

# Bean World



Bean World™  
Beanorta - The Beginning  
Story Book 1

Beanorta, the beginning...

"A low rumbling deep down in the ground was the first sign that Mount Beanorta was alive. For hundreds of years this huge volcano had towered over a faraway land of sunshine, blue skies and sandy beaches.



Now Beanorta was erupting, and when the smoke from its peak finally turned red, it was not lava which shot into the air, but tiny little plants which rolled down the side of the mountain and buried themselves in the warm soil.

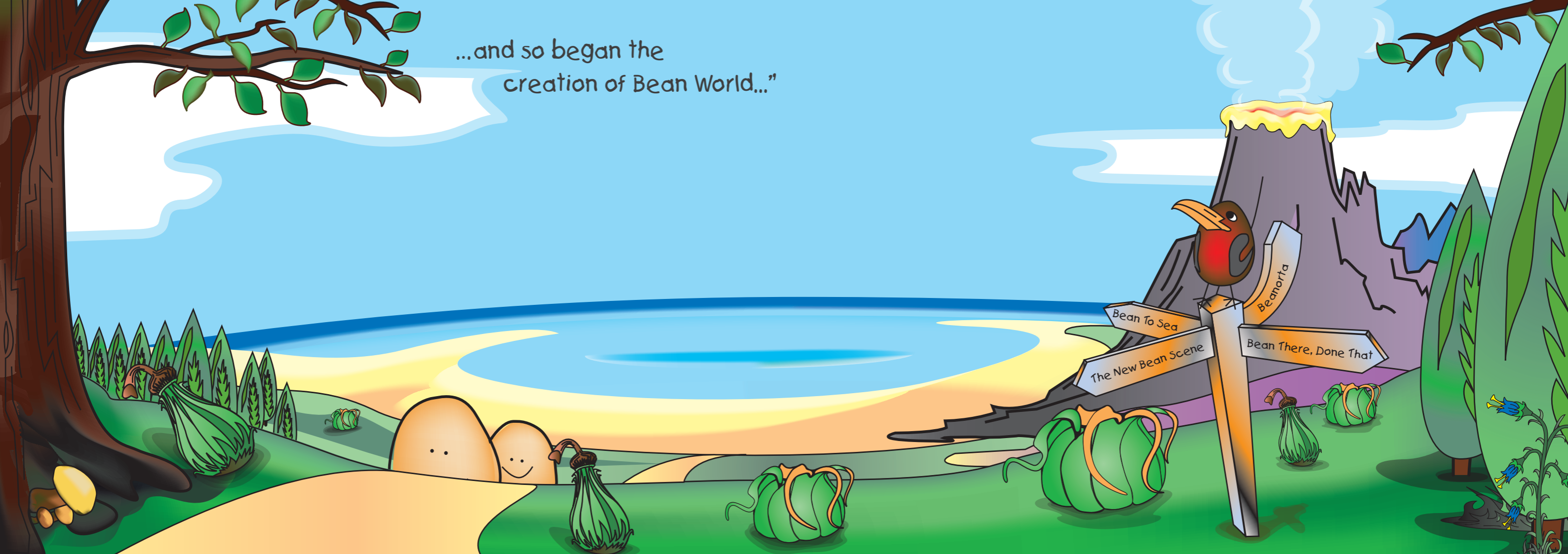
Then all was quiet again for many weeks. The sun shone down on the plants, and the occasional soft rain shower watered the earth. Little shoots began to emerge and on the end of each of these was a small beanpod.

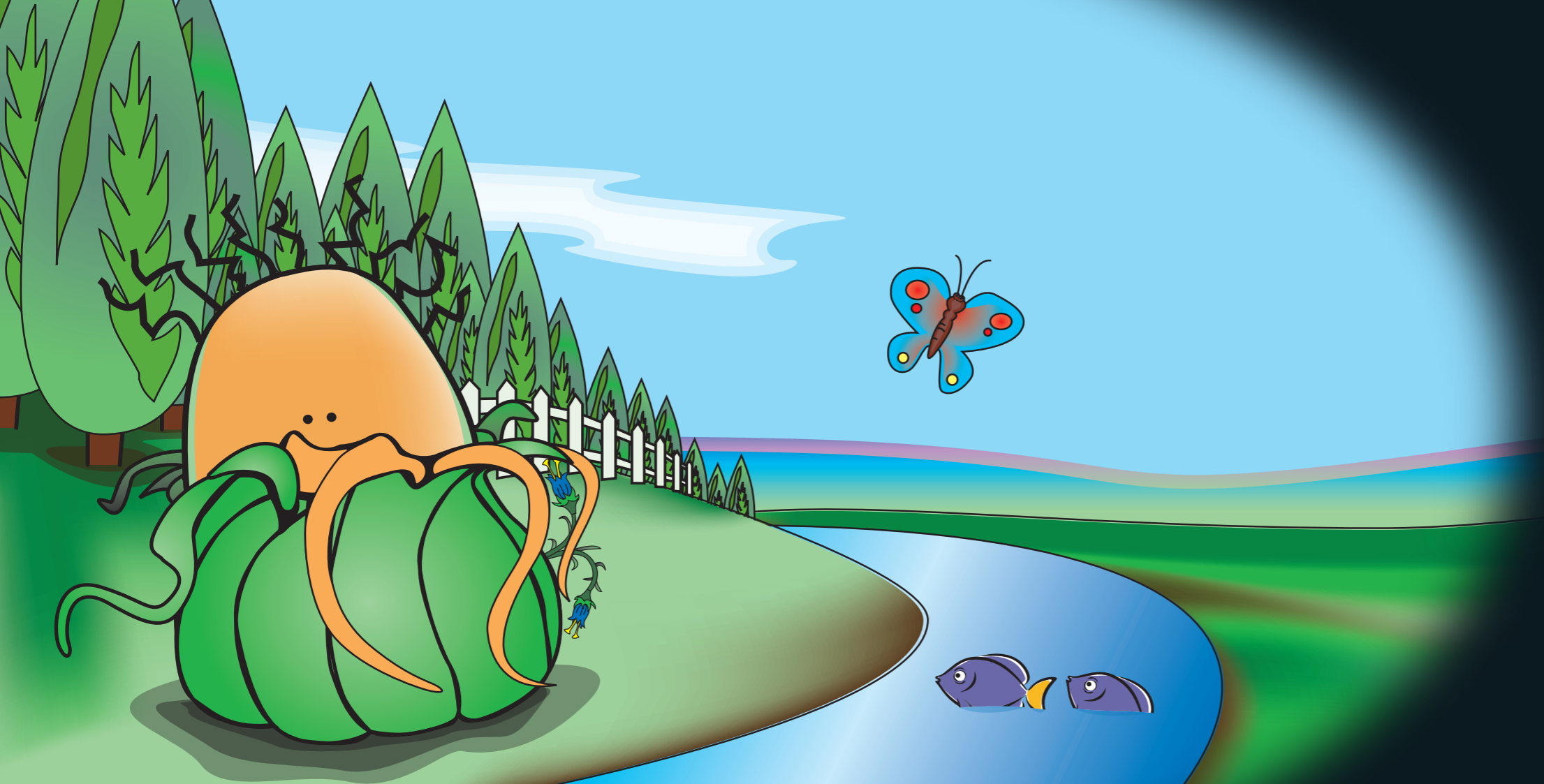
These beanpods grew gradually, until they became too heavy for the plants and fell off, landing gently on the soft ground. Out of each pod climbed a Bean.

