the garden of a subject, his slaves will pull down the whole tree. For five eggs, which the king allows to be taken by force, the people belonging to his army will put a thousand fowls on the spit. A tyrant does not remain in the world, but the curse on him abides forever!

24. A son of a farmer was discovered to possess the qualities mentioned by doctors. The king summoned the father and mother of the boy, whose consent he got by giving them a huge amount of wealth. The Qazi issued a decree to shed the blood of a person for the health of the king. The boy was brought to the altar and the executioner was directed to slaughter the boy. When all was ready the boy looked toward the sky and smiled.

25. If they fail, they are expected to bring the case before the Qazi to seek justice. But in the present case, the parents have agreed to get my blood shed for the trash of this world. The Qazi has issued a decree to kill me. The king thinks he will recover his health only through my slaying and I see no other refuge besides God almighty. To whom shall I complain against your brutality, if I am to seek justice from your hand?

26. But in the present case, the parents have agreed to get my blood shed for the trash of this world. The Qazi has issued a decree to kill me. The king thinks he will recover his health only through my slaying and I see no other refuge besides God almighty. To whom shall I complain against your brutality. If I am to seek justice from your hand?

27. A king fell seriously ill and all hopes of his recovery vanished. The more the disease was cured the more it became painful. At last the physicians agreed that this disease cannot be cured except by means of bile of a person endued with certain qualities. Orders were issued to search for an individual of this kind. A son of a farmer was discovered to possess the qualities mentioned by doctors. The king summoned the father and mother of the boy, whose consent he got by giving them a huge amount of wealth. The Qazi issued a decree to shed the blood of a person for the health of the king. The boy was brought to the altar and the executioner was directed to slaughter the boy. When all was ready the boy looked toward the sky and smiled.

28. An old woman, whose throat was swollen to a frightful size, exclaimed: "o my son, if you would only cure my goiter, I would bless you for evermore!" "Certainly," answered the man; "here, bring me a blanket and a good-sized mallet."

29. As soon as they were brought, he tied up the woman's throat, and struck the swollen part with so much force that the poor old creature instantly expired.

30. When he had overtaken them, her cried: "what foolish men you must be! I met an old woman who suffered from goiter just like your camel; and I tied a blanket round her neck and struck her with a mallet, but, instead of recovering like your camel, she died and instead of getting a fee I was compelled to dig her grave!"

31. "It is not we who are stupid," answered the camel-men, "but you. We are not stupid at all. These animals are camels of prodigious size and strength. How was a feeble old woman to stand the blow of a mallet?"

32. At once Richard shouted at the cook-boy. Old Stephen yelled at the house-boy. The cook-boy ran to beat the old ploughshare hanging from a tree branch, which was used to summon store to collect tin cans, any old bit of metal. The farm was ringing with the clamor of the gong; and they could see the laborers comes pouring out of the compound, pointing at the hills and shouting excitedly.

33. Margaret was wondering what she could do to help. She did not know. Then up came old Stephen from the lands. "We're finished, Margaret, finished! Those beggars can eat every leaf and blade off the farm in half an hour! And it is only early afternoon if we can make enough smoke, make enough noise till the sun goes down.

34. "For the Lord's sake," said Margaret angrily, still half-crying, "what's here is bad enough, isn't it?" For although the evening air was no longer black and thick, but a clear blue, with a pattern of insects whizzing this way and what across it, everything else – trees, building, bushes, earth – was gone under the moving brown masses.

35. I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trial and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from the areas where your quest for freedom left your battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

36. With this faith we will be hew out of the mountain of despair, a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

37. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough placed will be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope. This is the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despite, a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

38. This is our hope. This the faith with which I return to the South. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be hew out of the mountain of despair, a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

39. The door opened and Jim stepped in. He looked very thin and her was not smiling. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two and with a family to take care of! He needed a new coat and he had nothing to cover his cold hands.

40. Jim stopped inside the door. He was as quiet as a hunting dog when it is neat a bird. His eyes looked strangely at Della, and understand. It filled her with fear. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor anything she had been ready for. He simply looked at her with the strange expression on his face.

41. The Magi, as you know, were wise men – wonderfully wise men – who brought gifts to the newborn Christ-child. They were the first to give Christmas gifts. Being wise, their gifts were doubtlessly wise ones. And here I have told you the story of two children who were not wise. Each sold the most valuable thing he owned in order to buy a gift.

