

National Curriculum of Pakistan
2022-23

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Grades 9-12



NATIONAL CURRICULUM COUNCIL SECRETARIAT
MINISTRY OF FEDERAL EDUCATION AND
PROFESSIONAL TRAINING, ISLAMABAD
GOVERNMENT OF PAKISTAN

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

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It is with great pride that we, at the National Curriculum Council Secretariat, present the first core curriculum in Pakistan's 75-year history. Consistent with the right to education guaranteed by Article 25-A of our Constitution, the National Curriculum of Pakistan (2022-23) aspires to equip every child with the necessary tools required to thrive in and adapt to an ever-evolving globalized world.

The National Curriculum is in line with international benchmarks, yet sensitive to the economic, religious, and social needs of young scholars across Pakistan. As such, the National Curriculum aims to shift classroom instruction from rote learning to concept-based learning.

Concept-based learning permeates all aspects of the National Curriculum, aligning textbooks, teaching, classroom practice, and assessments to ensure compliance with contemplated student learning outcomes. Drawing on a rich tapestry of critical thinking exercises, students will acquire the confidence to embark on a journey of lifelong learning. They will further be able to acknowledge their weaknesses and develop an eagerness to build upon their strengths.

The National Curriculum was developed through a nationwide consultative process involving a wide range of stakeholders, including curriculum experts from the public, private, and non-governmental sectors. Representatives from provincial education departments, textbook boards, assessment departments, teacher training departments, *deeni madaris*, public and private publishers, private schools, and private school associations all contributed their expertise to ensure that the National Curriculum could meet the needs of all Pakistani students.

The experiences and collective wisdom of these diverse stakeholders enrich the National Curriculum, fostering the core, nation-building values of inclusion, harmony, and peace, making the National Curriculum truly representative of our nation's educational aspirations and diversity.

I take this opportunity to thank all stakeholders, including students, teachers, and parents who contributed to developing the National Curriculum of Pakistan (2022-23)

Dr. Mariam Chughtai

Director

National Curriculum Council Secretariat

Ministry of Federal Education and Professional Training

English Literature for Grades 9-12

NOTE: (The recommended programme of study for English Literature is four years and the progression grid is designed accordingly. However, it may easily be adapted for a two-year programme easily with students studying the content for 9-10 in Grade 11 and for 11 and 12 in Grade 12.)

Domain A: Reading for Comprehension and Inferences

Standard 1: Expressivist engagement with the text: intone, identity, interpret, contextualize and infer

Grade 9	Grade 10	Grade 11	Grade 12
Benchmark I: The ability to respond to the act of reading a literary text by focusing on its structure, form, aesthetic, imaginative, thematic value, and impact		Benchmark I: A deeper understanding of language, form, structure, genre, and style to help open newer ways of critically interpreting a literary text	
Student Learning Outcomes			
[SLO:Eng Lit-09-A-01]: [SLO:Eng Lit-10-A-01]: Articulate an informed personal response using textual evidence where appropriate.		[SLO:Eng Lit-11-A-01]: [SLO:Eng Lit-12-A-01]: Demonstrate an informed personal response through critical attention to various aspects of the text.	
[SLO: Eng Lit-09-A-02]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-A-02]:		[SLO: Eng Lit-11-A-02]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-A-02]:	

<p>Show understanding of different genres of literature like prose, fiction, poetry and drama</p>	<p>Analyse, evaluate and question knowledge of different genres of literature like prose, fiction, poetry and drama</p>
<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-09-A-03]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-A-03]:</p> <p>Identify author’s use of literary devices, narrative/narrator, characters, plot, motifs and themes in a literary text</p>	<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-11-A-03]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-A-03]:</p> <p>Examine and appraise the author’s use of literary devices, motifs, themes, characters and plot in a literary text</p>
<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-09-A-04]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-A-04]:</p> <p>Demonstrate an understanding of the ways in which writers’ choices of form, structure and language shape meanings</p>	<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-11-A-04]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-A-04]:</p> <p>Display a deeper comprehension of writers’ preferences of form, structure and language to produce meanings</p>
<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-09-A-05]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-A-05]:</p> <p>Sensitise students to the authors’ artistic decisions by developing their cognitive range for comprehending the open-endedness of literary language</p>	<p>[SLO: Eng Lit-11-A-05]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-A-05]:</p> <p>Maximize cognitive range for negotiating ambiguity and contingency of literary language through a focus on its nuances</p>

