



22. Describe Pre-Colonial Maasai society. How did Chiefs become powerful during British controlled Maasai society? (2+3)
23. How is the council of ministers classified? Explain. Who is the head of council of ministers? Why is most democracies known as Cabinet form of government? (3+1+1)
24. What are reserved constituencies? How many seats are reserved for SC and ST? Why did the constitution makers think of the special system of reserved constituencies? Explain. (1+1+3)
25. Discuss the factors determining the growth of vegetation. (5)
26. What is meant by occupational structure? Classify occupations in three categories and how is it linked with the development of a nation. (1+3+1)
27. On the given Political Map of India show the Nomadic Pastoral Tribes;  
 a) who spent the summer at Lahaul & Spiti.  
 b) who were welcomed by the Konkani peasants.  
 c) who herded camels. (3)
28. Locate and label the following on the given political map of India. (3)  
 a) Any one state struck by tropical cyclones during retreating monsoon.  
 b) Periyar wildlife sanctuary  
 Identify the following on the same political map of India:  
 c) State having maximum population density in India.

## OTBA

## 1. Theme - A Story of Two Brothers

## Abstract

*Set in the era of the great divide of two nations, this is a story encompassing the lives of two brothers whose destiny had taken a different course from the contented life they once had. From the refugee camps to the tumultuous struggle they ensued, the story narrates how a person moulds his reality from rags, and how the other lurches into the shackles of urban poverty.*



## Main Text

Soiled floors, anxiously stirred souls, nervous air, and confusion. As this delirious boy made his way through a swarm of people, peeping as far as he could, scanning for familiar face, all efforts seemed futile. The refugee camp seemed to quiver from providing any sort of refuge. The enigma of what had happened was unfathomable for this little lad. The India- Pakistan divide had scarred the innocent lives of millions, one of which was him. Happy families broken, brotherhood was precariously held with feeble strings, unaware of which Manpreet merely of 14 years, sat quietly in a corner, nibbling on the stale bread, all that the nonchalant camp could provide! Suddenly his eyes twinkled. "Maa!, Bhai!", he shrieked with all his might and ran with great alacrity like he'd found the elixir he ever wanted. He embraced his mother at once, who once was a renowned Thakurain of the huge bungalow at Lahore, wife of a sagacious Thakur, whose jurisdiction was considered the decree from the Gods- now a listless widow, still overcoming from the impalpable sorrow. Hugging and kissing both his beloved, he wiped off his tears.

The clock seemed to tick slower each day in the horrendous living conditions in the camp. Despite government's efforts to provide basic amenities and shelter to the homeless, the number of takers outnumbered the resources. The fear of the unknown enveloped them, for what seemed like forever. They were unsure of their fate. After a month of struggle, a band of government officials arrived out of the hustle, announcing distribution of land for the refugees in the Lajpat Nagar area of Delhi. Manpreet's family was lucky enough to get that benefit. Being allotted that petty piece of land in the suburbs gave them hope - the hope of survival, the hope to be independent and to regain the status they once had had, all over.

The transition to settled life did not come easy. With great difficulty they managed to make a makeshift house, consisting of a large square room and a small room and a common lavatory set up by the government. The days spent in that house had been of acute sufferings. Countless days and nights were spent almost without food leading to intermittent jolts in the stomach, causing pain and agony with which the young ones tossed in the bed entire night trying hard to sleep. It was the mother who tried to soothe them in those waking hours of fret and pain.

The single mother was the only bread earner for the family attempting to combat the circumstances that had left two children solely dependent on her. However, the once Thakurain, now took to menial jobs. "Beta, I am going to get you some food. Take care, both of you, and don't talk to strangers." she left the kids all by themselves, to a brick kiln, where she worked in draconian conditions, inhaling the hazardous dust particles. Every night she came home broken tired, her health being seriously affected, she coughed excessively and it worsened as days passed by. The meager amount she received after sweating the entire day was not sufficient to make both ends meet.



The hideous and pathetic urban poverty had made them malnourished and withered. The mother was saddened by the cruel struggle one has to make for mere existence in a crowded city. With these thoughts, her eyes moistened and was dumbstruck to see the transformation of her sons as well, who in a privileged position would always sneer at the sight of the good food and jibe faces, now were gorging on bits of substandard food which was all she could manage to arrange. She cried bitterly to witness these days of abject urban poverty. She saw how her sons acted beyond their years, never demanded anything, knowing the fact their mother could do nothing but silently curse her impalpable fate on one hand and showed great tenacity to gather strength from the situation on the other.

The Mother toiled harder each day to at least get her younger son Jeet, who was now 11, educated, in hope of him growing up and start earning respectably for the family. She invested all her wages on him, and sent him to a government school. On the contrary the elder son Manpreet, 15, plunged himself and did all sorts of odd jobs- newspaper vending, running errands, supplying milk, working as a mechanic, picking rags from houses to support his mother in sharing the responsibility of managing the house.

As the ravages of time unfolded, the family became immune to the sufferings, and years passed forth. The excessive strain on the mother began to show serious effects. The years of handwork and suffering she had endured emanated through her body. The symptoms that had once been neglected worsened.