Soon there were dozens of Beans, some stretching lazily, some jumping with excitement as they turned their faces to the bright sunshine. The Beans began to explore the beautiful land and in a very short time a whole new world started to take shape...



...and so began the  
creation of Bean World..."





Inventor Bean was pretty smart,  
And first out of the ground.  
He smoothed his hair, and gave a cough,  
And had a good look round.

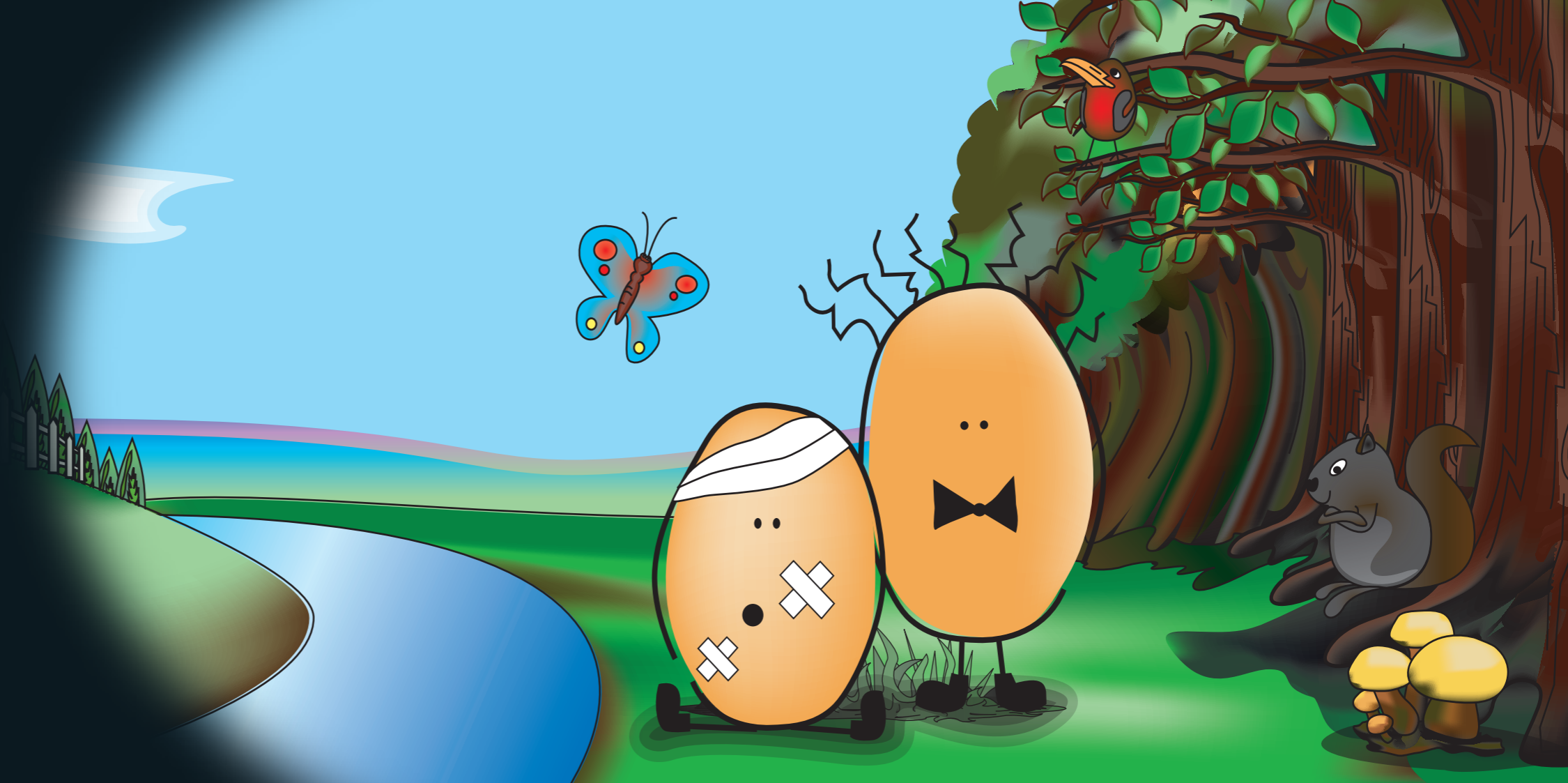
Little pods lay strewn about  
Looking plump and green;  
As he watched, he saw one burst -  
There lay a brand new Bean.

