

STUDY OF ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF URDU SHORT STORY “ADHOORE CHEHRE” OF DEEPAK BUDKI AS “IMPERFECT FACES”

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Abstract:

Translation is a process of transmission of source text into a target text reflecting the contents of the original text. It is a practice in which the individual tries to find out the closest equivalent meaning of a source text into the target text language. It aims at conveying the same idea or information as in the original text. In this article the author / translator has chosen the text, that is a short story “Adhoore Chehre” – ادھورے چہرے (in Urdu) translated as “Imperfect Faces” (in English). The source text is written by Deepak Budki, a renowned Urdu fiction writer. By translating this Urdu short story into English language, the translator wants to present the text of story of Urdu literature to the readers at international level.

The translator has chosen the field of fiction with focus on the theory of equivalence in translation. The methods of literal, semantic and faithful translations have been employed to establish the closest equivalence between the source text (Urdu) and the target text (English).

Key words:

Translation, equivalence, source text, target text, Urdu Short Story, fiction, Imperfect faces

Biography:

The author is a Ph.D. Scholar in Department of English and Modern European Languages in University of Lucknow (Uttar Pradesh) and is presently working in Baba Ghulam Shah Badshah University in Jammu & Kashmir. He is a multilingual person and writes prose and poetry on different topics in English, Urdu and Kashmiri languages. His writings are published in national and regional language newspapers. He has presented research papers in national and International Conferences and published his work in International Journals as well. He has also translated a book of Short Stories from Urdu into English as ‘How are You Janaa’.

Introduction:

Translation studies is an interdisciplinary in nature. It deals with the theory and phenomenon of translation and encompasses many disciplines like linguistics, philosophy, study of languages and different cultures etc. The term ‘Translation Studies’ was first used by James S. Holme in his article “The name and nature of translation studies” as a discipline that is concerned with the problems related to translating process and the translation as a product. Different scholars have different approaches towards translation studies. Roman Jakobson has a semiotic approach that advocates the idea of ‘equivalence in difference’. He

introduced three kinds of translation: Intralingual (translation within the language), Interlingual (translation between two languages), and Inter-semiotic (translation between sign systems). The translator has chosen the second kind, interlingual translation which demands the transformation of the source text into a target text language. The present article aims at translating an Urdu short story “Adhoore Chehre” into English version as “Imperfect Faces”.

Introduction to Source Text:

Deepak Kumar Budki, widely known by his penname **Deepak Budki**, was born on 15 February 1950 in Srinagar, Kashmir. He is a distinguished and contemporary Urdu short-story writer. He has served in the Indian Postal Service. His academic credentials include an M.Sc. in Botany, a B.Ed. from Kashmir University. He is an *Adeeb-e-Mahir* from Jamia Urdu, Aligarh and also graduated from the National Defense College in New Delhi.

Budki has authored more than 160 short stories and numerous books spanning research, criticism, and fiction. His story collections include *Adhoore Chehre*, *Chanar ke Panje*, *Zebra Crossing Par Khada Aadmi*, *Reza Reza Hayaat*, *Ruh Ka Karb*, *Muthi Bhar Rait*, *Ab Main Wahan Nahi Rehta*, *Jadun Ki Talash*, *Yeh Kaisa Rishta*, and *Pattun Par Likhi Tehreerein*. Noteworthy among his novels are *Apna Apna Such* and *Azadi*. His critical works like *Urdu Ke Ghair Muslim Afsana Nigar* and *Krishan Chander–Meri Nazar Mein*, reflect his engagement with socio-cultural themes and marginal voices.

His stories explore socio-political transformations, migration, and human endurance—especially evident in *Chanar ke Panje* and *Zebra Crossing Par Khada Aadmi*, which poignantly depict Kashmiri Pandit displacement. A versatile artist, Budki has also worked as cartoonist and joint editor of *Uqaab Weekly*. He has received multiple awards including the Postal Life Insurance Gold Medal (1979), Rashtriya Gaurav Samman, Dr. Manzar Kazmi National Award, and honours from the Andhra Urdu Academy and Sadbhavna Manch.

