CHAPTER FIVE

The Golden Tickets

‘You mean people are actually going to be allowed to go inside the factory?’ cried Grandpa Joe. ‘Read us what it says – quickly!’

‘All right,’ said Mr Bucket, smoothing out the newspaper. ‘Listen.’

Evening Bulletin

Mr Willy Wonka, the confectionery genius whom nobody has seen for the last ten years, sent out the following notice today:

I, Willy Wonka, have decided to allow five children – just five, mind you, and no more – to visit my factory this year. These lucky five will be shown around personally by me, and they will be allowed to see all the secrets and the magic of my factory. Then, at the end of the tour, as a special present, all of them will be given enough chocolates and sweets to last them for the rest of their lives! So watch out for the Golden Tickets! Five Golden Tickets have been printed on golden paper, and these five Golden Tickets have been hidden underneath the ordinary wrapping paper of five ordinary bars of chocolate. These five chocolate bars may be anywhere – in any shop in any street in any town in any country in the world – upon any counter where Wonka’s Sweets are sold. And the five lucky finders of these five Golden Tickets are the only ones who will be allowed to visit my factory and see what it’s like now inside! Good luck to you all, and happy hunting!

(Signed Willy Wonka.)

‘The man’s dotty!’ muttered Grandma Josephine.

‘He’s brilliant!’ cried Grandpa Joe. ‘He’s a magician! Just imagine what will happen now! The whole world will be searching for those Golden Tickets! Everyone will be buying Wonka’s chocolate bars in the hope of finding one! He’ll sell more than ever before! Oh, how exciting it would be to find one!’

‘And all the chocolate and sweets that you could eat for the rest of your life – free!’ said Grandpa George. ‘Just imagine that!’

‘They’d have to deliver them in a truck!’ said Grandma Georgina. ‘It makes me quite ill to think of it,’ said Grandma Josephine.

‘Nonsense!’ cried Grandpa Joe. ‘Wouldn’t it be something, Charlie, to open a bar of chocolate and see a Golden Ticket glistening inside!’

‘It certainly would, Grandpa. But there isn’t a hope,’ Charlie said sadly. ‘I only get one bar a year.’

‘You never know, darling,’ said Grandma Georgina. ‘It’s your birthday next week. You have as much chance as anybody else.’

‘I’m afraid that simply isn’t true,’ said Grandpa George. ‘The kids who are going to find the Golden Tickets are the ones who can afford to buy bars of chocolate every day. Our Charlie gets only one a year. There isn’t a hope.’