CHAPTER 4

At the Fairground

He sat down and started to work on the computers!
'The ride will be "REALLY DANGEROUS" now!' he laughed.

That evening, David came home and walked into the kitchen.

'Hi, Ali,' he said, and put his arm round his wife.

'Hi,' answered Alison.

She looked behind David carefully and then smiled.

'Oh good! No Dr Bean! I didn't like having that man in our house, dear.'

'Ah ... he isn't here now ... but I'm sorry, dear ... he's coming,' said David.

'What? Jennifer! Kevin!' Alison shouted. 'It's Plan B!'

'What's Plan B, Ali?' asked David.

'Plan B is this, David,' Alison said. 'The children and I are not going to stay in the same house as Dr Bean. He's too strange! He makes funny faces! He throws sweets up in the air and catches them in his mouth! He broke my best picture! He's a very dangerous little man! We're going to my mother's for the weekend!'

'But, Ali, wait a minute ...' David cried.

But he was too late. Alison and the two children were in her car. He watched them drive away.

'Oh no!' he thought. 'Dr Bean will be here all weekend, and I'll have no help from anybody!'

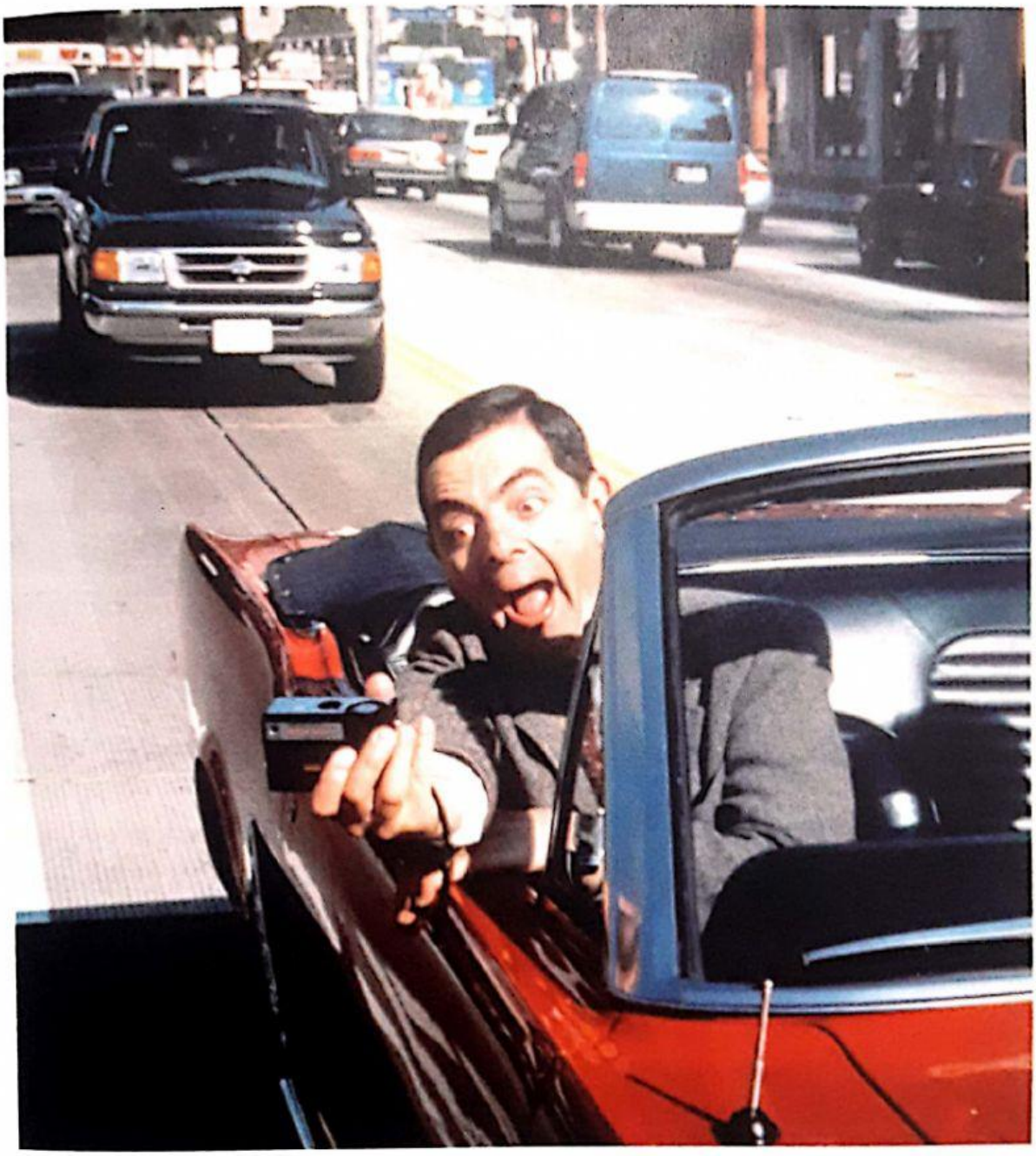
◆

The next day was Saturday and Mr Bean wanted to see Los Angeles. When he got into David's car, he took out his camera.

