



Read the texts below.

Match choices A-H to the texts 1-4. There are three choices you do not need to use.

The New Guitar

I arrived home late last night. Mum and Dad were asleep, but my sister Rachel wasn't in bed yet. I knew what I had to do. I climbed the stairs and knocked on her door.

'Come in,' she said. Rachel was sitting at her desk and studying. Some music was playing softly on her CD

player. Mozart? I wasn't sure. There were history books on the desk in front of my sister.

She wanted to go to university next year to study history as she wanted to become a teacher.

Rachel looked up from her book. What do you want, Katy?" she asked. Rachel and I didn't spend much time together. Don't worry -I didn't hate her and she didn't hate me, We were just interested in different things.

"Could you lend me some money?" I asked her. Rachel always had plenty of money.

My younger sister just looked at me.

I waited. 'It's for your pop band, isn't it?' she asked at last.

In Rachel's opinion, it was silly that I played in a band. In fact, all pop music was silly. She agreed with my parents. They wanted me to go back to school and to forget about our band, Steel City, but I didn't want to go to university. They were sad about that. They were even sadder when I got my job at the factory.

'It is for the band,' I explained. 'Tom's guitar is broken. It was an accident, but I broke it.

We're playing in the Battle of the Bands competition, and we can't have a guitarist without a guitar.'

Rachel didn't seem interested. 'Have you asked Mum and Dad?' she said.

'What do you think?' I answered. It was a silly question and Rachel knew it.

Rachel thought about this. Then she said, 'How many people in the world want to be pop stars?' I didn't answer. I didn't have to - Rachel answered for me. 'Thousands of people do,' she said. 'And how many of them

become pop stars?' She waited. 'Not very many.'

At last I said, 'This is really important, Rachel.'

Rachel gave me a long, sad look. Then she picked up her bag from the back of the chair. 'OK,' she said. 'How much do you want?'