His more than 160 short stories in Urdu have been published in India, Pakistan and other European countries. Moreover, about 250 critical essays and book reviews have been written by him. Some short stories have been broadcast on AIR Kashmir & Urdu Service, New Delhi and televised on Doordarshan, Kashmir.

Almost nine M.Phil. and one Ph.D. Degree(s) on his works have been awarded to candidates in Universities in India and Pakistan. Various books written about him by different authors are *Waraq Waraq Aaieena*, *Deepak Budki ki Afsana Nigari*; *Ruh Ka Karb aur Reza Reza Hayat Ke Hawale Se*, *Deepak Budki Ke Afsanon Ka Tanqueedi Mutala'a* by Dr Sufiya Bano Akhtar Hussain Shaikh based on part of her Doctoral thesis. In addition to this, *Deepak Budki; Fikr-o-Fun*, a collection of articles is written by different writers and Critics and compiled and edited by Hamad Habibullah (2019). His short stories, many of which have been translated, broadcast or critically reviewed across India and Pakistan, reflect as syncretic ethos and literary sophistication that merits careful translation.

In **Adhoore Chehre**, one can see the portrayal of the deep emotional isolation, disillusionment, and putrefying foundations of modern urban life through the eyes of a young girl named Natasha.

Natasha grows up in a hygienic, multi-storeyed apartment colony where relationships are entirely transient—neighbours like Dr. Sunita and the industrious Gopa live in quiet desperation, trapped by societal expectations and cramped spaces.

Natasha's own home is fractured by generational clashes and her mother's deep-seated insecurities. There is also slow emotional and physical abandonment by her father, Ashok Patel, who eventually moves abroad and severs ties.

Years later, at a high-society birthday party, Natasha spots her estranged father intimately with another woman. When she reaches out to him, he callously denies knowing her, while her broken mother steps in to cover up the humiliation, completing the tragic portrait of a shattered family.

Introduction to source language:

The language of the source text, chosen by the translator, is Urdu. Urdu language belongs to Indo-European group of languages and is written from right to left. Urdu is widely spoken and understood particularly in Pakistan and India. It is the national language of Pakistan. Urdu has borrowed words from many languages like, Arabic, Persian, Hindi, and Sanskrit etc. The literature written in Urdu language reflects the religious, social and cultural practices of its native speakers.

Introduction to target language:

The translator has selected English as the language of the target text. English language also belongs to Indo-European family of languages; it is related to the Germanic group of languages. It has earned the status of an international language. It is flexible to adjust any kind of literature in its domain. The purpose of choosing this language as the language of the translated text is that the translated text would be globally read and understood.

Background and Significance:

The short story in Urdu “Adhoore Chehre” has been studied, examined and accordingly translated as “Imperfect Faces”, here in the paper. Various incomprehensible and untranslatable words, idioms and phrases used by writer in his Short Story in Urdu have been closely translated into their English equivalent for better understanding of cultural nuances by the readers. Same is explained in Urdu, Hindi and English languages in tabular format in the end section of this paper.

Objectives:

The objectives of this translation are:

- To present a fiction piece of Urdu literature to the readers who cannot understand this language.
- To add to the Indian literature in English translation of regional / national languages.

- To contribute to the assets of translation.

Literature Review:

Translation is a process of establishing equivalence between source text and the target text. Dubois defines the process as “translation is the expression in another language (or target language) of what has been expressed in source language, preserving semantic and stylistic equivalences” (in Bell, 1991:5). “Vinay and Darbelnet (1995:32) view equivalence-oriented translation as a procedure which replicates the same situation as in the original, whilst using completely different wording.” Catford (1965) represented Halliday's ‘rank scale’ theory to “underline the hypothesis that translation of equivalence depends upon the availability of formal correspondence between linguistic items at different structural levels and rank” (Hartmann, 1980), and at the sentence level. Nida's (1964) dynamic equivalence is reader-oriented which advocates the idea of conveying the message of the original text in the target text language as naturally as possible. Nida's formal equivalence the notion the target text should resemble the source text in both form and content.