'Great!' he shouted excitedly. 'I'm going to enjoy today!'

David drove through the city and Mr Bean took photos of everything and everybody – people, buildings, policemen, dogs, trees, flowers. He was very busy! Then he put the camera up in front of David's face and took some photos of him too.

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'Stop that!' shouted David. 'It's dangerous! I'm trying to drive!'

In the afternoon, they stopped at a **fairground** in Santa Monica, near Los Angeles. There were **ride**s and sweet shops and people in funny hats. Mr Bean bought an ice-cream and a hat.

fairground /'feəgraʊnd/ (n) People go to *fairgrounds* because they want to have a good time. You can play games and go on rides.
ride /raɪd/ (n/v) *Rides* are machines at fairgrounds. You sit on them, and then you go round and round or up and down. You *ride* a bicycle when you want to go somewhere on it.

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'Oh, this is wonderful!' he shouted, and he took more and more photos. 'Look, David, that ride says *"REALLY DANGEROUS"*. Let's go on that.'

The ride was very exciting. It went up and down very fast. Everybody cried and shouted. David was afraid.

'That wasn't really dangerous. It was really *boring*,' Mr Bean said at the end.

They left the ride and walked past the machine room. Mr Bean saw the computers and machines in the room – and had an idea!

'David, let's go on that ride again,' he said. 'Go and buy some more tickets.'

'OK,' said David unhappily. He felt sick and wanted to go home.

Mr Bean walked into the machine room. Good, nobody there! He sat down and started to work on the computers!

'The ride *will* be *"REALLY DANGEROUS"* now!' he laughed.

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Some minutes later, David and Mr Bean were in their seats again, ready for the same ride. And this time everybody was *really* afraid! People flew out of their seats into the air – but Mr Bean enjoyed every minute of it!

When they got off the ride, he looked at David. David's face was green.

'That was great!' laughed Mr Bean. 'Those computers are much better now!'

But he didn't see the policeman behind him.

◆

Later that afternoon, in the police station, Mr Bean stopped laughing.

'What did you do to those computers, you stupid little man?' the policeman shouted. 'You hurt a lot of people!'

Mr Bean looked down at the floor and said nothing. The policeman walked angrily out of the room.

Mr Bean looked up and saw a **mirror**. He stood up and started dancing in front of it. Then he made funny faces! But it was a two-way mirror. In the next room, the policeman and David stood behind the mirror and watched Mr Bean.

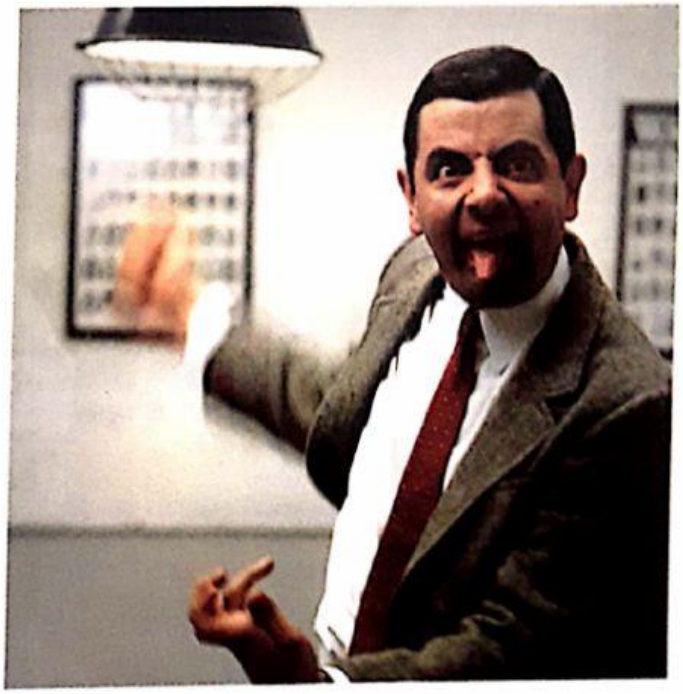
'You say he's a top man from the National Gallery in London?' asked the policeman.

