

*Marie Kyriakou*  
**Mike the Little Bean**  
*Flying to the Beach!*

Translated by:  
*Anna Lombardos*

Illustrated by:  
*Lida Varvaroussi*



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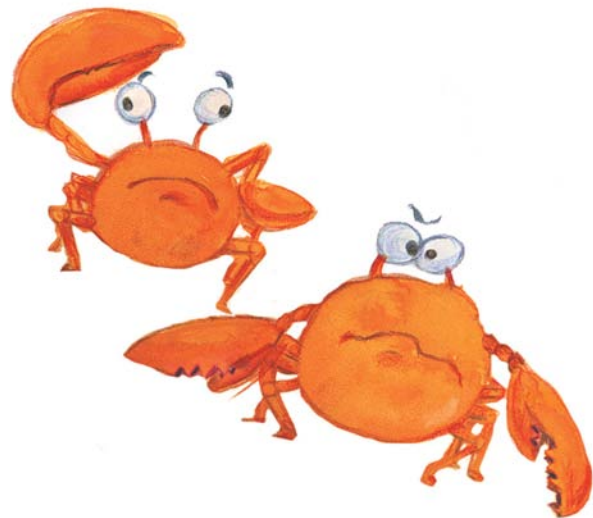
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*Lida Varvaroussi*







*I thank my husband for inspiring me every day.*





It was a beautiful, warm summer day. The entire village, including Hope's garden, was quiet, because everyone was on vacation.

"Hope, where are my arm floaties?" Mike the little bean called out.

"My friend Wally the seagull is coming to take me flying!" he announced. "I'm going to the beach!" Mike was so excited.

"Why don't you wait? We can go together soon. It's dangerous up there. It's hot. You haven't done anything like this before, and I don't want you to be at the beach alone," said Hope.





“Pleeeaaase... I want to fly with my friend,” said Mike the little bean.

“I want to see what everything looks like from up there. I promise I will be careful!” Mike said, pleading.

Finally, he convinced Hope to let him go to the beach without her.





After applying lots of sunscreen so he wouldn't get sunburned, he put on his sunglasses and his cap and went to the garden.

"I'm ready for takeoff, my friend!" he said to Wally who was waiting by the well.





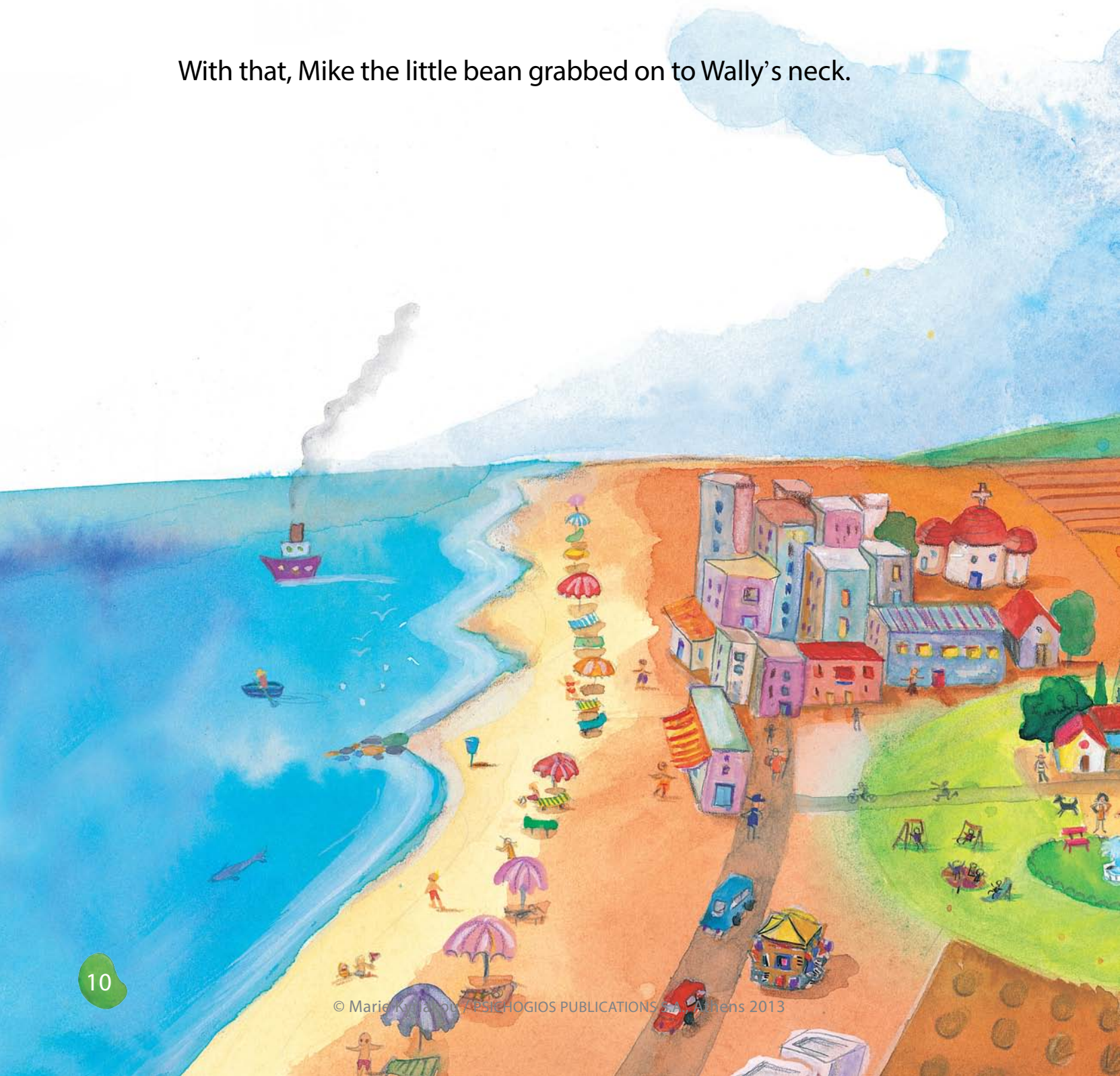


“Ha ha ha... you look like you’ve been dipped in vanilla frosting! I almost didn’t recognize you!” Wally joked.

“Very funny! I don’t care what you say. I promised Hope that I would be careful and stay safe. And yes, I did use a little extra sunscreen,” Mike answered.  
“Now let’s go! I’m ready.”



With that, Mike the little bean grabbed on to Wally's neck.





“I want you to take me high up, very high up. I can’t wait to see what the houses, the trees and the people look like from up there,” said Mike.

He looked around as the seagull soared up to the sky.

“Everything looks beautiful and peaceful from up here,” he said.

“And the people too. They look so different. Ha! They all look like little beans – so small and harmless.”







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