

A SYNOPSIS

Willy Wonka is the famous and extraordinary owner of the best and most well-known chocolate factory in the world. One day, some spies from his competitors succeed to enter the Wonka's Factory. They have a strategy to steal the precious chocolate recipes from him by disguising as his employees. After that incident, Willy Wonka set up a competition titled The Golden Ticket. Only five lucky children will be allowed to have a journey in Wonka's Factory, they are: Augustus Gloop, a fat boy whose hobby is eating favourite foods; Veruca Salt, a girl whose be spoiled by her parents become excessive; Violet Beauregarde, a girl whose hobby is chewing gum with is the among everyone; Mike Teave, a boy whose hobby is playing a toy pistol like a gangster and is obsessed with television; and last is Charlie Bucket, a boy from a poor family who is honest and kind.

One day, there is good news from the newspaper that Willy Wonka has distributed The Golden Ticket to all chocolate stores. Suddenly, there is a piece of paper, and then Charlie reads it. After that, he runs quickly to go back to his house and says to his family. Grandpa Joe feels pity with him, so he gives some money to his grandson to buy a chocolate. When Charlie wins a golden ticket, he invites his grandpa to go to Wonka's Factory.

During the competition, one by one of the five children do anything which makes them unlucky. Before that, Willy Wonka has reminded them not to do anything which will give them negative impact. One by one of the children who do

not listen to Wonka;s advice get trapped in some unlucky situations as the result of their own actions. Oompa-Loompas always sing a song when each of the children get trapped in their punishment. Anyone who is left from those five children will become the winner and will get a surprise from Willy Wonka.

OOMPA-LOOMPA'S SONG LYRIC

1. (Song Lyric for Augustus Gloop)

*'Augustus Gloop!' chanted the Oompa-Loompas.
 'Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!
 The great big greedy nincompoop!
 How long could we allow this beast
 To gorge and guzzle, feed and feast
 On everything he wanted to?
 Great Scott! It simply wouldn't do!
 However long this pig might live,
 We're positive he'd never give
 Even the smallest bit of fun
 Or happiness to anyone.
 So what we do in cases such
 As this, we use the gentle touch,
 And carefully we take the brat
 And turn him into something that
 Will give great pleasure to us all —
 A doll, for instance, or a ball,
 Or marbles or a rocking horse.
 But this revolting boy, of course,
 Was so unutterably vile,
 So greedy, foul, and infantile,
 He left a most disgusting taste
 Inside our mouths, and so in haste
 We chose a thing that, come what may,
 Would take the nasty taste away.
 "Come on!" we cried. "The time is ripe
 To send him shooting up the pipe!
 He has to go! It has to be!"
 And very soon, he's going to see
 Inside the room to which he's gone
 Some funny things are going on.
 But don't, dear children, be alarmed;
 Augustus Gloop will not be harmed,
 Although, of course, we must admit
 He will be altered quite a bit.
 He'll be quite changed from what he's been,
 When he goes through the fudge machine:
 Slowly, the wheels go round and round,
 The cogs begin to grind and pound;*

*A hundred knives go slice, slice, slice;
 We add some sugar, cream, and spice;
 We boil him for a minute more,
 Until we're absolutely sure
 That all the greed and all the gall
 Is boiled away for once and all.
 Then out he comes! And now! By grace!
 A miracle has taken place!
 This boy, who only just before
 Was loathed by men from shore to shore,
 This greedy brute, this louse's ear,
 Is loved by people everywhere!
 For who could hate or bear a grudge
 Against a luscious bit of fudge?'*

2. (Song Lyric for Violet Beauregarde)

*'Dear friends, we surely all agree
 There's almost nothing worse to see
 Than some repulsive little bum
 Who's always chewing chewing-gum.
 (It's very near as bad as those
 Who sit around and pick the nose.)
 So please believe us when we say
 That chewing gum will never pay;
 This sticky habit's bound to send
 The chewer to a sticky end.
 Did any of you ever know
 A person called Miss Bigelow?
 This dreadful woman saw no wrong
 In chewing, chewing all day long.
 She chewed while bathing in the tub,
 She chewed while dancing at her club,
 She chewed in church and on the bus;
 It really was quite ludicrous!
 And when she couldn't find her gum,
 She'd chew up the linoleum,
 Or anything that happened near —
 A pair of boots, the postman's ear,
 Or other people's underclothes,
 And once she chewed her boy-friend's nose.
 She went on chewing till, at last,*

*Her chewing muscles grew so vast
 That from her face her giant chin
 Stuck out just like a violin.
 For years and years she chewed away,
 Consuming fifty bits a day,
 Until one summer's eve, alas,
 A horrid business came to pass.
 Miss Bigelow went late to bed,
 For half an hour she lay and read,
 Chewing and chewing all the while
 Like some great clockwork crocodile.
 At last, she put her gum away
 Upon a special little tray,
 And settled back and went to sleep —
 (She managed this by counting sheep).
 But now, how strange! Although she slept,
 Those massive jaws of hers still kept
 On chewing, chewing through the night,
 Even with nothing there to bite.
 They were, you see, in such a groove
 They positively had to move.
 And very grim it was to hear
 In pitchy darkness, loud and clear,
 This sleeping woman's great big trap
 Opening and shutting, snap-snap-snap!
 Faster and faster, chop-chop-chop,
 The noise went on, it wouldn't stop.
 Until at last her jaws decide
 To pause and open extra wide,
 And with the most tremendous chew
 They bit the lady's tongue in two.
 Thereafter, just from chewing gum,
 Miss Bigelow was always dumb,
 And spent her life shut up in some
 Disgusting sanatorium.
 And that is why we'll try so hard
 To save Miss Violet Beauregarde
 From suffering an equal fate.
 She's still quite young. It's not too late,
 Provided she survives the cure.
 We hope she does. We can't be sure.'*

3. (Song Lyric for Veruca Salt)

*'Veruca Salt!' sang the Oompa-Loompas.
 'Veruca Salt, the little brute,
 Has just gone down the rubbish 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 grey
 One swelled 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.*

4. (Song Lyric for Mike Teavee)

*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 hypnotized 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.'*