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ROALD DAHL'S

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

Wonka



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Written by **SIBÉAL POUNDER**
Based on the screenplay by **SIMON FARNABY** & **PAUL KING**
Story by **PAUL KING**

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Penguin
Random House
UK

First published 2023
001

Written by Sibéal Pounder
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Text design by Dynamo Limited / Set in Bembo MT Pro 14pt
Printed in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A

The authorized representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978–0–241–61813–4

All correspondence to:
Puffin Books
Penguin Random House Children's
One Embassy Gardens, 8 Viaduct Gardens, London SW11 7BW



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HOW WILLY BECAME WONKA – THE JOURNEY OF AN INCREDIBLE STORY

Willy Wonka – Roald Dahl's marvellous chocolate inventor from *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* – inspired the story of the major motion picture *Wonka*. Based on Dahl's classic, Paul King created the story – co-written for the screen with Simon Farnaby – of how the world's greatest inventor, magician and chocolate-maker became the Willy Wonka we know today. The story has been adapted and brought to the page by bestselling children's author Sibéal Pounder, an expert in crafting stories for young readers that are full of irreverent humour, charismatic characters and, of course, magic.

Roald Dahl was the author of the much-loved *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, among many other brilliant stories. The world and characters of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* inspired the story of *Wonka*. Roald Dahl was a spy, ace fighter pilot, chocolate historian and medical inventor. As well as *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, he was the author of *Matilda*, *The BFG*, *Fantastic Mr Fox* and many more.

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Paul King is a huge fan of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, and for his movie, Wonka, he decided to craft the story of what happened before the events in Roald Dahl's book. He partnered up with Simon Farnaby to co-write the screenplay for the film starring Timothée Chalamet, which in turn became the adventure you hold in your hands.

King is a BAFTA-nominated writer and director who works in both film and television. In 2009, he wrote and directed his first feature film, *Bunny and the Bull*, starring Simon Farnaby and Edward Hogg. King directed all three series of *The Mighty Boosh*, earning him a BAFTA nomination for Best New Director in 2005. The BBC comedy aired in the US on the Adult Swim network. His most recent work for the small screen includes directing and executive producing episodes of the 2020 Netflix series *Space Force*, starring Steve Carell.

King went on to co-write and direct *Paddington* in 2014, a film that received both critical and commercial success worldwide, including BAFTA nominations for Best Adapted Screenplay and Best British Film. Next, King co-wrote and directed *Paddington 2*, released by Warner

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Bros. Pictures in 2017 to great critical acclaim. Both *Paddington* movies were co-written with Simon Farnaby.

Simon Farnaby is an actor and writer, and he co-wrote the screenplay for *Wonka* with Paul King (he appears in the film, too!). Farnaby's starring film credits include *Burke and Hare* (directed by John Landis, 2010), *Your Highness* (directed by David Gordon Green, 2011), *Bill* (directed by Richard Bracewell, 2015) for BBC Films – this was a film loosely based on the early life of William Shakespeare – and *Bunny and the Bull* (directed by Paul King, 2009) for Film 4. He also appeared in *Paddington* and *Paddington 2*, which he co-wrote with King.

Sibéal Pounder has brought the story of the film to the page, adapting it from the screenplay with extraordinary skill. She is the author of the bestselling *Witch Wars* and *Bad Mermaids* series of books, *Neon's Secret Universe* and the Christmas tale, *Tinsel*. Her debut, *Witch Wars*, was shortlisted for the Sainsbury's Children's Book Award and the Waterstones Children's Book Prize. *Bad Mermaids: Meet the Witches* was a World Book Day title and a *Sunday Times* Bestseller. Before becoming a full-time author, Sibéal worked for the *Financial Times*.

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PROLOGUE

HERE COMES WONKA

Some children are born to be chocolate makers. This was certainly true of Willy Wonka.

Yet, for a long time, no one would've thought it. For starters, he almost never ate chocolate. In fact, he ate only *one* bar a year.

One day, he would grow up to live in the world's **BIGGEST** and most brilliant chocolate factory, but as a young boy Willy Wonka lived

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on the world's smallest boat. It was an old narrowboat, with a tiller painted in multicoloured stripes and a cosy cabin with handsewn curtains. Inside there was just a single bed with a soft knitted blanket (where Willy slept), an armchair (where his mother slept), a stove and a kitchen filled with broken cupboards and a worm-eaten dining table. The woodworms ate more at that table than the Wonkas ever did.