42. Before his marriage, Maulvi Abul Barkat, alias Abul used to live in comfort, even pomp. On his head, he wore a light brown turban known as Mashadi lungi, because it originally came from Mashad in Iran. The glided tip of his cap used to shine brightly above the turban. He always carried a walking stick, a sort of scepter with decorative bands of brass and gilt. For his hair, he used fragrant oil. Its sweet pungent smell lingered in the village lanes whenever he walked through them,

43. After the ceremonies were over, Mehrun was made to sit in a palanquin: Beautifully decorated, it was covered with a large silken cloth so that the bridegroom could go to the bridegroom's house in strick purdah. As two sturdy villagers carried it away, Maulvi Abul walked a few steps with it. He must have cried silently for his eyes and nose were red and he looked pale. At the same time he looked at peace.

44. He was the only son of a Haafiz. After the death of his father, Khudayar, tried to follow his father's footsteps. When he was about 16, he went away to the city, leaving his old mother behind. Later they learnt that he had worked in the house of a head clerk, after which he had managed to open a small shop on a footpath where he began selling cut pieces. After saving some money and gaining experience in the business, he returned to the village.

45. When the couple had walked some hundred yards ahead of him, he hurriedly started after them. Hardly had he reached half way across the road when a truck full of bricks came from behind like a gust of wind and crushing him down speeded off towards McLeod Road. The driver of the truck had heard a shriek and had actually for a moment slowed down, but realizing that something serious had happened, had taken advantage of the darkness and had sped away into the night,

46. The young man seated on the cement bench was watching with interest the people passing on the pavement before him. Most of them were wearing overcoats which were of every kind from the astrakhan to the rough military khaki such as are found in large bundles at the secondhand clothes shops.

The shoes and the socks now came off. The shoes were old but brightly polished. As to the socks, in color and pattern the one was quite different from the other. There were holes at the heels and where the flesh showed through the holes it was grimed with dirt. He was by now dead and his life-less body lay on the white marble slab.

47. I also reminded him of the four balcony seats I had taken for the monster show at his majesty's in aid of the fund for the Destitute British in Johannesburg. Not all the celebrated actors and actresses announced on the posters had appeared, but all had sent letters full of kindly wishes and the others – all the celebrities one had never heard of – had turned up to a man.

گزشتہ 17 سال میں Book-I کے مندرجہ ذیل اسباق میں سے Punctuation والا سوال پنجاب بورڈ میں زیادہ بار پوچھا گیا ہے۔

Clearing in the sky زیادہ چانس	Button Button زیادہ چانس
Dark they were and golden eye	The Piece of String زیادہ چانس
Thank You M,am	The Reward زیادہ چانس
The Use of Force زیادہ چانس	The Foolish Quack

PUNCTUATION

1. **mr steward looked embarrassed i m afraid i m not at liberty to tell you that he said however i assure you the organization is of international scope**
Ans. Mr. Steward looked embarrassed. "I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to tell you that.", he said. However, I assure you, the organization is of international scope".
2. **now youre coming to something son he said as he pushed down the top wire so that he could cross the fence this is something i want you to see**
Ans. "Now, you're coming to something, son," he said as he pushed down the top wire so he could cross the fence. "This is something I want you to see!"
3. **the towns empty but we found native life in the hills sir dark people yellow eyes martins very friendly we talked a bit not much they learn english fast**
Ans. "The town's empty, but we found the native life in the hills, sir. Dark people. Yellow eyes. The Martians. Very friendly. We talked a bit, not much. They learn English fast.
4. **well you didnt have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes said mrs luella bates washington jones you could have asked me**
Ans. "Well, you didn't have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes", said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could have asked me".
5. **i was seen with the pocketbook who saw me mr manana the harness man saw you pick up the pocketbook**
Ans. "I was seen with the pocketbook? Who saw me?". "Mr. Manana, the harness man saw you pick up the pocketbook".
6. **life is like a race jorkens went on in which they tire after a while and sit down or get interested in something else instead the man who keeps on wins the race**
Ans. 'Life is like a race.' Jorkens went on, 'in which they tire after a while and sit down, or get interested in something else instead. The man who keeps on wins the race.'
7. **does your throat hurt you added the mother to the child but the little girls expression didnt change nor did she move her eyes from my face**
Ans. "Does your throat hurt you?" added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.
8. **if they fail they are expected to bring the case before the qazi to seek justice but in the present case the parents have agreed to get my bloodshed for the trash of this world**
Ans. "If they fail, they are expected to bring the case before the Qazi to seek justice. But in the present case, the parents have agreed to get my blood shed for the trash of this world".
9. **do you not perceive answered the camel man i wished to show you that what is good for camels in not therefore good for poor old men and women**
Ans. 'Do you not perceive?' answered the camel-man. 'I wished to show you that what is good for camels is not good for poor old men and women.'
10. **all the crops finished nothing left he said but the gongs were still beating the men still shouting and margaret asked why do you go on with it then**
Ans. "All the crops finished. Nothing left," he said.

