

An Accident on the Plane

*With the bag in one hand and a big smile on his face,
Mr Bean hit it hard – BANG!*

‘**A**mericaaaaa!!’ shouted Mr Bean at the airport. ‘I’m going to
Americaaaaa!!’

With a big smile on his face, he got on the plane and took out his camera. This was the beginning of his holiday and he wanted to take photos of everybody and everything.

He found his **seat** next to another man, Mr Tucker. Mr Bean sat down and took a photo of him too! Mr Tucker stopped reading his newspaper and looked at him angrily. Then he stood up and quickly moved to the seat in front of him. He didn’t like strange people – and Mr Bean was very strange! Happy in his new seat, Mr Tucker fell asleep.



seat /si:t/ (n) You sit on a seat. Chairs are seats, but not all seats are chairs.

Behind him, Mr Bean couldn't sleep. He was too excited. He smiled at a woman with a young boy, but she didn't smile at him.

'My son's feeling **sick**,' she said.

'Oh dear!' said Mr Bean. He was happy, and he wanted other people to be happy too.

When the boy looked across at him, Mr Bean took the last **sweet** from a bag. He threw it into the **air** – and caught it in his mouth!

Did the boy think it was clever? No. Did the boy laugh or smile? He did not. He looked strangely at Mr Bean.

Mr Bean thought for a minute. Then he put the sweet bag up to his mouth and began to blow into it. He wanted to blow air into the bag and then break it with a loud noise – BANG! Everybody laughs at that. But there was something wrong with the bag and the air got out again.

The boy's face was grey now, and he felt very sick. Then he saw a white paper bag in the back of the seat in front of him. He took it out and opened it.

Mr Bean watched him. His eyes opened wide. Yes! Yes! *That* bag was OK! He turned away and laughed. 'He's a clever boy. He remembered the bag in the back of the seat!' he thought.

But Mr Bean looked away at the wrong time. The boy opened the bag quickly – and was sick into it. Mr Bean didn't see him.

A minute later, before the boy could stop him, Mr Bean took the bag. He quickly blew into it. Then he put it in front of Mr Tucker's face. With the bag in one hand and a big smile on his face, Mr Bean hit it hard – BANG!

Mr Tucker was not a happy man.



Some time later, the plane arrived in Los Angeles. Mr Bean looked at the people in the airport.

sick /sɪk/ (adj) When you eat too much food, you feel *sick*. You are *sick* when the food comes out again through your mouth.

sweet /swi:t/ (n) Children like eating *sweets* because they have a lot of sugar in them.

air /eə/ (n) *Air* is round us everywhere. We take it in through our nose.

'I'm in America!' he thought. 'This is wonderful!'

He started taking photos again. Near a wall there were two policemen. Mr Bean watched them, and then he saw their guns. He thought of a game, and smiled. He put one hand slowly inside his jacket and looked for *his* gun. Not really! Mr Bean didn't have a gun, of course – he only wanted to play a game.

The two policemen suddenly turned and saw him. They stopped talking and looked carefully at Mr Bean. What was this little man's game? Did he have a gun?

'Quick!' said one of the policemen. 'He's got a gun! Get him!'

Mr Bean gave them a smile. Then he turned and ran the other way, fast!

'Everybody on the floor! Now!' shouted the policemen.

Everybody in the airport was afraid. People fell to the ground. Mr Bean saw them and fell to the ground too!

'Not you, stupid!' a man next to him said.





‘Oh, thank you,’ said Mr Bean. He got up and started to run away again.

But the policemen ran faster and caught him. They stood in front of him with their guns in his face.

‘Slowly take out your gun,’ they told him. ‘Put it on the floor and stand back.’

Mr Bean was very afraid. He carefully put his hand in his jacket ... and took out his two fingers.

‘It was only a game,’ he said. ‘I haven’t really got a gun.’

The policemen looked at him. Who *was* this strange little man?

‘Get out of here!’ they shouted angrily.

Mr Bean got out, fast.

2.1 Were you right?

Look back at your answers to Activity 1.2 on page iv. Then finish these sentences.

- 1 The National Gallery in London is sending a painting back to
- 2 The Grierson Gallery wants somebody from the National Gallery to about the painting. The name of the painting is
- 3 The people at the National Gallery send to Los Angeles because they do not him.
- 4 At Los Angeles airport, Mr Bean slowly puts his in his jacket. The policemen think that Mr Bean has a
- 5 Mr Bean only wanted to play a, but the policemen are very with him.

2.2 What more did you learn?

Answer these questions with words from the box.

At Los Angeles airport In the National Gallery On a plane

- 1 Where does Mr Bean say that he is only playing a game?
.....
- 2 Where does Mr Bean have some of his paper handkerchief in his nose?
.....
- 3 Where does Mr Bean throw a sweet into the air and catch it in his mouth?
.....
- 4 Where does Mr Bean fall to the ground?
.....
- 5 Where does Mr Bean blow into a bag?
.....
- 6 Where does Mr Bean often fall asleep?
.....

2.3 Language in use

Look at the sentences on the right. Then write about Mr Bean. What did he do on the plane?

Nobody **spoke**. It was a stupid idea!

1 make a big mistake

1 *Mr Bean made a big mistake*

2 take the bag

2

3 blow into the bag

3

4 put it in front of Mr Tucker's face

4

5 have a big smile on his face

5

6 hit the bag hard

6

2.4 What happens next?

Look at the name of Chapter 3 and the words in *italics* below it. Then look at the pictures. What is going to happen, do you think? Talk to another student and make notes.

Notes