

Wonka's New Assistant

By WonkasAssistantDianSkellington

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When Willy Wonka realizes he needs some extra help, due to Charlie's schoolwork and Oompa Loompas who are much too busy, he hires an assistant, who he finds to be much more.

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1 - I Need Some Extra Help

It was now March 1st; exactly one month after the entire Bucket house-- or, shack, as most would call it, had been moved into the Chocolate Room in the factory, along with the whole Bucket Family. Everyone was perfectly happy. Well, almost everyone. Willy was not perfectly happy, perse, but, was still very pleased with everything that had happened in the last month. You know, besides the whole declining-of-the-factory deal. But, that was over with and it was time to forget that particular miserable event. Although he's already been reunited with his father after many years, he still gets flashbacks about it, which makes him a bit depressed. When he does get depressed, he tries to hide it (which he's not always the best at doing.) It was now a normal periodic thing that happened, but, everyone was pretty much used to it-- not that they didn't care. Also, Wonka had been thinking, lately.. Charlie couldn't be there to be taught about the factory and assist him all the time because of school, which Wonka definitely wasn't too fond of in the first place and he had pretty much all of the Oompa Lompas very busy, so, a lot of times, pressure would sort of, well.. get to him. He thought it might be time to hire an assistant, but, he knew he had to be ***extremely*** careful with whom he would let walk through those factory gates and, of course, that he must make sure that Charlie was completely okay with it.

At this particular moment, Willy and the Bucket family were sitting down to dinner. This was where Willy had dinner, now, just about every evening. There was a particular usual sitting arrangement-- Mr. Bucket sat at one end of the rectangular table, while Mrs. Bucket sat opposite. Then, going down the table, on either side of Mr. Bucket sat his parents, Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina (one of the only times they'd get out of bed.) The same went for Mrs. Bucket's end of the table; on the side of the table that Grandpa George sat on, sat Grandma Joesephine (also usually bed-ridden) and across from her, Grandpa Joe. And of course, in between Georgina and Joe, sat Mr. Willy Wonka, himself, who was wearing a navy blue, velvety overcoat.. and in between George and Joesephine; opposite of Willy, sat little Charlie.

Simply having small talk at the dinner table, the Bucket Family sat happily, still hardly being able to believe that they had all of this fortune, when only a short while ago, they'd been nearly dirt-poor. Suddenly, Willy interrupted. He'd been waiting for a bit to say something but didn't have a chance to with all the others talking and would just lift a hand up and have to keep slowly bringing it down-- no one even noticed the squeaking sound his gloves would make every time he felt too awkward to actually say the words he wanted to say.

"Charlie," he said, once he'd finally gotten the chance to and shown a slightly awkward facial expression, which was pretty much every day, for him. "I have a serious question for you and it must, must, *must* be answered totally and truthfully and completely honest. 'Kay?" That said, he gave that little child-like smirk he always gave, especially when he said "'Kay?" in the high-pitched tone he used.

The words of the Bucket family had died down once this was said. Charlie responded, "Yes, what is it?" as he gave a neutral look to his mentor.

Willy looked him in the eyes and leaned forward a bit. "Well.." he said, looking up and off to the side with those dark, oceanic-blue eyes. "You can't be here 24/7 to assist me and all the Oompa Lompas are

always so busy and whatnot. So, I was wondering..." He looked down at his plate; fingers that were wrapped in thick latex would hang on just at the edge of the table in a child-like manner. He looked like a little boy who was about to ask for a new toy. "Since you're.. in school.." he said, gritting his perfectly-straight and white teeth a bit with the school.. "I thought I would hire an assistant to work here in the factory along with us." He ever-so-slightly cringed, as if he knew he were about to be scorned as he closed his eyes for a second and opened one a little, turning his head a bit and sitting back.

Charlie thought about this for a moment as a few members of the Bucket family looked at each other, unsure of what Charlie's answer would be. It was all silent until Grandpa George quietly made a smart remark. "Oh, he only wants an assistant because he's getting *lazy*." Quickly replying, he looked to his father. "Pops!" he warned him in a whispery sort of tone. At that, Willy opened his left eye and gave a quick, narrow-eyed look at George, when Charlie finally replied.

Charlie gave Willy a slight smile and nodded some. "Of course. If you need the extra help, feel free to take it." Willy felt like a weight was lifted from his shoulders, being that he'd pondered about this for the past few days. He gave a sigh of relieve and a smile.

"Oh, thank goodness! And here I thought you would be upset with me." He sat up straight and lifted his fork, gently toying with the food on his plate.

