

Buttergin and tonic is also very popular. Follow me, please! We really mustn't keep stopping like this." He turned left. He turned right. They came to a long flight of stairs. Mr. Wonka slid down the bannisters. The three children did the same. Mrs. Salt and Mrs. Teavee, the only women now left in the party, were getting very out of breath. Mrs. Salt was a great fat creature with short legs, and she was blowing like a rhinoceros. "This way!" cried Mr. Wonka, turning left at the bottom of the stairs.

"Go *slower*!" panted Mrs. Salt.

"Impossible," said Mr. Wonka. "We should never get there in time if I did."

"Get where?" asked Veruca Salt.

"Never you mind," said Mr. Wonka. "You just wait and see."

## 24

### Veruca in the Nut Room

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MR. WONKA RUSHED ON down the corridor. THE NUT ROOM, it said on the next door they came to.

"All right," said Mr. Wonka, "stop here for a moment and catch your breath, and take a peek through the glass panel of this door. But don't go in! Whatever you do, don't go into THE NUT ROOM! If you go in, you'll disturb the squirrels!"

Everyone crowded around the door.

"Oh look, Grandpa, look!" cried Charlie.

"Squirrels!" shouted Veruca Salt.

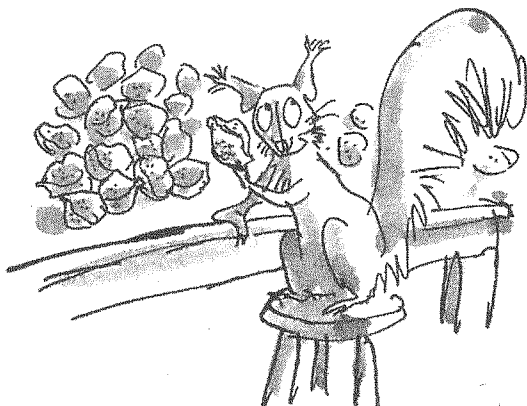
"Jeepers!" said Mike Teavee.

It was an amazing sight. One hundred squirrels were seated upon high stools around a large table. On the table, there were mounds and mounds of walnuts, and the squirrels were all working away like mad, shelling the walnuts at a tremendous speed.

"These squirrels are specially trained for getting the nuts out of walnuts," Mr. Wonka explained.

"Why use squirrels?" Mike Teavee asked. "Why not use Oompa-Loompas?"

"Because," said Mr. Wonka, "Oompa-Loompas can't get walnuts out of walnut shells in one piece. They always break them in two. Nobody except squirrels can get walnuts *whole* out of walnut shells every time. It is extremely difficult. But in my factory, I insist upon using only whole walnuts. Therefore I have to have squirrels to do the job. Aren't they wonderful, the way they get those nuts out! And see how they first tap each walnut with their knuckles to be sure it's not a bad one! If it's bad, it makes a hollow sound, and they don't bother to open it. They just throw it down the garbage chute. There! Look! Watch that squirrel nearest to us! I think he's got a bad one now!"



They watched the little squirrel as he tapped the walnut shell with his knuckles. He cocked his head to one side, listening intently, then suddenly he threw the nut over his shoulder into a large hole in the floor.

"Hey, Mummy!" shouted Veruca Salt suddenly, "I've decided I want a squirrel! Get me one of those squirrels!"

"Don't be silly, sweetheart," said Mrs. Salt. "These all belong to Mr. Wonka."

"I don't care about that!" shouted Veruca. "I want one. All I've *got* at home is two dogs and four cats and six bunny rabbits and two parakeets and three canaries and a green parrot and a turtle and a bowl of goldfish and a cage of white mice and a silly old hamster! I want a *squirrel*!"

"All right, my pet," Mrs. Salt said soothingly. "Mummy'll get you a squirrel just as soon as she possibly can."

"But I don't want *any* old squirrel!" Veruca shouted. "I want a *trained* squirrel!"

At this point, Mr. Salt, Veruca's father, stepped forward. "Very well, Wonka," he said importantly, taking out a wallet full of money, "how much d'you want for one of these crazy squirrels? Name your price."

"They're not for sale," Mr. Wonka answered. "She can't have one."

"Who says I can't!" shouted Veruca. "I'm going in to grab me a squirrel this very minute!"

"Don't!" said Mr. Wonka quickly, but he was too late. The girl had already thrown open the door and rushed in.

The moment she entered the room, one hundred squirrels stopped what they were doing and turned their heads and stared at her with small black beady eyes.

Veruca Salt stopped also, and stared back at them.

Then her gaze fell upon a pretty little squirrel sitting nearest to her at the end of the table. The squirrel was holding a walnut in its paws.

"All right," Veruca said, "I'll have *you*!"

She reached out her hands to grab the squirrel . . . but as she did so . . . in that first split second when her hands started to go forward, there was a sudden flash of movement in the room, like a flash of brown lightning, and every single squirrel around the table took a flying leap towards her and landed on her *body*.

Twenty-five of them caught hold of her right arm, and pinned it down.

Twenty-five more caught hold of her left arm, and pinned that down.

Twenty-five caught hold of her right leg and anchored it to the ground.

Twenty-*four* caught hold of her left leg.

And the one remaining squirrel (obviously the leader of them all) climbed up on to her shoulder and started tap-tap-tapping the wretched girl's head with its knuckles.

"Save her!" screamed Mrs. Salt. "Veruca! Come back! What are they *doing* to her?"

"They're testing her to see if she's a bad nut," said Mr. Wonka. "You watch."

Veruca struggled furiously, but the squirrels held her tight and she couldn't move. The squirrel on her shoulder went tap-tap-tapping the side of her head with his knuckles.

Then all at once, the squirrels pulled Veruca to the ground and started carrying her across the floor.

"My goodness, she *is* a bad nut after all," said Mr. Wonka. "Her head must have sounded quite hollow."

Veruca kicked and screamed, but it was no use. The tiny strong paws held her tightly and she couldn't escape.

"Where are they taking her?" shrieked Mrs. Salt.

"She's going where all the other bad nuts go," said Mr. Willy Wonka. "Down the garbage chute."

"By golly, she *is* going down the chute!" said Mr. Salt, staring through the glass door at his daughter.

"Then save her!" cried Mrs. Salt.

"Too late," said Mr. Wonka. "She's gone!"

And indeed she had.

"But where?" shrieked Mrs. Salt, flapping her arms. "What happens to the bad nuts? Where does the chute go to?"

"That *particular* chute," Mr. Wonka told her, "runs directly into the great big main garbage pipe which carries away all the rubbish from every part of the factory—all the floor sweepings and potato peelings and rotten cabbages and fish heads and stuff like that."

"Who eats fish and cabbage and potatoes in *this* factory, I'd like to know?" said Mike Teavee.

"I do, of course," answered Mr. Wonka. "You don't think *I* live on cacao beans, do you?"

"But . . . but . . . but . . ." shrieked Mrs. Salt, "where does the great big pipe go to in the end?"

"Why, to the furnace, of course," Mr. Wonka said calmly. "To the incinerator."

Mrs. Salt opened her huge red mouth and started to scream.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Wonka, "there's always a chance that they've decided not to light it today."

"A *chance*!" yelled Mrs. Salt. "My darling Veruca! She'll . . . she'll . . . she'll be sizzled like a sausage!"



"Quite right, my dear," said Mr. Salt. "Now see here, Wonka," he added, "I think you've gone *just* a shade too far this time, I do indeed. My daughter may be a bit of a frump—I don't mind admitting it—but that doesn't mean you can roast her to a crisp. I'll have you know I'm extremely cross about this, I really am."

