




# Bean World

SURFER

  
**Bean World**<sup>TM</sup>  
Baked Beans On Toast  
Story Book 2





In Bean World, on that gorgeous day,  
The sun shone high and bright.  
The sky was just the bluest blue,  
Without a cloud in sight.

A sun ray peeped into the room  
Where Surfer Bean was sleeping;  
The dawn had passed some time ago,  
And not a bird was cheeping.

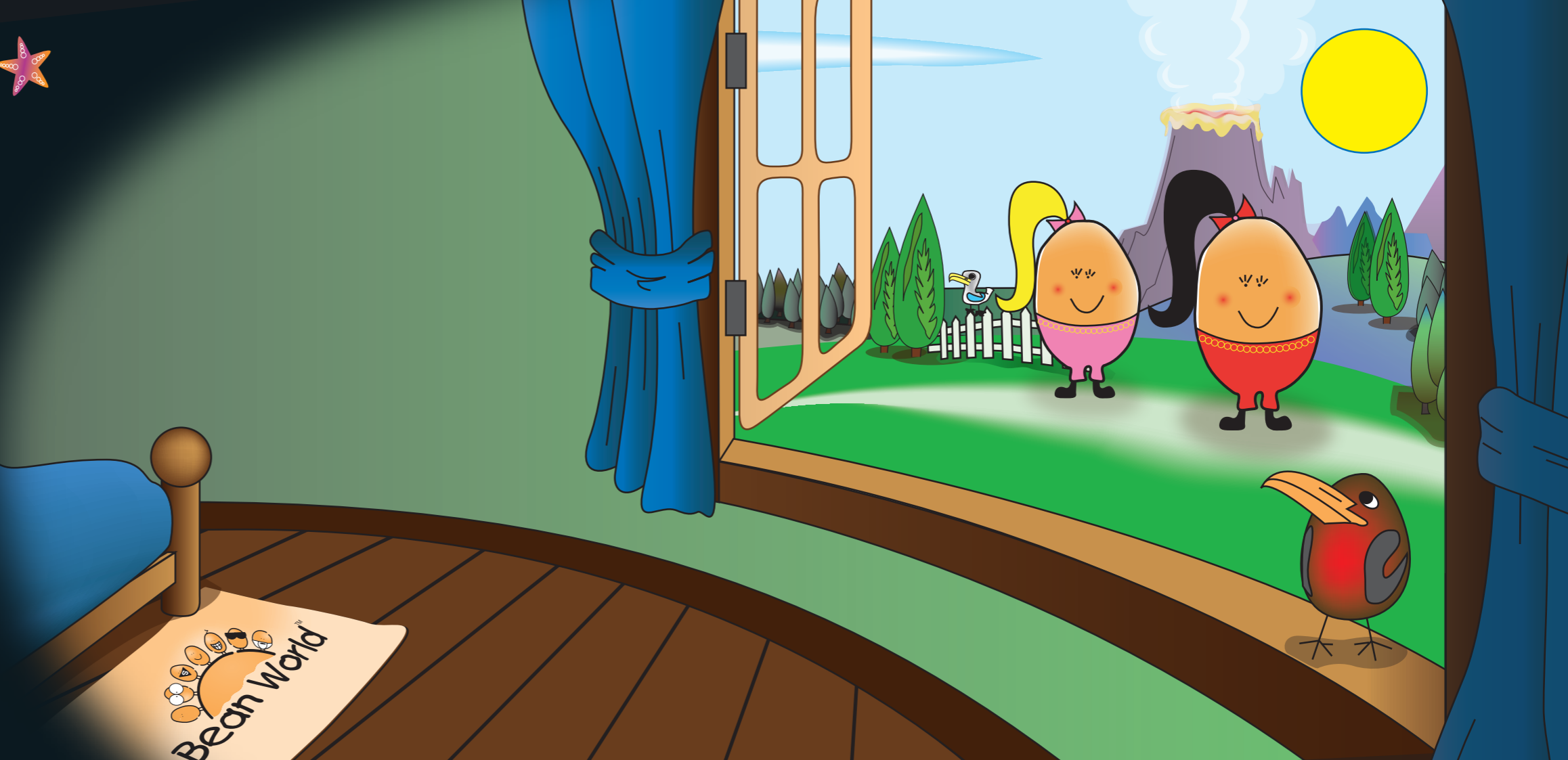
The laid-back Bean lifted a lid  
And squinted in the sun:  
"A perfect day for surfing, dude -  
It's time to have some fun."