Charlie just gave a smile and nodded again, continuing to eat while the Bucket family finished up their own dinner and began to talk again. Charlie didn't mind at all, the first few minutes, but, then, he really started to think. What if Mr. Wonka replaces me? He tried as much as he could to shrug the bad thought away from his mind, but, it seemed he just couldn't shake the worries away. Suddenly, Grandma Georgina had just blurted out, "Chocolate-Chip Ladybugs!!"

Everyone stared at her for a moment while Willy thought for a moment that what she'd just said might be a good idea.

After dinner had been eaten; not a bit of it wasted, except for some of Willy's and the dishes were all clean, Willy thanked Mrs. Bucket for the delicious dinner. Of course, everyone knew that he'd just pushed his slice of liver to the side of his plate and acted like no one would notice. Ick! Ewwy!! No way was he going to eat.. liver...!! He shuddered even at the thought of it. Everyone did, in fact, notice, but, they just knew it was Willy being Willy, so, they just decided to not say anything at all.

"Any time, Willy." No one could see it because she was turned around while she wiped down the kitchen counter, but, she looked slightly dissapointed that Willy had decided to just waste the liver. It was something that she would just have to start getting used to.

Willy, standing at the doorway still had a smile on his face that was a bit bigger than normal, just because Charlie was okay with the whole assistant idea. Then again, he wasn't sure that he, himself was okay with it. He was pretty sure, though. Wait. No. He wasn't.. Okay, he was! "Now, I really must say goodbye for the night. I have to get ready for those assistant interviews!" his voice trailed off. He

wasn't sure he was ready to meet with so many people.. and he certainly wasn't going to let them into his factory! Oh, no. He had rented a small building for it and they would be brought in one at a time with two bodyguards he'd also hired, by his side. He **hated** crowds and there was absolutely no way he was going to put himself in that sort of situation when he knew it could be avoided! He grabbed his top hat from the coat-rack and placed it neatly on his head, then took his cane, which was propped up against the wall beside it, and grasped it just under the handle, lifting it just off the ground with his left hand. "Goodnight, everyone!" He flashed yet another smile as he said this cheerfully, making sure that he was loud enough for the much older ones to hear him while he waved to them. Just when he was about to set foot outside of the front door onto the minty grass, he felt a tug on his overcoat and gasped a bit, quickly turning his head and making his soft, auburn-brown hair swing with his head. Oh! It was just Charlie. "Is something the matter, Charlie?" As he said this, he was still in the same position; his hand still on the doorknob and everything.

Charlie did finally let go of the overcoat and stood up in his normal stance, looking up at the chocolatier with those big, brown eyes of his. "May I ask you something quickly, Mr. Wonka?" Willy immediately nodded.

"Of course, my dear boy! Ask me anything!" Charlie then squeezed past him, gesturing that he wanted to ask him alone. Once the boy had done this, Willy looked to Mr. and Mrs. Bucket, who were standing next to each other and watching out of curiosity. They nodded to him, approvingly. Willy then smirked a bit and walked fully outside of the door, closing it behind himself.

Being the very well-behaved boy that Charlie was, his parents and grandparents, although rather curious, respected his privacy as they most certainly trusted him and the chocolatier.

"Now," Willy began. "What did you want to ask me?" He bent over a bit so that he could be a little more down to Charlie's level. Although, that didn't seem to be working so well. He gave a smile and peered down at the young boy, who seemed to look a bit serious, so, he decided to give him his full concentration, trying not to get distracted, which he usually seemed to do pretty easily.

Charlie just stared up at him. "Having a new assistant won't mean that you'll replace me at all, will it?" Willy had to give one of his trademark giggles. Although, at the same time, he was just slightly saddened by the fact that the boy had thought that he would be replaced.

"Oh, of course not, Charlie!" He got down on one knee and put a hand on Charlie's shoulder, keeping his left hand on the top of the cane. "Charlie, I guarantee, give you a scout's superdy-duper honor that I will never replace you! The assistant will simply be some extra help. Okie dokie?" He messed up the lad's hair a little and smiled some more, only because he saw the satisfied look on Charlie's face.

Charlie did indeed have a satisfied look upon his face. He smiled and had faith in his mentor. "Alright, Mr. Wonka. I believe you." Willy quickly got back up on both feet.

"Good!" he blurted out, being very pleased, now. He hated to see the heir to his factory; his best friend, even, be upset in any way. "Now, I must be on my way. I'll see you in the morning, Charlie! Remember, we have to be there at eight o'clock sharp! No later, no earlier, not a second's difference." Charlie had opened the door and nodded.

"I know." He watched Willy walk into the glass elevator and wave again. Charlie just smiled as they said their goodnights, and off to bed it was for everyone.

