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**MDCAT ENGLISH**

**BOOK III Analysis (Plays and Poems)**  
(Important Places to Remember)

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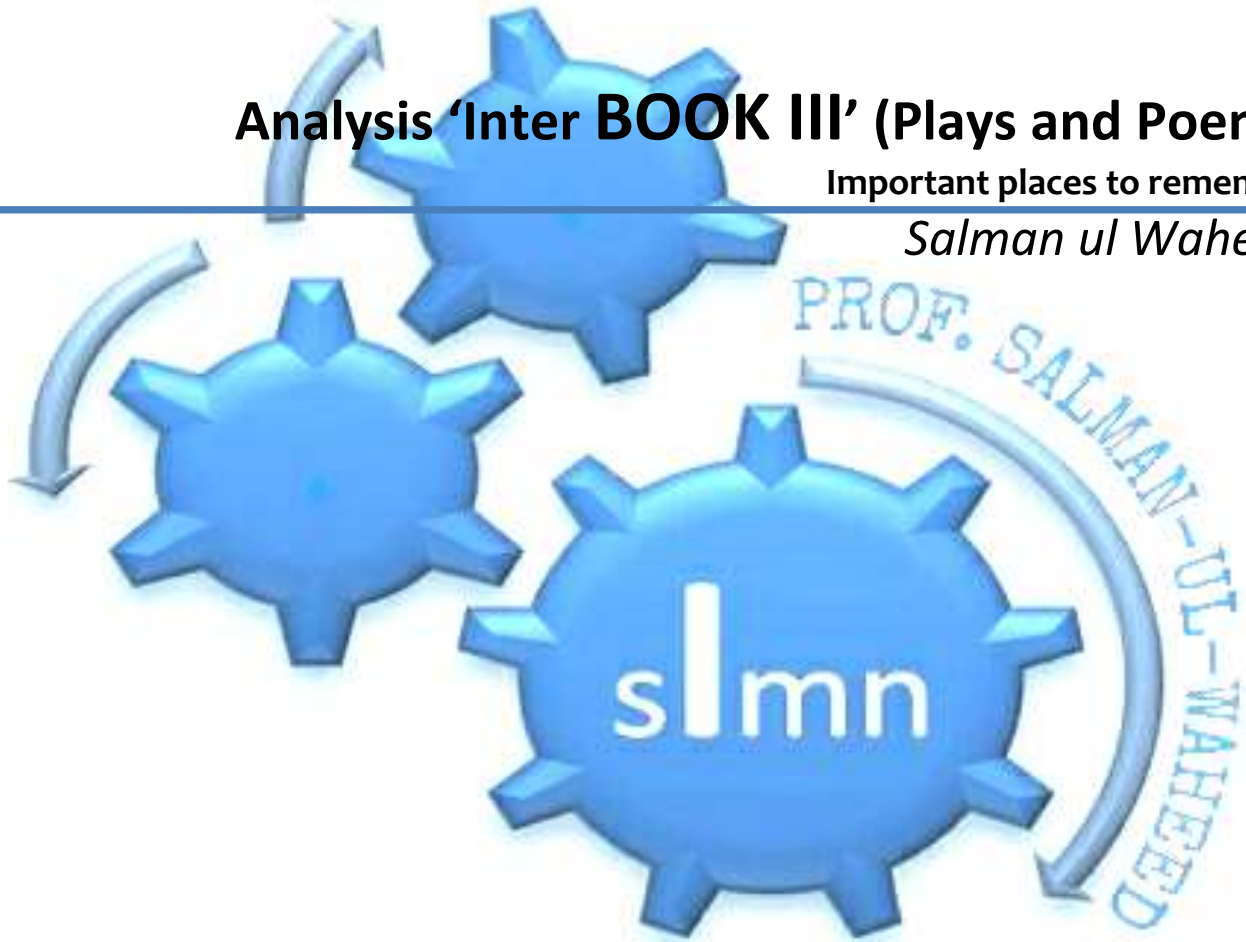


# MCAT ENGLISH

## Analysis 'Inter BOOK III' (Plays and Poems)

Important places to remember

*Salman ul Waheed*



slmn Grammar Accounts

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**MCAT SPECIFIC**

**BOOK III**

(IMPORTANT PLACES TO REMEMBER)

BY

PROF. SALMAN UL WAHEED

Play No. 1

**HEAT LIGHTNING**

He **takes off** his hat and shakes the **water from it**.

