BLOGS

Passage-Based Questions on English for CLAT UG [Part 10]

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Passage 1 (P.1)

The first thing Mira learned about the Department of Minor Outcomes was that nothing important ever seemed to happen there at least, nothing that would look important to someone passing by from the street below. The office occupied the third floor of a narrow, aging building wedged between a closed cinema whose posters still advertised films no one remembered and a shop that sold second-hand umbrellas in every possible shade of grey. The stairwell smelled faintly of dust and old paper, and the fluorescent lights flickered as if even electricity hesitated to commit to the place. Inside, rows of metal desks formed a grid so precise it felt less like an office and more like a map of a city no one lived in anymore. Each desk held a stack of thin, grey files labeled with events too small to make the news and too quiet to leave scars: “Missed Connections, Platform 4,” “Wrong Number, 3:12 p.m.,” “Unsent Apologies, Winter Term,” “Forgotten Promises, West Block.”

Mira’s job was to read them carefully, stamp them with either “Return” or “Archive,” and send them on their way a process no one had ever fully explained, as if explanation itself was considered unnecessary. Over time, she began to notice patterns that felt less like coincidence and more like design. A file stamped “Return” had a way of reappearing in her inbox a week later, thicker and heavier, as if it had gathered weight from the world outside, as if the event it described had grown more real because it had been given another chance. A file stamped “Archive,” on the other hand, often vanished completely, and with it, the memory of the event it described, fading not just from the shelves but from conversations in the city beyond the windows.

One quiet afternoon, she opened a folder titled “Forgotten Birthdays, East District,” and found a single handwritten note tucked inside: *I remember now.* The handwriting was careful, familiar, and unmistakably her own. A chill ran through her that had nothing to do with the office’s unreliable heating. She tried to ask her supervisor about it, but he only smiled in a way that suggested he had already forgotten the question, as though words lost their meaning the moment

they left someone's mouth. The office clock ticked without numbers, just a smooth, blank circle where time slid around and around without ever settling on a point. On her way home, Mira started to notice the city differently the way strangers suddenly recognized each other on crowded buses, the way apologies surfaced in doorways and street corners, and the way silences felt heavier than any spoken sentence. It occurred to her, quietly and without drama, that the Department wasn't simply recording the world. It was editing it, one small, unnoticed moment at a time.

1. What is the primary function of the Department of Minor Outcomes?

a) Recording and shaping small, overlooked moments
b) Predicting future events
c) Managing major historical records
d) Enforcing city regulations

2. The detail about files becoming "heavier" after being returned suggests that?

a) The paper quality changes
b) The events gain emotional or real-world impact
c) The office uses different filing systems
d) The supervisor alters them

3. The handwritten note in Mira's own handwriting mainly symbolizes?

a) A clerical error
b) A memory glitch caused by fatigue
c) Someone impersonating her
d) Her growing connection to the events she handles

4. The numberless clock is best interpreted as a symbol of?

a) Broken machinery
b) The office's lack of funding
c) Time being controlled or treated differently there
d) Mira's poor sense of time

5. The final statement implies that the Department's true role is to?

a) Observe the world passively

b) Erase mistakes from public records

c) Influence how reality and memory unfold

d) Protect people from emotional harm

Passage 2 (P.2)

I spent three months living in a narrow room above a railway tea stall that never closed, not because it couldn't, but because no one ever asked it to. It wasn't marked on any map or mentioned in any guidebook, yet everyone in the neighborhood knew it by the sound of its kettle a high, restless whistle that cut through the night like a signal fire, calling out to anyone who found themselves awake when the rest of the city had gone quiet. The stall attracted a population that did not belong to any schedule. Night-shift nurses stopped by with tired eyes and careful hands. Insomniac students lingered over notebooks they pretended to study. Long-distance drivers leaned against their trucks, treating the highway like a second home rather than a road that led somewhere else. They came, not for the tea, which was always too sweet or too bitter, but for the brief recognition that passed between strangers who shared the same hour and the same unspoken understanding that being awake at night meant being slightly outside the world.