Methodology:

Methodology is a series of methods and techniques used during the research process. It offers guidance during the research by providing principles and rules to conduct the research in a proper way. The translator has selected interlingual translation, different models of equivalence, and methods of translation i.e. semantic, literal and faithful translation to translate the source text defined as below:

- Literal translation: This method focuses on the conversion of source language constructions to their closest equivalents in the target language and the translation of each lexical word is sought out.
- Semantic translation: Semantic translation is very close to faithful translation.

Moreover, it tries to maintain the aesthetic appeal of the original text.

- Faithful translation: This type of translation focuses on contextual meanings along with the grammatical structures of the target language.

The present work is done by keeping in view the theory of equivalence. The translator has tried to present the target text as naturally close to the source text as much possible.

Baker (1992:6) says that equivalence is a relative notion as it is influenced by many cultural and linguistic factors. She combines the linguistics and communicative approaches. She argues that grammatical equivalence is related to the diversity of grammatical categories across languages. The textual equivalence refers to equivalence between a source text and target text in terms of cohesion and information.

Translation of “Adhoore Chehre” as “Imperfect Faces”:

He never understood how those, who came to the top two, the front one, and the bottom two flats and then left due to change, became his uncles and cousins. Are these threads of relationships so temporary that every newcomer becomes an uncle, aunt or cousin and then after a while gets lost in the crowd of the world? Natasha spent many nights in anxiety solving the same mystery of human relationships.

Five years ago, Keshab also came to the lower flat with his parents. Within a few days, he and Natasha had mingled so much that it became difficult to spend a moment without each other. They, sometimes, play carrom, sometimes ludo and sometimes snake ladder or get stuck in the construction of a small house with small blocks of plastic. Though there were many other children in the colony, Keshab and Natasha were looking for each other. Due to unawareness, Natasha could not give any name to this desirability those days. But now after so many years, whenever Natasha thought about this relationship, her body would tremble deliciously. Keshab's innocent face would appear in front of her eyes and she would smile in her heart. But the next year he went back to Bhopal with his father. Natasha had been looking for a new Keshab since then.

The name of the aunt who lived in the front flat was Sunita Agarwal. She had a doctorate degree in Economics from Punjab University. Before marriage, her husband was obsessed of marrying a highly educated girl. But unfortunately, after marriage, Dr. Sunita was not allowed to work because Mr. Agarwal was strongly opposed to the woman's job. She lay alone in the flat again the day. In the beginning, she would spend her time reading Ewes Weekly or Femina over and over again, but gradually she started hating these black letters as well. Even the newspaper headlines were terrifying to her. A few social women in the colony repeatedly invited Sunita to their kitty parties but Sunita flatly refused to attend. She thought it appropriate not to compromise on her solitude.

Natasha would go to the aunt several times a day. Seeing this, Sunita's face would have a strange glow. As soon as she saw her, she would plant a couple of kisses like postal stamps on her cotton-like soft cheeks. Natasha looked at auntie with surprised eyes in helplessness.

Sunita usually spent a lot of her time sitting in front of the dressing table, looking at her quite symmetrical flawless smooth body in the mirror again and again. Sometimes from this angle and sometimes from that angle. She would sit for hours and caress her face. Her most of the day would pass in makeup. Unnecessary hair on upper lip and eyebrows would be removed by her with hair Plucker. One after other, coats of imported creams were applied by her on the face and then with a light layer of face powder, her face would glow with a rosy radiance. Half-tilted hair strands acted like icing on the cake. Sunita was getting trapped in the web of narcissism day by day.

Natasha liked this cute and charming look of her. She thought in her mind. “How sweet, auntie. What a Beauty! I wish I had grown up to be just as beautiful!”

When Sunita ji got bored of the mirror, she would get up and cast a cursory glance out the window. On tar-covered roads, on yellow buff-coloured houses, on dust-soaked trees, on smoke-wrapped vehicles or on passers-by scorched in the heat, in the blowing dust and dirt; she kept looking for something like waiting for someone for years.