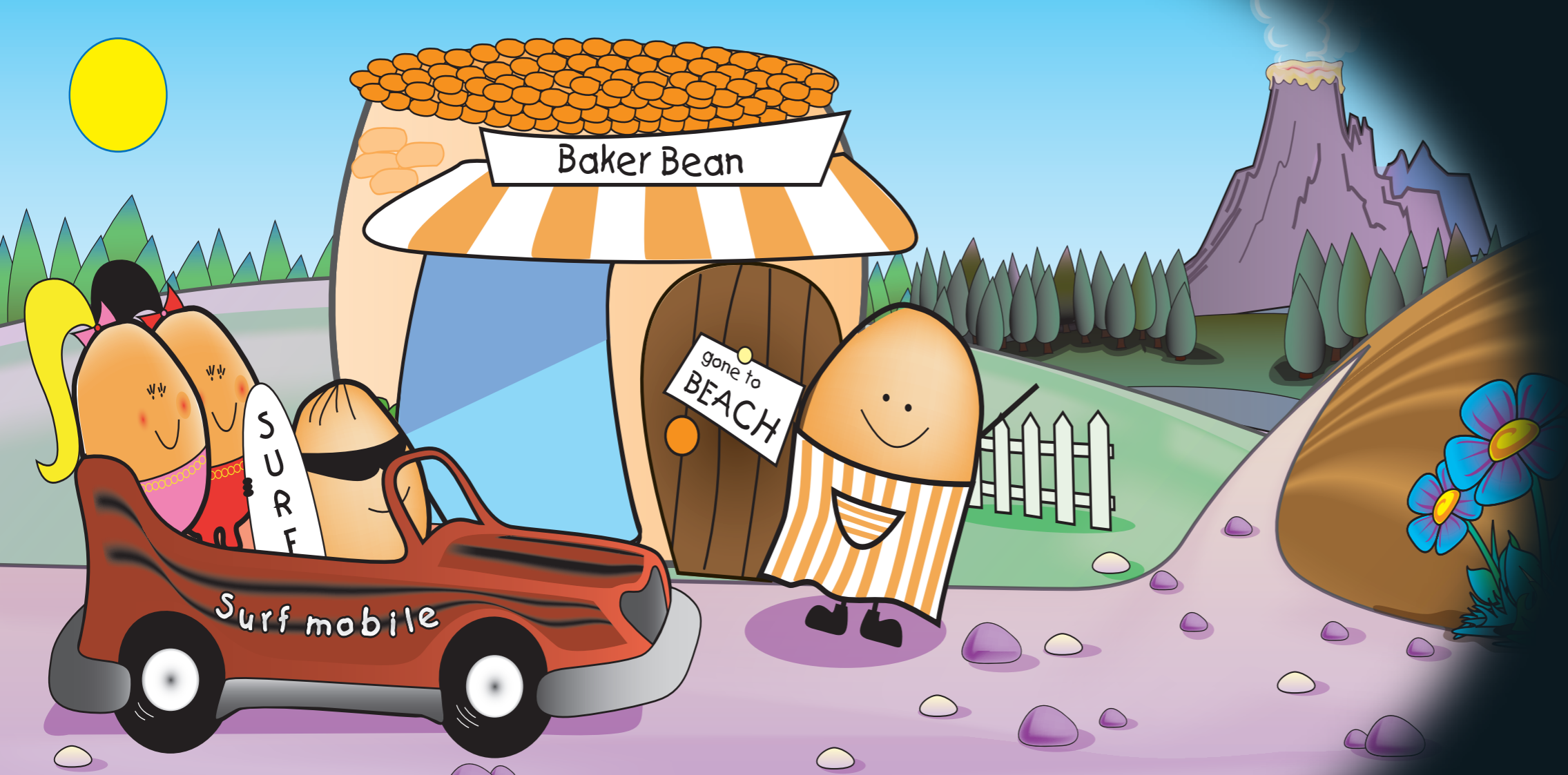


"Hey, girls!" he shouted, sitting up,  
"We're off to hit the beach.  
Grab your 'kinis and your boards -  
Be sure to get one each!"

Surfer's sisters never missed  
The chance to tag along,  
They felt so safe with Surfer Bean,  
Like nothing could go wrong.

So squealing loudly, both the girls  
(Named Groovy, Pink and Red)  
Rushed about and grabbed their stuff  
And two boards from the shed.





"A pic-nic!" Groovy (Pink) cried out  
As they were by the door.  
"Let's pop to see dear Baker Bean,  
And see what's in his store."

Their Surfmobile was not the best -  
It rattled, and it shook.  
But it got them to the Baker's shop  
And they stopped to have a look.

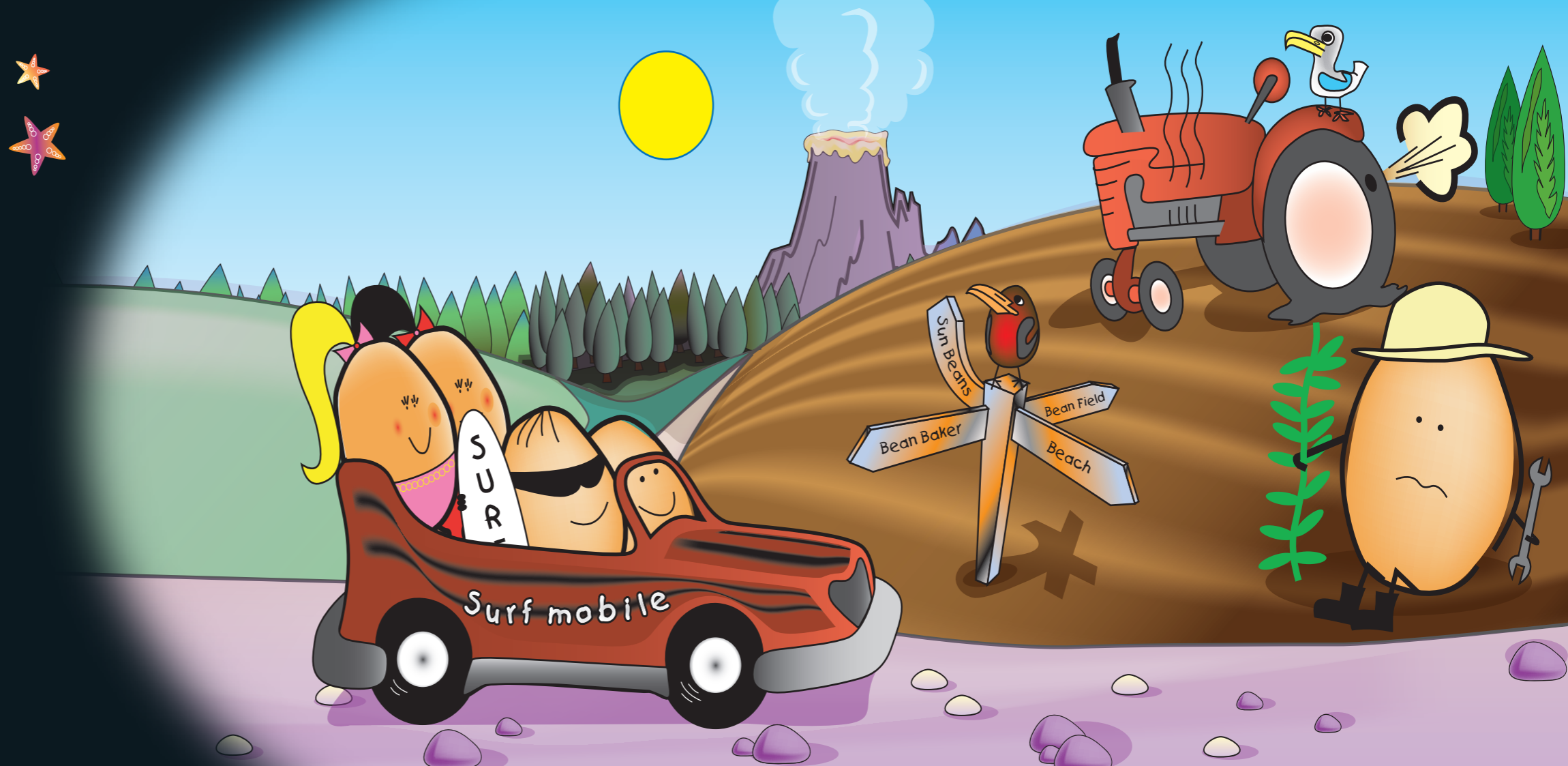
"Beans!" cried Baker. "You look cool!  
I'm feeling much too hot.  
I'll close the store and climb on board -  
A swim would hit the spot."