He **glances at** the **door up center**.

He **picks up** a discarded newspaper that **lies on the seat beside** him.

The girl **looks at** the light and **begins sobbing** again.

I could have stayed all night with a friend, but I thought I had **enough gas** to get home.

I **ran out of gas**.

I knew I could get the bus when it **came along**.

She **breaks off** and **glances at** the door again.

She **shudders at** his own thoughts.

I must have walked when I **noticed a car pulled off into a lane**.

I thought I'd just **call out to them** and ask **if they could** help me.

I could hear the water **splashing under** his feet as he ran.

I ran crazy like **all over the road** then I **ran off** the road and **into the woods**.

They'd **want me to describe him**.

But you said her **hair was** light.



But you don't **remember seeing him**?  
You are **much too upset** to even think any more about it.

The LIGHT in the room has almost **dimmed out**.

He **looks about** the room as he enters.

The Second Man **moves up to the Schedule** on the wall.

I'd have missed it **if it were on time**.

The **two Men** look at **each other** a moment.

I'll bet she's smarter **than you are**.

You can expect storms to **slow up buses**.

**If** people **were** smart they **wouldn't be out on a night** like this.

The Girl is **pressed against** the Right window in fear.

The Girl seems **as if** she **is about to faint**.

The girl **lets out** a muffled cry.

He **strolls up** toward the Center door.

I never saw anybody so **afraid of** a storm.

He **leads** her **up to the window** rear Right.

It's just like it was **cutting** the whole word **in** two.

You'll never **get over** being afraid of things **if** you **won't** face them.

Each **waits for** the other to make the first move.

She **looks to** the First Man, who stands behind the second man.

I think **you'd better come on**. We'll have it **all to ourselves**.



She **listens to the sound** of the BUS **pulling away**.  
You don't think it **was he**?

That's a **step to remembering**.

The Girls **stares at it** as the LIGHTNING crashes again and the already very dim LIGHT dies completely.

The Girls **runs up** to the Center door and **pulls at** it.  
(Page 2, line 3rd)

It has a single glass pane **in the top** and the bottom is wooden.  
(Page 3, line 17th)

There are **so few cars** this time of the morning.  
(Page 4, line 4th)

I don't **remember seeing his face**.  
(Page 6, line 3rd)

The first man walks to the door where the Girl has gone and **knocks on** it  
(Page 10, last line)

## Play # 2

### Visit to a Small Planet

He pauses when he sees the three people **in silence**.

Then slowly a luminous object **arcs into view**.

The flying object which has given rise to so much irresponsible conjecture is nothing **more than** a meteor **passing through** the earth's orbit.

**Nor is it** a spaceship as certain lunatic elements have suggested.

And those are his exact words.... Which **winds up** another week of news.

**More** thankless **than** a **serpent's tooth** is **an ungrateful** child.

Whatever the exact quotation is, I **stand by** the sentiment.

There is nothing **wrong with marrying** a wealthy man.



You mean it's **nothing of ours**.

Perhaps **we'd better leave** the house until the Army gets here.

It's not **much larger than** a car.

**I'd better go** back and **start over** again.

Ask him about **moving that thing of** my rose bed.

I don't suppose you'd **consent to my interviewing** you on television.

What are you **dressed up for**,

We **saw** him **get out** of the flying saucer.

You've got some **pretty tall explaining** to do.

You'll die all right if it **turns out** you're a spy or a hostile alien.

After all, General, we're not mechanics, **you and I**.

**Mr. Kreton and I are going to have** a chat.

Then **I'd better go make up the** bedroom.

I know this story will **leak out** before I can interview him.

I **better call the family** and tell them I'm all right.

We have **gone over and over** this for two hours now.

I am **either** a lunatic from the earth **or** a spy from another world.

But then it's **easier than** you might think since I can see what's inside.

I **don't mind curiosity** but I really can't permit them to wreck my poor ship.

What do we do **between now and then**?

You'll just **plough up** Mrs. Spelding's garden.



It's **one of the reason** I'm here, to **intoxicate** myself **with** your primitive minds.

You simply **seethe with** unlikely emotions.

We **want you to get** a good impression of us.

I hope you'll do better **than I did**.

It is my view that you have been sent here by another civilization for the express purpose of reconnoitering **prior to** invasion.

You're almost **too good to be true**,

I **approve of** everything you do.