'Er ... yes,' said David.

'And he's very intelligent?'

'Yes ... um ...'

'He doesn't look very intelligent to me,' said the policeman. 'He looks *very, very* stupid! Now, get him out of here! Fast!'



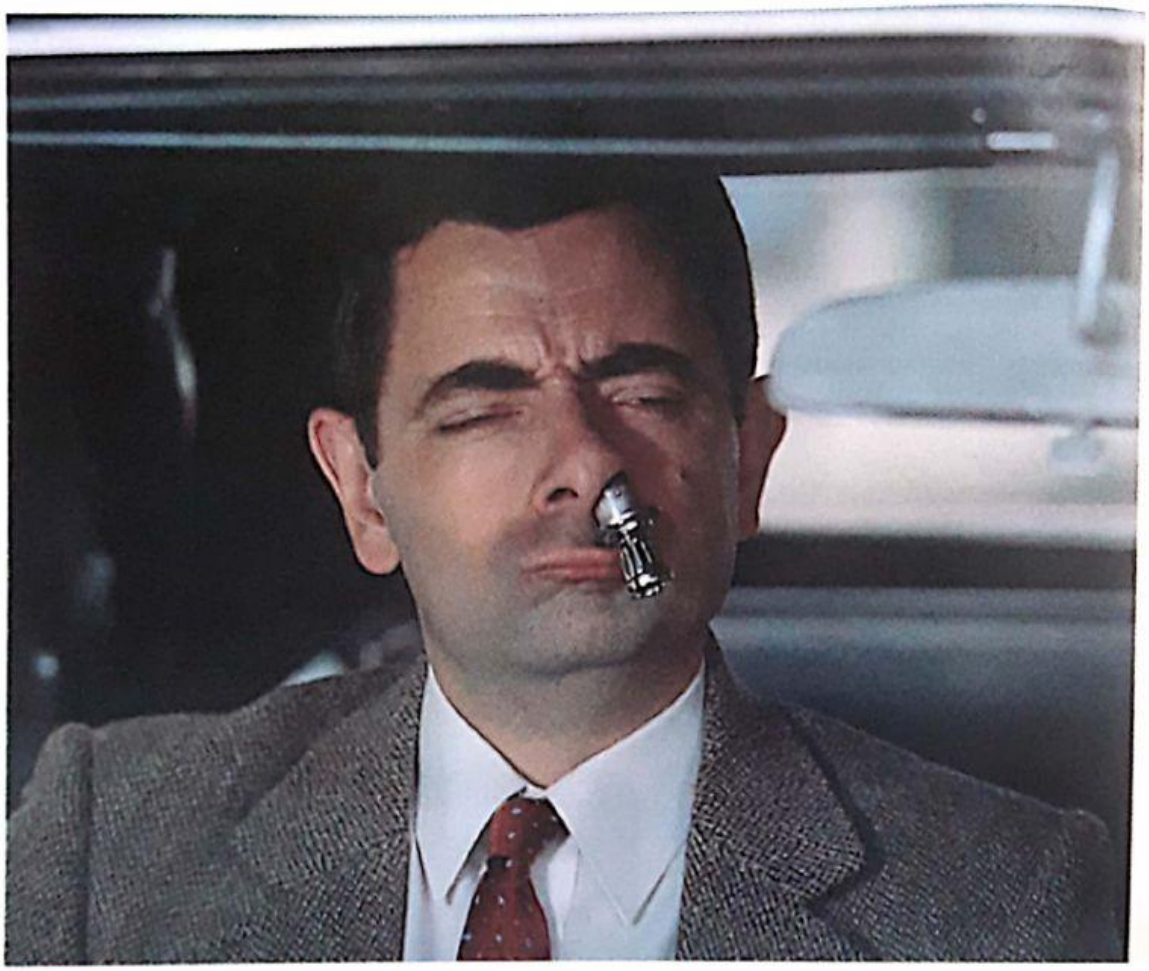
mirror /ˈmɪrə/ (n) When you look in a *mirror,* you see your face.

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CHAPTER 5

A Bad Day at the Gallery

He got the painting into the Men's Room, and started to wash it. There was no blue ink now – but where was Mrs Whistler's face?



It was a long, difficult weekend for David. Then Monday arrived. The big day at the Grierson Gallery!

In the car on the way to the gallery, David said to Mr Bean, '*Whistler's Mother* is arriving today! There are going to be a lot of important people at the gallery.'

When Mr Bean didn't answer, David looked at him.