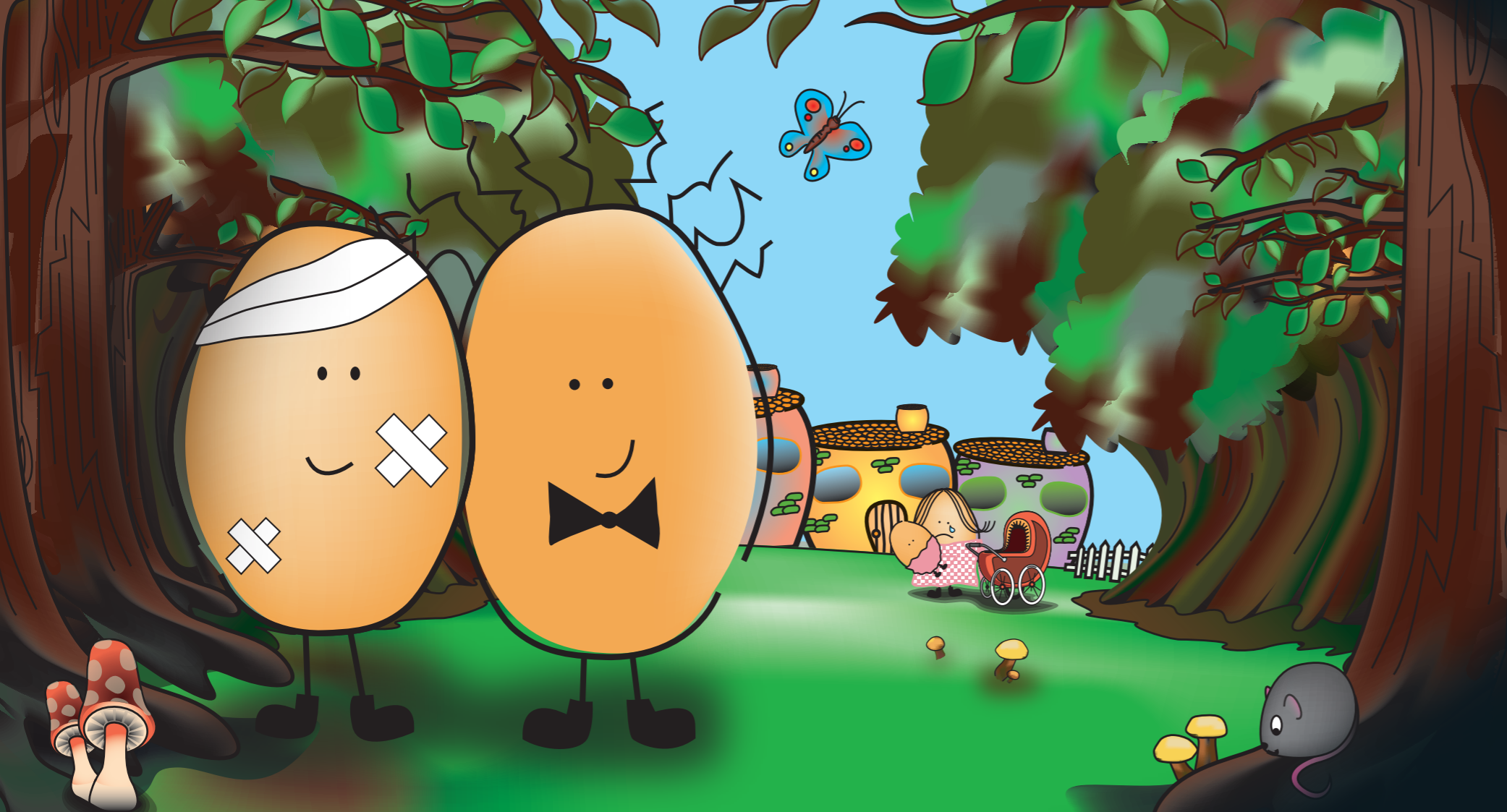
'I say!' he whispered. 'Who goes there?'  
And walked across to see  
The smaller Bean, still blinking hard,  
Struggling to one knee.

'What - where am I? And who are you?'  
The little Bean said;  
He gave a wobble, then he slipped  
And bumped his brand new head.

The older Bean just hid his smile  
And thought, 'Oh good, a chum.'  
As the smaller Bean got to his feet -  
Then fell flat on his bum.

'We're the only Beans here  
As far as I can tell,  
I think I'll call you Clumsy Bean,  
It fits you rather well.'