The four of them were squashed into  
The Surfmobile at last;  
With all the extra weight inside  
Their car did not go fast.

As they bumped and jounced along  
A Bean came into sight -  
His tractor had just broken down,  
He couldn't put it right.

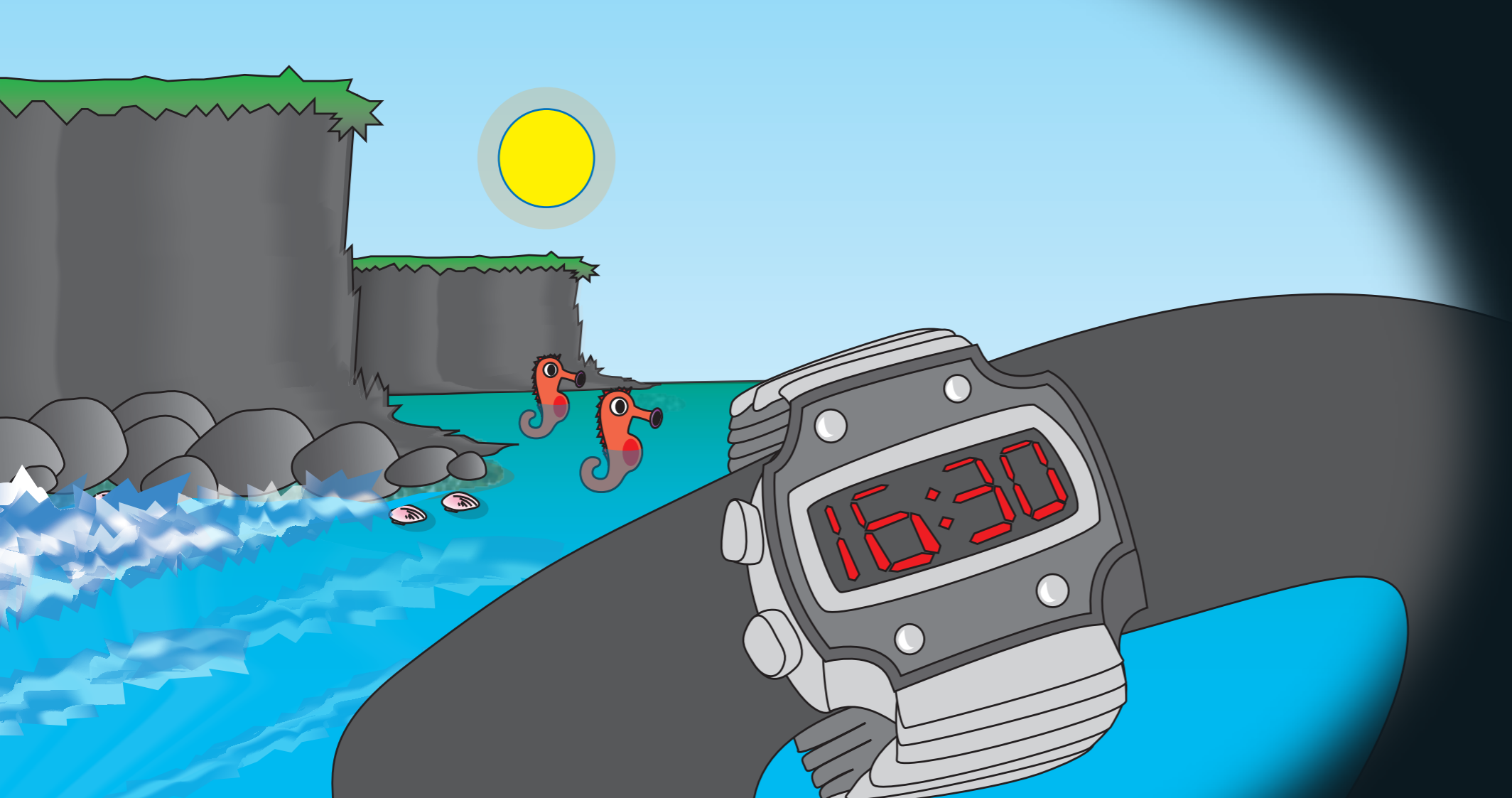
"Hey man, what's up?" said Surfer Bean,  
His foot upon the brake.  
"Whoa! It's Farmer Bean! Hop in,  
Or else you're sure to bake."



