

soon after this, there came a very hot day with a boiling sun, and the whole palace began to melt, and then it sank slowly to the ground, and the crazy prince, who was dozing in the living room at the time, woke up to find himself swimming around in a huge brown sticky lake of chocolate.'

Little Charlie sat very still on the edge of the bed, staring at his grandfather. Charlie's face was bright, and his eyes were stretched so wide you could see the whites all around. 'Is all this *really* true?' he asked. 'Or are you pulling my leg?'

'It's true!' cried all four of the old people at once. 'Of course it's true! Ask anyone you like!'

'And I'll tell you something else that's true,' said Grandpa Joe, and now he leaned closer to Charlie, and lowered his voice to a soft, secret whisper. '*Nobody . . . ever . . . comes . . . out!*'

'Out of where?' asked Charlie.

'*And . . . nobody . . . ever . . . goes . . . in!*'

'In *where*?' cried Charlie.

'Wonka's factory, of course!'

'Grandpa, what *do* you mean?'

'I mean *workers*, Charlie.'

'Workers?'

'All factories,' said Grandpa Joe, 'have workers streaming in and out of the gates in the mornings and evenings – except Wonka's! Have *you* ever seen a single person going into that place – or coming out?'

Little Charlie looked slowly around at each of the four old faces, one after the other, and they all looked back at him. They were friendly smiling