"Oh, don't be cross, my dear sir!" said Mr. Wonka. "I expect she'll turn up again sooner or later. She may not even have gone down at all. She may be stuck in the chute just below the entrance hole, and if *that's* the case, all you'll have to do is go in and pull her up again."

Hearing this, both Mr. and Mrs. Salt dashed into the Nut Room and ran over to the hole in the floor and peered in.

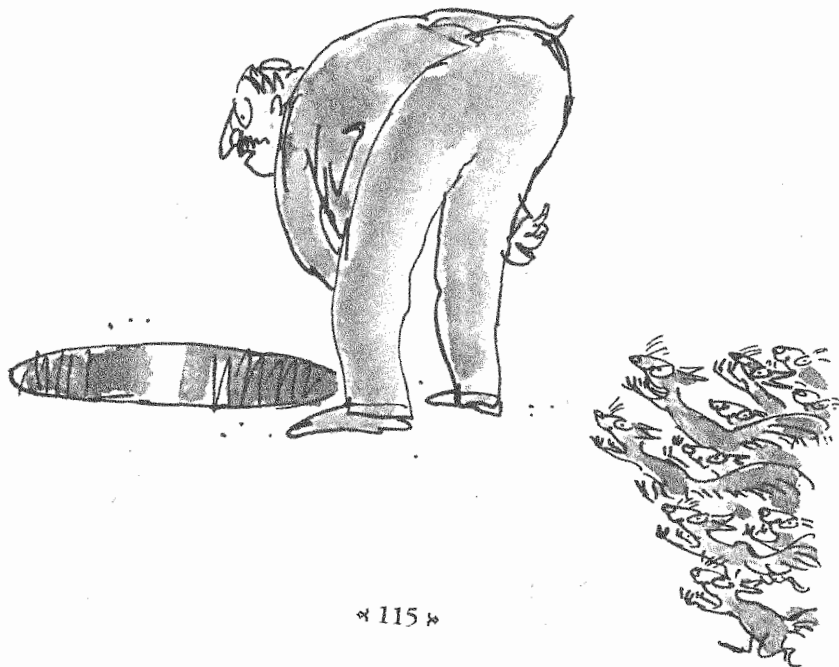
"Veruca!" shouted Mrs. Salt. "Are you down there!"

There was no answer.

Mrs. Salt bent further forward to get a closer look. She was now kneeling right on the edge of the hole with her head down and her enormous behind sticking up in the air like a giant mushroom. It was a dangerous position to be in. She needed only one tiny little push . . . one gentle nudge in the right place . . . and *that* is exactly what the squirrels gave her!

Over she toppled, into the hole head first, screeching like a parrot.

"Good gracious me!" said Mr. Salt as he watched his fat wife go tumbling down the hole, "*what* a lot of garbage there's going to be today!" He saw her disappearing into the darkness. "What's it like down there, Angina?" he called out. He leaned further forward.



The squirrels rushed up behind him. . . .

"Help!" he shouted.

But he was already toppling forward, and down the chute he went, just as his wife had done before him—and his daughter.

"Oh *dear!*" cried Charlie, who was watching with the others through the door, "what on earth's going to happen to them now?"

"I expect someone will catch them at the bottom of the chute," said Mr. Wonka.

"But what about the great fiery incinerator?" asked Charlie.

"They only light it every other day," said Mr. Wonka. "Perhaps this is one of the days when they let it go out. You never know . . . they might be lucky. . . ."

"Sssshh!" said Grandpa Joe. "Listen! Here comes another song!"

From far away down the corridor came the beating of drums. Then the singing began.

*"Veruca Salt!"* sang the Oompa-Loompas.

*"Veruca Salt, the little brute,*

*Has just gone down the garbage chute,*

*(And as we very rightly thought*

*That in a case like this we ought*

*To see the thing completely through,*

*We've polished off her parents, too.)*

*Down goes Veruca! Down the drain!*

*And here, perhaps, we should explain*

*That she will meet, as she descends,*

*A rather different set of friends*



*To those that she has left behind—  
These won't be nearly so refined.  
A fish head, for example, cut  
This morning from a halibut.  
'Hello! Good morning! How d'you do?  
How nice to meet you! How are you?'  
And then a little further down  
A mass of others gather round:  
A bacon rind, some rancid lard,  
A loaf of bread gone stale and hard,  
A steak that nobody could chew,  
An oyster from an oyster stew,  
Some liverwurst so old and gray  
One smelled it from a mile away,  
A rotten nut, a reeky pear,  
A thing the cat left on the stair,  
And lots of other things as well,  
Each with a rather horrid smell.  
These are Veruca's new found friends  
That she will meet as she descends,  
And this is the price she has to pay  
For going so very far astray.  
But now, my dears, we think you might  
Be wondering—is it really right  
That every single bit of blame  
And all the scolding and the shame  
Should fall upon Veruca Salt?  
Is she the only one at fault?  
For though she's spoiled, and dreadfully so,  
A girl can't spoil herself, you know.  
Who spoiled her, then? Ah, who indeed?*

*Who pandered to her every need?  
Who turned her into such a brat?  
Who are the culprits? Who did that?  
Alas! You needn't look so far  
To find out who these sinners are.  
They are (and this is very sad)  
Her loving parents, MUM and DAD.  
And that is why we're glad they fell  
Into the garbage chute as well.*

## 25

### The Great Glass Elevator

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"I'VE NEVER SEEN anything like it!" cried Mr. Wonka. "The children are disappearing like rabbits! But you mustn't worry about it! They'll *all* come out in the wash!"

Mr. Wonka looked at the little group that stood beside him in the corridor. There were only two children left now—Mike Teavee and Charlie Bucket. And there were three grownups, Mr. and Mrs. Teavee and Grandpa Joe. "Shall we move on?" Mr. Wonka asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried Charlie and Grandpa Joe, both together.

"My feet are getting tired," said Mike Teavee. "I want to watch television."

"If you're tired then we'd better take the elevator," said Mr. Wonka. "It's over here. Come on! In we go!" He skipped across the passage to a pair of double doors. The doors slid

open. The two children and the grownups went in.

“Now then,” cried Mr. Wonka, “which button shall we press first? Take your pick!”

Charlie Bucket stared around him in astonishment. This was the craziest elevator he had ever seen. There were buttons everywhere! The walls, and even the *ceiling*, were covered all over with rows and rows and rows of small, black push buttons! There must have been a thousand of them on each wall, and another thousand on the ceiling! And now Charlie noticed that every single button had a tiny printed label beside it telling you which room you would be taken to if you pressed it.

“This isn’t just an ordinary up-and-down elevator!” announced Mr. Wonka proudly. “This elevator can go sideways and longways and slantways and any other way you can think of! It can visit any single room in the whole factory, no matter where it is! You simply press the button . . . and *zing!* . . . you’re off!”

“*Fantastic!*” murmured Grandpa Joe. His eyes were shining with excitement as he stared at the rows and rows of buttons.

“The whole elevator is made of thick, clear glass!” Mr. Wonka declared. “Walls, doors, ceiling, floor, everything is made of glass so that you can see out!”

“But there’s nothing to see,” said Mike Teavee.

“Choose a button!” said Mr. Wonka. “The two children may press one button each. So take your pick! Hurry up! In every room, something delicious and wonderful is being made.”

● Quickly, Charlie started reading some of the labels alongside the buttons.