Seeing all this, Natasha felt pity for her aunt. She was beginning to realize that Auntie must be looking for a lost object that she was looking for in the dust. One day, as soon as she returned home, she questioned her father about it.

“Papa, she’s Sunita aunty, isn’t she? Why does she remain so lost? Whenever you see her, she seems sad. Has there been any tragedy with her?”

Papa replied with a lingering-knowing smile, “You will not understand that there is such a gap in your aunt’s life because of which she remains worried.”

The secret smile on Papa’s lips made Natasha suspect that Papa ji must be hiding something from her. In fact, what her father wanted to say was something like this.

“She and her husband are mentally incoherent. There has been a mental gap between the two, due to which their normal sexual life has also been disrupted. She is fed up with her husband. Being a woman, she does not see any way to escape.”

But all these words remained stuck in Papa’s throat.

“Gap,” Natasha said again.

“Yes, daughter. She is an ambitious Lady. Her flight is very high. She wants to do something in life. Even during her studies, she always enjoyed a distinguished position. After getting educated she wanted that she would bring honour to her name. See her luck. She got such a husband that on the very first day of marriage, all her hopes were dashed to ground. Since then, she has been wandering in this flat like a winged bird.”

On hearing this argument of father, the love of her mother got agitated. She couldn’t keep quiet despite trying hard. Her Father had tried to explain all the books which he had studied on human behaviour. But my mother wasn’t very educated. He expressed his opinion on the basis of his age and experience. She could not agree with her husband’s book argument.

“No, daughter, there’s no such thing. In fact, Sunita has been married for six years. To this day she has been childless. A lot of treatment was done. She paid obeisance at the shrines of saints and spirituals. She wore sacred threads and amulets but to no avail. She has become hopeless on all sides. This is the biggest drawback of her life; Sunita is looking for her child in everything.”

Natasha was in a state of uncertainty to hear all these arguments. She had her some own guess. Natasha was sure that Aunty was very attached to her college-time boyfriend, Amitabh. He went to the US to pursue an MBA. And then he stayed there. Without Amitabh, Sunita found her life incomplete. Sunita herself gave information about Amitabh to Natasha. In front of her, Sunita Aunty had mentioned many times the Amitabh's facial features, his intelligence and his ambition.

A Bengali couple lived in the flat below. Whenever someone asked uncle his name, he would answer by saying 'O' to 'A'. Ajoy Bashbash means 'Ajay Biswas'. Natasha would giggle to hear name from uncle's mouth.

Two years ago, Ajay Biswas had come from Calcutta having married a medium-sized lightweight, soft and delicate wife who initially could not speak any language other than Bengali. Biswas uncle had brought his wife as he had come across a massive fortune. He took care of her day and night. A tutor was hired to teach her English and Hindi. She was admitted to YWCA for flower decoration course. The course was not yet completed while Gopa was allotted a florist shop with the cooperation of managing director of Hotel Holiday Inn, who was also a Bengali. Since Ajay himself held a good position in the Industries Department there was no problem in arranging bank loans etc. If a wild plant is also trimmed and decorated in a pot, it also starts looking beautiful. Gopa Aunty's self-confidence also slowly began to grow and the shop started running. Every morning Ajay uncle would drop Gopa near the hotel on his own scooter and then bring her back in the evening. Due to her passion for flowering plants, Gopa had made heaven of four yards of land in front of her flat. Different types of colourful plants were grown. There were a variety of pots decorated in the cemented places, in which Japanese-style bonsai trees were growing. In the drawing room and in the veranda, saucer-like pots were hung with the help of ropes; the branches of the creepers were hanging like the locks of hair of beloved.