I'm sure you'll be **much happier** and it will be great fun for me.

You'll get used to it **in no time**.

This is ridiculous. How can one man **take over** the world?

Power and AIDE rush Kreton but **within a foot of him**, they stoop, stunned.

If you don't mind, I shall **go up to my room** for a little lie-down.

In fact, one might say you people are my hobby.

(Page 18, line 11th last)

Well, it's elliptical, with a **fourteen foot diameter**.

(Page 20, line 17th)

### Play 3

## The Oyster and the Pearl

It's an old- fashioned shop, **crowded with** stuff not usually found in barber shop-

He has never been known to **put on** a barber's white jacket.

On the walls, on shelves, **are many odds and end**, some apparently **washed up** by the sea,

When the play begins, Harry is seated **in the chair**.



On the other hand, you may **turn out** to be the one man **hidden away** in the junk of the world who will bring **merriment to** the tired old human heart.

We're **living off** the money we saved from the summer we worked, but there ain't much left.

The trouble **with mine** was, I kept forgetting to take it easy.  
The day I **came off** the highway **into this barber shop**.

Shakespeare **had them** at the end of a scene, so I guess that's the end of this haircut.

I guess I'll **go down to the beach** now and **look for** stuff.

This time I'm going to find something **real good**.

The sea **washes up** some pretty good things at that.

I **want to get** my father to come home again.

He **went off** the day after I got my last haircut **about a month ago**.

A pretty girl **comes into the shop**, **closing** a colorful parasol.

One week **at this school** has **knocked me for a loop**.

I've found exactly what I was **looking for**.

The only thing they seem to be **interested in** is game.

I must say I expected to see a **much older** man.

You're **too good** for a town like this.

The sound of a truck stopping is **heard from across the street**.

I don't **fit into the scenery around** here.

**If I were** a small boy going to school, **I'd** say you look just right.

They think I'm nothing **more than** a pretty girl who is going to **give up** in despair and go home.

**If** you **give** me a poodle haircut **I'll look** more well, plain and simple.





He **stands looking at** Harry's junk **on the shelves**.

I haven't seen you **in a long time**.

A truck shifting gears is heard, and then the sound of the truck **driving off**.

Can I get haircut, **real quick**?

I've always said a writer could **step into** a place like this, watch things a little while, and get a whole book **out of it**, or a play.

The tide hardly ever gets **low enough** for a fellow to **get around** to the ocean side of Black Rock.

Hound's a little old-fashioned but I **prefer it to** dogs.

No, but **there's little things** in the water. You can't see them now, but they'll **show up** later.

**I'd rather he opened** this oyster.

How I am ever going to teach them the principles of truth with an **influence like yours** to **fight against**?

Most of them can't afford to **pay for** the haircuts I give them.

He things money will help **get** his father home.

His father and his mother haven't been **getting along**.

Having four kids to **provide for** he **gets to feeling ashamed** of the showing he's making.

They had one too many fights about a month ago, so Clark **went off**.

He's **either** going to keep **moving away** from his family, **or** he's going to come back.

You plan **to have Wozzeck pretend** he has found a pearl in the oyster.

This isn't the only town in the world where people are poor, where father and mother fight, where families **break up**.

It's just that the quality of the stuff the sea's **washing up** isn't good any more.

On my way home I'll **drop in** and **let** you **see** what I find.



The writer holds the oyster in front of him **as if** it **were** an egg.

His father and his mother haven't been **getting along**.  
You're been here a long time.

I got the poking around and I found this oyster.

What do you think you're trying to do **to the minds of these children**?

You **might have done me the courtesy of waiting** until I have come back before opening it.

Clark **sits up**.

How about **going along**, Harry?

## POEMS (PART II - POEMS)

### Poem 1 THE RAIN

I hear leaves **drinking rain**.  
I hear rich leaves **on top**.  
Giving the poor beneath  
Drop after drop;  
'Tis a sweet noise to hear  
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out,  
After this rain shall stop,  
A wondrous light will fill  
Each dark, round drop;  
I hope the Sun **shines bright**;  
It will be a lovely sight

### Poem 2 NIGHT MAIL

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border,  
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,

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Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb  
The gradient's against her, but she's **on time**.

Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder,  
Shovelling white steam **over her shoulder**,

Snorting noisily, she passes  
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,  
**Stare** from bushes **at** her blank-faced coaches.

