

Steak Tartare

It was Mr Bean's birthday, and he wanted to enjoy it! What could he do?

'How can I make this important day a *happy* day?' he thought. 'I know. I'll go out to a restaurant for dinner this evening! I'll enjoy that.'

Mr Bean didn't often eat in restaurants. They were sometimes very expensive. And he sometimes did things wrong when he was in a new or strange place.

Oh dear! Life wasn't easy for Mr Bean!



That evening, Mr Bean put on a clean shirt. He put on his best coat and trousers. He put on his best shoes. Then he drove to a restaurant in the centre of town.

He arrived at eight o'clock and went inside. It was a very *nice* restaurant. Everybody was wearing their best clothes, and there were flowers on every table.

'I'm going to like it here,' thought Mr Bean. 'This is a good restaurant for my birthday dinner.'

The manager met him at the door.

'Good evening, sir,' he said. 'How are you? Would you like a table for one?'

'Yes, please,' said Mr Bean.

'Follow me, sir,' said the manager.

He walked across the room to a table, and Mr Bean went after him.

'Here you are, sir,' said the manager. 'This is a nice table.'

He pulled the chair away from the table. Then he waited for Mr Bean to sit down. Mr Bean looked at him.