

You are going to read an extract from the autobiography of the lyricist Tim Rice. Seven paragraphs have been removed from the extract. Choose from the paragraphs A- H the one which fits each gap (1-6). There is one extra paragraph which you do not need to use.

TIM RICE

I was ushered into the young man's drawing room, an oasis of cultured sanity surrounded by what appeared to be a quite shambolic cluster of rooms in which the less enterprising members of the family operated. Moving from the kitchen to his parlour was an upgrade from economy to business class.

1. _____

His name was Andrew Lloyd Webber. He had won a scholarship to Magdalen College, Oxford, to read history, and he had nine months to kill before going up, during which time he intended to become England's answer to the composer Richard Rodgers.

2. _____

Consequently, when Andrew suggested a completely new insane ambition for me, i.e. to become as famous a lyricist as Oscar Hammerstein, I had no qualms about giving it a go. This was partly because within ten minutes of our introduction, he was at the piano and had played me three tunes he had composed - I could tell that he was good. Very good.

3. _____

I had little to impress him with in return, other than instant praise for his music and a bona fide, actually released, seven-inch single of a song I had written (both words and music) with which an unknown pop group had dealt the final blow to their moribund career by recording three months previously. We parted, promising to meet again and to write something together. I was still more interested in the charts than in the West End theatre, but told myself on the bus back to my flat that I had just met somebody of rare ability and determination, and I would be mad to miss out on being a sidekick to a chap who was clearly going to take the musical theatre by storm, probably by next week.

4. _____

The next day, back at my desk in the office where I was training to become a solicitor, the brief certainty I had enjoyed of a life in show business with Andrew Lloyd Webber had faded somewhat. I would of course continue to keep an eye on the small ads in *Melody Maker* for groups needing a vocalist, and would turn out a few more three-chord songs tailored not to expose the limitations of my voice, but it was still odds-on that eventually I would stagger through my exams and wind up a respectable lawyer by the time I was twenty-five.

5. _____

But in the meantime I felt I had nothing to lose by seeing Andrew again. It would be fun to go and see a musical with him, to write words that aped musical lyricists rather than pop stars. And Andrew was a fascinating individual who talked of *Good Food Guides* and Victorian architecture, besides supporting Leyton Orient football team.

6. _____

The idea was the life of Dr Thomas Barnardo, the nineteenth century philanthropist who founded the orphanages that bear his name. His story was a worthy one indeed, but not one that truly fired my imagination. The hero was too squeaky-clean, at least in Andrew's version of his life, and the enterprise was unoriginal in both conception and execution, owing far too much to Lionel Bart's hit show, *Oliver*.

7. _____

I set to work with enormous enthusiasm, in particular for those songs that were intended to be funny. Andrew outlined the plot, played me the tunes and in many instances gave me the title as well, most of which had presumably been thought up by his ex-wordsmith school pal who had already had a go. I skipped a day at the solicitors' office, faking illness, to write my first batch of theatrical lyrics. I did not know it that day but I had changed careers.

A

And even if the two of us failed to challenge the top musical composers successfully, then we could try to knock the Beatles and Rolling Stones off their perches later, in the summer. The Everly Brothers had just made a comeback and would clearly be in need of some new material.

B

By then I would have surely grown out of pop music as my father had confidently predicted I would by the time I was twenty-one. This was worrying - if he was right I only had a few more months of enjoying it.

C

As he confidently continued to bash out selections from some of the many shows he had written and produced at school, I was reminded of many of the best show albums from my parents' LP collection. He needed a new lyricist for the outside world.

D

But it seemed to me that plenty of other blokes around my age (twenty) and not overburdened with talent were making it and I wished to be of their number. There were even guys from my home town and from public school in the pop charts - Surely I had the qualifications.

E

I wasn't convinced by the idea for a musical that he had been working on for the past year, but in 1965 I was rarely convinced about anything. His talent was beyond question and he claimed to have all the contacts. I was soon back in his drawing room.

F

My own ambitions were just as insane as his; I wanted to be a pop star, for all the healthy reasons - women, money and fame. The difference between Andrew and myself was that my dreams were never life or death to me, though it's easy to say that now. They might have become so had I failed.

G

On the other hand, Andrew's conviction of his score's precocious brilliance was infectious and not totally unjustified. What did I know about musicals? As David Land, later to be my agent for over a quarter of a century, memorably (and repeatedly) said, if there's a demand for one hamburger bar on the block, there is room for two. We could be the second hamburger joint.

H

Here was the largest collection of records I had ever seen, the first stereo record player and tuner I had come across; and the astonishing evidence that a teenager existed who had spent money on Georgian wine glasses, pictures and furniture.