THE ROCK-CANDY MINE—10,000 FEET DEEP, it said on one.  
COKERNUT-ICE SKATING RINKS, it said on another.

Then . . . STRAWBERRY-JUICE WATER PISTOLS.

TOFFEE-APPLE TREES FOR PLANTING OUT IN YOUR GARDEN—  
ALL SIZES.

EXPLODING CANDY FOR YOUR ENEMIES.

LUMINOUS LOLLIES FOR EATING IN BED AT NIGHT.

MINT JUJUBES FOR THE BOY NEXT DOOR—THEY’LL GIVE HIM  
GREEN TEETH FOR A MONTH.

CAVITY-FILLING CARAMELS—NO MORE DENTISTS.

STICKJAW FOR TALKATIVE PARENTS.

WRIGGLE-SWEETS THAT WRIGGLE DELIGHTFULLY IN YOUR  
TUMMY AFTER SWALLOWING.

INVISIBLE CHOCOLATE BARS FOR EATING IN CLASS.

CANDY-COATED PENCILS FOR SUCKING.

FIZZY LEMONADE SWIMMING POOLS.

MAGIC HAND-FUDGE—WHEN YOU HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND,  
YOU TASTE IT IN YOUR MOUTH.

RAINBOW DROPS—SUCK THEM AND YOU CAN SPIT IN SIX DIF-  
FERENT COLORS.

“Come on, come on!” cried Mr. Wonka. “We can’t wait  
all day!”

“Isn’t there a *Television Room* in all this lot?” asked  
Mike Teavee.

“Certainly there’s a television room,” Mr. Wonka said.  
“That button over there.” He pointed with his finger.  
Everybody looked. TELEVISION CHOCOLATE, it said on the  
tiny label beside the button.

“*Whoopee!*” shouted Mike Teavee. “That’s for me!” He  
stuck out his thumb and pressed the button. Instantly,  
there was a tremendous whizzing noise. The doors clanged

shut and the elevator leaped away as though it had been stung by a wasp. But it leapt *sideways*! And all the passengers (except Mr. Wonka, who was holding onto a strap from the ceiling) were flung off their feet onto the floor.

"Get up, get up!" cried Mr. Wonka, roaring with laughter. But just as they were staggering to their feet, the elevator changed directions and swerved violently round a corner. And over they went once more.

"Help!" shouted Mrs. Teavee.

"Take my hand, madam," said Mr. Wonka gallantly.



"There you are! Now grab this strap! Everybody grab a strap. The journey's not over yet!"

Old Grandpa Joe staggered to his feet and caught hold of a strap. Little Charlie, who couldn't possibly reach as high as that, put his arms around Grandpa Joe's legs and hung on tight.

The elevator rushed on at the speed of a rocket. Now it was beginning to climb. It was shooting up and up and up on a steep slanty course as if it were climbing a very steep hill. Then suddenly, as though it had come to the top of the hill and gone over a precipice, it dropped like a stone and Charlie felt his tummy coming right up into his throat, and Grandpa Joe shouted, "Yippee! Here we go!" And Mrs. Teavee cried out, "The rope has broken! We're going to crash!" And Mr. Wonka said, "Calm yourself, my dear lady," and patted her comfortingly on the arm. And then Grandpa Joe looked down at Charlie who was clinging to his legs, and he said, "Are you all right, Charlie?" Charlie shouted, "I love it! It's like being on a roller coaster!" And through the glass walls of the elevator, as it rushed along, they caught sudden glimpses of strange and wonderful things going on in some of the other rooms:

An enormous spout with brown sticky stuff oozing out of it onto the floor. . . .

A great, craggy mountain made entirely of fudge, with Oompa-Loompas (all roped together for safety) hacking huge hunks of fudge out of its sides. . . .

A machine with white powder spraying out of it like a snowstorm. . . .

A lake of hot caramel with steam coming off it. . . .

A village of Oompa-Loompas, with tiny houses and streets and hundreds of Oompa-Loompa children no more than four inches high playing in the streets. . . .

And now the elevator began flattening out again, but it seemed to be going faster than ever, and Charlie could hear the scream of the wind outside as it hurtled forward . . . and it twisted . . . and it turned . . . and it went up . . . and it went down . . . and . . .

"I'm going to be sick!" yelled Mrs. Teavee, turning green in the face.

"Please don't be sick," said Mr. Wonka.

"Try and stop me!" said Mrs. Teavee.

"Then you'd better take this," said Mr. Wonka, and he swept his magnificent black top hat of his head, and held it out, upside down, in front of Mrs. Teavee's mouth.

"Make this awful thing stop!" ordered Mr. Teavee.

"Can't do that," said Mr. Wonka. "It won't stop till we get there. I only hope no one's using the *other* elevator at this moment."

"What other elevator?" screamed Mrs. Teavee.

"The one that goes the opposite way on the same track as this one," said Mr. Wonka.

"Holy mackerel!" cried Mr. Teavee. "You mean we might have a collision?"

"I've always been lucky so far," said Mr. Wonka.

"Now I *am* going to be sick!" yelled Mrs. Teavee.

"No, no!" said Mr. Wonka. "Not now! We're nearly there! Don't spoil my hat!"

The next moment, there was a screaming of brakes, and the elevator began to slow down. Then it stopped altogether.

"Some ride!" said Mr. Teavee, wiping his great sweaty face with a handkerchief.

"Never again!" gasped Mrs. Teavee. And then the doors of the elevator slid open and Mr. Wonka said, "Just a minute now! Listen to me! I want everybody to be very careful in this room. There is dangerous stuff around in here and you *must not* tamper with it."

## 26

### The Television-Chocolate Room

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THE TEAVEE FAMILY, together with Charlie and Grandpa Joe, stepped out of the elevator into a room so dazzlingly bright and dazzlingly white that they screwed up their eyes in pain and stopped walking. Mr. Wonka handed each of them a pair of dark glasses and said, "Put these on quick! And don't take them off in here whatever you do! This light could blind you!"

As soon as Charlie had his dark glasses on, he was able to look around him in comfort. He saw a long narrow room. The room was painted white all over. Even the floor was white, and there wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. From the ceiling, huge lamps hung down and bathed the room in a brilliant blue-white light. The room was completely bare except at the far ends. At one of these ends there was an enormous camera on wheels, and a whole army of ●ompa-Loompas was clustering



around it, oiling its joints and adjusting its knobs and polishing its great glass lens. The Oompa-Loompas were all dressed in the most extraordinary way. They were wearing bright-red space suits, complete with helmets and goggles—at least they looked like space suits—and they were working in complete silence. Watching them, Charlie experienced a queer sense of danger. There was something dangerous about this whole business, and the Oompa-Loompas knew it. There was no chattering or singing among them here, and they moved about over the huge black camera slowly and carefully in their scarlet space suits.

At the other end of the room, about fifty paces away from the camera, a single Oompa-Loompa (also wearing a space suit) was sitting at a black table gazing at the screen of a very large television set.

“Here we go!” cried Mr. Wonka, hopping up and down with excitement. “This is the Testing Room for my very latest and greatest invention—Television Chocolate!”

“But what *is* Television Chocolate?” asked Mike Teavee.

“Good heavens, child, stop interrupting me!” said Mr. Wonka. “It works by television. I don’t like television myself. I suppose it’s all right in small doses, but children never seem to be able to take it in small doses. They want to sit there all day long staring and staring at the screen. . . .”

“That’s me!” said Mike Teavee.

“Shut up!” said Mr. Teavee.