Now FIVE of them were crammed  
Into Surfer's rusty car.  
The air inside was getting ripe -  
At least it wasn't far.

Once on the sand, they ran about  
And swam, and surfed, and ate -  
They wanted to have loads of fun  
Before it got too late.



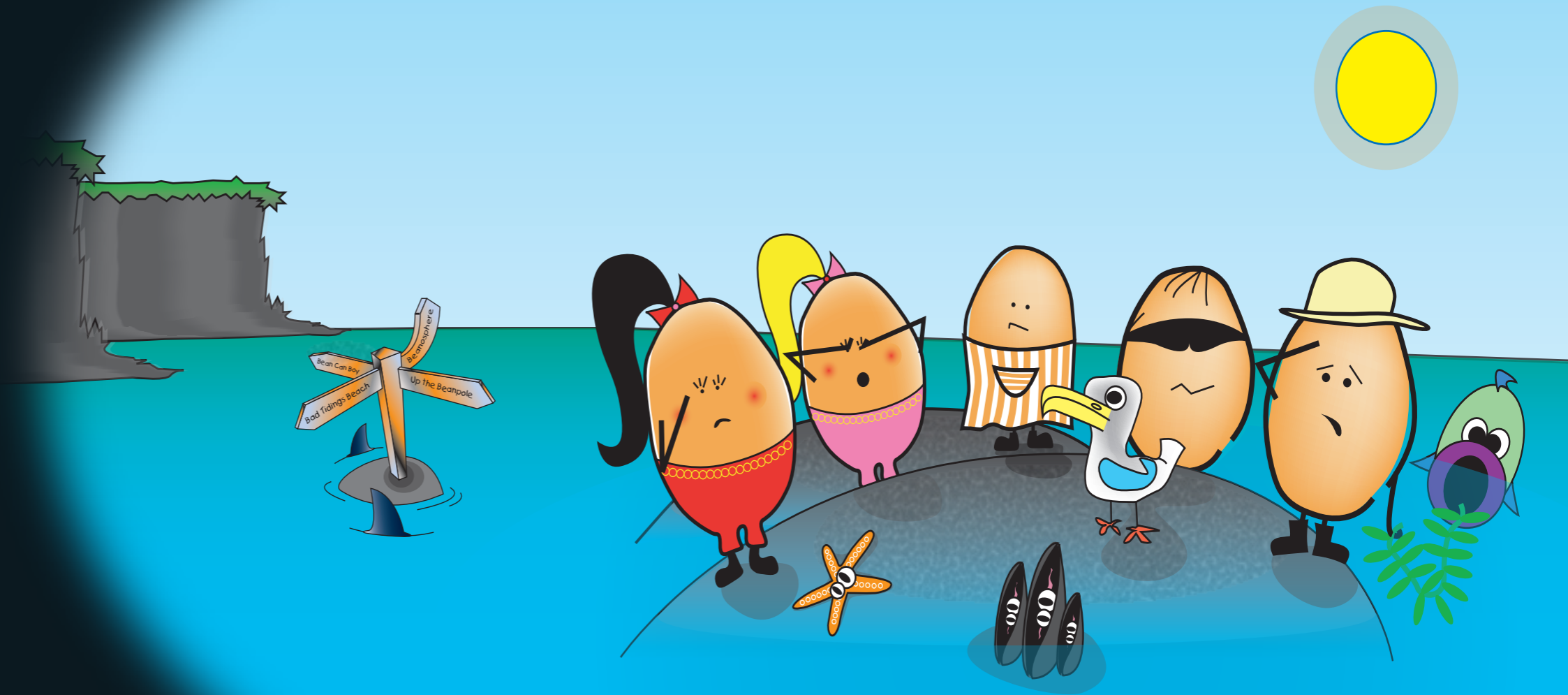


At half-past four, they all looked up -  
"Oh no!" The five friends cried.  
While surfing off the reef, our Beans  
Were cut off by the tide.



