

faces, but they were also quite serious. There was no sign of joking or leg-pulling on any of them.

‘Well? Have *you*?’ asked Grandpa Joe.

‘I . . . I really don’t know, Grandpa,’ Charlie stammered. ‘Whenever I walk past the factory, the gates seem to be closed.’

‘Exactly!’ said Grandpa Joe.

‘But there *must* be people working there . . .’

‘Not *people*, Charlie. Not *ordinary* people, anyway.’

‘Then who?’ cried Charlie.

‘Ah-ha . . . That’s it, you see . . . That’s another of Mr Willy Wonka’s clevernesses.’

‘Charlie, dear,’ Mrs Bucket called out from where she was standing by the door, ‘it’s time for bed. That’s enough for tonight.’

‘But, Mother, I *must* hear . . .’

‘Tomorrow, my darling . . .’

‘That’s right,’ said Grandpa Joe, ‘I’ll tell you the rest of it tomorrow evening.’