“Thank you,” said Mr. Wonka. “I shall now tell you how this amazing television set of mine works. But first of all, do you know how ordinary television works? It is very simple. At one end, where the picture is being taken, you

have a large movie camera and you start photographing something. The photographs are then split up into millions of tiny little pieces which are so small that you can't see them, and these little pieces are shot out into the sky by electricity. In the sky, they go whizzing around all over the place until suddenly they hit the antenna on the roof of somebody's house. They then go flashing down the wire that leads right into the back of the television set, and in there they get jiggled and joggled around until at last every single one of those millions of tiny pieces is fitted back into its right place (just like a jigsaw puzzle), and presto!—the photograph appears on the screen. . . .”

“That isn't *exactly* how it works,” Mike Teavee said.



"I am a little deaf in my left ear," Mr. Wonka said. "You must forgive me if I don't hear everything you say."

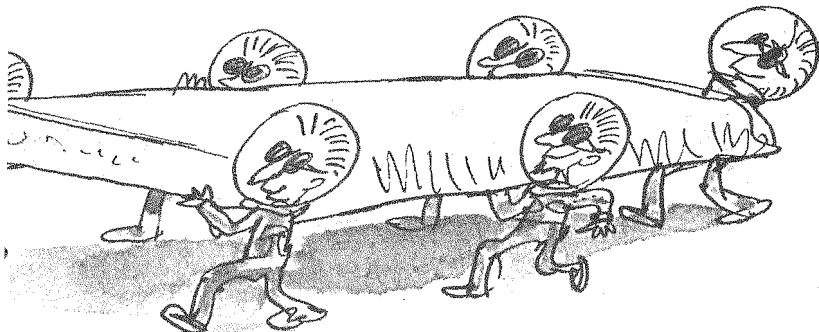
"I said, that isn't *exactly* how it works!" shouted Mike Teavee.

"You're a nice boy," Mr. Wonka said, "but you talk too much. Now then! The very first time I saw ordinary television working, I was struck by a tremendous idea. 'Look here!' I shouted, 'if these people can break up a *photograph* into millions of pieces and send the pieces whizzing through the air and then put them together again at the other end, why can't *I* do the same thing with a bar of chocolate? Why can't *I* send a real bar of chocolate whizzing through the air in tiny pieces and then put the pieces together at the other end, all ready to be eaten?"

"Impossible!" said Mike Teavee.

"You think so?" cried Mr. Wonka. "Well, watch this! I shall now send a bar of my very best chocolate from one end of this room to the other—by television! Get ready, there! Bring in the chocolate!"

Immediately, six Oompa-Loompas marched forward carrying on their shoulders the most enormous bar of chocolate Charlie had ever seen. It was about the size of the mattress he slept on at home.



"It has to be big," Mr. Wonka explained, "because whenever you send something by television, it always comes out much smaller than it was when it went in. Even with *ordinary* television, when you photograph a big man, he never comes out on your screen any taller than a pencil, does he? Here we go, then! Get ready! *No, no! Stop! Hold everything!* You there! Mike Teavee! Stand back! You're too close to the camera! There are dangerous rays coming out of that thing! They could break you up into million tiny pieces in one second! That's why the Oompa-Loompas are wearing space suits! The suits protect them! All right! That's better! Now, then! *Switch on!*"

One of the Oompa-Loompas caught hold of a large switch and pulled it down.

There was a blinding flash.

"The chocolate's gone!" shouted Grandpa Joe, waving his arms.

He was quite right! The whole enormous bar of chocolate had disappeared completely into thin air!

"It's on its way!" cried Mr. Wonka. "It is now rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny pieces. Quick! Come over here!" He dashed over to the other end of the room where the large television set was standing, and the others followed him. "Watch the screen!" he cried. "Here it comes! Look!"

The screen flickered and lit up. Then suddenly, a small bar of chocolate appeared in the middle of the screen.

"Take it!" shouted Mr. Wonka, growing more and more excited.

"How can you take it?" asked Mike Teavee, laughing.

"It's just a picture on a television screen!"

"Charlie Bucket!" cried Mr. Wonka. "*You* take it! Reach out and grab it!"

Charlie put out his hand and touched the screen, and suddenly, miraculously, the bar of chocolate came away in his fingers. He was so surprised he nearly dropped it.

"Eat it!" shouted Mr. Wonka. "Go on and eat it! It'll be delicious! It's the same bar! It's gotten smaller on the journey, that's all!"

"It's absolutely fantastic!" gasped Grandpa Joe. "It's . . . it's . . . it's a miracle!"

"Just imagine," cried Mr. Wonka, "when I start using this across the country . . . you'll be sitting at home watching television and suddenly a commercial will flash onto the screen and a voice will say, 'EAT WONKA'S CHOCOLATES! THEY'RE THE BEST IN THE WORLD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, TRY ONE FOR YOURSELF—NOW!' And you simply reach out and take one! How about that, eh?"

"Terrific!" cried Grandpa Joe. "It will change the world!"

## 27

### Mike Teavee Is Sent by Television

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MIKE TEAVEE was even more excited than Grandpa Joe at seeing a bar of chocolate being sent by television.

"But Mr. Wonka," he shouted, "can you send *other things* through the air in the same way? Breakfast cereal, for instance?"

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" cried Mr. Wonka. "Don't mention that disgusting stuff in front of me! Do you *know* what breakfast cereal is made of? It's made of all those little curly wooden shavings you find in pencil sharpeners!"

"But could you send it by television if you wanted to, as you do chocolate?" asked Mike Teavee.

"Of course I could!"

"And what about people?" asked Mike Teavee. "Could you send a real live person from one place to another in the same way?"

"A *person*!" cried Mr. Wonka. "Are you off your rocker?"

"But *could* it be done?"

"Good heavens, child, I really don't know . . . I suppose it *could* . . . yes, I'm pretty sure it could . . . of course it could . . . I wouldn't like to risk it, though . . . it might have some very nasty results. . . ."

But Mike Teavee was already off and running. The moment he heard Mr. Wonka saying, "I'm pretty sure it could . . . of course it could," he turned away and started running as fast as he could towards the other end of the room where the great camera was standing. "Look at me!" he shouted as he ran. "I'm going to be the first person in the world to be sent by television!"

"*No, no, no, no!*" cried Mr. Wonka.

"Mike!" screamed Mrs. Teavee. "Stop! Come back! You'll be turned into a million tiny pieces!"

But there was no stopping Mike Teavee now. The crazy

boy rushed on, and when he reached the enormous camera, he jumped straight for the switch, scattering Oompa-Loompas right and left as he went.

"See you later, alligator!" he shouted, and he pulled down the switch, and as he did so, he leaped out into the full glare of the mighty lens.

There was a blinding flash.

Then there was silence.

Then Mrs. Teavee ran forward . . . but she stopped dead in the middle of the room . . . and she stood there . . . she stood staring at the place where her son had been . . . and her great red mouth opened wide and she screamed, "He's gone! He's gone!"

"Great heavens, he *has* gone!" shouted Mr. Teavee.

Mr. Wonka hurried forward and placed a hand gently on Mrs. Teavee's shoulder. "We shall have to hope for the best," he said. "We must pray that your little boy will come out unharmed at the other end."

"Mike!" screamed Mrs. Teavee, clasping her head in her hands. "Where are you?"

"I'll tell you where he is," said Mr. Teavee, "he's whizzing around above our heads in a million tiny pieces!"

"Don't talk about it!" wailed Mrs. Teavee.

