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opening extract from

# **The Utterly Complete Clarice Bean Collection**

- *Utterly Me, Clarice Bean*
- *Clarice Bean Spells Trouble*
- *Clarice Bean, Don't Look Now*

compiled by

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# Friday

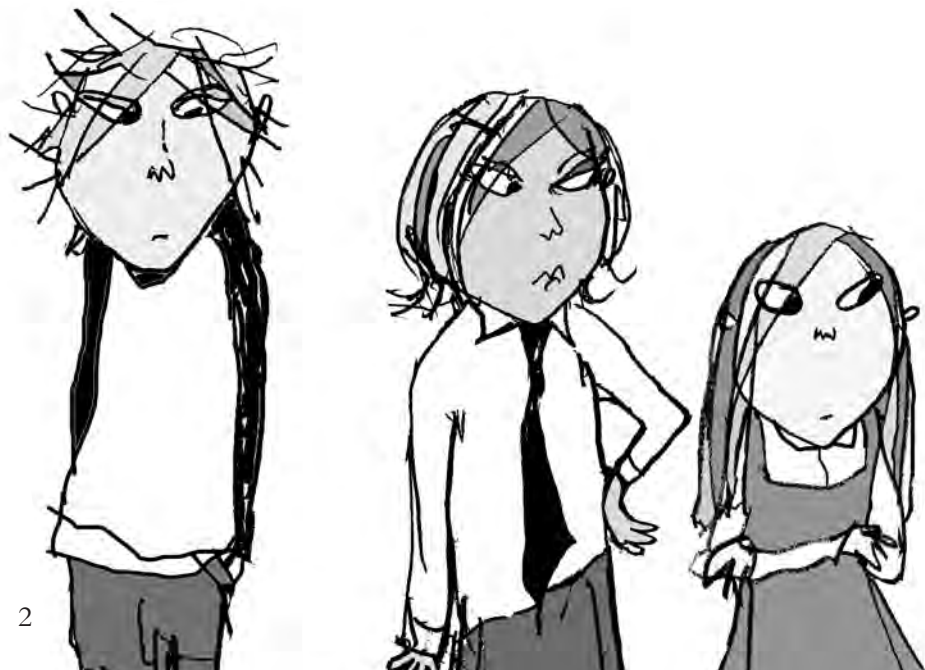
This is me, Clarice Bean.

I am not an only child, but I sometimes wish I was.

My family is six people, which is sometimes too many.

Not always, just sometimes.

Mainly my dad is mostly in an office answering the phone and going, "I can't talk now, I'm up to my ears in it."



Mum is always gribbling about pants on the floor and shoes on the sofa.

She says, "This house doesn't clean itself you know.

Who do you think does everything around here?

Mr Nobody?

I don't get paid to pick up your smelly socks! If I did I'd be a rich woman." etc etc non-non-stop.

I am the third oldest and I think it would have been a good idea if I was the youngest too.

I am not quite sure why my mum and dad wanted to have more children after me.

They don't need another one and it's a shame because he is spoiling it for everyone else.

He is called Minal Cricket and he tends to be utterly a **nuisance**.

He is non-stop whining and causing other people to get themselves in trouble.





You might think  
it would be a  
relief to come to school,  
but if you do,  
then obviously you don't know  
some of the people in my class.  
Naming no names,  
i.e. Grace Grapello,  
what a show-off.

Sometimes I stare boredly into space,  
thinking utterly of  
nothing.

This makes Mrs Wilberton very irritated.

I get on her nerves.

I know this because she is always telling me I do.

To be honest, Mrs Wilberton is not my favourite  
person on the planet of Earth.

Unfortunately, I am from Earth and she is my  
teacher.

Mrs Wilberton says I have got utterly not a speck  
of concentration.

I am trying to prove her wrong about this by  
trying to remember to concentrate.

I think about it all the time. I am so desperately  
trying not to not concentrate and I say to myself,  
'Don't drift off like you did yesterday.'

And then I start thinking about how I drifted  
off yesterday and how I was thinking I must  
listen to Mrs Wilberton and all the things she  
is telling me.

And then I am wondering,  
how does all this stuff she is telling me  
fit into my head?

And then I am wondering if I should have a clear out  
of the stuff I don't need anymore –  
you know,

like when my dad cleared out the attic,  
except we all decided  
we needed  
everything  
and he just had to put it all back again.

But maybe valuable space is being taken up in  
my head  
with not the important things and

that  
is why  
I can't  
c o n c e n t r a t e

because all my concentration space  
has been used up  
on things like,

'Elbows off the table',  
and,

'Don't pinch your brother',  
and

pointless  
not needed  
things  
which  
don't matter.

"CLARICE BEAN!

Will  
you

please

come

back

down

to

Earth this instant!"

It's Mrs Wilberton.

You  
can  
tell  
by  
her  
honking  
goose  
voice.



She says,

“Clarice Bean,  
you are **utterly** lacking in the  
concentration department.

A common housefly <sup>🪰</sup> has got  
more ability to **apply** itself!”

And I want to say,

“You are **utterly** lacking in the  
manners department, Mrs Wilberton,  
and a rhinoceros has got more  
**politeness** than you.”