Oh no! Mr Bean had a cigarette lighter up his nose!

'*Please*, Dr Bean, *please*! Don't do anything dangerous today! *Please*!' David said. He really didn't want to lose his job!

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David and Mr Bean walked into a big room in the gallery. There, at the end of the room, was *Whistler's Mother*!

'Wonderful!' said David, when he saw the painting.

Mr Grierson was there and smiled at him.

'Yes, it's very beautiful,' he said. 'A really great work of art. Now, follow me, everybody. We've got to plan the day.'

He turned to Mr Bean. 'Ah, good morning, Dr Bean. Would you like to stay here and look after the painting?'

'Er ... yes ... OK,' said Mr Bean.

Then everybody left – and Mr Bean was the only person in the room with the famous painting!

He was bored. He didn't want to look after Whistler's stupid old mother. He started to walk slowly round the room. When he got near the painting, he looked at it carefully.

'This painting's dirty!' he thought, with his face very near the painting.

And then he sneezed! All over the painting! Oh dear!



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He quickly got his handkerchief out of his jacket – and started to clean the painting.

'Aagh!' he shouted a minute later. 'Oh no! How did that happen?'

There was now blue **ink** all over Mrs Whistler's face!

He looked at his handkerchief. There was wet ink on that too!

'My pen!' he cried, and took out his pen from his jacket.

There was ink everywhere. What could he do?

He thought for a minute, then took the painting off the wall. But it was very heavy and fell on to the floor. Then, by mistake, Mr Bean stood on it!

'Help!' he thought. 'This is getting worse and worse!'

He opened the door and looked out of the room. There was nobody there. With great difficulty, he carried the painting out of the room.

'The toilet!' he thought. 'Water!'

He got the painting into the Men's Room, and started to wash it. There was no blue ink now – but where was Mrs Whistler's face?

Mr Bean went hot and cold. Then he had an idea!

ink /ɪŋk/ (n) Pens have *ink* inside them. When you write, the *ink* goes onto the paper.

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The meeting finished, and David left the room.

'Right,' he thought. 'Now I'll get Dr Bean and have another look at our beautiful painting.'

But when he arrived at the room, he couldn't open the door.

'Dr Bean,' he shouted. 'There's a problem with the door. Can you open it, please?'

After a long time, Mr Bean opened the door. David looked at him. Mr Bean's face was grey.

'What's wrong?' he asked.

'Er ... um ...,' answered Mr Bean.

'What? What?' cried David.

Mr Bean looked very afraid.

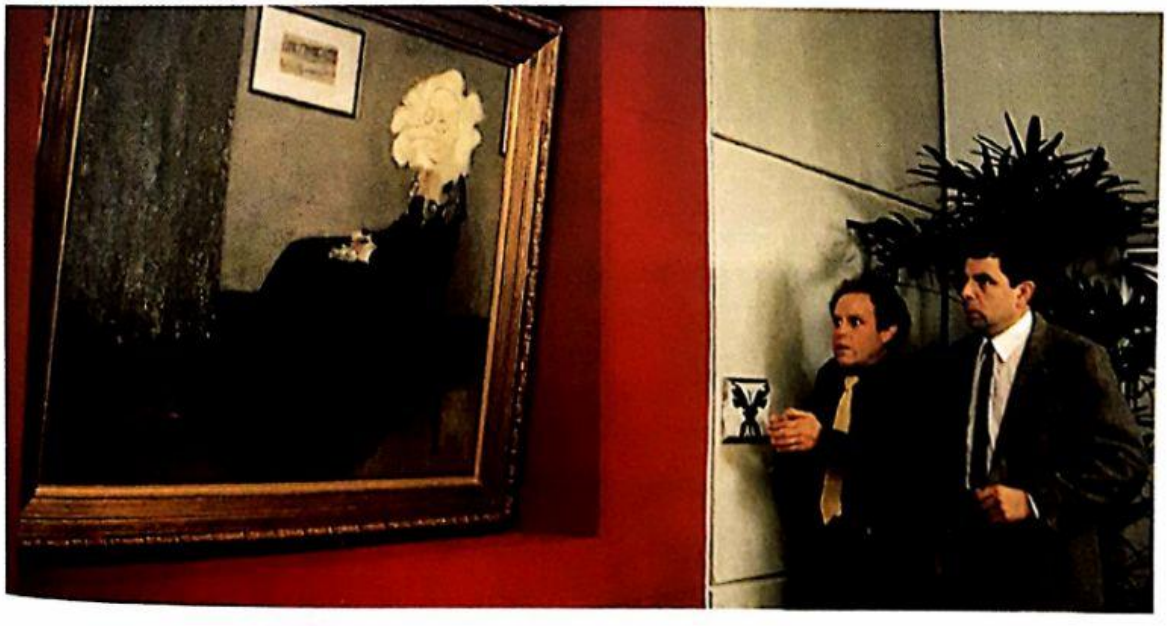
'It's ... um ... it's the painting,' he said quietly.