2 - Preparation

5:30 A.M. ...The previous night, Oompa Loompas had set off and, just like with the flyers that had been put up for Willy's golden ticket contest, there were flyers for getting an interview as a job to be Mr. Willy Wonka, The Amazing Chocolatier's assistant. It didn't even need to be set up. They would just line up and Charlie would do just as he was shown. He would do an instant background check on everyone who came in as soon as he got the name and it's correct spelling. If Willy was not pleased with it, they wouldn't even be interviewed. Unfortunately, people were sure to flock. But, that's why Willy will have two hired bodyguards whom he'd known back when his factory was first getting started (although, they weren't bodyguards, back then.) He felt a bit.. safer, that way.[br]

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The sound of what sounded like rather large bells, echoed throughout Willy's bedroom and dimly through the hallway. He was sleeping only slightly uneasy when the red and white-swirled bells started to ring loudly on a candy-colored clock that sat on the purple, gold-trimmed nightstand which stood next to his bed. The bed was actually pretty huge and jiggled like a water bed, only, it was always nice and toasty, just the way Willy liked it. However, it wasn't water that it was filled with. Anyone could take a wild guess and figure this one out-- it was chocolate! He awoken and with a shift to laying propped up on his side from laying on his stomach, the large, round bed that stood in the center of the huge room jiggled, slightly. He grunted a bit and rolled over to that side of the bed of which the clock was by (this means he had to roll a few times), over the plush, purple comforter with golden silk trim and a pretty big golden silk "W" on the front of it. He tried pushing down the button to turn it off-- he missed. His tired eyes were just barely open and the sound was already giving him a headache as he tried again-- he missed, again. Where had this gosh darn button gone?! It was too early for him to be messed with! Darn that alarm clock. On the third time, he finally got it. He pressed the button a bit harshly with the palm of his hand, which was unnaturally soft and smooth. It must be from those gloves he always wears; always protecting his chocolate-making hands. He focused his eyes and the clock only said 5:32 A.M. The sun wasn't even up! This was much too early for him to get up! But, alas, it had to be done. He let his arm, covered in a sleeve of dark blue, soft, fleece-like fabric, hang limp off the bed as he tried to stay awake.[br]

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Meanwhile, Charlie was still sleeping. He figured he didn't have to get up for at least another hour or two, so, his alarm was set to seven o'clock A.M. He didn't do nearly as many things as Willy did to get ready for anything. So, sound asleep, Charlie just, well.. slept. He peacefully and quietly slept.[br]

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Willy had just gotten into the shower of a rather large bathroom that was attached to his bedroom. The shower was a bright, shiney, candy-red color and had lights above and in the back of it. It was very roomy and was round, except for the floor of it, which had light purple tiles with little smooth stones in them, making it look like the floor had curly peppermint vines in it. It sat in a corner of his bathroom and the door to it, white and red glass that had the same pattern on it as the shower floor and was very, very

foggy-- enough so that no one could see through it. However, he could see perfectly clear out of it, just in case. He lathered shampoo into his hair as if he were scrubbing it to the scalp (he takes very good care of his hair), and after doing that about three times, he smoothed conditioner through it for about five minutes.. twice. Then, using chocolate cream-scented shower gel and exfoliating scrub, he scrubbed down his body, actually quite frantically, as if he were infested with some kind of virus and had to get it off of him right away before he died in forty-five seconds! He certainly did exaggerate with his cleanliness. But, that was good, right? After he was sure that he'd scrubbed down every single part of his body that could possibly contain any sort of deadly germ, he rinsed himself with round shower-heads that came from three directions, from the top, and from diagonal angles near the top, that could be swivled as he pleased.[br]

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Oompa Loompas were starting to wake up and get ready for today's work, as it was now 6:10 A.M.[br]