"We must watch the television set," said Mr. Wonka. "He may come through any moment."

Mr. and Mrs. Teavee and Grandpa Joe and little Charlie and Mr. Wonka all gathered round the television and stared tensely at the screen. The screen was quite blank.

"He's taking a heck of a long time to come across," said Mr. Teavee, wiping his brow.



“●h dear, oh dear,” said Mr. Wonka, “I do hope that no part of him gets left behind.”

“What on earth do you mean?” asked Mr. Teavee sharply.

“I don’t wish to alarm you,” said Mr. Wonka, “but it does sometimes happen that only about half the little pieces find their way into the television set. It happened last week. I don’t know why, but the result was that only half a bar of chocolate came through.”

Mrs. Teavee let out a scream of horror. “You mean only a half of Mike is coming back to us?” she cried.



"Let's hope it's the top half," said Mr. Teavee.

"Hold everything!" said Mr. Wonka. "Watch the screen! Something's happening!"

The screen had suddenly begun to flicker.

Then some wavy lines appeared.

Mr. Wonka adjusted one of the knobs and the wavy lines went away.

And now, very slowly, the screen began to get brighter and brighter.

"Here he comes!" yelled Mr. Wonka. "Yes, that's him all right!"

"Is he all in one piece?" cried Mrs. Teavee.

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Wonka. "It's too early to tell."

Faintly at first, but becoming clearer and clearer every second, the picture of Mike Teavee appeared on the screen. He was standing up and waving at the audience and grinning from ear to ear.

"But he's a midget!" shouted Mr. Teavee.

"Mike," cried Mrs. Teavee, "are you all right? Are there any bits of you missing?"

"Isn't he going to get any bigger?" shouted Mr. Teavee.

"Talk to me, Mike!" cried Mrs. Teavee. "Say something! Tell me you're all right!"

A tiny little voice, no louder than the squeaking of a mouse, came out of the television set. "Hi, Mum!" it said. "Hi, Pop! Look at *me*! I'm the first person ever to be sent by television!"

"Grab him!" ordered Mr. Wonka. "Quick!"

Mrs. Teavee shot out a hand and picked the tiny figure of Mike Teavee out of the screen.

“Hooray!” cried Mr. Wonka. “He’s all in one piece! He’s completely unharmed!”

“You call *that* unharmed?” snapped Mrs. Teavee, peering at the little speck of a boy who was now running to and fro across the palm of her hand, waving his pistols in the air.

He was certainly not more than an inch tall.

“He’s *shrunk!*” said Mr. Teavee.

“Of course he’s shrunk,” said Mr. Wonka. “What did you expect?”

“This is terrible!” wailed Mrs. Teavee. “What *are* we going to do?”

And Mr. Teavee said, “We can’t send him back to school like this! He’ll get trod upon! He’ll get squashed!”

“He won’t be able to do *anything!*” cried Mrs. Teavee.

“Oh, yes I will!” squeaked the tiny voice of Mike Teavee. “I’ll still be able to watch television!”

“*Never again!*” shouted Mr. Teavee. “I’m throwing the television set right out the window the moment we get home. I’ve had enough of television!”

When he heard this, Mike Teavee flew into a terrible tantrum. He started jumping up and down on the palm of his mother’s hand, screaming and yelling and trying to bite her fingers. “I want to watch television!” he squeaked. “I want to watch television! I want to watch television! I want to watch television!”

“Here! Give him to me!” said Mr. Teavee, and he took the tiny boy and shoved him into the breast pocket of his jacket and stuffed a handkerchief on top. Squeals and yells came from inside the pocket, and the pocket shook as the furious little prisoner fought to get out.



“Oh, Mr. Wonka,” wailed Mrs. Teavee, “how can we make him grow?”

“Well,” said Mr. Wonka, stroking his beard and gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, “I must say that’s a wee bit tricky. But small boys are extremely springy and elastic. They stretch like mad. So what we’ll do, we’ll put him in a special machine I have for testing the stretchiness of chewing gum! Maybe that will bring him back to what he was.”

“Oh, thank you!” said Mrs. Teavee.

“Don’t mention it, dear lady.”

“How far d’you think he’ll stretch?” asked Mr. Teavee.

“Maybe miles,” said Mr. Wonka. “Who knows? But he’s

going to be awfully thin. Everything gets thinner when you stretch it.”

“You mean like chewing gum?” asked Mr. Teavee.

“Exactly.”

“How thin will he be?” asked Mrs. Teavee anxiously.

“I haven’t the foggiest idea,” said Mr. Wonka. “And it doesn’t really matter, anyway, because we’ll soon fatten him up again. All we’ll have to do is give him a triple overdose of my wonderful Supervitamin Candy. Supervitamin Candy contains huge amounts of vitamin A and vitamin B. It also contains vitamin C, vitamin D, vitamin E, vitamin F, vitamin G, vitamin I, vitamin J, vitamin K, vitamin L, vitamin M, vitamin N, vitamin O, vitamin P, vitamin Q, vitamin R, vitamin T, vitamin U, vitamin V, vitamin W, vitamin X, vitamin Y, *and*, believe it or not, vitamin Z! The only two vitamins it doesn’t have in it are vitamin S, because it makes you sick, and vitamin H, because it makes you grow horns out of the top of your head, like a bull. But it *does* have in it a very small amount of the rarest and most magical vitamin of them all—vitamin Wonka.”

“And what will *that* do to him?” asked Mr. Teavee anxiously.

“It’ll make his toes grow out until they’re as long as his fingers. . . .”

“Oh, no!” cried Mrs. Teavee.

“Don’t be silly,” said Mr. Wonka. “It’s most useful. He’ll be able to play the piano with his feet.”

“But Mr. Wonka. . . .”

“No arguments, *please!*” said Mr. Wonka. He turned away and clicked his fingers three times in the air. An

