

1. A dialogue between a teacher and a student

Teacher: Hello Fauzia. You are bit late today.

Fauzia: Yes, Madam, I am sorry.

Teacher: Well, so what happened?

Fauzia: The school-bus was right on schedule. It was about to cross the canal bridge when it came to a halt with a jerk. The tyre had gone flat.

Teacher: I see. It's none of your fault then!

Fauzia: One thing more, Madam, the driver had no Jack with him. He waved to other vehicles but none of them stopped. Nobody seemed to be willing to oblige at those rush hours.

Teacher: Well, what did you do then? You came by another bus?

Fauzia: No, Madam, we left the bus where it was and walked up to school all the way.

Teacher: Well done! You are a brave girl indeed. Now, girls. Let's get going with our lesson.

2. A dialogue between two students regarding prayers

Osama: Well, now I'd like to take rest for a while. I've had my meals, you know.

Salman: Ok, you should take rest while I fix this picture of a landscape up on the wall, where is sticky tape?

Osama: Out there in the drawer.

Salman: Well, I think this picture needs to be a bit higher up. How do you like it Osama?

Osama: Lovely! Good, well done. That looks nice up there. Now let's go for prayers to the mosque.

Salman: I am going to the market.

Osama: No, Prayers first. Don't you hear the moezzin's call for prayer?

Salman: Sure, I do, but I am going out. It's very urgent. My motorbike is out at the gate.

Osama: There is nothing in the world that ought to be more urgent than a prayer.

Salman: I don't really understand it. Art is long and life is short. There is so much to do in the world. There is so much fun games, sports, T.V., cricket, world cups, videos, feature films, fun-fairs, shopping, and so many other things to do. Sorry, I am going.

Osama: Dear, who am I to hold you back? Dear, as you are to me, I sincerely wish you pray. Prayers give us peace, freshness, balance, courage, hope, goodness in our short life here on the earth and eternal goodness in the life hereafter

Salman: Oh, I am sick of your sermons, Osama.

Osama: See Allah has blessed us with eyes, ears, heart, hands, legs and brain. Salman you see such a lovely world is there around us. Great gifts they are! Aren't they? We must thank Allah, the Merciful, the Sustainer. As Muslims, we pray and this is how we thank Allah.

Salman: All right. I fear Allah. I love Him, too. I'll go with you.

3. A dialogue asking one's way.

A: Excuse me troubling you sir, but can you tell me the way to the museum?

B: Certainly, keep straight on along this road, take the first turn to the right, and that will bring you to a green square with flagpoles. That is Istanbul Square, cross it, and you'll see one corner of red-brick building with a couple of domes. That is the museum.

A: Thanks very much, indeed.

B: My pleasure, (A goes on walking and takes the wrong turn. He wanders around a good deal. Tired and upset, he talks to a passer-by).

A: Pardon me, sir, but am I right for the museum?

B: I am sorry, sir, I don't know. I am a stranger here myself (Another gentleman C hears it and stops)

C: Yes, keep straight to this way for over a mile and a half until you come to Chowk Azadi, and turn to the left. It is a good way.

A: How far, do you think?

C: Take number, 117, when you come to Chowk Azadi. That will take you to the Museum.

A: Thanks.

4. A dialogue concerning time between a brother and a sister

Ali: What's the time?

Fatimah: It is nearly five to eight by my watch.

Ali: Upon my word, we must hurry up, if you are to catch that train for Rawalpindi.

Fatimah: Why, when is it due out?

Ali: At a quarter past nine exactly.

Fatimah: Oh, never mind. We have plenty of time.

Ali: I am not so sure of what on earth have you been doing? What time did you get up?

Fatimah: I woke up before half-past five. Then I performed ablutions and offered my morning prayer. Now breakfast is ready. Don't look at me like that.

Ali: For heaven's sake, get ready! Well, come along. Let us go! We have no time to waste. Time flies, you know.

5. A dialogue between a tailor and a customer

(The father is about to set up the tape-recorder. He calls aloud Yasser, Anne.) Come over here. Hurry up! They show up in a minute)

Father: You are going to hear a dialogue on tape now.

Yasser: Father what is it about?

Father: Well see this picture, (There is a picture of a tailor and a customer. Father switches the tape recorder on. They listen with attention).

Tailor: Good morning, Sir, what can I do for you?

Customer: I should like to be measured for a suit.

Tailor: With pleasure, Sir, kindly step this way.
What style and shade would you prefer?

Customer: I want an ordinary suit made of brown tweed. How much the stitching would cost?

Tailor: I can make you a suit for Rs.2000/- It is quite reasonable, sir.

Customer: That's right.

Tailor: Can you manage to call in sometime next week for the try?

Customer: Yes, just give me a ring. Here is my card.

Tailor: Very good, sir. Good morning, (father takes out the plug and talks to his kids).

Father: What do you say to that kids?

Yasser: Very interesting, Dad.

Anne: Father I'll hear it again and then we practice. Yasser will act out as the tailor, and I shall be the customer.

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