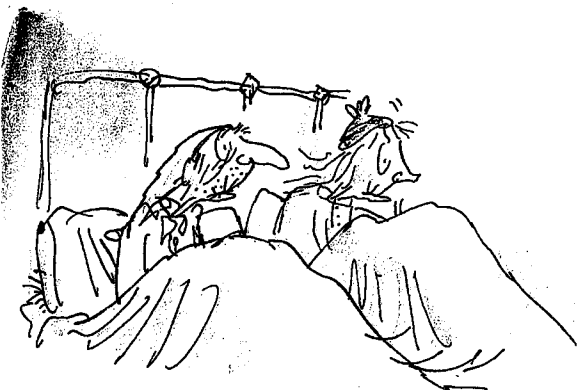
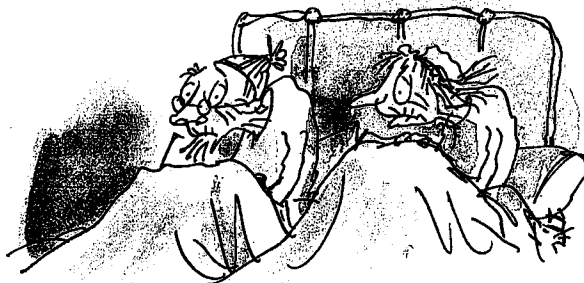


Here Comes Charlie

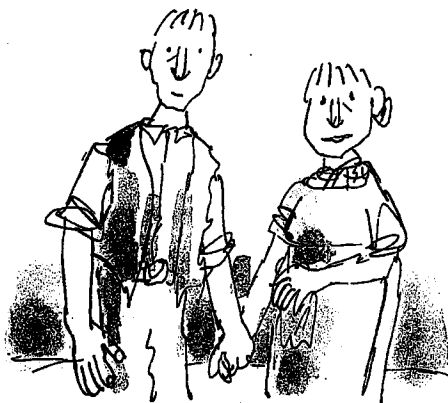


These two very old people are the father and mother of Mr Bucket. Their names are Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine.

11



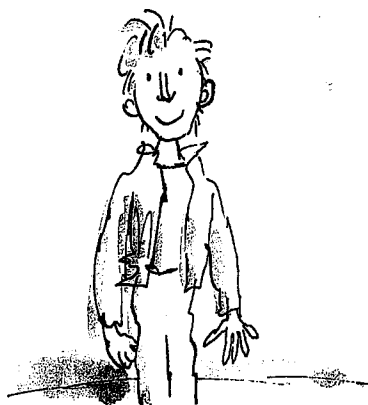
And *these* two very old people are the father and mother of Mrs Bucket. Their names are Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina.



This is Mr Bucket. This is Mrs Bucket.
Mr and Mrs Bucket have a small boy whose name is Charlie Bucket.

12

The whole of this family – the six grown-ups (count them) and little Charlie Bucket – live together in a small wooden house on the edge of a great town.



This is Charlie.
How d'you do? And how d'you do? And how d'you do again? He is pleased to meet you.

13



14

Mr Bucket was the only person in the family with a job. He worked in a toothpaste factory.

There wasn't even enough money to buy proper food for them all. [...] Charlie felt it worst of all.

He desperately wanted something more filling and satisfying than cabbage and cabbage soup. The one thing he longed for more than anything else was ... CHOCOLATE. [...]

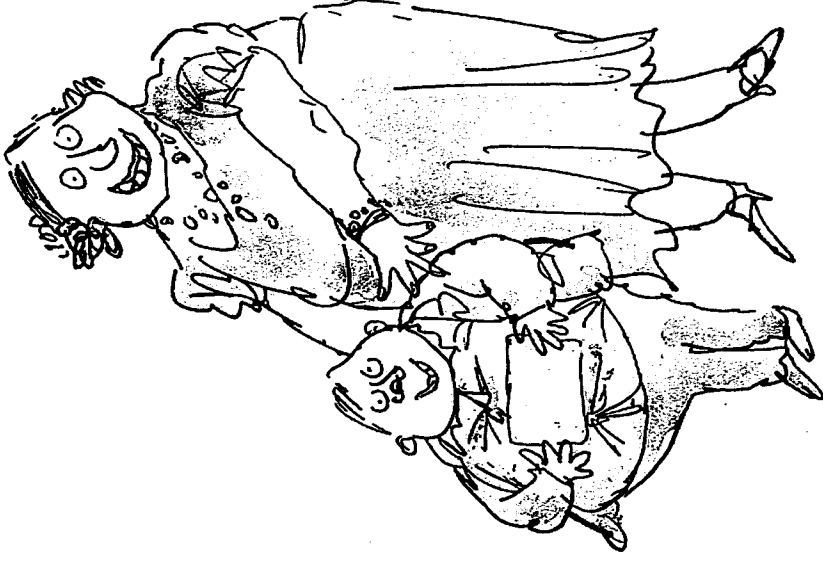
Only once a year, on his birthday, did Charlie Bucket ever get to taste a bit of chocolate.

