If North West found the 6th golden ticket to Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory:

 Before I begin, I'd like to clarify something - I don't eat that man’s trashy chocolate.

After a gross miscalculation by Kimberly’s PR staff, I was forced to attend this chocolate factory event. Whoever thought I'd enjoy a day in this grimy chocolate factory needs to have their employment status re-evaluated. Note that I control my staff. Kimberly's staff, on the other hand, is a mess. She doesn’t know when to fire and reacquire. I tried to pass the job off to one of my less relevant cousins with no success. I also reminded Kimberly that my nepotism contract had protections against factory work of any kind and threatened to get my legal team involved.

Then I remembered chocolate factories are “camp”, so I was in.

I had my assistant notify Wonka months in advance that in terms of prize money, I don't do PayPal.

Then I was faced with the task of deciding which parent it would be less of a PR disaster to take with me, Yeezus or Kimberly. Yeezus had just gotten cancelled again, but Kimberly’s recent relationship with medium-ugly comedian Pete Davidson had me questioning her stability. I decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.

As the paparazzi snapped photos of Kimberly and I in our Gucci chocolate factory wear, I made sure to give them dirty looks. Never let the paparazzi think you respect them.

The street children attempting to compete against me are a mess. Processed sugar and the public school system will have that effect on a child I suppose.

The only one I can bring myself to tolerate is Charlie Bucket; but for the sake of his potential as a working professional, I'm going to refer to him as Charles Buckingham from now on, and suggest he does so as well.

Willy Wonka's outfit is camp; but I'm still going to put him in touch with a psychiatrist and recommend he use the stage name "The Wonk" as he has far too much potential in the fashion industry.

When The Wonk opened a tiny door into the first room, I was less worried about the chocolate river, and more worried about the implications that the lack of accessibility in his factory could have on his public image as a fashion icon.

To be honest, The Wonk's décor in the chocolate river room was all over the place. It looked like a sad, edible version of my "Kidchella" first birthday party, but not as culturally significant.

As the degenerate children fed on the edible foliage, I noticed Augustus Gloop's startling lack of concern for his sugar intake, but I was far more concerned with finding out who his stylist was so I could have them blacklisted from the industry. Plus, I respected the commitment to his public image;  and I had no intention of getting involved in the sticky dynamic between him and his mother.

As Gloop fell into the chocolate river, his mother's reaction skated a little too far into the theatrics for me. Clearly this was some sort of desperate publicity stunt. When Gloopy got sucked up the tube I wondered who The Wonk's event coordinator was.

The oompa loompas' musical numbers are the only redeeming quality of this trashy chocolate factory, but for the sake of The Wonk's fashion career, I hope the feds don't find out he pays them in cocoa beans.

I have a strict policy against bodies of water unless I'm on a superyacht, but Kimberly insisted on pulling a Hillary-Clinton-on-the-subway and I was forced into a Giant fuchsia seahorse rowboat with the bourgeoisie. Her team will be hearing from mine.

The Wonk's "invention" room was a huge flop. He needs to stop experimenting with candy and get an interior designer that's not an oompa loompa. This was a tacky concert for pre-teens, and The Wonk was Justin Bieber. Honestly, I was relieved when that girl turned into a blueberry. Her haircut was triggering my survival instincts and she needed to roll out of my line of sight before fight or flight kicked in.

The Wonk's glass elevator idea was good in theory, but it was giving Ikea shower.

Kimberly was getting on my last nerve. She needed to take a break from the Instagram stories and stop calling me "Northie" when I'm in a professional setting. She will be hearing from my PR team.

As for The Wonk's "Nut room," If he ever wants to make it to fashion week, he'd better hope PETA doesn't find out about this. At least his squirrels get paid more than the oompa loompas.

I haven't mentioned Veruca Salt up to this point because she's irrelevant. She should stop begging for ponies and squirrels and start begging for some self-respect. If I wanted a squirrel, I would politely remind the Wonk that I can single handedly make or break his fashion career, not go crying to my dad that's never won a people's choice award. As a fashion Icon, I’m grateful those squirrels threw her and her irrelevant father in the trash chute, the only place those outfits are acceptable.

On our way out, I made sure to let the Wonk know that walnuts are out and almonds are in. I was going to remind him that the biggest nut in the room was still him but I didn't want to knock his confidence.

As for the TV room, The Wonk might want to skip over this one on *MTV Cribs*. The white goggles were a nice touch though.

Mike Teavee sacrificing his quality of life to appear on a TV screen for five minutes was a hard watch, but the toffee puller transformed him from Mike Teavee to Mike TikTok, giving him that tall, malnourished e-boy look; so I guess it worked out for him career-wise.

Back in the floating Ikea shower, The Wonk made a show of pressing the "Up and out" button, clearly targeting me. I politely informed him that Augustus might have been glooped, Beauregarde might have been Violeted, Veruca might have been salted, and Mike might have been TeaVeed; but I had I had no intention of being Northed or Wested.

I also mentioned that I had TMZ on speed dial.

The Wonk had no choice but to offer the prize to me, but when I found out it was the chocolate factory, I told him I was going to have to pass.

Regarding my experience here today, I may not have won a cash prize; but I finally understand why The Wonk has had this factory in lockdown for the past twenty years.

I'd be embarrassed too.

Lastly, Everyone who failed here today can take comfort in knowing they all received a far greater prize, being graced with my presence.

The Wonk never hesitates to make his status as a fashion icon known; the only thing I respect about him, but his interior designer needs to do some serious soul-searching. I'm going to hope his event coordinator is an oompa loompa, because this was worse than Tanacon.