But the gongs were still beating, the men still shouting, and Margaret asked: "Why do you go on with it, then?"

11. i have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed we hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal

Ans. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal."

12. i want you to understand me Dell he said nothing like a haircut could make me careless for you but if you ll open that you may know what i felt when i came in

Ans. "I want you to understand me, Dell," he said. "Nothing like a haircut could make me careless for you. But if you'll open that, you may know what I felt when I came in."

گزشتہ 17 سال میں مندرجہ ذیل 49 پیئر آف ورڈز پنجاب بورڈ میں 8 سے زیادہ بار آچکے ہیں
انہیں اچھی طرح سے یاد کر کے 5 نمبر پکے کریں۔

PAIR OF WORDS

Accede Exceed, Concede, Accept, Except, Alter, Altar, Aural, Oral, Access, Excess, Adapt, Adopt, Adept, Allusion, Illusion, Baron, Barren, Ballet, Ballot, Born, Borne, Bail, Bale, Bridal, Bridle, Cast, Caste, Cost, Complement, Compliment, Cue, Queue, Cannon, Canon, Cite, Sight, Site, Dual, Duel, Dose, Doze, Fowl, Foul, Fare, Fear, Further, Farther, Feet, Feat, Fit, Gate, Gait, Gaol, Goal, Hail, Hale, Human, Humane, Hew, Hue, Idol, Idle, Lose, Loss, Loose, Lesson, Lessen, Miner, Minor, Moral, Morale, Marry, Merry, Principal, Principle, Popular, Populous, Pray, Prey, Pour, Pore, Rain, Rein, Reign, Root, Rout, Route, Right, Rite, Raise, Raze, Sore, Soar, Sour, Steel, Steal, Urban, Urbane, Vale, Veil, Vocation, vacation, Avocation, Yoke, Yolk

گزشتہ 17 سال میں مندرجہ ذیل 49 پیئر آف ورڈز پنجاب بورڈ میں 5 سے زیادہ بار آچکے ہیں
انہیں اچھی طرح سے یاد کر کے 5 نمبر پکے کریں۔

Advice, Advise, Angel, Angle, Affect, Effect, Audible, Edible, Berth, Birth, Casual Causal, Canvas, Canvass, Cattle, Kettle, Council, Counsel, Corps, Corpse, Device, Devise, Die, Dye, Diary, Dairy, Drop, Droop, Deceased, Diseased, Dew, Due, Differ, Defer, Empire, Umpire, Eligible, Illegible, Floor, Flour, Hare, Hear, Hair, Heir, Heal, Heel, Hoard, Horde, Ice, Snow, Judicial, Judicious, Liar, Lawyer, Male, Mail, Main, Mane, Oar, Ore, Prescribe, Proscribe, Plane, Plain, Plan, Pail, Pale, Peace, Piece, Profit, Prophet, Quiet, Quite, Rode, Road, Ring, Wring, Stationary, Stationery, Sail, Sale, Soul, Sole, Sol, Seem, Seam, Tale, Tail, Teem, Team, Temporal, Temporary, Tenor, Tenure, Temper, Tamper, Vine, Wine, Vain, Vane, Way, Weigh, Waive, Wave

SHORT STORIES QUESTIONS

پچھلے 17 سال میں سب سے زیادہ بار تک ون کے مندرجہ ذیل اسباق میں سے سوالات امتحانات میں پوچھے گئے ہیں۔

(1) The Reward