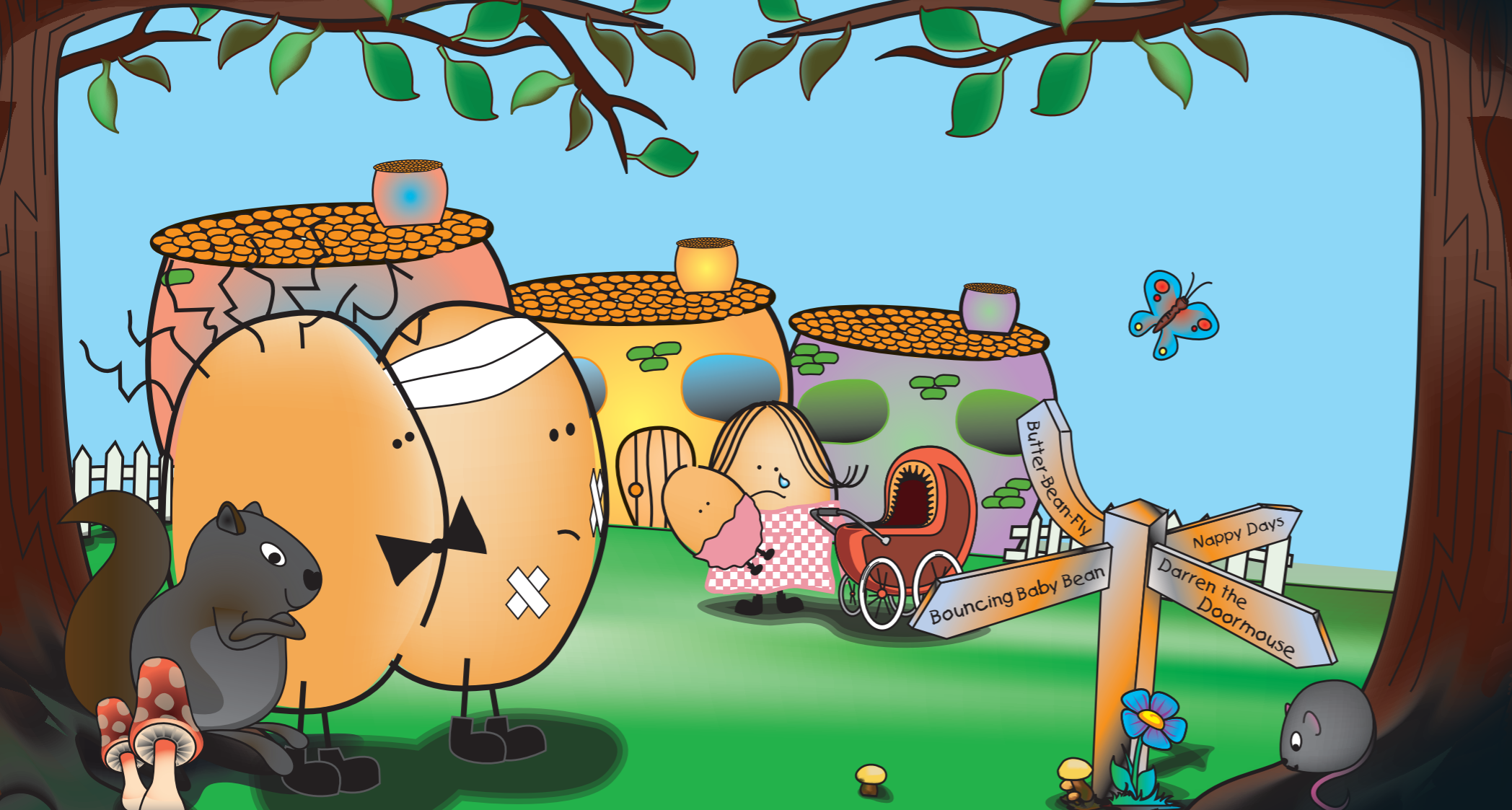




Feeling cross, the small Bean said  
‘Come on, lend a hand!  
I’m sure there’s lots of fun to have  
Exploring this new land.’

‘Yes, I know, I’ve got a plan,’  
Inventor Bean replied,  
Once his friend was up again  
And standing by his side.

‘I invent things, don’t you know,  
My brain is rather large.  
I’d like to offer you a job -  
How much do you charge?’



Before the small one's answer came  
A voice said from behind:  
'I've got to feed and change her now -  
Hold this, do you mind?'

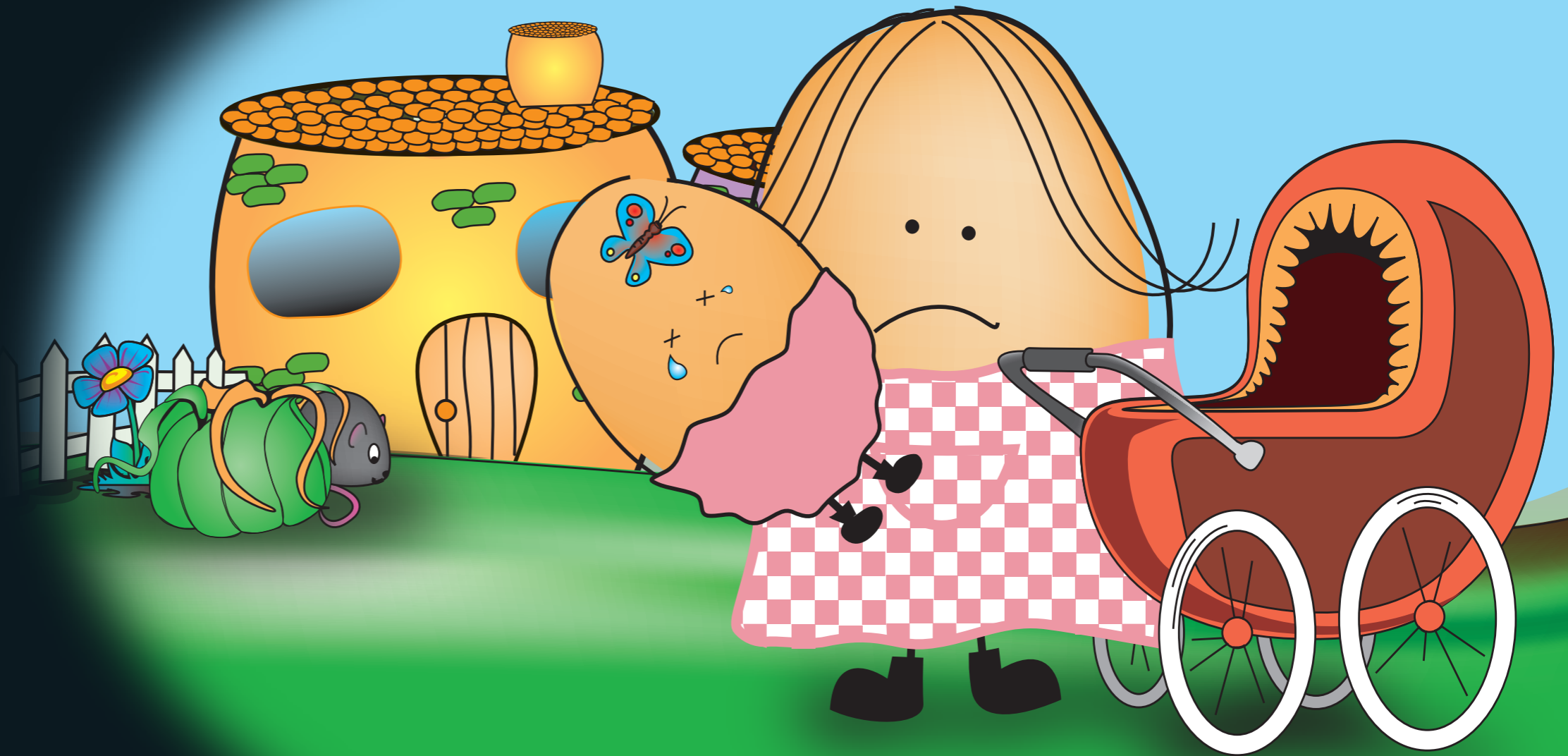
A new Bean clearly had arrived;  
To Clumsy, she looked older.  
Wrapped in pink, her baby snuggled  
Up against her shoulder.

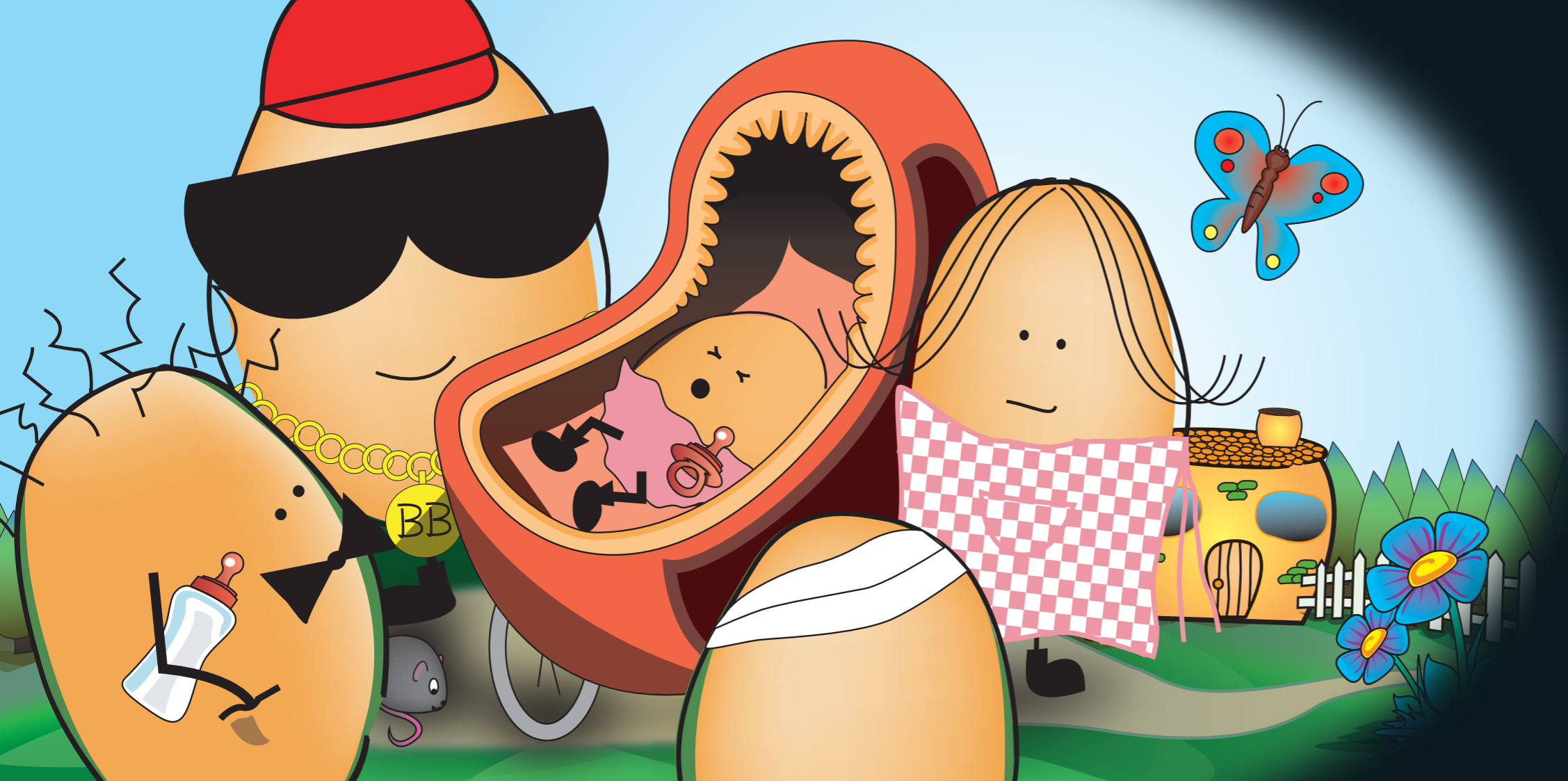
'Sorry!' Came the sharp reply,  
'Inventor Bean's the name.  
We've got too many things to do,  
Inventing is our game.'