Domain B- Writing for Coherence, Accuracy and Clarity

Standard: A contextual, representational, and active response to the literary text: trace and appreciate literary devices, analyse the structure-content duo, and negotiate the in/visible layers of the textual semantics

Grade 9	Grade 10	Grade 11	Grade 12
Benchmark I: An ability to comprehend and construct a coherent, clear, and persuasive response to literary text		Benchmark I: An advanced ability to construct a critical, creative, and cogent response to literary text	
Student Learning Outcomes			
[SLO: Eng Lit-09-B-01]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-B-01]: Trace poets' use of rhetorical devices in the text		[SLO: Eng Lit-11-B-01]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-B-01]: Offer a critical response to poets' use of literary devices	
[SLO: Eng Lit-09-B-02]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-B-02]: Analyse the plot construction, character development, and resolution of conflict in a play		[SLO: Eng Lit-11-B-02]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-B-02]: Appraise the complication, climax and resolution of the plot, plot-character relationship, setting and dramatic tension	
[SLO: Eng Lit-09-B-03]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-B-03]: Account for language strategies and thematic concerns of a prose text		[SLO: Eng Lit-11-B-03]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-B-03]: Critically negotiate stylistics, thematic progression, and cultural significance of a prose text	
[SLO: Eng Lit-09-B-04]: [SLO: Eng Lit-10-B-04]:		[SLO: Eng Lit-11-B-04]: [SLO: Eng Lit-12-B-04]:	

Examine the plot devices, character delineation, themes and motifs in a fictional text

Investigate the embedded narrative voice, non/linearity of the plot, fragmentation/ unity of character, thematics and symbols in a fictional text

Poetry:

- Hope is a Thing with Feathers by Emily Dickinson
- Twickenham Garden by William Blake
- Lights Out by Edward Thomas
- Pretty by Stevie Smith
- Weathers by Thomas Hardy
- Funeral Blues by W.H.Auden
- Break, Break, Break by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- Daisy by Francis Thompson
- Poison Tree by William Blake
- Youth and Age by S.T. Coleridge
- Success is Counted Sweetest by Emily Dickinson
- Thought Fox by Ted Hughes
- Anniversary by Ted Hughes
- Charge of the Light Brigade by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- Rain by Edward Thomas
- O Captain! My Captain! By Walt Whitman
- The City Planners by Margaret Atwood
- The Planners by Boey Kim Cheng
- Aunt Jennifer's Tigers by Adrienne Rich
- Nature by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- Suicide in the Trenches by Siegfried Sassoon
- A Strange Meeting by Wilfrid Owen
- The Unknown Citizen by W.H. Auden
- Earth Your Dancing Place by May Swenson
- I Was Always Leaving by Jean Nordhaus
- Trees in the Traffic Island by Sibghat-Ullah Khan
- A Village Girl by Taufeeq Rafat

- Arrival of the Monsoon by Taufeeq Rafat
- Lahore, I Am Coming by Rizwan Akhtar
- My Languages by Rizwan Akhtar
- The birth of Sindh by Maneck Pithawala

Novels:

- Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson
- Great Expectations By Charles Dickens
- Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens
- A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens
- Emma by Jane Austen
- Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Dafoe
- Hobbit by John Ronald Reuel Tolkien
- Lord of the Flies by William Golding
- To Kill a Mocking Bird by Harper Lee
- Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe
- Around the World in Eighty Days by Jules Verne
- The Time Machine by H.G.Wells
- The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain
- Black Beauty by Anna Sewell
- Rebecca by Daphne du Maurier
- The Good Earth by Pearl S. Buck
- The Pearl by John Steinbeck
- Walden by Henry David Thoreau
- The Alchemist by Paulo Coelho
- The Plague by Albert Camus
- Life of Pi by Yann Martel

N.B: It is recommended that original texts of plays maybe used for classroom teaching.

