

## Bean' s Secret

Bean quietly assembled his Birthday minecraft lego set- stack, click, stack, click. The repetitive clicking sounded very much like the gun he had used in 'Who's Your Daddy?' when he would try and kill himself as the suicidal baby. He would play that game with his older cousin Edward, his actual name was Luke but Bean knew that most people on the internet called him by Str4hm, as he had found out when he stalked and looked through his cousin's laptop. However, Bean had noticed that one particular person in Luke's Discord seemed to always call him Edward for some reason. But Bean hadn't thought much of it. He liked playing imaginary too. Sometimes while he was playing mario kart with Edward he would imagine he could actually drive, cruising at speeds faster than that of even Baby Driver, slamming into Edward, hopefully sending him to the ER. Maybe a few broken ribs too, if he was lucky.

Bean craved thrill. He craved for Edward's hurting.

Bean, in every way, was the son Dexter would have wanted. This of course was unfortunately not true, and so Bean sighed, knowing he was stuck having Leanne's brother as his dad. Bean had no idea what his father's name was, he had always just called him "Dad" and so for the sake of this story, and because for the reader, Bean's Dad is not also your Dad, we will refer to Bean's Dad as Leanne's brother going forward.

Leanne's brother and Leanne are siblings. Bean knew that much at least. Well that's what they all told him. He was not always quite sure if everything his family told him was the truth. For example, he knew that Santa did not exist, it was just Leanne's brother and his wife, who were actually the ones buying him the gifts. But Bean did not want to disappoint the adults in their childhood merry. He did not want them to stop buying him gifts either. Bean liked gifts.

But back to Leanne's brother, his family *claimed* Leanne's brother and Leanne both originated from Mamal and Papal. But Bean knew *everyone* in his life originated from Mamal and Papal. Edward also came from them. Bean himself came from them too. Bean's teacher as well. His friends. His swimschool instructor too. They were all Papals. Therefore, if everyone was a Papal, would that not make everyone Leanne's brother? Bean pondered.

It did not make sense to him at all.

No, even at his very young age, Bean started to grow suspicions about the true nature of his father.

Stack, click, stack, stack, click, finger into his nostrils, stack, click, slimy finger out of his nostrils, stack, click. His minecraft lego was coming out quite marvelously. Although there were sprinkles of his snot throughout, Bean did not mind at all. Famous chefs like Gordon Ramsey always added their secret ingredients to dishes, and so in Bean's lego creations he too would add his special ingredient. It is what made his lego sets untouchable.

Bean stared at his finished lego piece and then started to wonder what the other Papals, or shall we say, what all of Leanne's brothers were doing.

Clickipity Clap. Clickipity Clap.

Bean galloped towards the living room and jumped straight on to his cousin Edward, making sure to kick him where it would hurt. Although Bean knew it wouldn't really hurt for Edward because his cousin had endured a tragic surgery as a young child, even Bean, who dreamed of sending Edward to the ER, felt bad at the very thought of his cousin having been circumcised.

Reader, a moment of silence.

After kicking his cousin and gloating in the joy it gave him, Bean looked around and noticed Leanne's brothers, the Papals, were all far too busy to even acknowledge him.

So Bean took matters into his own hands.

With a huff and a puff, Bean screamed his lungs out. He yelled until his throat was sore, his face was all pudgy and red from crying and his nostrils had been emptied of a year's supply of his special ingredient snot.

The Papals turned.

Bean smiled.

He had finally got their attention.

"What do you want Bean?" Leanne's brother asked.

This was actually said by Leanne's brother's wife, but as discussed earlier on, all of the Papals were essentially Leanne's brother.

“I have something important to say,” Bean replied, sniffing his nose. It seemed, although he had thought he had emptied his nostrils, there still was some of his precious snot leaking out.

“What is it you want to say? Spill,” Leanne’s brother uttered.

Again, I feel the need to clarify to the reader that this was actually said by Bean’s older sister, but as discussed earlier on, we are all Papals and so are all essentially Leanne’s brother, since we all originated from Mamal and Papal.

“I finished building my minecraft lego” Bean grinned.

The Papals all rose and clapped for Bean, for exactly 23 seconds.

15 seconds shorter than they had clapped for when Bean had built his 7th birthday Lego.

And so Bean knew what he had to do.

With a huff and a puff, Bean screamed his lungs out. He yelled until his throat was sore, his face was all pudgy and red from crying and his nostrils had been emptied of all his remaining special ingredient snot.

The Papals turned.

Bean smiled.

He had finally got their attention.

“What do you want Bean?” Leanne’s brother asked.

This was actually said by Leanne’s brother this time, Bean’s Dad.

“Leanne’s brothers all only clapped for 23 seconds” Bean cried.

The Papals’ faces all dropped in worry and shock. How could they have all made such a grave mistake? They all went on their knees and bowed to Bean, hoping he would forgive their grievous mistake. Bean took his time deciding whether to forgive them or not. He got on top of Edward’s back and jumped on him two times. And then another three times.

“Ow,” Edward cried. Bean grinned, finally satisfied.

“Alright I forgive you guys. Please proceed with the clapping.”

And so Leanne's brothers all rose and clapped for Bean. The correct number of seconds this time. Bean grinned, all 13 of his teeth showing. He skipped back up to his room and kicked his lego down to start building it all over again.

Stack, click, stack click.

The sound echoed through the house, sharp and mechanical. No one downstairs could tell anymore if it was Lego clicking, or Bean loading something else.