



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.

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*?’