'Oh!' said Mummy Bean, upset,  
(she'd found him rather snappy),  
'I'll have to manage by myself,  
And juggle with this nappy.'

Clumsy Bean, for all his faults,  
Did feel rather bad.  
He knew that mums need lots of help -  
And where on earth was Dad?

Still, he kept his thoughts inside  
And kept his eyes cast down,  
He didn't see another Bean  
Approaching with a frown.

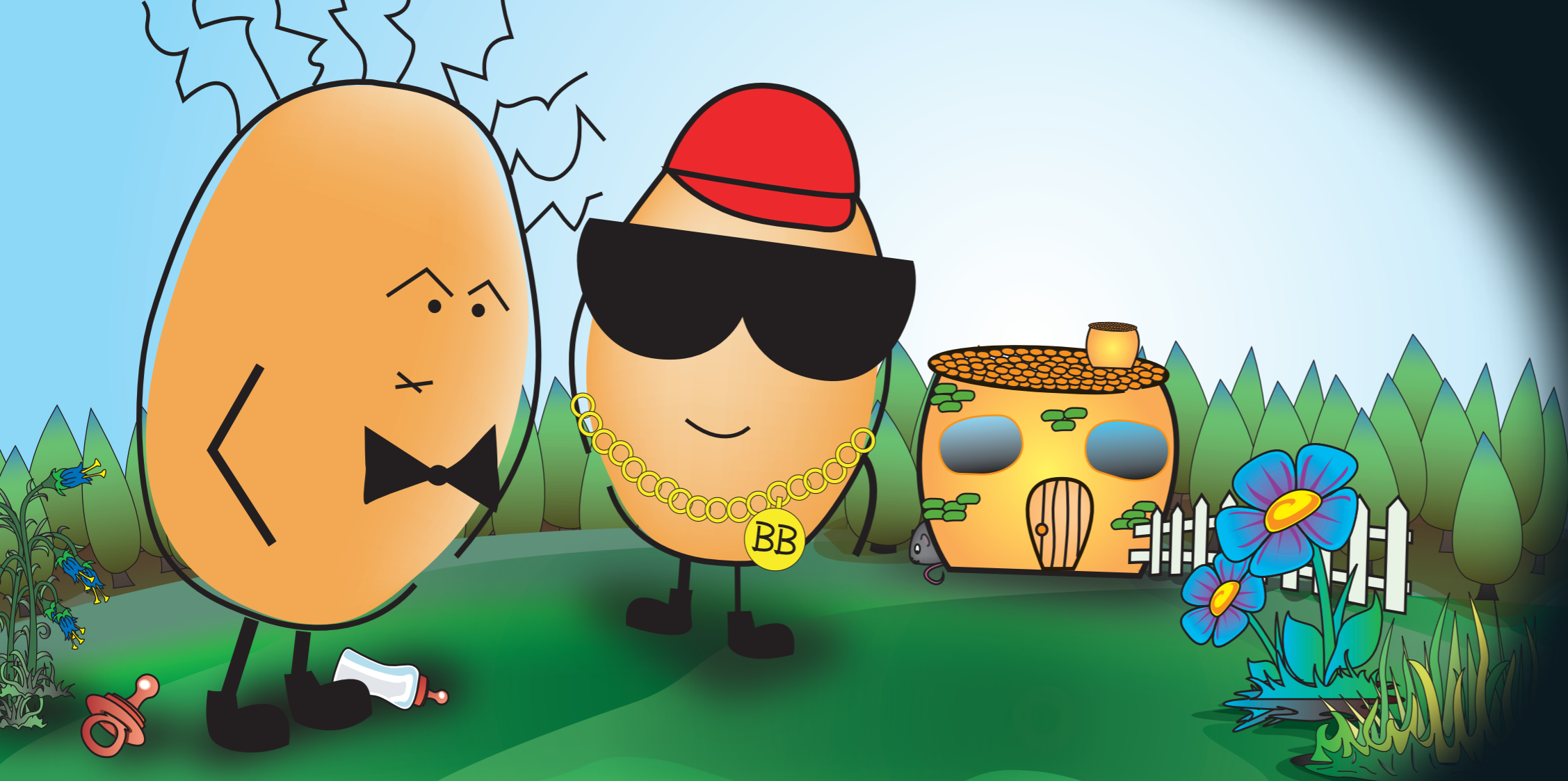




'Dude!' The word came loud and clear,  
From someone hard to see -  
Most of him was hidden by  
Dark shades and jewellery.