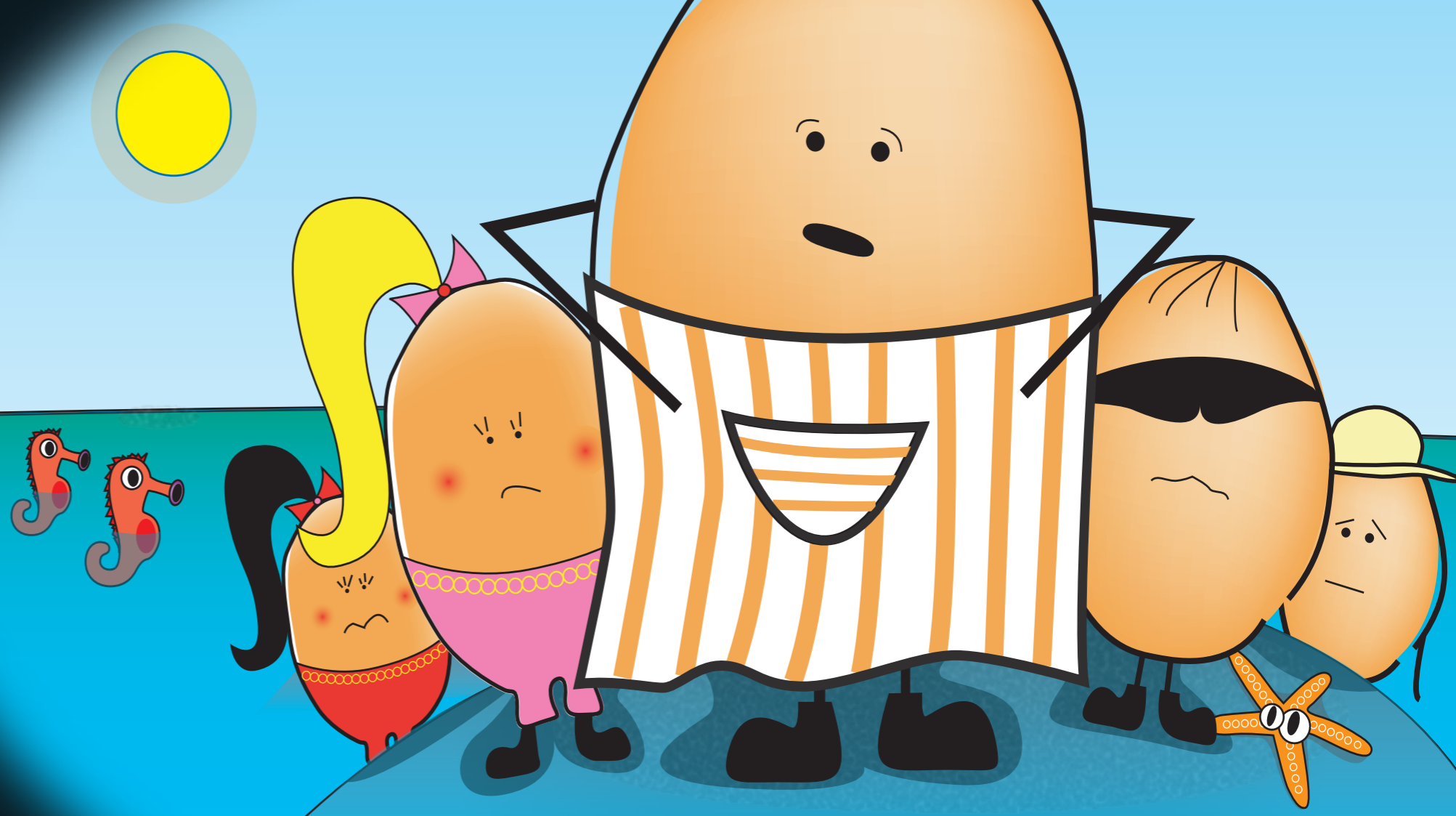
The fun was over, danger loomed:  
But what were they to do?  
The tide was rising all the time,  
And no-one had a clue.

"If we'd said where we were going,"  
Groovy (Red) began to cry,  
"They'd send someone to rescue us,  
And we'd be home and dry."



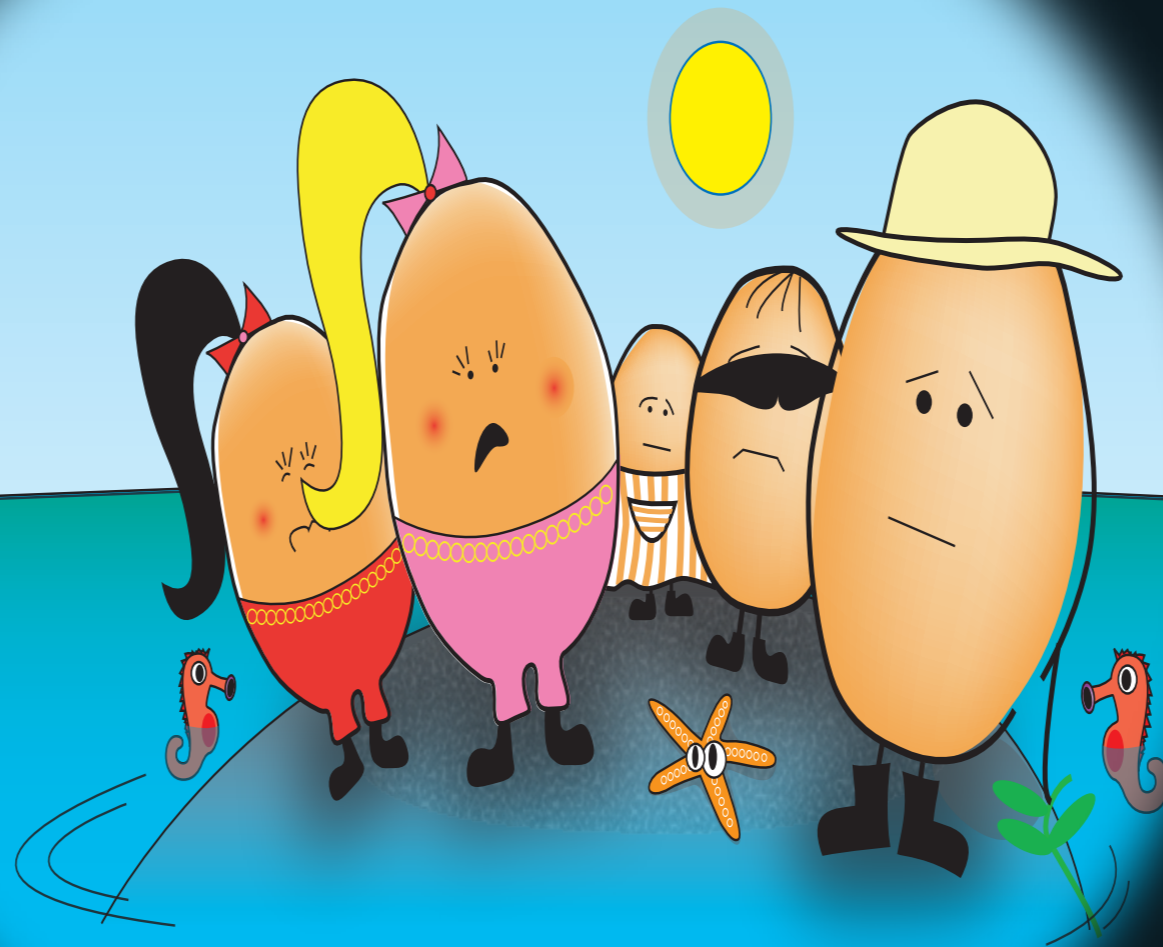
"Quick! Let's think," said Baker Bean,  
We've got five brains between us.  
Were there others on the beach,  
Someone who might have seen us?"