The First Two Finders

The very next day, the first Golden Ticket was found. The finder was a boy called Augustus Gloop.

The picture showed a nine-year-old boy who was so enormously fat he looked as though he had been blown up with a powerful pump. Great flabby folds of fat bulged out from every part of his body, and his face was like a monstrous ball of dough with two small greedy curranty eyes peering out upon the world.

'I just *knew* Augustus would find a Golden Ticket,' his mother had told the newspapermen. 'He eats *so many* bars of chocolate a day that it was almost *impossible* for him *not* to find one. Eating is his hobby, you know. That's *all* he's interested in.



Suddenly, on the day before Charlie Bucket's birthday, the newspapers announced that the second Golden Ticket had been found. The lucky person was a small girl called Veruca Salt who lived with her rich parents in a great city far away.



Veruca's father, Mr Salt, had eagerly explained to the newspapermen exactly how the ticket was found. 'You see, boys,' he had said, 'as soon as my little girl told me that she simply *had* to have one of those Golden Tickets, I went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka bars I could lay my hands on. *Thousands* of them, I must have bought. *Hundreds* of thousands! Then I had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to my own factory. I'm in the peanut business, you see.'

'But three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh, it was terrible! My little Veruca got more and more upset each day, and every time I went home she would scream at me, "*Where's my Golden Ticket! I want my Golden Ticket!*" And she would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Well, I just hated to see my little girl feeling unhappy like that, so I vowed I would

keep up the search until I'd got her what she wanted. Then suddenly . . . on the evening of the fourth day, one of my women workers yelled, "I've got it! A Golden Ticket!" And I said, "Give it to me, quick!" and she did, and I rushed it home and gave it to my darling Veruca, and now she's all smiles, and we have a happy home once again.'

'The third ticket,' read Mr Bucket,
was found by a Miss Violet Beauregarde.

And the famous girl was standing on a
chair in the living room waving the Golden Ticket
madly at arm's length as though she were flagging
a taxi. She was talking very fast and very loudly to
everyone, but it was not easy to hear all that she



said because she was chewing so ferociously upon a
piece of gum at the same time.

"I'm a gum chewer, normally," she shouted,
"but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr
Wonka's, I gave up gum and started on chocolate
bars in the hope of striking lucky. *Now*, of course,
I'm back on gum. I just *adore* gum. I can't do
without it. I munch it all day long.

"And it may interest you
to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right
at this moment is one I've been working on for
over *three months solid*. That's a record, that is. It's
beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss
Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she furious! It's my
most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is."

The fourth Golden Ticket,' he read, 'was found by a boy called Mike Teavee.'

'The Teavee household,' said Mr Bucket, going on with his reading, 'was crammed, like all the others, with excited visitors when our reporter arrived, but young Mike Teavee, the lucky winner, seemed extremely annoyed by the whole business. "Can't you fools see I'm watching television?" he said angrily. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt!"

'The nine-year-old boy was seated before an enormous television set, with his eyes glued to the screen, and he was watching a film in which one bunch of gangsters was shooting up another bunch of gangsters with machine guns. Mike Teavee himself had no less than eighteen toy pistols of various sizes hanging from belts around his body, and



every now and again he would leap up into the air and fire off half a dozen rounds from one or another of these weapons.

'"Quiet!" he shouted, when someone tried to ask him a question. "Didn't I *tell* you not to interrupt! This show's an absolute whiz-banger! It's terrific! I watch it every day. I watch all of them every day, even the rotten ones, where there's no shooting. I like the gangsters best. They're terrific, those gangsters! ... Gosh, what wouldn't I give to be doing that myself! It's the *life*, I tell you! It's terrific!"