Sheepdogs cannot turn her course;  
They **slumber on** with **paws across**.

In the farm she passes; no one awakes,  
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

### Poem 3

#### LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is **hung with** bloom **along the bough**  
And stands **about the woodland ride**  
Wearing white for Easter tide.

Now, of my three score years and ten  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy Springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to **look at things in bloom**  
Fifty Springs are little room,  
**About the woodland** I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.



## Poem 4

### O WHERE ARE YOU GOING

“O where are you going?” said reader to rider,  
“That valley is fatal when furnaces burn,  
**Yonder’s the midden** whose odours will madden,  
The gap is the grave where the tall return.

“O do you imagine,” said fearer to farer,  
“That dusk will **delay on your path** to the pass,  
You diligent looking discover the lacking  
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?”

“O what was that bird,” said horror to hearer,  
“Did you see that shape in the twisted trees?  
Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly,  
The **spot on your skin** is a shocking disease?”

“Out of this house” - said rider to reader,  
“Yours never will” – said farer to fearer,  
“They’re **looking for** you” - said hearer to horror,  
As he left them there, as he left them there.

## Poem 5

### IN THE STREET OF THE FRUIT STALLS

Wicks balance flame, a dark dew falls  
In the street of the fruit stalls  
Melon, guava, mandarin,  
Pyramid-piled like cannon balls,  
Glow red-hot, gold-hot, from within.

Dark children with a coin to spend  
Enter the lantern’s orbit; find  
Melon, guava, mandarin-  
The moon **compacted to a rind**,  
The sun in a pitted skin.

They take it, break it open, let  
A gold or silver fountain wet  
Mouth, fingers, cheek nose chin:  
Radiant as lanterns, they forget



The dark street I am **standing in**.  
Enter the lantern's orbit

## Poem 6 SINDHI WOMAN

Bare foot, **through the bazaar**,  
And with the same undulant grace  
As the cloth blown back from her face,  
She glides with a stone jar,  
High **on her head**  
And not a ripple in her tread.

Watching her cross erect  
Stones, garbage, excrement and crumbs  
Of glass in the Karachi slums,  
I, with my stoop, reflect:  
They stand **most straight**  
Who learn to walk **beneath a weight**.

## Poem 7 TIMES

To everything there is a season,  
And a time to every purpose under the heaven;  
A time to be born,  
And a time to die;  
A time to plant,  
And a time to pluck up that which is planted...  
A time to break down,  
And a time to **build up**;  
A time to weep,  
And a time to dance;  
A time to **cast away stones**,  
And a time to gather stones together;  
A time to embrace,  
And a time to **refrain-from embracing**;  
A time to get,

And a time to lose;  
A time to keep,  
And a time to cast away;



A time to rend,  
And a time to sew;  
A time to keep silence,  
And a time to speak.....

## Poem 8 OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert.... Near them, **on the sand**,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and **sneer of cold command**,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, **stamped on these lifeless things**,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
**Look on my works**, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands **stretch far away**.

## Poem 9 THE FEED

Holding **a grain of millet** in her beak  
The mother sparrow has come to feed.  
The **young ones are** so tiny and small  
From head to toe they are beaks  
When they cry.  
One grain to be fed to the ten young ones

To whom the mother sparrow should feed?  
Conjoining **beak with beak**  
With whom should she solace?  
Fissuring the atom,  
You have learnt to weep and wail **in a loud tone**,  
Splitting the grain,  
You have learnt to set life **on foot**  
Could you split the grain?  
One grain to be fed to the ten young ones.



## Poem 10 THE HOLLOW MEN

We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!  
Our dried voices, when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass  
Or rats' feet **over broken glass**  
In our dry cellar.

Shape without form, shade without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion

Those who have **crossed**  
With direct eyes, **to** death's other Kingdom  
Remember us -if at all- not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.

## Poem 11 LEISURE

What is this life if, **full of care**  
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand **beneath the boughs**  
And stare as long as sheep or cows

No time to see, in broad-daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance

No time to wait till her mouth can



Enrich that smile, her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare

## Poem 12 RUBA'İYAT

Faith is **like** Abraham **at the stake** to be  
Self Honoring and God-drunk, is faith. Hear me,  
You whom this **age's way** so captivate!  
To have no faith is **worse than** slavery.

Music of strange lands **with** Islam's fire **blends**,  
**On which** the nation's harmony depends;  
Empty of concord **is** the **soul** of Europe,  
Whose civilization to no Makkah bends.

