My boss, Mr Salt, snatched the ticket out of my hand and he rushed home to his daughter, Veruca.

I feel \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

As I am opening what must be my hundredth chocolate bar that day, I discover the Golden Ticket inside the wrapper...

I feel \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Waking up to go to work at Mr Salt’s factory.

I feel \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Mr Salt is shouting at the workers to work faster because his daughter wants us to find a Golden Ticket. My job should be to shell peanuts- not this!

I feel \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

