

## HAVE YOU EVER WON A COMPETITION? – READING TEXT

### Have you ever won a competition?

Charlie entered the shop and laid the damp fifty pence on the counter.

‘One Wonka’s Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight,’ he said, remembering how much he had loved the one he had on his birthday.

The man behind the counter looked fat and well fed. He had big fat lips and a very fat neck. The fat around his neck bulged out all around the top of his collar like a rubber ring. He turned and reached behind him for the chocolate bar, then he turned back again and handed it to Charlie. Charlie grabbed it and quickly tore off the wrapper and took an enormous bite. Then he took another ... and another ... and oh, the joy of being able to cram large pieces of something sweet and solid into one’s mouth!



‘You look like you wanted that one, sonny,’ the shopkeeper said pleasantly.

Charlie nodded, his mouth bulging with chocolate.

The shopkeeper put Charlie’s change on the counter. ‘Take it easy,’ he said. ‘It’ll give you tummy-ache if you swallow it like that without chewing.’

Charlie went wolfing the chocolate. He couldn’t stop. And in less than half a minute, the whole thing had disappeared down his throat. He was quite out of breath, but he felt marvellously, extraordinarily happy. He reached out to take the change. Then he paused. His eyes were just above the level of the counter. They were staring at the silver coins lying there. The coins were all five-penny pieces. There were just nine of them altogether. Surely it wouldn’t matter if he just spent one more ...

‘I think,’ he said quietly, ‘I think ... I’ll have just one more of those chocolate bars. The same kind as before, please.’

‘Why not?’ the fat shopkeeper said, reaching behind him again and taking another Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight from the shelf. He laid it on the counter.

Charlie picked it up and tore off the wrapper ... and suddenly ... from underneath the wrapper ... there came the brilliant flash of gold.

Charlie’s heart stood still.

‘It’s a Golden Ticket!’ screamed the shopkeeper, leaping about a foot in the air. ‘You’ve got a Golden Ticket! You’ve found the last Golden Ticket! Hey, would you believe it! Come and look at this, everybody! The kid’s found Wonka’s last Golden Ticket! There it is! Right there in his hands!’

*Adapted from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl*