

BEANS

TastEd



**STORIES AND
POEMS**

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POEM: BRILLIANT BEANS

THE GIFT OF THE MILPA

Long ago, before people walked the land, the world was bare and silent. The Earth was hungry. The Sky was empty. The people-to-be waited in the darkness, with no food, no seeds, and no songs.

The gods gathered in the wind and asked:
“How will we feed the ones who come after us?”

Three sister spirits stepped forward. They had grown together since the beginning of time, braided like strands of hair.

The first sister stood tall and golden, with a crown of green leaves.

“I am Izel, the Corn,” she said. “I will stretch toward the sun and feed the people with my sweet kernels.”

The second sister crept low and wide, her vines curling like laughter.

“I am Metzi, the Squash,” she said. “I will cover the earth, keeping it cool and moist, and offer my blossoms and fruits.”

The third sister stood quiet and clever, coiling around her sisters.

“I am Citlali, the Bean,” she said. “I will climb and cling, and in return, I will fix the soil, feeding us all with what I give back.”

The gods were unsure.

“Why three?” they asked.

“Together, we are strong,” Izel replied. “Alone, we are not enough.”

To test them, the gods scattered the three sisters apart.

Corn grew tall—but the wind bent her and the rain broke her. Squash spread far—but the sun burned her and the bugs chewed her leaves.

Bean tried to climb—but found nothing to hold onto, and her roots dried up.

The gods saw their struggle and understood.

So they called them back and planted them together in one patch of rich soil.

Corn stood strong and tall. Bean climbed her like a ladder to the sky. Squash shaded their feet, keeping the soil damp and safe.

And from that patch grew the first Milpa—a living gift, a family of plants, each one giving and taking, just as people would need to do.

When humans arrived, the gods whispered the story of the Three Sisters into their dreams.

The people listened, planted, and learned. And to this day, when corn, bean, and squash are grown together, the Earth remembers.



THE GREAT BEAN TAKEOVER

Let's take a moment to salute a British icon.

No, not the King. Not the Beatles. Not even the weather.

We're talking about... the baked bean.

Small. Mild-mannered. Covered in orange sauce.

The kind of thing you underestimate until it turns up at breakfast, steals the spotlight, and splashes on your school shirt.

But it wasn't always this way. In fact, baked beans didn't even start in Britain. So how did they become a national obsession?

Hold onto your toast. This story's saucy.....

Long ago (okay, around 1900), in North America, someone had a bright idea:

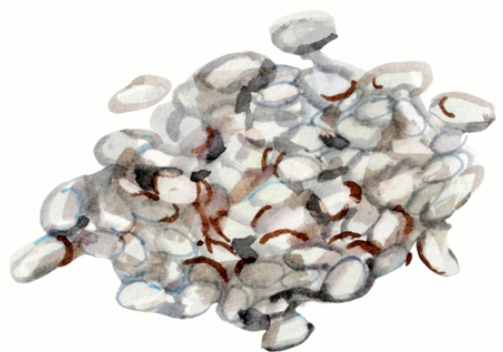
Take some haricot beans (small, pale, mildly bean-ish),
Cook them in sweet tomato sauce,
And seal them in tins like little edible time capsules.

Why?

Because it was practical.

Because they lasted for ages.

And because, one day, someone looked across the ocean and said:
"Let's send these to Britain."



Spoiler alert: Britain was not ready.

Let's picture it: Edwardian Britain. People are eating meat pies, suet puddings, and things that have been boiled into submission. Then along comes a tin of beans in tomato sauce.

Britain blinked.

"Beans?"

"In... tomato?"

"From a... tin?"

Some called it clever. Others called it nonsense. One brave soul probably tried to spread them on scones.

But the beans didn't mind.

They sat quietly. Patiently. Waiting for their moment.

Because sometimes the best revolutions are tinned.

That moment came with two world wars and a side of rationing. Suddenly, food wasn't just about flavour — it was about survival.

Fresh ingredients were scarce. Long shelf life was gold dust. Meals needed to be quick, cheap, and comforting.

Enter: The Bean.

Tinned baked beans didn't need peeling, chopping, or defrosting. They just needed a tin opener and a bit of heat.

(Or not — desperate times, desperate spoons.)

They fed families and school canteens. They fed nurses and doctors. They were the unsung heroes of wartime kitchens.

Then, sometime in the 1950s or 60s, history was made.

A brilliant, anonymous legend poured hot beans onto toast.

Toast!

Dry. Crisp. Humble.

Suddenly soaked in sweet-savoury tomato glory.

It was... magnificent.

Beans on toast became a national comfort food overnight.

Easy. Cheap. Satisfying. Slightly messy.

A meal you could make half-asleep with one eye open and a fork already in your hand.

From that moment on, baked beans weren't just food.

They were family.

By the 1970s, baked beans were unstoppable.

They were in cafés, school canteens, camping trips, and late-night student snacks.

They appeared at breakfast next to eggs and sausages, and no one questioned it.

And now?

Britain eats millions of tins every week.

They've survived decades of diet trends, microwave meals, and suspicious glances from people who say they "don't usually like beans".

The bean has become a British staple — despite not being British, not actually baked, and still arriving by ship from North America.

In other words: total icon.



BRILLIANT BEANS

Beans, beans, a marvellous bunch—
Perfect for dinner, snack, or lunch!
Tiny treasures, bold and bright,
Bursting with colour, taste, and might.

Red kidney beans like ruby stones,
Butter beans soft as creamy scones.
Black beans gleam with inky sheen,
Each one a gem in shades between.

Cannellini beans so smooth and white,
A creamy bite that feels just right.
Borlotti beans with speckled skins,
Like little works of art with grins!

Each one different, each one great,
Full of power on your plate.
Packed with fibre, protein too,
Beans help build a stronger you.

They help your muscles, feed your brain,
Give you energy like a train!
They're kind to soil, they grow with ease,
They don't need much—just sun and breeze.

Boiled or baked, in stews or dips,
Beans bring smiles to hungry lips.
So scoop them, mash them, eat with glee—
Beans are brilliant, can't you see?



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