Everything about the beginning of this story is **SMALL** – the small boy, the small quantity of chocolate, the small boat and the small family who lived aboard it. Willy Wonka's family was almost as small as a family could be. There was Willy, of course, and his mother.

They moored their small boat on a quiet STRETCH of the river, and, as not many

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people from town ventured there, they often had the lush riverbank all to themselves. It was one of Willy's favourite places. There was tall grass for lazing in, sprinkled with buttercups and rhododendrons flowering in colours of pink and mauve and red. Willy's favourite part was the **GIGANTIC** willow tree, with its thick branches that swooped low over the boat before dipping into the river. He thought of the tree as another member of the family – a twiggy old protector of their small but grand life.

Not many people would see their life as *grand*, of course, but Willy Wonka did. He could see what others couldn't because he had the most wonderful imagination. Willy's imagination would one day become as famous as his chocolate, but before it belonged to the world, it was small and new

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and belonged only to him. His mother was the one who nurtured it, letting it grow wild, so it could spin off into places no imagination had been before.

And then there was the chocolate. The one bar. It wasn't much, but it was enough, because it was the best bar in the world.

His mother would make it for his birthday, and as the special day approached, he would feel the excitement **BUBBLING** up in him until he thought he might burst.

The chocolate-making ritual was always the same: the night before his birthday, his mother would tip a bag of cocoa beans on to the table and carefully count them out. He'd watch her pluck them from the table, one by one, and his mouth would begin to water. It took her all year to save up enough money to buy the right amount for one bar and he

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could tell she was as excited about making it for him as he was about eating it.

When the counting stage was finished, she'd throw the beans in a pot and begin crushing and whipping and stirring, and the whole room would be engulfed in a chocolatey steam. It was so **THICK** and delicious, it felt like being swept up in the most scrumptious cloud. Oh, how he loved to watch her stir the thick, bubbling mixture!

As his mother made magic, Willy took long deep sniffs of the rich, heavy smell and knew there would be no adventure in the world that he loved more than watching his mama make chocolate.

Soon, the delicious bar of chocolate would be waiting for him on the table, and he'd spend the rest of the day walking around with

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a melted chocolate moustache and a big grin.

It was like that every year, and it was perfect.

'You know, Mama,' he said one year, as they **HUDDLED** around the table making chocolate, 'I bet you make the best chocolate in the whole world. I'd taste all the chocolate that ever existed, just to prove it!'

'Do you know where they say the very best chocolate in the world comes from?' she replied, looking around as if she was readying to tell a great secret. 'The Galeries Gourmet. That's where the finest chocolate makers have their shops.'

'Theirs can't be better than yours, Mama,' Willy said. 'It's impossible!'

She smiled. 'Well, as it so happens, I do have a little secret that even those fancy pants don't know.'

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'What is it?' Willy asked, edging closer. He wanted to know the secret more than he'd ever wanted to know anything in his whole life.

'I'll tell you one day,' she said. 'Now, while the chocolate sets, would you like to open your present?'

'We should go, Mama!' he cried suddenly, making her jump.

'Where's that then?'

'To the Galeries Gourmet!' he said, practically bouncing on the spot. 'We could start a shop!'

She raised a curious eyebrow. 'What? *Us?*'

'Yes! With our name above the door and everything. **WONKA!** Everyone in the world would want our chocolate. Think how happy we could make people!'

His mother brushed some chocolate dust

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from her apron and smiled. 'Oh, I can see it now. A fine shop, tables piled high with chocolate!'

Willy's eyes grew wide as the place materialized in his mind. 'And the tables would be made of chocolate! The whole *shop* would be *made* of CHOCOLATE!'

His mother beamed. 'What a wonderful dream, Willy.'

He slumped. 'Is that all it is? Just a dream?'

'Hey now,' she said. 'Every good thing in this world started with a dream. So you hold on to yours. And when you do share your chocolate with the world, I'll be right there beside you.'

'You promise?' he whispered.

'I pinkie promise,' she said with a smile. 'And that's the most solemn vow there is.' Then she took a piece of paper, which she'd

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set aside to wrap the chocolate, and wrote  across it, adding a swish and a swirl to the W and carefully colouring it in.

Once she'd finished, she handed Willy something wrapped in old newspaper. 'Your present,' she said. 'The magician in town was selling it. Did me a good deal.'