Natasha was very impressed to see Gopa Aunty's talent and her dedication. She also decided to get a diploma in flower decoration. Natasha wanted to make her flat so beautiful, but the biggest problem of these multi-storeyed flats is that except the ground floor, all the other flats donot have any space except a two-yard-wide balcony. The problem was either to keep the pots or dry the clothes in this balcony. In the school, Hygiene's teacher insisted that the residential house should be open and ventilated. Back and forth, there should be a courtyard or garden where plants can be grown so that clean and healthy air can be provided. It is necessary to have such an open courtyard to play and exercise. But here it was the opposite. These were new styles of slums of new culture. There was no courtyard, no playing field and no open air. Whatever it was, it was a small flatfrom whose front windows, the smelly smoke from the vehicles entered day and night.And from the rear windows, the rust that would arise from the rotting of the garbage would come. This garbage used to flow down and collect with dirty water from the broken pipes of the kitchen and bathroom.

As for playing and recreation; for this, the government had left an open vast field next to Tara Cinema, more than half of which was being used to dump the garbage and debris of the colony and the other half of which was occupied by goons and miscreants of the area. No decent cultured boy in the colony would dare to show up nearby there. Girls are out of very question. Natasha and her father had found a solution to this problem. Natasha had bought the body slimmer and hero's workout cycle and Natasha's father, Ashok Patel, had bought the bull-worker. But where did the mother get free time from burdensome kitchen so that she may pay attention to these things?

Whenever Natasha thought of her grandmother, forgotten memories would fade in her mind. Though granny was no longer in this world, but she remembered every moment she had spent with her. As soon as she, as a child stepped into the house of the grandmother, Natasha would break down on her pouch. She knew that if nothing else, a lot of rewaries would be available to eat. In addition to the rewaries, there were batashas, pattis and mango papads. Natasha would pounce on these things as she had years of hunger. Later, when Natasha entered St. Mary's Convent, she found granny's mango papad, pattis and batashas and it all started to open up. She had started attributing all these things to uncivilized people and over time, grandmother also seemed uncivilized, even though she still yearned for her enticing words.

Once when Nani came home, Mummy's mood was dwindling. There was a sharp argument between Mummy and Papaji on something. In a fit of rage, Papa abused Mummy. "You have grown up in uncouth culture; you will remain uncultured. Who was there in your parental home who would teach you basic etiquettes and manners? Uncultured Lady!"

Natasha wondered why her father was cursing her like this. What he himself had on the strength of which he was letting mummy down? A dilapidated government-rented flat with a drawing-cum-dining room; two bedrooms and a small kitchen. Then on what was he puffing his chest? While in Mummy's parental home there was a huge mansion of Nana ji. Though not counted, there were at least twenty small and big rooms; there was ten acres of land around the mansion with grafted mango trees. Whenever Natasha went there with her mother, it felt as if she had been released from a jail.

Mummy had repeated the whole story in front of Nani but Nani did not pay heed. She didn't want to provoke Mummy against Papaji. She said, "My daughter, the husband is a god. How do you get angry about his words. Anyways, men keep saying such things. Listen and avoid talking."

Natasha had heard that Nani was very angry with her daughter when Mummy underwent an operation after she was born. Granny had explained a lot. "Hey you don't understand. The son is the torchbearer of the family. What trust is there in Natasha? She is here today and will be somewhere else tomorrow. Being someone else's property, she will go away. At that time, a crushing weight of old age will be in front of you. Somehow you persuade him. Don't mess with this at the moment."

“Mom, you won't understand. He is convinced that they don't want another child. There are ads that air on radio and TV every day; just a single child-----! Then how can I persuade him?” My mother gave her explanation.

“What time has come?” My grandmother had spoken. “One was our time; seven, eight, nine, ten----- did not even stop. It is known that sleeping at home without children seems to be desolate. What fun it was when all the kids in the haveli would play and make noise. I remember once I climbed a mango tree. The foot slipped and I fell with a thud. The bones and ribs were broken. Both legs were swollen. There was no one else in the house except the younger brother. He ran and brought all the brothers and sisters together. Then the helpless guy approached the ayurvedic practitioner (Ved ji). Ved ji came. He massaged the legs and mentioned the names of several herbs. He explained how to make the medicine to Manjhli Didi. The other brother bought herbs from the market. Didi put the large cauldron on fire and boil the herbs. When it was made like a paste, she put it in a cloth and tied bandages on the legs. The elder sister kept on telling stories ----- of ancient (vast narratives of universe) and previous child-birth (related to Gautam Buddha) and who knows from where all else..... She kept on telling stories. That's how an entire week passed and I recovered. I didn't even realise how time went by. The old parents just sat down and prayed to God. They were neither doctors nor nurses then. Everything seemed like one's own. Ved Ji also seemed to be near one. Today, even if a needle is pricked in the finger, you have to be admitted to the hospital. Turning up their noses, ill-mannered nurses look after their patients. Greedy doctors do make rounds day and night and the near relatives are not even allowed to meet them.