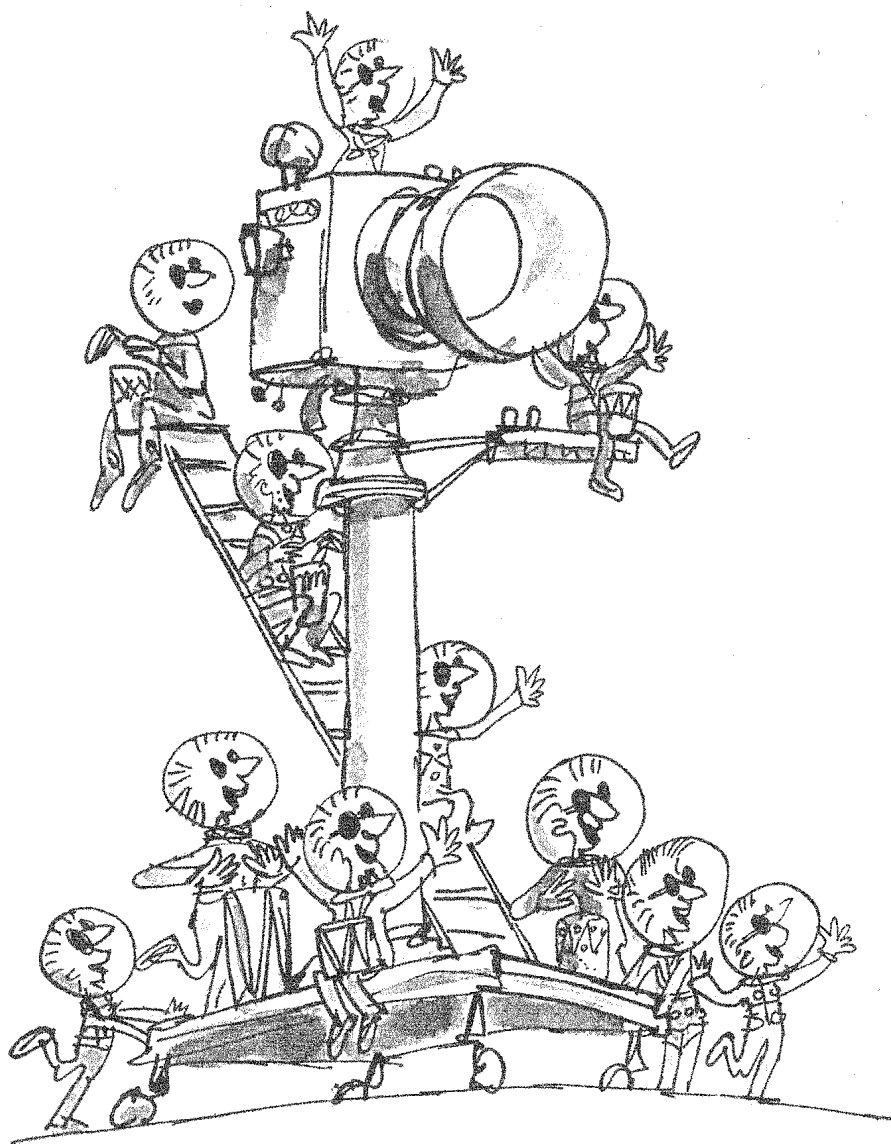
Oompa-Loompa appeared immediately and stood beside him. "Follow these orders," said Mr. Wonka, handing the Oompa-Loompa a piece of paper on which he had written full instructions. "And you'll find the boy in his father's pocket. Off you go! Good-by, Mr. Teavee! Good-by, Mrs. Teavee! And please don't look so worried! They all come out in the wash, you know; every one of them. . . ."

At the end of the room, the Oompa-Loompas around the giant camera were already beating their tiny drums and beginning to jog up and down to the rhythm.

"There they go again!" said Mr. Wonka. "I'm afraid you can't stop them singing."

Little Charlie caught Grandpa Joe's hand, and the two of them stood beside Mr. Wonka in the middle of the long bright room, listening to the Oompa-Loompas. And this is what they sang:

*"The most important thing we've learned,  
So far as children are concerned,  
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let  
Them near your television set—  
Or better still, just don't install  
The idiotic thing at all.  
In almost every house we've been,  
We've watched them gaping at the screen.  
They loll and slop and lounge about,  
And stare until their eyes pop out.  
(Last week in someone's place we saw  
A dozen eyeballs on the floor.)*



*They sit and stare and stare and sit  
 Until they're hypnotised by it,  
 Until they're absolutely drunk  
 With all that shocking ghastly junk.  
 Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,  
 They don't climb out the window sill,  
 They never fight or kick or punch,  
 They leave you free to cook the lunch  
 And wash the dishes in the sink—  
 But did you ever stop to think,  
 To wonder just exactly what  
 This does to your beloved tot?  
 IT ROTTS THE SENSES IN THE HEAD!  
 IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!  
 IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!  
 IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND  
 HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND  
 A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!  
 HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!  
 HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND FREEZE!  
 HE CANNOT THINK—HE ONLY SEES!  
 'All right!' you'll cry. 'All right!' you'll say,  
 'But if we take the set away,  
 What shall we do to entertain  
 Our darling children? Please explain!  
 We'll answer this by asking you,  
 'What used the darling ones to do?  
 'How used they keep themselves contented  
 Before this monster was invented?'  
 Have you forgotten? Don't you know?*

*We'll say it very loud and slow:  
THEY ... USED ... TO ... READ! They'd READ and  
READ,  
AND READ and READ, and then proceed  
To READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!  
One half their lives was reading books!  
The nursery shelves held books galore!  
Books cluttered up the nursery floor!  
And in the bedroom, by the bed,  
More books were waiting to be read!  
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales  
Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales  
And treasure isles, and distant shores  
Where smugglers rowed with muffled oars,  
And pirates wearing purple pants,  
And sailing ships and elephants,  
And cannibals crouching 'round the pot,  
Stirring away at something hot.  
(It smells so good, what can it be!  
Good gracious, it's Penelope.)  
The younger ones had Beatrix Potter  
With Mr.Tod, the dirty rotter,  
And Squirrel Nutkin, Pigling Bland,  
And Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle and—  
Just How The Camel Got His Hump,  
And How The Monkey Lost His Rump,  
And Mr.Toad, and bless my soul,  
There's Mr.Rat and Mr.Mole—  
Oh, books, what books they used to know,  
Those children living long ago!*



*So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,  
Go throw your TV set away,  
And in its place you can install  
A lovely bookshelf on the wall.  
Then fill the shelves with lots of books,  
Ignoring all the dirty looks,  
The screams and yells, the bites and kicks,  
And children hitting you with sticks—  
Fear not, because we promise you  
That, in about a week or two  
Of having nothing else to do,  
They'll now begin to feel the need  
Of having something good to read.  
And once they start—oh boy, oh boy!  
You watch the slowly growing joy  
That fills their hearts. They'll grow so keen  
They'll wonder what they'd ever seen  
In that ridiculous machine,  
That nauseating, foul, unclean,  
Repulsive television screen!  
And later, each and every kid  
Will love you more for what you did.  
P.S. Regarding Mike Teavee,  
We very much regret that we  
Shall simply have to wait and see  
If we can get him back his height.  
But if we can't—it serves him right.*

## Only Charlie Left

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"WHICH ROOM SHALL IT BE NEXT?" said Mr. Wonka as he turned away and darted into the elevator. "Come on! Hurry up! We *must* get going! And how many children are there left now?"

Little Charlie looked at Grandpa Joe, and Grandpa Joe looked back at little Charlie.

"But Mr. Wonka," Grandpa Joe called after him, "there's . . . there's only Charlie left now."

Mr. Wonka swung round and stared at Charlie.

There was a silence. Charlie stood there holding tightly onto Grandpa Joe's hand.

"You mean you're the *only* one left?" Mr. Wonka said, pretending to be surprised.

"Why yes," whispered Charlie. "Yes."

Mr. Wonka suddenly exploded with excitement. "But my *dear boy*," he cried out, "*that means you've won!*" He rushed out of the elevator and started shaking Charlie's hand so furiously it nearly came off. "Oh, I do congratulate you!" he cried. "I really do! I'm absolutely delighted! It couldn't be better! How wonderful this is! I had a hunch, you know, right from the beginning, that it was going to be you! Well *done*, Charlie, well *done*! This is terrific! Now the fun is really going to start! But we mustn't dilly! We mustn't dally! There's even less time to lose now than there was before! We have an *enormous* number of



things to do before the day is out! Just think of the *arrangements* that have to be made! And the people we have to fetch! But luckily for us, we have the great glass elevator to speed things up! Jump in, my dear Charlie, jump in! You too, Grandpa Joe, sir! No, no, *after* you! That's the way! Now then! This time *I* shall choose the button we are going to press!" Mr. Wonka's bright twinkling blue eyes rested for a moment on Charlie's face.