Willy beamed and began ripping the package open, his fingers working fast to tear the inky paper.

Inside, he found a new coat. He pulled it on; his hands barely went past the elbows.

'You'll grow into it,' his mother said. 'One day you will – and, oh, the adventures you'll have in it!'

The coat came with a TALL hat. Slowly he placed it on his head and rose to his feet.

His mother handed him his chocolate, small and still warm, and he cradled it in

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his hands, like the most precious prize.

'Mustn't forget the most ***DELICIOUS*** bit,' she said with a wink.

He beamed at her, and then he slipped the bar into his pocket.

There he was.

Willy Wonka, in his plum-coloured tailcoat and fine top hat.

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CHAPTER ONE

CITY OF DREAMS

SEVEN YEARS LATER

Willy stood on the deck of an old fishing ship, cloaked in mist and smiling brightly. All around him, the weather-worn crew were busying themselves on deck, and young Mr Wonka couldn't have looked more out of place in his bright green waistcoat and multicoloured scarf.

'Seven years I've been at sea,' he said to a nearby fisherman, who was **SCRUBBING**

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a crate (and barely listening). 'But now it's time for a new adventure! My next stop is almost upon us.'

'Oh really?' the fisherman said. Everyone on board had grown quite used to Willy's strange tales and flights of fancy by now.

'Every minute the tide carries me closer to my dreams,' Willy said grandly.

'Where's that then?' the fisherman asked.

Willy grinned and pointed to the horizon. There, glinting brightly in the winter sun, was the city he had pinned all his hopes on. It looked even more marvellous than he had imagined, sprawling and grand and – he took a big sniff – the *smell* was the best part of all! The whole place, even from afar, smelled of chocolate! Oh, it was **HEAVENLY** . . . even when mingled with the scent of barrels full of fish.

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He pulled a small, old chocolate bar from his pocket. The makeshift wrapper was faded now, but his mother's writing still remained. He traced his fingers over the swirly letters.



A harbour bell sounded in the distance.

'LAND AHOY!' Willy cried.

'They won't know what's hit 'em, Mr Wonka,' the fisherman said with a chuckle, and he headed off to ready the boat to dock. Willy took one last great big sniff of chocolatey air before trotting inside to the engine room. There he scooped up his trusty plum-coloured tailcoat and top hat, a battered case and a very special item of his own creation – a long cane with a sparkling gold top. He was ***GIDDY*** with anticipation as he absentmindedly put his hat on, took it off, tucked it under his arm, then lifted his cane

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and put it over his shoulder before putting it down again. It was as if the EXCITEMENT had so overwhelmed him that he'd forgotten where a hat went and how to carry a cane.

A polite cough made him jump and he spun on his heel to see the kindly eyes of the ship's captain staring back at him. He was a tall man with a beard as long as his years at sea (which is as long as it takes hair to grow to your knees). 'Here,' the captain said, holding out a weathered fist and opening it to reveal a bag of coins.

Willy peeked inside. '*Twelve silver sovereigns?*' he cried in amazement. It was more money than he had ever held in his hand before and he thought he might collapse under the sheer weight of such a **GENEROUS** lump sum.

'Your wages, plus a little extra for all those

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delicious chocolates you made for us,' the captain said. 'We all put in as much as we could, and it's not much – not for the big city – but I hope it'll start you off right. Good luck to you, lad.'

The boat **JOLTED** and groaned as they made contact with the dock and Willy pulled his top hat down firmly on his head.

'Thank you, Captain,' he said, the nerves now rising in him like a fast tide.

A crate was being craned out of the hold and Willy jumped on to it and up he went, leaving the amused captain in his wake.

'You could've used the gangplank!' a fisherman holding a gangplank shouted, as Willy shot up past him. 'If you'd given me a second . . .'

'I haven't a second to lose!' Willy called down to him. He paused as the crane winched

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the crate higher and swung it around the dock, then he spread his arms wide and cried, 'TODAY IS THE DAY! THE DAY THE WORLD MEETS MY CHOCOLATE!'

Instantly, someone shouted, 'Is there a person on that crate!?' There was a screech of metal and the crane came to an abrupt halt. The crane's operator stuck his head out of the control cabin and locked eyes with Willy.

'YOU CAN'T SIT ON A CRANE!' he cried incredulously. 'GET OFF!'