But no-one spoke as water lapped  
Around their beany feet;  
Each little pal felt chilled inside  
Despite the blazing heat.



"Teamwork's got to be the plan,"  
Farmer Bean declared.  
"We'll just have to help ourselves,  
It's no good feeling scared."

"All right," said Groovy (Pink) at last,  
"What skills do we possess?  
I've just found out it's not enough  
To wear a pretty dress."



The friends discussed their expertise,  
But only two had worked:  
Farmer and Baker both had jobs  
But the surfer triplets shirked.

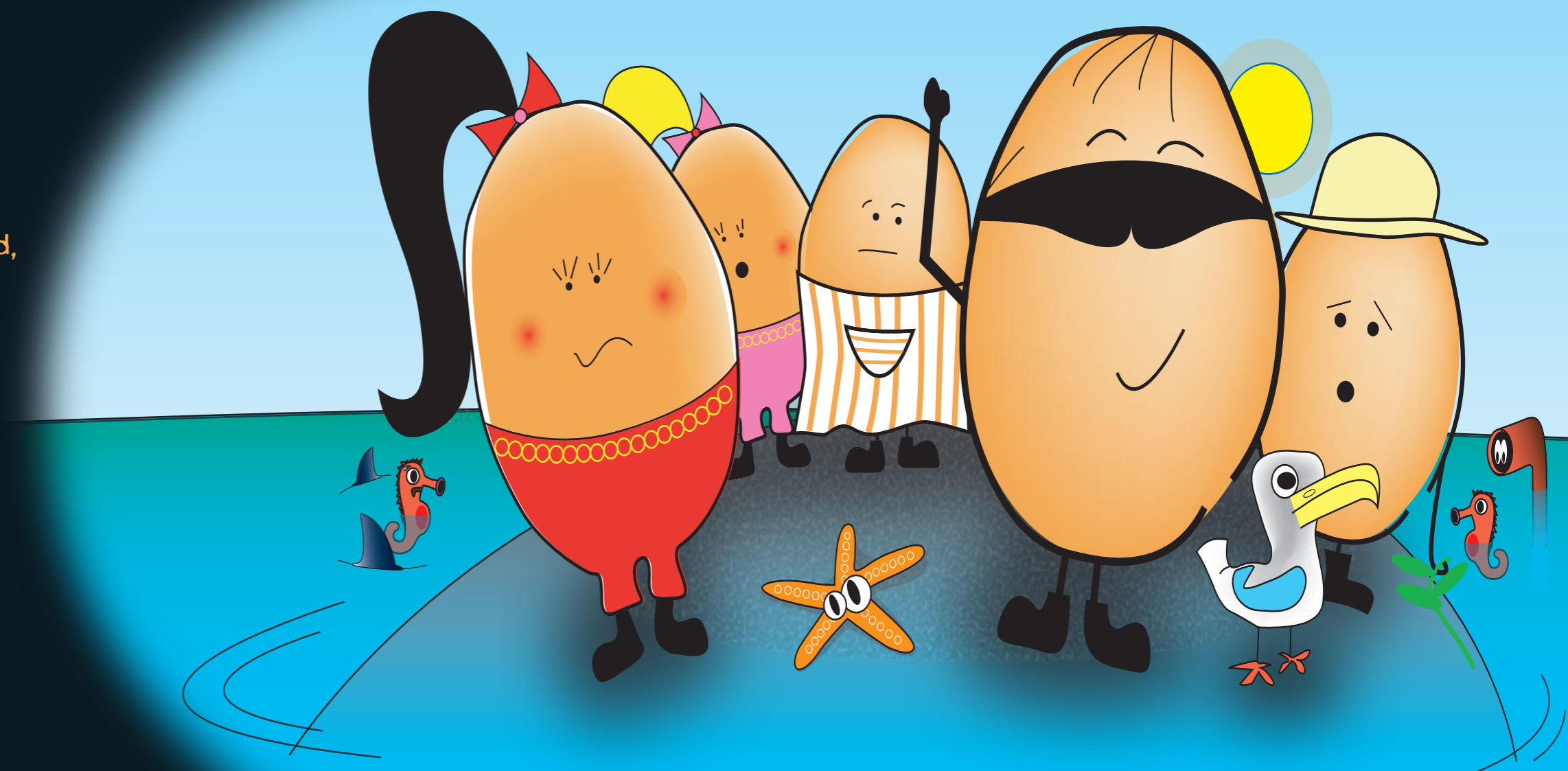
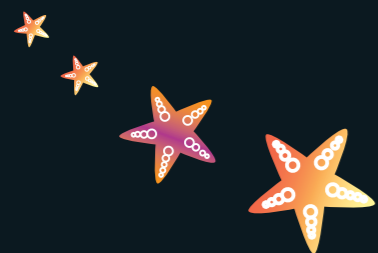


"I just grow things," Farmer said,  
"Is that of any help?"  
"Well, I just bake things," Baker sobbed,  
And gave a little yelp.