The truth of these things became clear to Natasha after many years. As soon as she was able to think and understand, the feeling of loneliness began to prick at her. On the other hand, her mother also got bounded by an unknown sense of fear and insecurity. Natasha wanted to grab her father's lapel and ask him, “Who gave you the right to keep me alone? Don't I have need of siblings? Then why ----?”

Her eyes moistened as she thought. “At least Caesar cannot be my brother. By breed, he has remained the dog. No matter how loyal he may be, he cannot be a sister or a brother.”

Natasha felt a deep sense of loneliness when her father went to Tanzania on deputation. After he left, the layout of the house changed. Several changes took place one after the other. Before leaving, Papa ji used to say, “Daughter Natasha, I'll be back in a flash. It's just two years. Take care of mummy. I Want you to get distinction every Time.”

Then the mother-daughter duo bid farewell to Ashok Patel at the Indira Gandhi International Airport. At first, one or two letters were received in a week. Later, a couple of letters started coming in a month and eventually the very series of letters stopped. Thought and worry began to appear on Mummy's forehead. With the passage of time, the colour of the face also began to fade. Mounting financial troubles forced

Mummy to work as a saleswoman in Jasawala's showroom. In the house, there was neither comfort nor peace like before in the home.

The mother admitted Natasha in a boarding school in Shimla where she became even more worried in the crowd of strangers. Her meet with Mummy, though, used to take place sooner or later but there was not any good news of her father. The mother tried very hard not to let her problems known to Natasha. However, when Natasha came home in last summer vacation, she also got a notice to vacate the house from the estate office. So Mummy kept on running to make alternative arrangements. In spite of that Mummy never said anything about Papa. Natasha was completely unaware of the secret that her parents had separated by mutual consent and this separation was the precursor to all these changes. As soon as the exams were over, Natasha came to her mother. Within a few years, a deep gloom settled over her mother. There was white hair, a mesh of wrinkles on the face and thick glasses fitted on the eyes.

Both Mummy and Natasha were invited to Jasawala's house last night. Jassawala was celebrating the birthday of his only son. Two souls, exhausted from life, had lost their existence in such a large crowd in a corner of the spacious drawing room. Meanwhile, through the front door, a familiar man along with a thirty to thirty five year-old woman with his arms tucked into her waist walked through and then disappeared into the crowd. Natasha got restless when she saw him. She lay squirming on the couch, gasping like a fish out of water. After all, she could not control. Having gathered courage, she stood up and stalked the man, tearing apart the crowd. In order to attract the man's attention, Natasha pulled the hem of his coat from behind and shouted in a choked voice. "Pa----Pa!"

The man turned but with restraint quietly refused to recognize Natasha. He looked at her like strangers.

Mummy ran closer to Natasha and shook her arm and released the man's hem. She started scolding Natasha. "Don't be childish. Natasha! He is your uncle! Not your Papa. Why don't you understand?"

Mummy and the man's eyes locked with each other and then fell apart on the floor. Then Mummy's gaze shifted back and focused on the face of the stranger woman who was with the man. She was very anxious. With great regret, she addressed the stranger woman.

"I'm sorry ma'am. She is still a child. She couldn't control her emotions."

Till the end of the party, the man's eyes kept swinging between Natasha, Mummy and the woman.