Plays:

- King Lear by William Shakespeare (abridged)
- The Tempest by William Shakespeare (abridged)
- The Bear by Anton Chekhov
- The Last Metaphor by Usman Ali
- Trifles by Susan Glaspell
- Apostrophe's by Bradley Hayward
- Boat by Lindsay Price
- Beauty and the Bee by Lindsay Price
- Something to Talk About by Eden Philpotts
- Justice by John Galsworthy
- The Rivals by Richard B. Sheridan
- The Wild Duck by Henrik Ibsen
- Look Back in Anger by John Osborne
- Long Day's Journey Into Night by Eugene O'Neill

N.B: It is recommended that original texts of plays maybe used for classroom teaching.

Essays and Short Stories:

From Stories of Ourselves Volume 2, the following 10 stories:

- no. 2 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 'Dr Heidegger's Experiment'
- no. 16 O Henry, 'The Furnished Room'
- no. 18 Charlotte Perkins Gilman, 'The Widow's Might'
- no. 25 Henry Handel Richardson, 'And Women Must Weep'
- no. 29 Marghanita Laski, 'The Tower'
- no. 31 Janet Frame, 'The Reservoir'
- no. 32 Langston Hughes, 'Thank You M'am'
- no. 43 Yiyun Li, 'A Thousand Years of Good Prayers'
- no. 44 Segun Afolabi, 'Mrs Mahmood'

The Margalla Monkeys

The Margalla monkeys are not the monkeys
That provided Darwin inspiration un-divine,
To declare monkeys not far behind
The human race.

Early morning hours,
They come knocking at the windowpane
Waking me up from sound slumber,
Alerting me to the duties
Imposed by the Grand Divine Design...

With eyes half shut I look at them and think,
They are better placed,
Free in the nature's lap,
Fed by their habitat,
Nurtured by the divines of Faisal Mosque,
Hearing divine discourses,
And godly politics of ungodly economics,
The economics of humans ---
Jibbering and sniggering and wondering,
"Could they be our descendants?
Pity, they descended too low!"

They are special monkeys.
Nourished on the University hostel remains,
Inhaling crystal winds carrying the coveted aromas
Of continental and oriental foods...

These are intellectual monkeys;
Wiser than their African cousins,
Happier than their human kin,
Free and fat,
Unconscious of the still, sad music of humanity...

(Written by Safeer Awan while residing at Kuwait Hostel of Islamic University, near Faisal Mosque, at the foot of Margalla Hills, Islamabad, 2000)

Short Story by Naseem Achakzai

Old Tree

It was one of the living forests of the world, where peace was ruling the atmosphere for many years and maybe for centuries and there had been no interference at all. No problems in the activities of day-to-day actions were found and each one, from animals and birds to the smallest insects or even the tiny larva of a butterfly had its tasty food with pleasure in that green land.

Suddenly, a change happened and a sense of disturbance was felt in the whole atmosphere. A sense of destruction spread like a smell everywhere, and it was really spread. Why did a sense of panic develop on the horizon that no one knew it yet and there was a growth of worry that mounted in the Old Tree's thoughts and the Old Tree was the first object that felt that worry and the fret had happened suddenly because the wood in which the Old Tree existed had been a place of calm for a long time.

At the moment, all breathing species felt a sort of trouble in the area and was found that the birds started flying into the direction of their nests. Happy deer and even the jolly rabbits that played happily in the shades of the bush, felt frightened and they moved into the direction of their holes to hide their tales. The strong and respected eagle that flew above the huge mountains with pride and pleasure did not appear at all and there was a message of danger and all plants animals and insects they all received and sensed a strong vicious sign through their senses. It was like something bad, or ill omen or ill fortune was taking place. They never knew it and the tree of the old time called the Old Tree of knowledge looked down on the ground near to its trunk with a sad glance and saw that an anthill was

built in the end of its trunk, had completely been deserted and it was clear that those ants had already had information of the coming on disaster this is why the Old Tree could see that there was no sign of any ant over there. They had all moved inside their home.

