

MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY

CHAPTER 1 First prize

The London weather was terrible – dark skies and rain. A LOT of rain.

Mr Bean ran from his little car into the church. There were a lot of people there because the church needed money. Some people bought cakes or books; some played games. Mr Bean was there for the competition. The first prize was a holiday in France *and* a fantastic video camera!

'And the prize goes to the person with this number ...' said the man at the front. Mr Bean looked at his ticket. He wanted that prize!

'... 919!'

Mr Bean looked at his ticket again. He had number 616. He was not happy – no fun in the sun for Mr Bean!

He didn't need this stupid ticket now. There was a boy in front of him with a little train. Mr Bean put the ticket on top of the train.

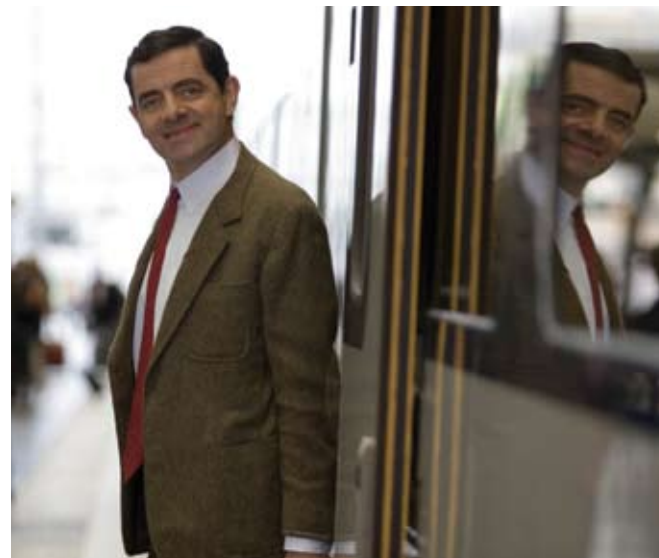
'Does anyone have ticket number 919?' asked the man at the front.

No one answered. Mr Bean watched as the boy's train went around and around with his ticket. And then he saw it – his ticket wasn't number 616! It was number 919!

'Anyone?' asked the man for the last time.

Mr Bean was fast. He had the ticket back in his hand.

'I'm going to go to France!' he thought. 'I'm going to go to the beach in Cannes!'



Mr Bean was on the train to Paris. This was exciting! It was his first time in France. He went to the bar.

'Do you want a coffee?' the woman asked in French.

Mr Bean was ready. He knew the French word for 'yes'.

'*Oui!*' he said.

'Sugar?' asked the woman.

Mr Bean smiled. He knew the French for 'no', too.

'*Non.*'

'You speak good French,' said the woman in French.

Mr Bean was happy. 'I am going to have a fantastic holiday,' he thought.

'*Gracias,*' he said to the woman and walked away. The woman looked at him. 'Why is he speaking in Spanish?' she thought.



CHAPTER 2

Where's the station?

At the train station in Paris, Mr Bean filmed everything with his new video camera. But the train to Cannes left from a different station.

'I can take a taxi!' thought Mr Bean.

The taxis were in front of the station. Mr Bean told the driver the name of his station and then he turned for his bags. But he was too slow. A man got into the taxi and it drove away. Mr Bean didn't see this. He didn't see the second taxi as it moved up.

A different man said something to the second taxi driver and then turned to his wife. Mr Bean didn't see *this* and got into the back of the second taxi. And so it took Mr Bean ... to the wrong place.

Mr Bean looked around. He didn't understand. Where was the station? Where were the trains? Suddenly he knew – he was in the wrong place!

Mr Bean tried to ask someone for help. He walked up to a man and tried to make the sound of a train. 'Choo, choo!' he said. The man walked away quickly.

Then Mr Bean saw a map of Paris. The right station wasn't *very* far.

'I'm going to walk there!' thought Mr Bean.

Mr Bean started to walk. He didn't want to go the wrong way and so he used a compass. He didn't turn and he didn't stop. He didn't even look up from the compass. He came to a road but he didn't stop. A car almost hit him, then a second car. Drivers shouted angrily, but Mr Bean didn't hear them. There was just one thought in his head: 'I am going to reach that station!'