Findings / Meanings / Close Translations:

S. No.	Urdu words / Idioms / phrases	Hindi equivalent	English equivalent	Explanations, if any
1	گتھی کو سلجھانا	उलझन सुलझाना / समस्या का समाधान करना	Solving the mystery	To find the solution to a problem
2	سر پر بھوت سوار ہونا	सिर पर भूत सवार होना (धुन लगना या ज़िद करना)	Being obsessed of	To have excessive passion for something
3	کاٹنے کو دوڑنا	काटने को दौड़ना	To horrify someone, to fear someone	e.g. The deserted pandit houses in Kashmir horrify their owners when they visit there.
4	روئی جیسے گال	रुई जैसे गाल / मुलायम और गोरे गाल	Cotton-like soft cheeks	
5	ڈاک کی مہروں کی طرح دو چار بوسے چھاپے	डाक की मुहरों की तरह दो-चार चुंबन जड़ दिए	Planted a couple of kisses like postal stamps	
6	سٹول مرمی جسم	सुडौल संगमरमरी शरीर	Symmetrical flawless (smooth) body	
7	غازے کی ہلکی پرت	उबटन या पाउडर की हल्की परत	Light layer of face powder	
8	چہرا گلنار ہونا	चेहरा खिल उठना / चेहरा लाल या प्रफुल्लित होना	Glowing face with a rosy radiance	
9	ادھ ترشی بالوں کی لٹیں	बिखरी या थोड़ी गीली बालों की लटें	Half-tilted hair strands	
10	سونے پر سہاگا	सोने पर सुहागा (किसी अच्छी चीज़ में और खूबी जुड़ जाना)	Icing on the cake	Best of the best
11	نرگسیت	आत्ममुग्धता / खुद से बहुत प्यार होना	Narcissism	Excessive love with oneself
12	اچٹی سی نظر دوڑانا	सरसरी निगाह डालना / एक सरसरी नज़र देखना	Cast a cursory glance	To have a glimpse
13	استفسار کرنا	पूछताछ करना / सवाल करना	To question	To enquire something
14	تیرتی ہوئی رازدارانہ مسکراہٹ	तैरती हुई रहस्यमयी मुस्कान	A lingering, knowing smile	
15	امیدوں پر پانی پھر جانا	उम्मीदों पर पानी फिर जाना (आशाएं टूट जाना)	Hopes dashing to ground	
16	گود سونی ہونا	गोद सूनी होना (संतानहीन होना)	To be childless	
17	پیر فقیر	पीर-फकीर (संत-महात्मा)	Saints and Spirituals	

18	گنڈے تعویذ پہننا	गंडा-ताबीज पहनना	Wear sacred threads and amulets	
19	شش و پنج میں پڑنا	असमंजस में पड़ना / दुविधा में पड़ना	Get caught in uncertainty	
20	ناک (نین) نقشے	नैन-नक्श / शारीरिक बनावट या चेहरा-मोहरा	Facial features	Physical appearance
21	قارون کا خزانہ ہاتھ لگنا	कारून का खजाना हाथ लगना (अचानक बहुत सारा धन मिल जाना)	To come across a massive fortune	To get a sudden wealth, good luck
22	خود رو جنگلی پودا	खुद-ब-खुद उगने वाला जंगली पौधा	Self-growing wild plant	
23	طشتری نما گملے	तश्तरीनुमा (प्लेट जैसे) गमले	saucer-shaped flowerpots	
24	محبوب کی ظفروں کی مانند	महबूब की जुल्फों की तरह	Like beloved's hair locks	
25	سڑاند کے بھبھکے	सड़न की दुर्गन्ध के झोंके	Waves of stench	
26	نگوڑی رسوئی سے کہاں فرصت ملتی	कमबख्त रसोई से कहाँ फुर्सत मिलती	Where to find the free time from burdensome kitchen	
27	پوٹلی پر برق رفتاری سے پڑی	पोटली पर बहुत तेज़ी से पड़ी	Pounced on pouch with high (electric) speed	Pouch is a little cloth bag with tying string.
28	ریوڑیاں	रेवड़ियाँ (एक प्रकार की मिठाई)	Rewaries	Small and crunchy coin-sized candies made of hardened jaggery or sugar coated with sesame seeds.
29	بتاشے، پٹیاں اور آم پاپڑ	बताशे, पट्टियाँ और आम पापड़	Batashe, Pattis and Aam Papad	Puffed sugar candies, nut or jaggery brittles and mango pulp (skin)
30	کان ترستے تھے	कान तरसते थे (सुनने के लिए बेकरार होना)	Yearned for	(Some enticing words)
31	تیکھی نوک جھونک	तीखी नोक-झोंक / हल्की-फुल्की बहस	Sharp argument	
32	گنوار	गँवार / अशिक्षित या अनगढ़	Uncouth	Uncultured and uncivilized
33	چھاتی پھلائے جا رہا تھا	छाती फुलाए जा रहा था (खर्व या अक्कड़ दिखाना)	He was puffing his chest.	He was showing haughtiness.
34	قلمی آم	आम (खास किस्म के अच्छे आम)	Grafted mango tree	The mango tree with a grafted stick over it.