Silence enveloped the land and no sound could be heard and there was no movement and seemed as everything was silent. Birds had stopped singing and there was no chirping. No sounds of birds and no stir or moves of the insects were observed. The whole scene had turned into a silent and stagnant picture. Life had come to a standstill position and this kind of stillness was rare in the area from the last many years and this kind of mysterious silence had never ever happened before. It never occurred even in the heavy snow time and it was not felt in a bitter cold and no one could ever feel it in the season of an extreme hot.

The time-respected Old Tree of Knowledge had become completely dried up that there were no leaves on it, nor had it branches and its colors had been changed from brown to white and seemed as though the weather had changed it into a white and huge piece of dried up bone. Its root had become dry and the changes of seasons had put its wood strong but its roots had no strength its grip in the soil or earth, now. 'I can fall down, anytime, without any reason and would fall down for no cause but an object should fall down for a cause and there should be a reason for my fall. Why shouldn't I move down to the Earth with a cause that should've meaning because I've always taught the lessons of courage and patience to others and at the moment, if a feeling of uneasiness grew in my thoughts, that's just because of the oppressiveness of the atmosphere I can feel right now.' thought the Old Tree and 'each living specie in the distress tries to protect its self and that kind of suppressed atmosphere creates a sense of smell of fear. In my opinion, fear is poison to life and this sense of fear and its unavoidability must be converted into courage.' thought Old Tree again.

The wind had become still and it was also clear that the trees that would produce sounds musically in their living leaves and branches had stopped moving and that was a perfect time for a Sufi to meditate and the Old tree desired to have this kind of stillness for practice but it all had happened in the time of coming disaster that quiet was not for the sake of quiet only that was the mark of a coming on terrible disaster.

The scene was clear and there appeared no movement and was no indication of rain at all. The Old Tree had a view of the forest from the East to the West and when it stretched out its sight from the South to the North, it saw the sign of a flow of mounting waves that was an inevitable move of a flood. A strong flood was approaching and this kind of strength contained the power of destruction that was approaching nearer the area to cross that part of the land and was going to fall into the river that was on the South-west of the forest. Now the Old Tree prepared itself to bear the situation and it thought that no problem, if the whole green land observes silence.

Silence is sacred and the old tree had to perform as one of the responsible ones. There had been floods, rain and natural disasters and there had already been hard times many times before but all kinds of hard times had been witnessed and bore by the Old Tree only with confidence. The Old Tree had lonely tolerated each and every kind of difficulty to protect the rest of the plants of the jungle and now the old tree had already decided to do so confidently.

‘We’ve to learn from all these difficulties, whatever they are and whatever the message they have. We all have our signals to show our nature and each tiding conveys its developed quality and let it come, if it wants to show itself like this. I’m ready to fight the coming on dangerous situation.’ thought Old Tree.

The seasoned Old Tree had just reached upon the conclusion of the silence prevailed all over the atmosphere and in the mean time, the first part of the flood rolled on that part and entered into the beginning of the forest. It swept and carried away all dry leaves in its first attack and moved all dry branches away and carried away all small pieces of the wood with itself.

‘It’s clear that the outset of the success gives more courage to flood but the end is faraway yet.’ said Old Tree.

The flood listened to it with a villain’s smile and it smiled like a devil. It was a silent devil and now the flood stayed for a while in the shady corner of the nearest mountain that wanted to collect its strength more and prepared to attack with more severity and power.

‘But you, the old and dried up tree, like a squeezed bone, how did you dare to address me? Be a part of the obedience of the whole forest otherwise you are just nothing in front of me!’ answered Flood angrily.

The flood moved its waves hither and thither like the wings of a raging serpent but was surprised to listen to the words of an Old Tree.