*Something crazy is going to happen now*, Charlie thought. But he wasn't frightened. He wasn't even nervous. He was just terrifically excited. And so was Grandpa Joe. The old man's face was shining with excitement as he watched every move that Mr. Wonka made. Mr. Wonka was reaching for a button high up on the glass ceiling of the elevator. Charlie and Grandpa Joe both craned their necks to read what it said on the little label beside the button.

It said . . . UP AND OUT.

*Up and out*, thought Charlie. *What sort of a room is that?*

Mr. Wonka pressed the button.

The glass doors closed.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Wonka.

Then *WHAM!* The elevator shot straight up like a rocket! "Yippee!" shouted Grandpa Joe. Charlie was clinging to Grandpa Joe's legs and Mr. Wonka was holding onto a strap from the ceiling, and up they went, up, up, up, straight up this time, with no twistings or turnings, and Charlie could hear the whistling of the air outside as the elevator went faster and faster. "Yippee!" shouted Grandpa Joe again. "Yippee! Here we go!"

"Faster!" cried Mr. Wonka, banging the wall of the elevator with his hand. "Faster! Faster! If we don't go any faster than this, we shall never get through!"

"Through what?" shouted Grandpa Joe. "What have we got to get through?"

"Aha!" cried Mr. Wonka. "You wait and see! I've been *longing* to press this button for years! But I've never done it until now! I was tempted many times! Oh yes, I

was tempted! But I couldn't bear the thought of making a great big hole in the roof of the factory! Here we go, boys! Up and out!"

"But you don't mean . . ." shouted Grandpa Joe, ". . . you don't *really* mean that this elevator. . . ."

"Oh yes, I do!" answered Mr. Wonka. "You wait and see! Up and out!"

"But . . . but . . . but . . . it's made of glass!" shouted Grandpa Joe. "It'll break into a million pieces!"

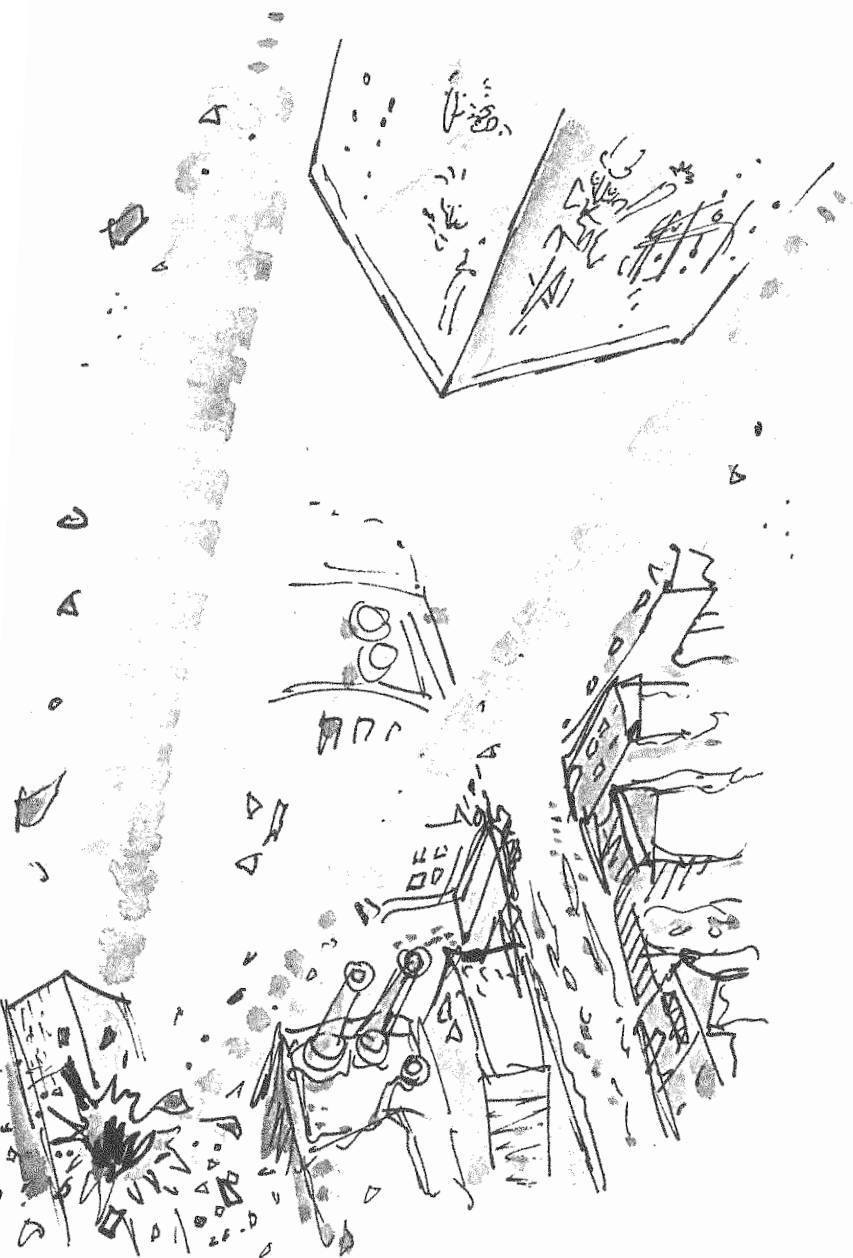
"I suppose it might," said Mr. Wonka, cheerful as ever, "but it's pretty thick glass, all the same."

The elevator rushed on, going up and up and up, faster and faster and faster. . . .

The suddenly, *CRASH!*—and the most tremendous noise of splintering wood and broken tiles came from directly above their heads, and Grandpa Joe shouted, "Help! It's the end! We're done for!" and Mr. Wonka said, "No, we're not! We're through! We're out!" Sure enough, the elevator had shot right up through the roof of the factory and was now rising into the sky like a rocket, and the sunshine was pouring in through the glass roof. In five seconds they were a thousand feet up in the sky.

"The elevator's gone mad!" shouted Grandpa Joe.

"Have no fear, my dear sir," said Mr. Wonka calmly, and he pressed another button. The elevator stopped. It stopped and hung in mid-air, hovering like a helicopter, hovering over the factory and over the very town itself which lay spread out below them like a picture postcard! Looking down through the glass floor on which he was standing, Charlie could see the small far-away houses and the streets and the snow that lay thickly over everything.



It was an eerie and frightening feeling to be standing on clear glass high up in the sky. It made you feel that you weren't standing on anything at all.

"Are we all right?" cried Grandpa Joe. "How does this thing stay up?"

"Candy power!" said Mr. Wonka. "One million candy power! Oh, look," he cried, pointing down, "there go the other children! They're returning home!"

## 29

### The Other Children Go Home

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"WE *MUST* GO DOWN and take a look at our little friends before we do anything else," said Mr. Wonka. He pressed a different button, and the elevator dropped lower, and soon it was hovering just above the entrance gates to the factory.

Looking down now, Charlie could see the children and their parents standing in a little group just inside the gates. "I can only see three," he said. "Who's missing?"

"I expect it's Mike Teavee," Mr. Wonka said. "But he'll be coming along soon. Do you see the trucks?" Mr. Wonka pointed to a line of gigantic covered vans parked in a line nearby.

"Yes," Charlie said. "What are *they* for?"

"Don't you remember what it said on the Golden Tickets? Every child goes home with a lifetime's supply of

candy. There's one truckload for each of them, loaded to the brim. Ah-ha," Mr. Wonka went on, "there goes our friend Augustus Gloop! D'you see him? He's getting into the first truck with his mother and father!"

"You mean he's *really* all right?" asked Charlie, astonished. "Even after going up that awful pipe?"