35	گھر کا چراغ	घर का चिराग (वंश का दीपक / संतान)	Torchbearer of family	Meaning son, the heir of a family
36	پہاڑ جیسا بڑھاپا	पहाड़ जैसा बुढ़ापा (कष्टदायक और लंबा लगने वाला बुढ़ापा)	A crushing weight of old age	e.g. During his illness since many years Bahadur couldn't bear the crushing weight of his old age.
37	گھر سونا سونا لگنا	घर सूना-सूना लगना	The home seeming desolate	
38	وید جی	वैद्य जी (आयुर्वेदिक चिकित्सक)	Ayurvedic practitioner	
39	دیگ چڑھانا	देग चढ़ाना (बड़ा बर्तन या पतीला चढ़ाना)	To put Cauldron on (fire)	
40	پرانوں اور جاتکوں کی کہانیاں	पुराणों और जातकणों की कथाओं	Ancient (vast narratives of universe) and previous birth (related to Gautam Buddha) stories	
41	ناک بھوں چھڑھانا	नाक-भौं सिकोड़ना / नापसंद करना	Turning up the noses	e.g. In today's era, most of the people turn up their noses on seeing the guests in their homes.
42	گریباں	गिरेबान / कॉलर या छाती का हिस्सा	Lapel, hem	Edge of a coat, long shirt etc.
43	آنکھیں نم ہونا	आँखें नम होना (आँखों में आंसू आना)	Get the eyes moistened	
44	گھر کا نقشہ بدل گیا	घर का नक्शा बदल गया (घर का माहौल या रूप पूरी तरह बदल जाना)	The layout of home got changed	There was in hotchpotch in home
45	میں یوں گیا اور یوں لوٹ آیا	मैं यूँ गया और यूँ लौट आया (पलक झपकते ही वापस आ जाना)	I'll be back in a flash	To go and come back in no time
46	فکرو تردد کی شکنیں (چہرے پر جھڑیاں)	फ़िक्र और चिंता की सिलवटें (चेहरे पर चिंता के निशान)	Mesh of wrinkles on the face	
47	رنگت فق ہو گئی	रंगत फक्क हो जाना (डर या घबराहट से चेहरा पीला पड़ जाना)	The colour of the face faded	
48	پیش خیمہ	पेश-खिमा / पूर्वाभास या शुरुआत का संकेत	Precursor	
49	اس کی ماں پر خزاں چھا گئی	उसकी माँ पर गम या बुढ़ापे की उदासी छा गई (खिजाँ यानी पतझड़)	Deep gloom settled over her mother	
50	کمر میں بازو ہمائیل کرنا	कमर में बांहें डालना / गले लगाना	To wrap / tuck one's arms around waist	e.g. He wrapped his arms around

				her waist.
51	رندھی ہوئی آواز	रंधा हुआ गला / रोनी या रूंधी हुई आवाज़	Choked Voice	
52	نگاہیں ٹکرانا اور بکھر جانا	निगाहें टकराना और बिखर जाना	Locking eyes (with one another) and fall apart	

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