‘This silence gave me a power to communicate you and awarded me an order to understand you and I’ve been observing the journeys of the centuries, my dear. I have been grown into a dry piece in the drama of these all natural troubles and listen to me carefully that you’re part of them and you’ve just been born a few hours ago. You’ve just born out of rain and I know that but you have to know it that you’ll be drowned on the either side of this forest and you’ll be drowned in that river, which goes to be vanished into a big Ocean. Be careful, my dear! You’ll be drowned and you’ll be vanished in that river who always bows its head down even to the lightest and smallest straws and bubbles.’ answered Old Tree with confidence.

The Old Tree had a brave heart and it did not have anything in its body, except a brave heart.

‘I can destroy you and your entire family!’ shouted Flood.

‘I know about your parent that’s called the great Ocean even though the great Ocean has the beauty of respect for all, but now and then cheap characters born out of the respectable ones.

Alas, great forces give birth to such cheap and nasty characters like you.’ replied old Tree calmly.

‘I am the sign of terror!’ cried Flood.

‘But you don’t know about your forthcoming future.’ answered the brave old Tree. ‘And let me show you your approaching future, to dash you into thousand pieces.’ said Flood, who did not have patience at all. ‘And let me warn you that you will change my position and you will change my function but you will never ever change my structure and you will never finish my quality. You will never cease the essence of my purpose and you won’t destroy the importance of my usage and you will never steal or destroy my dreams. If you replace my spot or swap away my space, then my state will be strengthened more with a newly born reality because I have a

dream in my existence that's called a positive thinking. You won't sweep me away as you did with those helpless and weak straws and leaves and I'll be used more powerfully if you turn my present ground into dust. I'll be transformed into a design of another studio because my design is well structured. I'll be part of another time and will be part of another spot. I'll be the measurement of another function. So, don't waste your time and don't misuse your energy. Walk smoothly and move slowly away but move gracefully, if you can. Move peacefully that a peaceful walk can be turned into one of the beauties of your life. You can cross this forest peacefully if you desire that can be one of the positive qualities of your move on this place.' answered Old Tree.

'Your words have no meaning for me.' replied Flood. 'You can find meanings if you want because for me, not only words, while each object has its structure of meaning and each gesture conveys its meaningful figure to me as a meaning in form of a structure. Colors and shades, they all have intelligible content for me and I can communicate their structure to you. I've the detail of time, so be in your concrete, creative and constructive senses and be reasonable. Behave yourself that there's sacredness in this harmony and the sacred body of peace exists in this silence. Don't destroy this life that life has a nice meaning everywhere.' replied Old Tree. 'What do you know about life? Life means power, life exists in supremacy and this life can only be appreciated and enjoyed if you have supreme authority. Do you call it a life now, in your miserable and old age? Is this the meaning and beauty of life that can be stopped by a small push, yeah?' said Flood.

'Life is not a matter of small or strong push though it's a matter of continuity and is a link between past and present. A strong continuous link makes out future that turns into a cycle of process. Look at me I did not born like this and I was not what I am right now and you were also not what you are right now. You're born and brought into a shape of cloud that at this time you call yourself a flood and you've a being now and you are proud of this being at this moment. Your problem is that you've got no command to preserve your memory. You've forgotten about your past and you've lost your link with past. You're missing your sign and you've forgotten your continuity. You are without memory and you've forgotten your previous source and you feel and call yourself a power just because of this present situation, what you are right now. You were not like this my dear and you've been brought up to this level to be tested. Test sustains and you're here to be judged and judgment prevails. You're brought up to be evaluated in your performance to be either good or bad and to tell the truth, I was not like this also and I was put and sown like a small piece of grain or seed that seed could've been swallowed by a small ant and a small insect could've eaten me. My seed could have been rotten and I could've been missed like a miscarriage and I wouldn't have been what I am and from that small seed I grew into a young plant. Afterwards, I grew into a strong tree and indeed, for many centuries, I remained a young and mighty tree with green leaves. I had strong branches and many caravans of human beings, animals, insects and birds had and crossed through my shade and I saw births and observed and tried deaths. I gave protection to existing species and then, I had to be turned into an old dry tree as a matter of fact and even, in this old age I've a purpose and I know about my usefulness. Look at my feet! There's an anthill and I've given place to ants. I've protected insects to live in my dry roots and I always feel good to protect life around me.' said Old Tree.