One ill-fated day she started spewing out blood which sent Manpreet in a state of panic. He rushed her to the government hospital, where she was diagnosed with tuberculosis and was summoned to get admitted at a moment's notice. Manpreet was distressed, he was aware how cardinal it was for his mother to get proper treatment but he also knew fully well that he could not afford it. The private doctors had refused to go forth with the treatment and demanded enormous amounts of money; on the other hand, the government hospitals had run out of facilities and only prescribed a few medicines with a stern warning of not doing any sort of work as it would be fatal for her health.



With the hope of restoring his mother's health, what now seemed plausible to Manpreet was to play multiple roles of managing household chores, looking after his mother, younger brother and also earn single handedly to tackle this grim situation. Under such circumstances, Jeet's education was constantly interrupted and often put aside for many weeks, which troubled Manpreet deeply. He worked selflessly hoping that the days of darkness would soon be over, but the worst was yet to come.

One evening, after painful plodding he delved in the pockets of his tattered trouser to take out the money he had earned, but couldn't find any. The realization that his money had been stolen on the way back shattered him. He blamed God for all the unfairness he had to face, and felt the urge to steal to tackle the shortcoming. Looking through his anguish, his mother embraced him in consolation and said, "Son, I know the world is unfair but one has to brave all situations with courage. Remember the sun is bound to rise after prolonged darkness" These words sparked his infatuation for working even harder and he moved on with renewed aplomb. He walked all the way to the Gurudwara that night, to fetch food for his starving family. That visit gave him immense strength and revitalized his faith in the supreme power.

Frequent visits to Gurudwara restored his faith in the almighty and saved him from indulging in antisocial practices. His notable sincerity in providing services was acknowledged by the owner of a car sales shop. "Lad, I've been noticing your dedicated service for the past week. Why don't you work here on a permanent basis?" Manpreet explained his abominable state. Empathizing with his situation the man offered him a respectable position at his shop. Manpreet's happiness knew no bounds. For once in his life all odds favoured him. He readily accepted the offer. He couldn't wait to go home and tell his mother about his new found job.

Manpreet, with his honesty and merit, was further promoted; his brother was but a contrast to Manpreet. Jeet who had given into poverty sought an alternative- stealth. He did not realize the worth of the sacrifices that his family had made, instead of studying hard, he had fallen prey to the hounds of the society. His addiction to drinking led him on, and he drained the hard earned money of his family so, stealing from other people was the only way out he was left with. Many a times he was in police custody and it was his elder brother who came to his rescue. He thus became a liability to his family.

Years flew by. Manpreet was now 22 and he had worked his soul off to bring his family out of the acute urban poverty. With the copious money he was now earning, he managed to get his mother proper treatment for her illness. She was recovering, rather slowly, but the years of prolonged illness had taken a toll on her general well- being. However, Jeet was leading towards oblivion. Days and nights he didn't return home. And when he did, he was never in his senses all right. He had become a drunkard, draining all his family's money, as well as falling in a debt trap. All his family's efforts to pull him from the vacuum were in vain.

Soon the mother began feeling, that she had breathed the number of breaths given by the lord, and that, the end was near. She wanted to see Manpreet, settled and raise a family. She had lost all faith in Jeet and Manpreet was the only ray of hope. Moreover, he had started earning decently enough to be a family man. And so, he found himself a partner, and got married. On the other hand, Jeet's visit to his home was dwindling. Whenever he turned up, he only demanded for money. Time flew on and one fateful day, a grave knock at the door startled the family. There were two police constables, with sorry eyes who delivered the sad news. Jeet was no more. He died of alcohol overdose. He had met an appalling end and succumbed to the miseries of demonic urban poverty.

On the contrary, Manpreet had overcome his woes, beating his destiny with his hard work and high morals. Highs and lows came and went; he never deviated from his path and continued working hard.

Though both the brothers came from similar backgrounds and circumstances but had different approaches towards tribulations. The first brother took poverty as a challenge and decided to defeat it while the other succumbed to the poverty.

But that was not all. Manpreet was a very socially driven youth. The pain that was inflicted upon him from this acute situation of poverty, along with the loss of his dear ones and the destruction of his family- altogether blazed his heart with fire. He thought of the night he had almost given up all hopes. What he was today was by the grace of Almighty. He realized, it was now his turn to pay back. He devoted his time in the Gurudwara, doing every bit of service to mankind he could. Helping the churning poor, empathising their pain and remembering how he was once in their shoes. He sat reminiscing the days gone by, took a paper and scribbled his heart out-

"I do remember the days  
When my heart had something to say  
The time I spent at dirty camps  
Those moments of rumbling and hunger cramps  
When helplessness engulfed us like a colossal wave  
When the almighty was the one who could save  
Though my beloved had fallen prey to poverty  
I had to accept it with utter veracity  
Oh my heart feels the pain  
When I think of it again  
Those old memories in which I peep  
My heart sinks in sorrows deep  
Life is a journey with colors changing hue  
And today happiness is all I pursue"

29. What are the challenges of a refugee camp? How did Manpreet and his mother try to improve their condition? (2+3)
30. How did Jeet and Manpreet tackle urban poverty? (any four points) What can your contribution be towards eliminating poverty? (2+3)