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While all of this happened, there was someone outside of the factory who lived right near it.. in a really big cardboard box. She'd been that way for a few months, now. She would see Willy every time he and Charlie took off in The Great Glass Elevator. She even saw him walking outside one time.. of course, he looked really nervous. It seemed to be all the boy's idea, which is probably why Willy had made a horrible excuse and ran back into the factory. The thing is, no one really noticed this "house" of hers. Her "Cardboard Condo," as she's previously said jokingly, when she tried to cheer herself up. The reason no one could really see her little house-thingy, was most likely because she had it hidden behind some old crates that were very big and had been sitting there for years. She wasn't dirty or anything. She made sure she was able to stay clean, which was a nessecity for her. What seemed to most as a bit creepy, was actually something that often made her happy-- it was the whole idea of Willy Wonka and his candy. She'd been absolutely tantilized by him and everything she'd heard about him for years, making her a huge fan. But, not the "OMG-SQUEAKY-VOICED-MUST-KISS-HIM" kind of fan. But, more of a very passionate fan. He'd opened her imagination so widely, since before she can even remember.. simply from all the tales that she'd been told of him and his amazing factory. She wanted so badly to win that ticket, but, she obviously didn't. She wanted to meet him! She wanted to know so badly exactly what he was like, besides what she'd already seen and heard. While most thought of her as rather strange, she thought of herself as simply eccentric. She absolutely adored the idea of being weird. No way in a million years would she ever want to be exactly like everyone else! Anyway, she was just waking up when she'd spotted a flyer on a very nearby street light post. She slipped her black shoes on over knee-high socks that were red and white-striped and had a few holes in them. When she got up, she unwrinkled her mid-thigh-length, black, velvety skirt and straightened out her shirt that was just plain, black and long-sleeved. Her hair was a bit messy from a stressful sleep, but, when it was actually brushed, it was all the same length and about down to her shoulders, and the color was a medium brown. Getting up closer to the sign, she rubbed her eyes a bit with her sleeve so she could properly focus. Once she'd read the flyer, she could hardly believe her eyes! A chance to actually work for Mr. Willy Wonka?! Wow! Extremely excited, she'd gotten a huge smile onto her face, but, it only lasted for a moment or so. This was caused by her extremely low confidence-- she was just.. her. What would he want to do with her? For a while, she just went back to her big cardboard box and looked in the small mirror she had and brushed her hair. Eventually, though, she'd convinced herself to just try and see what happened. Yeah! At least this way, she could actually meet him. She had a bit of money saved up from a job she had, working at the coffee shop around the corner, so, she figured she would at least get a pair of socks without holes in them.[br]

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It was now 6:45 A.M. and Willy was making final adjustments to his looks. Today, he felt like a navy blue overcoat was in order, with the paisely undershirt to match. With a squeaky noise, he put his gloves on, then grabbed his top hat to gently put it on his head and perfectly adjust it. He then grabbed his cane and walked out of his bedroom and walked down the long hallway until he got to the Great Glass Elevator and pressed the button, stepping inside and resting both hands on his cane. The elevator then abruptly took off, which didn't seem to affect him at all.[br]

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The elevator landed right beside the Bucket's home, surprisingly not waking anyone up. Charlie thought he'd heard it, but he was half asleep, so, he just ignored it. Willy stepped out of the elevator and reached into his pocket to pull out his silver pocket-watch, realising that it was only 6:50, which made the slight child-like grin that was on his face turn into a bit of a frown. This meant he had to wait another ten minutes for Charlie to get up. He walked over to the edge of the chocolate river and sat down on the minty grass, pulling some up and biting a little bit at a time as he waited the rest of the time he had to wait for his heir to wake up. Once seven o'clock came around, he heard the bells of Charlie's alarm clock, making him smile once more as he got up and walked over to the front door of the Bucket's home once more and slightly knocked on the door.[br]

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As Charlie's alarm went off, he sat up quickly as if he'd never heard it before, as it had woken him from a rather deep sleep. Once he realised what it was, he quickly turned it off and stretched a bit until he heard Willy knocking once more, which was when he rushed down the ladder and opened the door quietly, in order to not wake up the rest of his family. He smiled sleepily up to his mentor and waved a little.[br]

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Willy said quietly, "Are you ready, Charlie?" not even paying attention to the fact that he was still in his pajamas. "Sure," said Charlie. "Just let me get dressed." Willy nodded as Charlie shut the door and went back up to his bedroom, doing just what he said and combing his hair some. He came back down and quietly went out the door. The two of them walked to the front doors of the Chocolate Room while, as they were walking, Willy reached into a pocket of his overcoat and unlocked it, walked through it with Charlie, re-locked the door and walked to the other end of the hallway. He unlocked the front door to the room where the "Wonka's Welcome Song" display was, then put his keys back. The two of them sat down at a desk with two chairs that was set up, with a laptop on the left side, where Charlie sat.[br]

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"Are you sure you're ready?" said Charlie as he looked to his left side and up at him. "I'm ready, Charlie. I need this help."[br]

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Before they knew it, two large bodyguards showed up with the key to the large gates outside that Willy had given them. They wore black suits and sunglasses, even headsets for backup. Willy jumped, very startled for a moment when they walked through the doors, as they had the key to that, too, as Willy had forgotten. The two bodyguards shut the doors behind them and stood on either side of Charlie and Willy, and they were ready to go.[br]