'I am going to attack this anthill first!' roared the Flood and firstly, the flood attacked on the anthill with an extreme move of power but they had already protected themselves and as the waves of water flew over their small hole, a piece of dust covered its mouth that

became like a shield on the opening of their home. Even though that was the softest layer of the dust but the force of the flood could not remove that soft veil of the dust from their small hole and the force of the wave merely flew over it that brought no change and did no damage to their home.

Nothing happened, except a smile, appearing on old tree's dry trunk and that was a failure and a sense of degradation for the flood to watch the old tree smiling.

'Life is not, as it seems so, nor is as you presume so, nor should it be as you've said so that you could never destroy these small homes of the ants because you cannot destroy them, as it's apparent from your silence that you're at your anger's peak. You'll certainly use your last trick and you know what's that and let me tell you that your nature and actions are quite open to the whole world and people know that you kiss the feet of the wall then in that treachery you at last get it down, because you're sick at your nature and you're hopeless. There's no remedy for you, so take your course and satisfy yourself the way you want. Act as you desire but you will have to pay for your each action.' explained the aged Old Tree.

In the meantime, the flood, being ready had gathered all its strength and it attacked the old tree and it was clear that the old tree didn't have that much grip in the earth and was too old and it could not bear the attack, so, it slowly moved down towards the earth and was heavily crashed onto the earth. Its last terrible crack, like a last cry was heard all over the jungle and the last cry of the old tree was echoed in the whole forest. The flood wanted to carry it away with itself to put the old tree into thousand pieces but the flood could just move it a few yards away because some of the younger trees that had strong roots held it with their young trunks like powerful arms and those young trees also became and performed like outstretched arms of human being that they held the old tree tightly in their laps with love and respect.

The force and the destruction of the flood had spread in throughout the forest but it could never carry out the old tree away, so slowly and gradually, the strength of the flood was weakened and the terrible force died away reaching onto the shore of the river and fell into it and vanished forever.

Life in the forest returned to normal again and it was felt that birds and animals started as usual activities and seemed as though nothing serious had ever been lost and now a white dove flew to show the continuity of life again, while this dove would mostly fly and sit on one of the dry branches of the old tree but the dove could never find the old tree on its proper place that time and it did not know that that tree would never be found on that specific place again. Its spot was empty and its place had been changed and the dove flew and had a second round then it found the old tree that was lying in the mid of the forest that the dove dived and sat on the head of the fallen old tree that seemed as if the dove was paying a rich tribute from all over the forest.

Time passes away and the old moments and moves never come again. One day, a carpenter was crossing the wood and he saw the fallen down old tree that its wood in his opinion, was an expensive one and he carried away the old tree into his factory and cut it into

large planks. The carpenter knew that there was a demand for the quality of this special kind of wood and he decided to sell it for a handsome amount. In a few days, a businessman came from a faraway land that was in search of the wood of that old tree and paid a heavy amount to the carpenter and carried away those planks he wanted to make a ship from those planks.

A few days later, the ship was prepared, and the moment came when the ship had to move inside the river and that was moved and was brought onto the surface of the water. Later on, it had to cross the great oceans of the world and the ship was set to sail. In the mean time, the ocean ordered its waves to bow their heads down to pay special respect to the wood of the old tree because the ocean was experienced too and knew that the old tree had undergone the experiences of centuries and centuries.

The water of that terrible flood had also taken a trip through the rivers and now, it had reached the shore of the ocean and also reached on that spot where the ship of that old tree was going to start sailing. So, the waves of the flood had to follow the ocean's order and it bowed its head down to the ship and now, the ship moved with powerful oars and those oars were also made of the old tree's wood. So the water of the flood received strong beats of the oars on its head and the water of flood could do nothing but to obey the orders of the ocean and it knew that the old tree had won and now it felt that the old tree was right and it really happened as the old tree had once said. It was the time for the water of the flood to receive the beats of the old tree wood on its head repeatedly, as long as the ship moved on the surface of the honorable Oceans.

THE END



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