Love's madness has departed: in  
The Muslim's veins the blood runs thin  
Ranks broken, hearts perplexed, prayers cold,  
No feeling **deeper than** the skin.

## Poem 13 A TALE OF TWO CITIES

In the storms of the shrills  
Of arms, smoke and the drills  
All were scarred, burnt and afraid  
**Powerless and helpless were they made.**

Woeful were all the hills  
Wasteful were all the grills  
None to share their moans  
None to lessen their groans.

The flowers, flavours all smashed  
Burnt, crushed and all dashed  
And all **passed through** the grind  
Leaving there nothing behind.





No eye could look  
The explosion that took  
The lives of two glories  
In the moments of furies.

**All was** done by a nation  
Who in her wild passion  
Cared not for the human rights

Nor saved them from deadly fights.

But how much great **were they**  
Who bore the pains of black day:  
"Ashes are not merely the waste  
They can really create the great."

### Poem 14

## MY NEIGHBOUR FRIEND BREATHING HIS LAST

My neighbour friend breathing his last!  
What should I do, O God! Aghast!  
He is to leave, now can't remain,  
Companions ready to catch the train.  
What should I do, O God! Aghast!

On every side decamping talk,  
At every place are shrieks **in stock**  
What should I do, O God! Aghast!

**Flare up** flames **in heart** to height,  
For, visible is not charming sight.  
What should I do, O God! Aghast!  
Without His love, Bullah **in loss**,  
Can hardly dwell **here or across**.  
What should I do, O God! Aghast!

### Poem 15

## HE CAME TO KNOW HIMSELF



He Came to Know Himself  
He came to know Himself  
Naught else had He in view  
To be able to realize this  
He got **enmeshed in love**  
He **alighted from** high heaven  
To pour a cascade of love  
Became Mansur-to mount the gallows  
Just to have His head **cut off.**  
He treaded the bazaars of Egypt  
Just to be sold for a slave  
Sachu speaks the bare Truth  
To speak of His sojourn on earth.

### Poem 16 GOD'S ATTRIBUTES

God calls Himself 'Seeing' **to the end** that  
His eye may **scare you from** sinning.  
God calls Himself 'Hearing' to the end that  
You may **close your lips against** foul discourse.  
God calls Himself 'Knowing' to the end that  
You may be afraid of Him to plot an evil.  
These are not mere accidental names of God  
**As a negro** may be called camphor  
So are these names derived from God's attributes,  
And not mere vain titles of the First Cause.

### Poem 17 THE DELIGHT SONG

I am a feather **on the bright sky**  
I am the blue horse that runs **in the plain**  
I am the fish that rolls, shining, in the water  
I am the shadow that follows a child  
I am the evening light, the luster of meadows  
I am the eagle **playing with** the wind  
I am a cluster of bright beads  
I am the farthest star



I am the cold of the dawn  
I am the roaring of the rain

I am the glitter on the crust of the snow  
I am the long track of the moon in a lake  
I am the flame of four colors  
I am the whole dream of these things.

You see, I am alive, I am alive  
I **stand in good relation to** the earth  
I stand in good relation to the lords  
I stand in good relation to all that is beautiful  
I stand in good relation to all that is fruitful  
You see, I am alive, I am alive.

### Poem 18

## LOVE-AN ESSENCE OF ALL THE RELIGIONS

Through love thorns become roses, and  
Through love vinegar becomes sweet wine,  
Through love the stake becomes a throne,  
Through love misfortune becomes good fortune,  
Through love burning fire becomes pleasing light,  
Through love stone becomes **soft as butter**,  
Through love grief becomes a joy,  
Through love lions become harmless  
Through love sickness becomes health,  
Through love wrath seems to be a mercy,  
Through love the **dead rise to life**,  
Through love the king becomes a slave.

### Poem 19

## A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS

A man of words and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds.  
And when the weeds begin to grow,  
It's like a garden full of snow.  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall.



And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky.  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door.  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a **stick across your back**.  
And when your back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife in your heart.  
And when your heart begins to bleed,  
You're dead and dead and dead indeed.

## Poem 20 IN BROKEN IMAGES

He is quick, **thinking in** clear images;  
I am slow, thinking in broken images.

He becomes dull, **trusting to his** clear images;  
I become sharp, mistrusting my broken images.