"He's very much all right," said Mr. Wonka.

"He's changed!" said Grandpa Joe, peering down through the glass wall of the elevator. "He used to be fat! Now he's thin as a straw!"

"Of course he's changed," said Mr. Wonka, laughing. "He got squeezed in the pipe. Don't you remember? And look! There goes Miss Violet Beauregarde, the great gum-chewer! It seems as though they managed to de-juice her





after all. I'm so glad. And how healthy she looks! Much better than before!"

"But she's purple in the face!" cried Grandpa Joe.

"So she is," said Mr. Wonka. "Ah, well, there's nothing we can do about that."

"Good gracious!" cried Charlie. "Look at poor Veruca Salt and Mr. Salt and Mrs. Salt! They're simply *covered* with garbage!"

"And here comes Mike Teavee!" said Grandpa Joe. "Good heavens! What *have* they done to him? He's about ten feet tall and thin as a wire!"

"They've overstretched him on the gum-stretching machine," said Mr. Wonka. "How very careless."

"But how dreadful for him!" cried Charlie.



"Nonsense," said Mr. Wonka, "he's very lucky. Every basketball team in the country will be trying to get him. But now," he added, "it is time we left these four silly children. I have something very important to talk to you about, my dear Charlie." Mr. Wonka pressed another button, and the elevator swung upwards into the sky.

## 30

# Charlie's Chocolate Factory

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THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR WAS NOW hovering high over the town. Inside the elevator stood Mr. Wonka, Grandpa Joe, and little Charlie.

"How I love my chocolate factory," said Mr. Wonka, gazing down. Then he paused, and he turned around and looked at Charlie with a most serious expression on his face. "Do *you* love it, too, Charlie?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," cried Charlie, "I think it's the most wonderful place in the whole world!"

"I am very pleased to hear you say that," said Mr. Wonka, looking more serious than ever. He went on staring at Charlie. "Yes," he said, "I am very pleased indeed to hear you say that. And now I shall tell you why." Mr. Wonka cocked his head to one side and all at once the tiny twinkling wrinkles of a smile appeared around the corners of his eyes, and he said, "You see, my dear boy, I have decided to make you a present of the whole place.

As soon as you are old enough to run it, the entire factory will become yours."

Charlie stared at Mr. Wonka. Grandpa Joe opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out.

"It's quite true," Mr. Wonka said, smiling broadly now. "I really am giving it to you. That's all right, isn't it?"

"*Giving* it to him?" gasped Grandpa Joe. "You must be joking."

"I'm not joking, sir. I'm deadly serious."

"But . . . but . . . why should you want to give your factory to little Charlie?"

"Listen," Mr. Wonka said, "I'm an old man. I'm much older than you think. I can't go on forever. I've got no children of my own, no family at all. So who is going to run the factory when I get too old to do it myself? *Someone's* got to keep it going—if only for the sake of the Oompa-Loompas. Mind you, there are thousands of clever men who would give anything for the chance to come in and take over from me, but I don't *want* that sort of person. I don't want a grown-up person at all. A grownup won't listen to me; he won't learn. He will try to do things his own way and not mine. So I have to have a child. I want a good sensible loving child, one to whom I can tell all my most precious candy-making secrets—while I am still alive."

"So *that* is why you sent out the Golden Tickets!" cried Charlie.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Wonka. "I decided to invite five children to the factory, and the one I liked best at the end of the day would be the winner!"

"But Mr. Wonka," stammered Grandpa Joe, "do you

really and truly mean that you are giving the whole of this enormous factory to little Charlie? After all. . . .”

“There’s no time for arguments!” cried Mr. Wonka. “We must go at once and fetch the rest of the family—Charlie’s father and his mother and anyone else that’s around! They can all live in the factory from now on! They can all help to run it until Charlie is old enough to do it by himself! Where do you live, Charlie?”

Charlie peered down through the glass elevator at the snow-covered houses that lay below. “It’s over there,” he said, pointing. “It’s that little cottage right on the edge of the town, the tiny little one. . . .”

“I see it!” cried Mr. Wonka, and he pressed some more buttons and the elevator shot down toward Charlie’s house.

“I’m afraid my mother won’t come with us,” Charlie said sadly.

“Why ever not?”

“Because she won’t leave Grandma Josephine and Grandma Georgina and Grandpa George.”

“But they must come too.”

“They can’t,” Charlie said. “They’re very old and they haven’t been out of bed for twenty years.”

“Then we’ll take the bed along as well, with them in it,” said Mr. Wonka. “There’s plenty of room in this elevator for a bed.”

“You couldn’t get the bed out of the house,” said Grandpa Joe. “It won’t go through the door.”

“You mustn’t despair!” cried Mr. Wonka. “Nothing is impossible! You watch!”

The elevator was now hovering over the roof of the Bucket's little house.

"What are you going to do?" cried Charlie.

"I'm going right on in to fetch them," said Mr. Wonka.

"How?" asked Grandpa Joe.

"Through the roof," said Mr. Wonka, pressing another button.

"No!" shouted Charlie.

"Stop!" shouted Grandpa Joe.

*CRASH* went the elevator, right down through the roof of the house into the old people's bedroom. Showers of dust and broken tiles and bits of wood and cockroaches and spiders and bricks and cement went raining down on the three old ones who were lying in bed, and each of them thought that the end of the world was come. Grandma Georgina fainted, Grandma Josephine dropped her false teeth, Grandpa George put his head under the blanket, and Mr. and Mrs. Bucket came rushing in from the next room.

"Save us!" cried Grandma Josephine.

"Calm yourself, my darling wife," said Grandpa Joe, stepping out of the elevator. "It's only us."

"Mother!" cried Charlie, rushing into Mrs. Bucket's arms. "Mother! Mother! Listen to what's happened! We're all going back to live in Mr. Wonka's factory and we're going to help him to run it and he's given it *all* to me and . . . and . . . and . . . and . . ."

"What *are* you talking about?" said Mrs. Bucket.

"Just look at our house!" cried poor Mr. Bucket. "It's in ruins!"



"My dear sir," said Mr. Wonka, jumping forward and shaking Mr. Bucket warmly by the hand, "I'm so very glad to meet you. You mustn't worry about your house. From now on, you're never going to need it again, anyway."

"Who *is* this crazy man?" screamed Grandma Josephine. "He could have killed us all."

"This," said Grandpa Joe, "is Mr. Willy Wonka himself."

It took quite a time for Grandpa Joe and Charlie to

explain to everyone exactly what had been happening to them all day. And even then they all refused to ride back to the factory in the elevator.

"I'd rather die in my bed!" shouted Grandma Josephine.

"So would I!" cried Grandma Georgina.

"I refuse to go!" announced Grandpa George.

So Mr. Wonka and Grandpa Joe and Charlie, taking no notice of their screams, simply pushed the bed into the elevator. They pushed Mr. and Mrs. Bucket in after it. Then they got in themselves. Mr. Wonka pressed a button. The doors closed. Grandma Georgina screamed. And the elevator rose up off the floor and shot through the hole in the roof, out into the open sky.

Charlie climbed onto the bed and tried to calm the three old people who were still petrified with fear. "Please don't be frightened," he said. "It's quite safe. And we're going to the most wonderful place in the world!"

"Charlie's right," said Grandpa Joe.

"Will there be anything to eat when we get there?" asked Grandma Josephine. "I'm starving! The whole family is starving!"

"Anything to *eat*?" cried Charlie, laughing. "Oh, you just wait and see!"

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