'I fink the lady needs a hand,  
So what's the bling-king deal?'  
As Bling-Bling Bean, a real tough Bean,  
Told them to get real.

'A mum needs help from everyone,  
If she's to raise her posse -  
Why do you two stand around,  
And why d'you act so bossy?'



'How dare you!' cried Inventor Bean,  
'And who d'you think YOU are?  
Give your elders more respect,  
Or else you won't get far.'

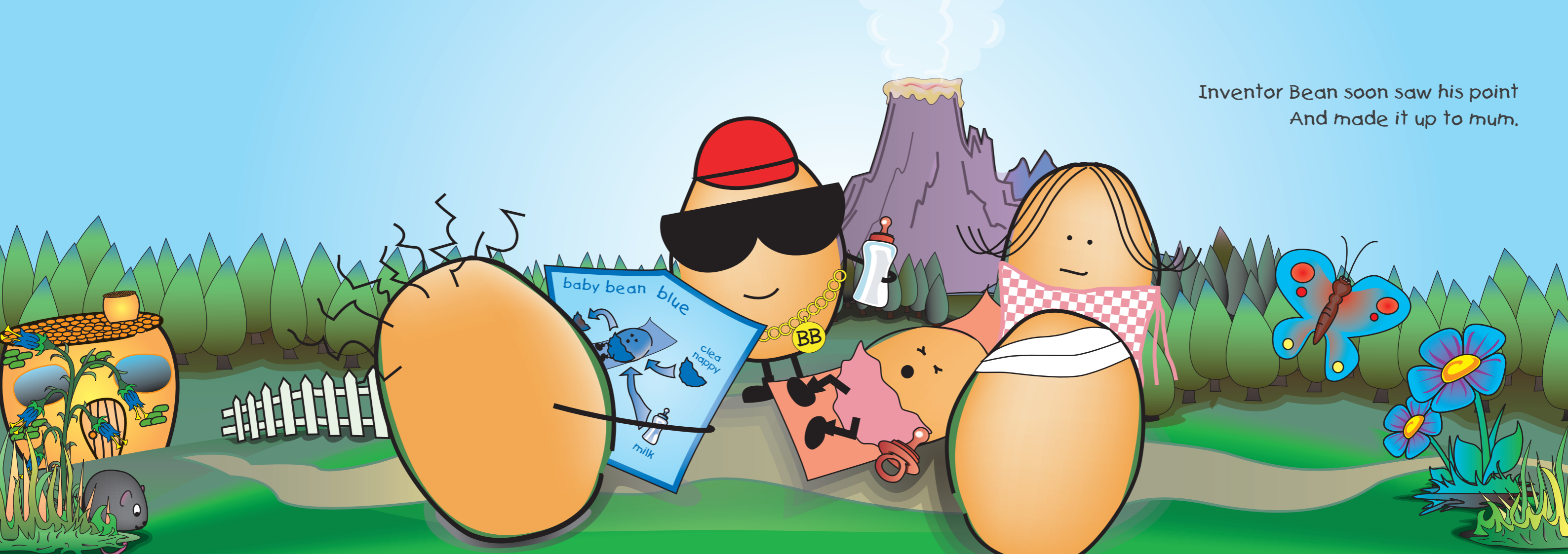
At this point Clumsy'd had enough,  
He felt his conscience rage:  
He knew that doing what was right  
Did not depend on age.

'In this new World,' he told himself,  
'We all must help each other.  
There's no point starting off like this -  
There'll be no end of bother.'

Feeling rather less than brave,  
Dear Clumsy took a stand:  
'Bling-Bling's right, you know,' he said -  
'It's time we loaned a hand.'

'Inventing's bound to help us out,  
And give us tools and houses;  
But we must put each other first,  
Or we'll turn into louses.'





Inventor Bean soon saw his point  
And made it up to mum.