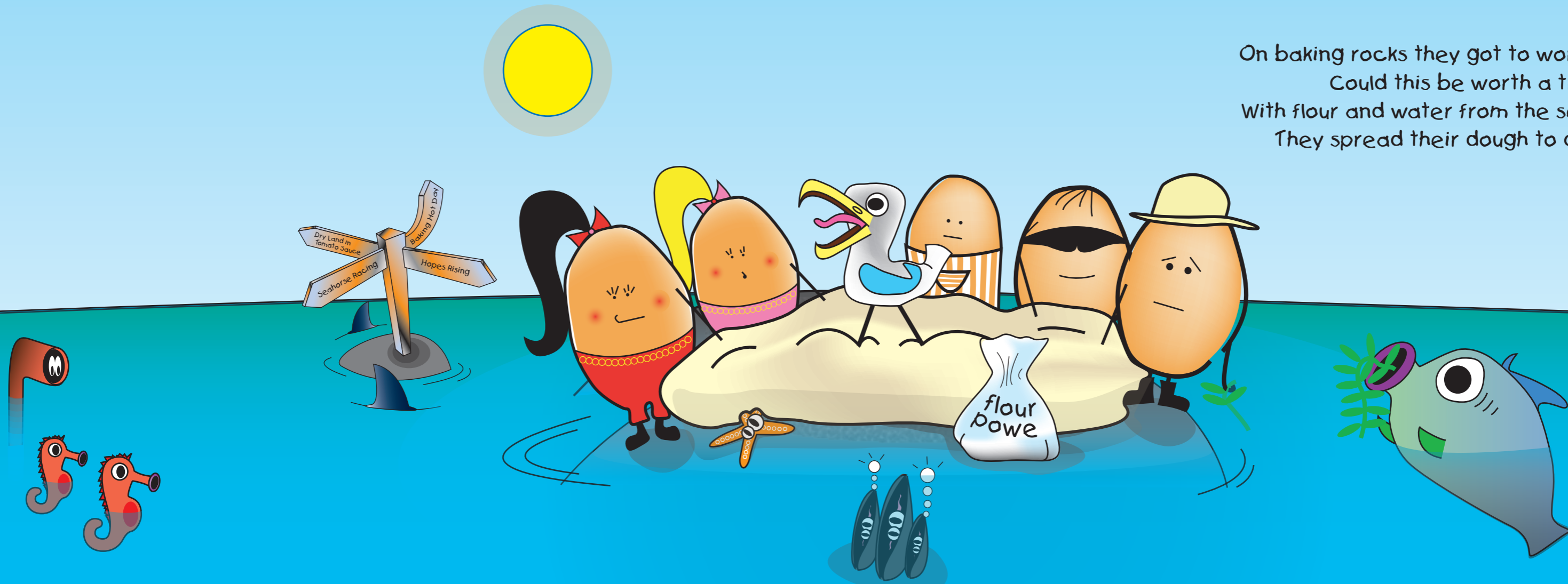
"Dudes! Calm down!" said Surfer Bean,  
"I think I have a plan.  
Turn your pockets inside out -  
It's time our plan began."

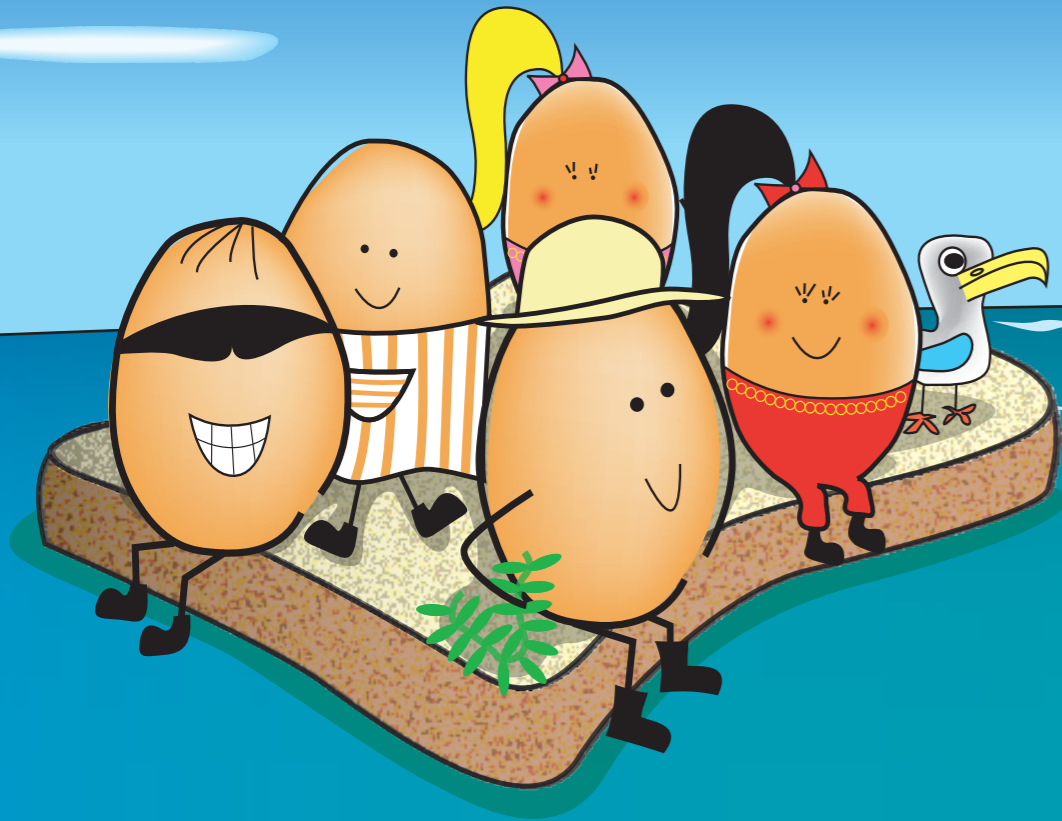
"I've heard your plans before," cried Red,  
"They're always really daft."  
"No, listen up, we're going to build  
Ourselves a rescue raft."

Surfer Bean then grabbed ahold  
Of some of Baker's flour -  
Their aproned friend was carrying  
A bag of flour power.



On baking rocks they got to work -  
Could this be worth a try?  
With flour and water from the sea,  
They spread their dough to dry.



