Part 2
You are going to read an extract from a magazine article. Six paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A–G the one which fits each gap (7–12). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

A pastime to bring peace of mind
Rebecca Front finds a hobby to keep her occupied

I was once told, by someone I have long respected, that the key to being relaxed is to fill your spare time with an absorbing hobby. He did not go as far as to propose anything in particular, but was adamant it would do me the world of good.

That was exactly my response, too. By the time I've taken our son to school, shopped, and done the laundry, it's lunchtime, and I haven't actually started work. I often wonder what happened to the future scientists were always promising us, in which computers and robots would run everything so efficiently that we'd all be free to spend our days lazing in the sun.

To this he gave a firm shake of the head. No, he sighed, that's just relaxation. A hobby is creative, fulfilling, and makes you feel better about yourself. So, finally convinced enough to give it a go, I began my quest for a pastime in which I could lose myself, in the hope that when I found myself again, I wouldn't be quite so neurotic and irritable as I all too frequently am.

My raspberry jam phase had a more promising start. That really did absorb me, and those rows of little fabric-topped pots looked pleasing in a country-kitchen sort of a way. But there are only so many jars of homemade raspberry jam that a household can absorb before everyone becomes repulsed at the thought of any more.

I, however, was smitten. It is like reading a great novel with a plot you have to work out for yourself. You are drawn into the lives of people who are little more than names, eager to follow their changes of fortune, anxious to know what happened to them in times of war, peace, recession. And this, you should understand, is my husband's ancestry, people I know little or nothing about. I haven't even started on my own yet. But for me, the pleasure is in the detail.

For my husband, though, there's another dimension: he's hoping to gain a little more family pride. He discovered years ago that he shares his surname with one of the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence. Since this eminent figure came from Bristol, and my husband's family are from Kent, any connection looked unlikely, but I didn't want to disappoint him. Then, late one night, I stumbled on something: about seven generations ago, an ancestor, asked on a census if he was originally from Kent, replied he was not.

Genealogy is an extremely gratifying hobby. It cannot be dull, any more than life itself can be. Knowing a few facts about people you'll never meet, but whose genetic make-up is imprinted on those you love, is – and I never thought I'd say this – better than a cupboard full of raspberry jam.
A I had to keep searching, until gratifyingly, at the click of a mouse, there it was: proof that he was indeed born and bred in the same area as the other fellow after all. There may be no connection, and for me, it really doesn’t matter. I do feel better about myself.

B The piano seemed to be the obvious choice as I’d had a year of tuition at school. Surely that would help extend my creative side? But somehow, when I practised on my son’s junior electronic keyboard, the sound I produced failed to make either me or my family feel better about me.

C An example of this reveals that for generations, his family, like so many others, never moved more than 10 miles from where they had initially settled. The fact that, in those days, not only did you have a job for life, in this case, carpentry, but sons and grandsons would also follow that same path. Something tells me that’s not going to happen with IT.

D I could understand his initial cynicism. What use can information such as this be? I suppose we have become so used to regarding information as something that can provide immediate benefit that we have lost interest in knowledge for knowledge’s sake.

E And then, last week, I stumbled on the answer. We’d been talking to our son about family trees, and I decided to do a bit of rudimentary research to get him involved. He was moderately intrigued; it was a good hour before the allure of poring over a census entry that he could view online with his great-grandfather’s name on it was replaced by the Nintendogs.

F But the ‘Man Who Knew’ was quietly, and rather annoyingly, insistant. He pointed out that the majority of people who say they have no spare time still seem to find an hour or so to watch one of those ‘dreadful reality shows’. Perhaps that’s their hobby, I suggested, being careful not to use the first person.

G Now, almost everyone to whom I have passed this on has retorted that they don’t have any spare time. There are barely enough hours in the day to be stressed, without adding to your burden by trying to make models of famous monuments out of matchsticks.
A pastime to bring peace of mind
Rebecca Front finds a hobby to keep her occupied

I was once told, by someone I have long respected, that the key to being relaxed is to fill your spare time with an absorbing hobby. He did not go as far as to propose anything in particular, but was adamant it would do me the world of good.

That was exactly my response, too. By the time I've taken our son to school, shopped, and done the laundry, it's lunchtime, and I haven't actually started work. I often wonder what happened to the future scientists were always promising us, in which computers and robots would run everything so efficiently that we'd all be free to spend our days lazing in the sun.

To this he gave a firm shake of the head. No, he sighed, that's just relaxation. A hobby is creative, fulfilling, and makes you feel better about yourself. So, finally convinced enough to give it a go, I began my quest for a pastime in which I could lose myself, in the hope that when I found myself again, I wouldn't be quite so neurotic and Irritable as I all too frequently am.

My raspberry jam phase had a more promising start. That really did absorb me, and those rows of little fabric-topped pots looked pleasing in a country-kitchen sort of a way. But there are only so many jars of homemade raspberry jam that a household can absorb before everyone becomes repulsed at the thought of any more.

I, however, was smitten. It is like reading a great novel with a plot you have to work out for yourself. You are drawn into the lives of people who are little more than names, eager to follow their changes of fortune, anxious to know what happened to them in times of war, peace, recession. And this, you should understand, is my husband's ancestry, people I know little or nothing about. I haven't even started on my own yet. But for me, the pleasure is in the detail.

For my husband, though, there's another dimension: he's hoping to gain a little more family pride. He discovered years ago that he shares his surname with one of the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence. Since this eminent figure came from Bristol, and my husband's family are from Kent, any connection looked unlikely, but I didn't want to disappoint him. Then, late one night, I stumbled on something: about seven generations ago, an ancestor, asked on a census if he was originally from Kent, replied he was not.

Genealogy is an extremely gratifying hobby. It cannot be dull, any more than life itself can be. Knowing a few facts about people you'll never meet, but whose genetic make-up is imprinted on those you love, is - and I never thought I'd say this - better than a cupboard full of raspberry jam.
A I had to keep searching, until gratifyingly, at the click of a mouse, there it was: proof that he was indeed born and bred in the same area as the other fellow after all. There may be no connection, and for me, it really doesn’t matter. I do feel better about myself.

B The piano seemed to be the obvious choice as I’d had a year of tuition at school. Surely that would help extend my creative side? But somehow, when I practised on my son’s junior electronic keyboard, the sound I produced failed to make either me or my family feel better about me.

C An example of this reveals that for generations, his family, like so many others, never moved more than 10 miles from where they had initially settled. The fact that, in those days, not only did they have a job for life, in this case, carpentry, but sons and grandsons would also follow that same path. Something tells me that’s not going to happen with IT.

D I could understand his initial cynicism. What use can information such as this be? I suppose we have become so used to regarding information as something that can provide immediate benefit that we have lost interest in knowledge for knowledge’s sake.

E And then, last week, I stumbled on the answer. We’d been talking to our son about family trees, and I decided to do a bit of rudimentary research to get him involved. He was moderately intrigued; it was a good hour before the allure of poring over a census entry that he could view online with his great-grandfather’s name on it was replaced by the Nintendogs.

F But the ‘Man Who Knew’ was quietly, and rather annoyingly, insistent. He pointed out that the majority of people who say they have no spare time still seem to find an hour or so to watch one of those ‘dreadful reality shows’. Perhaps that’s their hobby, I suggested, being careful not to use the first person.

G Now, almost everyone to whom I have passed this on has retorted that they don’t have any spare time. There are barely enough hours in the day to be stressed, without adding to your burden by trying to make models of famous monuments out of matches.