'If you insist, sir,' Willy said, and then much to the ***ASTONISHMENT*** of the crowd watching on the dock, he dived right off it – headfirst! There was a collective holding of breath as Willy somersaulted down to the sound of nothing but the wind and his own thumping heartbeat. It may have looked impressive, but Willy hadn't really

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thought it through and was wide-eyed with fear as his face led the way to the pavement. Luckily, there was a truck passing at just the right time to catch him – otherwise this story would be very short indeed.

'ON TO MY DREAMS!' Willy cheered, as he flipped and landed perfectly upright on the roof of the truck. It trundled off towards the town, leaving a crowd of gaping jaws behind him.

The truck sped over a grand stone bridge dotted with warming lanterns, and all the way into the heart of the city . . . which was better than anything Willy Wonka had imagined. It was dusted like a doughnut in fresh snow and perfect in every way. There were intriguing cobblestone alleys peppered with shops painted in the **PRETTIEST** of blues and pinks and purples that went left

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and right and right and left, just like a rabbit warren. And the smell! The closer they got to the centre of town the more it intensified, and Willy couldn't help but sigh with **DELIGHT**. The truck passed through the town square and he took his chance, grabbing hold of a lamp post and swinging round as he watched the vehicle speed off, leaving nothing but air beneath his feet. The place was so packed to bursting that not a single soul had spotted him high up on the lamp post, and he slid down, landing among a sea of potential customers.

He'd never been somewhere so busy, or so loud. He found himself trying to gulp it all in, his eyes darting left, right, up and down, and every angle in between all at once! On one side of the square was an imposing cathedral, with impossibly tall oak doors and

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a roof so high it looked like it might be attached to heaven. There were shops on every corner, with windows crammed with perfumes and shoes and books and paints, and food carts rolled back and forth, nearly knocking him sideways. The square was lined with decadent columns and the centre was marked with an ornate fountain frozen solid in the cold. It twinkled in the sunlight like it was filled with stars pulled from the sky.

The whole place was impossibly **BEAUTIFUL**. But the most beautiful building of all was the Galeries Gourmet.

Willy stopped when he caught it in his sights – its domes glinting, its doors a shimmering, inviting blue, its smell nothing but pure chocolate.

'Wow,' he whispered as he stared his dream in the face. He felt light and tingly, and

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smiled a dozy smile. He'd waited his whole life to see it, and, finally, here he –

'RESTAURANT MAP, SIR?' a man shouted in his ear, shattering his thoughts.

Willy handed the man a sovereign and in turn the man gave him a map.

'This will show you the **BEST** restaurants, sir,' the man said. Noticing Willy's stare was still fixed on the Galeries Gourmet, he added, 'You can't only eat chocolate, after all!'

'Oh, of course not!' Willy agreed. 'You must also have *sweets*.'

He unfolded the map to give it a quick look, but as he did so, he spotted someone crouching at his feet. A young boy was waving a rag about and polishing his shoes!

'Er, excuse me,' Willy said.

'Yes, yes, almost finished!' the boy replied. He took out a big buffing pad and began

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running it over the toes. 'Right, done,' he said, and held out a hand for payment.

Willy was wracking his brains, trying to remember if in all the **EXCITEMENT** he had arranged to have his shoes cleaned. He handed the boy one of his sovereigns just in case and counted the ones that remained.

'Oh dear, I'm already down to ten sovereigns,' he said.

At that moment, a fruit cart trundled past, and Willy plucked a pumpkin from it and gave it a good sniff. But before he had a chance to put it back, a cyclist shot past, clipping his ankles, and the pumpkin slipped from his grasp and splatted on his boots!

The fruit seller loomed over him, eyeing the pile of mulch on the pavement. 'That's three sovereigns, mate.'

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'Three? That's a rather extreme price for a vegetable,' Willy said with a charming smile.

The seller was gravely serious.

'You broke my pumpkin, you pay for it,' she snapped, making Willy jump so suddenly, the three sovereigns leapt from his hand and into the OUTSTRETCHED palm of the seller.

'Pleasure doing business with you,' she said.

Willy counted his remaining coins. 'I've got five, six, sev–' He felt a prod on his shoe. The shoeshine boy was back again!

He wiped the pumpkin sludge off and held out a hand for payment.

'. . . six silver sovereigns,' Willy groaned as he gave the boy another coin, and then made for the Galeries Gourmet.

'Brush your coat, sir?' the shoeshine boy asked as he hurried after him.

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