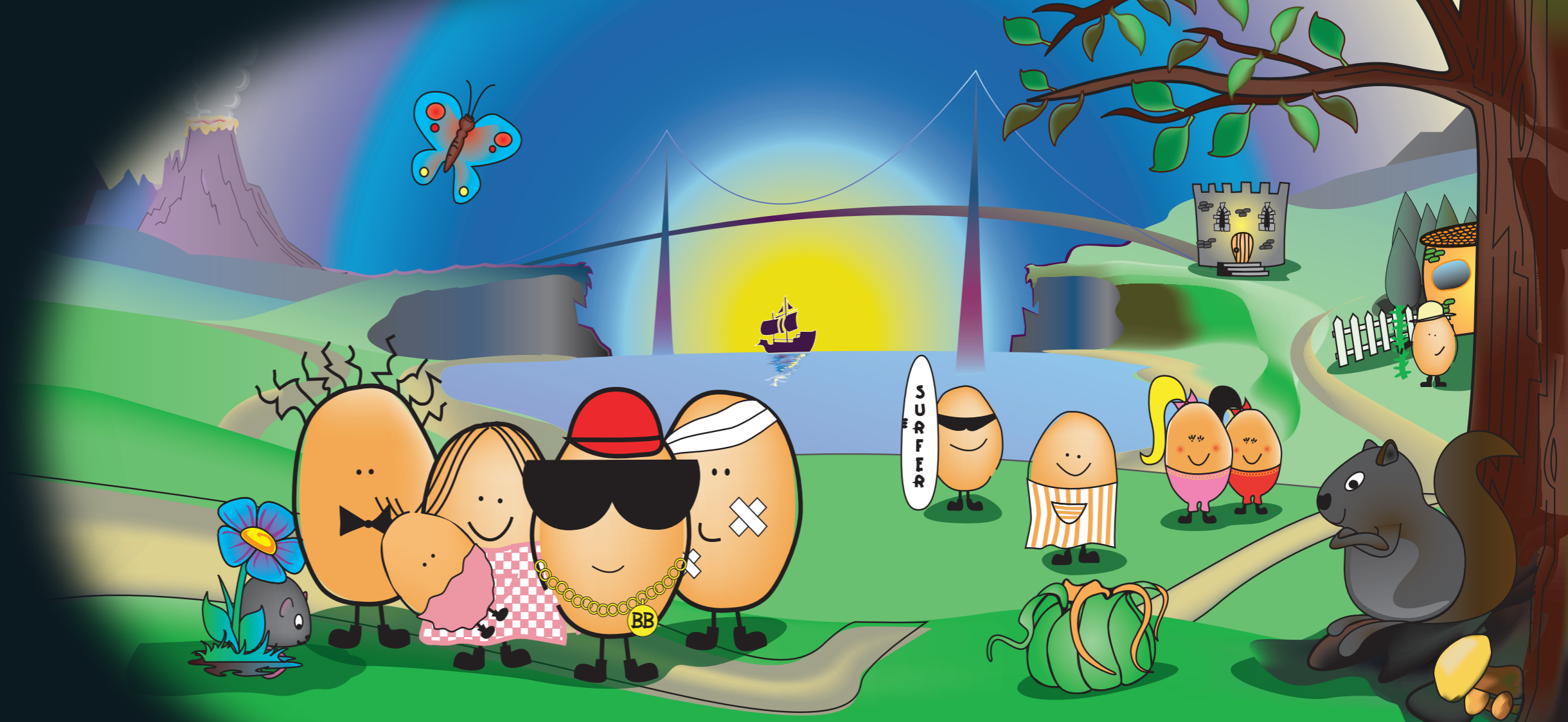
The nappy soon was clean again -  
And so was Baby's bum.

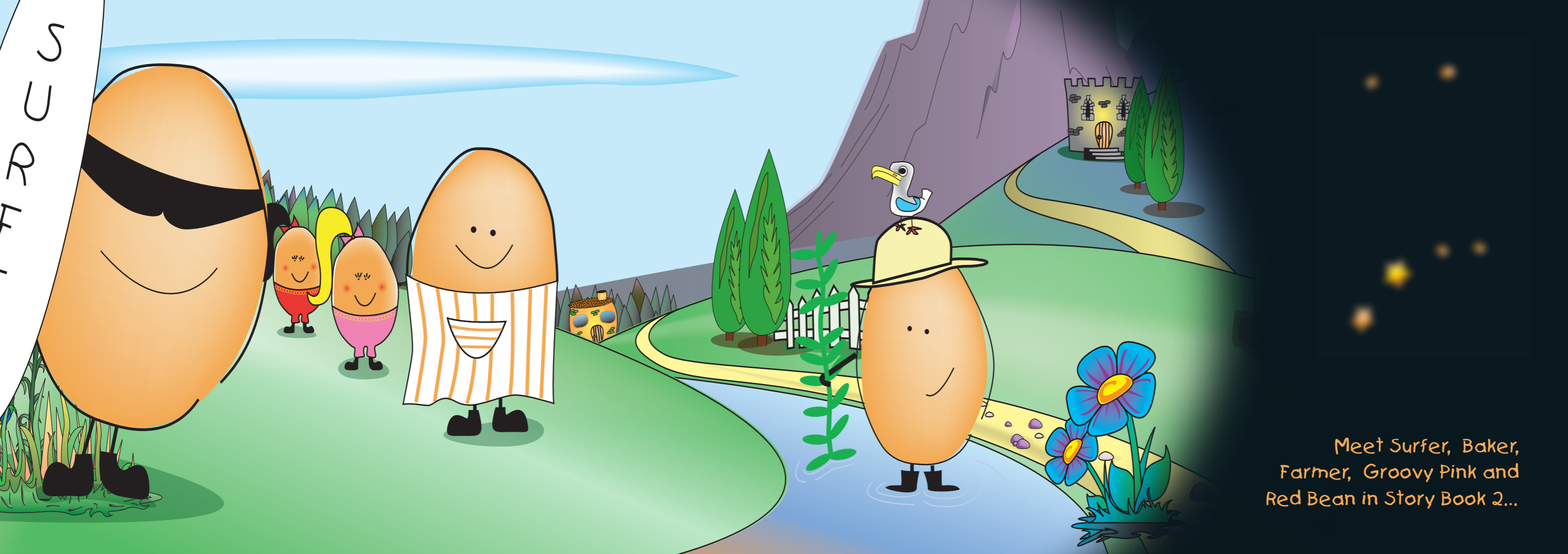


The older Bean had got the point,  
He now put people first:  
And Clumsy needed extra help -  
He always came off worst.

More Beans appeared  
And Bean World grew,  
And all of them were friends.  
From time to time they did fall out,  
But always made amends.

And so we say goodbye for now  
To every little Bean:  
Remember, kindness is the thing:  
There's no point being mean.





SURFER

Meet Surfer, Baker,  
Farmer, Groovy Pink and  
Red Bean in Story Book 2...



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