I began to write them down in a notebook, not as individuals but as roles, as if I were cataloging a small, self-contained civilization. The Storyteller always arrived after midnight and left behind a circle of listeners who carried his words into the early morning, repeating fragments of his tales to people who hadn't been there. The Watcher sat closest to the road, counting trucks as if each one confirmed that the world was still moving, still alive beyond the pool of yellow light cast by the stall's single bulb. The Sleeper never ordered anything, but no one ever asked him to leave, and his presence felt as essential as the kettle itself.

Over time, I realized I was no longer observing the stall from the outside. I had become a role myself the Recorder, whose presence subtly changed the way people spoke, who turned casual remarks into something like history simply by writing them down. When I finally packed my bags, the kettle's whistle followed me down the stairs, echoing in my ears long after I reached the street. I wondered whether the place would keep existing in the same way once no one was left to record it, or whether, like so many small worlds, it depended on being seen in order to stay real.

6. Why does the author describe visitors as "roles" instead of individuals?

a) To avoid learning their names

b) To highlight repeating patterns of behavior

c) To simplify the writing process

d) To show emotional distance

7. The tea stall mainly functions as?

a) A business hub

b) A tourist attraction

c) A workplace for travelers

d) A social meeting point for people

8. The author calling themselves “the Recorder” suggests that?

a) Their observation influences the community

b) They are employed by the stall

c) They want to control the stall

d) They are invisible to others

9. The kettle’s whistle being compared to a “signal fire” implies?

a) Danger

b) Routine

c) Invitation and connection

d) Noise pollution

10. The final question in the passage reflects what idea ?

a) Writing can shape how a place is understood

b) Places exist independently of people

c) The author plans to return

d) The stall will close soon

Passage 3 (P.3)

The city introduced the listening benches quietly, without ceremony, ribbon-cutting, or even a public announcement. They appeared one morning in parks and along sidewalks, looking like ordinary seats made of wood and iron, placed beneath trees that dropped their leaves in

predictable, comforting patterns. Only a small metal plaque on the side hinted at their purpose: These benches learn from conversation to improve public services. People sat on them without thinking much about it. Parents waited while their children chased pigeons.

Office workers ate hurried lunches. Elderly couples rested and watched the slow movement of clouds. They complained about buses that never came on time, about streetlights that flickered out too soon, about schools and clinics that felt just a little too far away. A week later, new routes appeared on transit maps, lights stayed on longer in darker neighborhoods, and construction signs sprouted near playgrounds and empty lots. The benches, it seemed, were good listeners, and the city grew quietly proud of its own cleverness. Then the changes grew subtler, less obvious, and harder to name. Street performers were moved from crowded corners to quieter parks.

Protest flyers disappeared from public notice boards. Public spaces felt smoother, more efficient and strangely less loud, as if the city had learned not just how to respond, but how to edit what it heard. A teacher named Arun began to wonder whether the benches were truly learning what people wanted, or simply what they were willing to stop saying. One evening, he sat on a bench and spoke carefully about nothing at all: the weather, the birds, the way shadows stretched across the pavement at sunset. The next day, nothing changed. That, he realized, was the point.

11. The benches are described as “ordinary” mainly to show that ?

a) They are poorly designed
b) Their influence is hidden in plain sight
c) The city lacks creativity
d) People don’t use them

12. The early changes made by the benches create a sense of?

a) Suspicion
b) Trust
c) Fear
d) Indifference

13. The removal of protest flyers suggests that the system may be?

a) Neutral and unbiased
b) Focused only on efficiency
c) Quietly shaping public expression

d) Broken

14. Arun's experiment of talking about nothing shows that?

a) The bench cannot understand him

b) He is bored

c) The bench is malfunctioning

d) The system only responds to actionable input

15. What was the central theme of the passage ?

a) The moral role of technology in guiding society

b) Technology as entertainment

c) Nature in urban spaces

d) The importance of public furniture

Answers

1. A
2. B
3. D
4. C
5. C
6. B
7. D
8. A
9. C
10. A
11. B
12. B
13. C
14. D
15. A