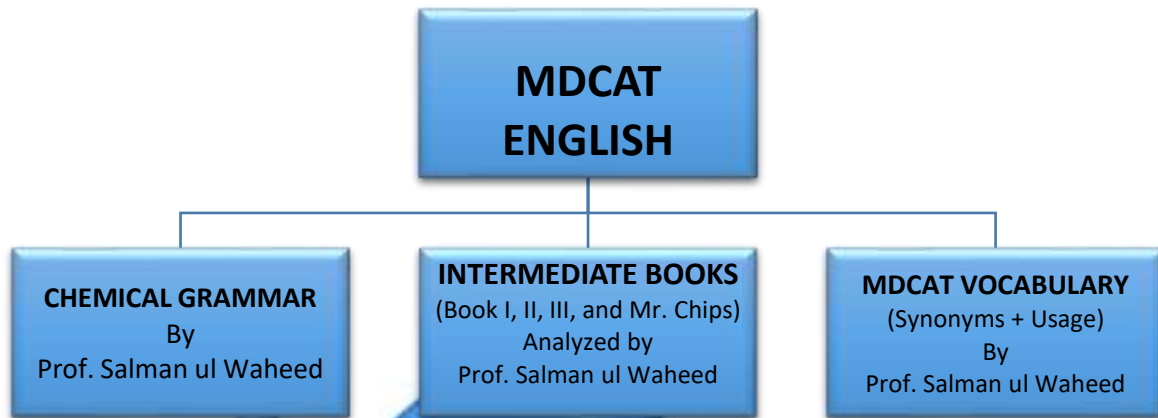
Trusting his images, he assumes their relevance;  
Mistrusting my images, I question their relevance.

Assuming their relevance, he assumes the fact;  
Questioning their relevance, I question the fact.

When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;  
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.

He continues quick and dull in his clear images;  
I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.

He in a new confusion of his understanding;  
I in a new understanding of my confusion.



### **PROCURE 9 THINGS TO ACCOMPLISH YOUR MDCAT STUDY:**

1. 'Chemical Grammar' by Salman ul Waheed
2. Past Papers Analysis and Guidelines by Salman ul Waheed
3. Document on Phrasal Verbs by Salman ul Waheed
4. Presentations on MDCAT Vocabulary by Salman ul Waheed
5. Book I, II, III, and Mr. Chips (Original)
6. Analysis of Intermediate Books by Salman ul Waheed
7. For all material help, join MDCAT English WhatsApp Groups at 03066333466
8. Be acclimated to the reading of the said material on your Android cells at any free time.
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MULTAN - LAHORE - ISLAMABAD



## About the Author

جنگ ملتان (جنگ ملتان) دہلی پاکستان کا ایک مشہور اخبار ہے۔ اس میں شائع ہونے والے مضمون اور تصاویر نے قاریوں کو اپنی دلچسپی اور معلومات فراہم کی ہیں۔

پروفیسر شعیب (جنگ ملتان) گورنمنٹ ہائیڈرو گری کاغذ پرنٹنگ پریس میں بطور ایگزیکٹو ایڈیٹر اور جونیئر ایڈیٹر کے طور پر کام کیا۔ ان کی خدمات نے پاکستان کے اخباری شعبے کو بہتر بنانے میں اہم کردار ادا کیا۔

ان کی تصانیف میں 'جنگ ملتان' اور 'جنگ ملتان' شامل ہیں۔ ان کی تصانیف نے قاریوں کو اپنی دلچسپی اور معلومات فراہم کی ہیں۔

ممتاز نوجوان پروفیسر پروفیسر سلمان الٰہی کی کتاب 'پہلا قدم' کی رونمایی کی گئی۔

پروفیسر سلمان الٰہی کی کتاب 'پہلا قدم' کی رونمایی کی گئی۔ اس موقع پر پروفیسر سلمان الٰہی نے اپنی کتاب کی رونمایی کی۔ ان کی تصانیف نے قاریوں کو اپنی دلچسپی اور معلومات فراہم کی ہیں۔



Presented by **پہلا قدم**

Salman ul Waheed  
Author (Chemical Grammar)

Presented by **پہلا قدم**

Mr. Qasim Ali Shah

Qasim Ali Shah & Salman ul Waheed

Sunday, 14th May 2017  
9:00 AM - 12:00 PM  
Venue: Events Hall, Layyah



**Professor Salman ul Waheed**  
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