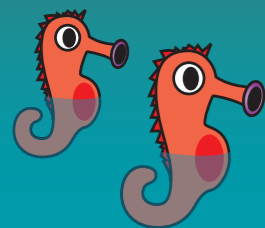


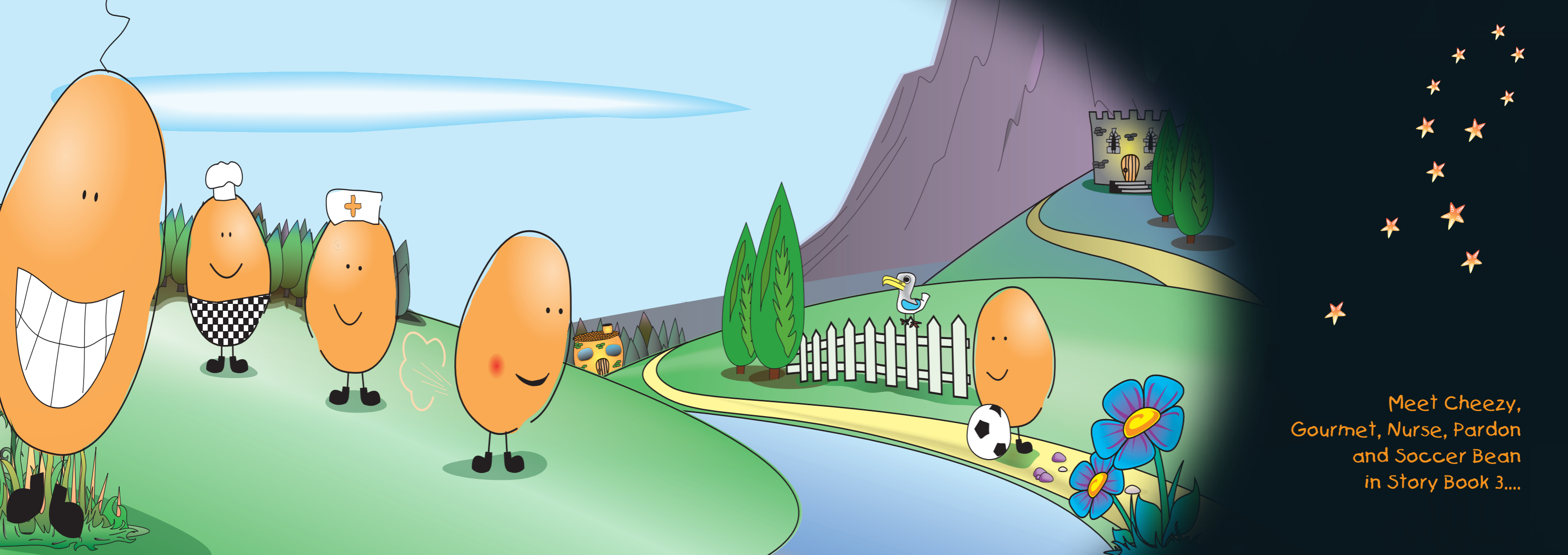
Sure enough, the dough soon rose  
And cooked beneath the sun.  
"Ship ahoy!" cried Surfer Bean,  
And all the friends climbed on.

The rescue raft worked like a treat,  
They soon were back on land;  
Nothing ever felt as good  
As toes upon the sand.

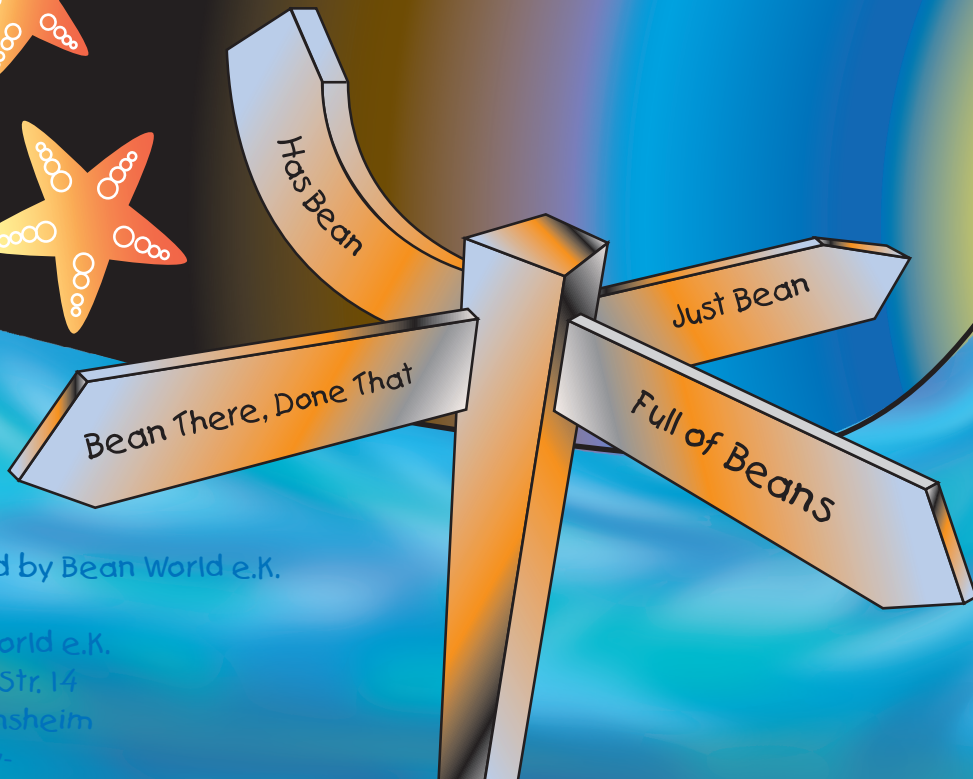
"I guess I've learned my lesson now,"  
Poor Surfer Bean confessed;  
"I must be more responsible,  
This test was for the best."

“From now on safety, is the key -  
I’ll take care of my friends.  
Without that flour, we would all  
Have come to sticky ends.”





Meet Cheezy,  
Gourmet, Nurse, Pardon  
and Soccer Bean  
in Story Book 3....



# Bean World

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