'Where is it?' shouted David.

'Um ... here,' said Mr Bean. He showed David the painting. 'I had a little accident. But I think it's OK now. I painted a face on her. Do you like it?'

David looked at the painting with wide eyes. He felt sick.

'Oh no!' he cried. 'No! No! No! What are we going to do *now*?'



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4.1 Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 3.4. Then circle the right answers below. Sometimes there are two right answers.

1 Alison and the children think that Mr Bean is *strange / dangerous*.

2 David takes Mr Bean to a *fairground / computer shop*.

3 Mr Bean puts a *bottle opener / cigarette lighter* up his nose.

4 Mr Bean cleans the painting after he *sneezes / puts food* on it.

5 Mr Bean puts *ink / water* on the painting.

6 Mr Bean paints a *foot / face on the painting*.

4.2 What more did you learn?

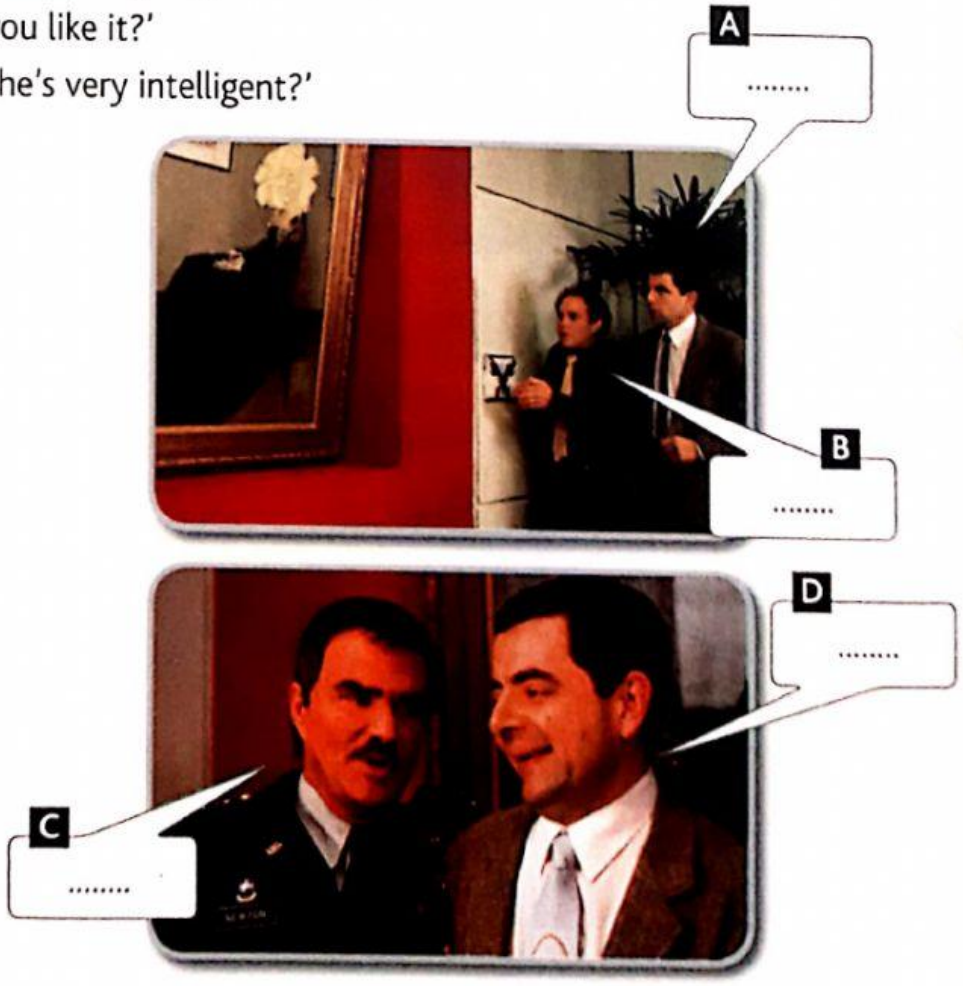
Match the sentences with the pictures.

1 'Yes ... um ...'

2 'What are we going to do now?'

3 'Do you like it?'

4 'And he's very intelligent?'



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