

Wonka's New Assistant (New Version)

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Mr. Wonka gets a new assistant for some extra help, but she may turn out to be more than that.. (It's my first one. --; If you don't like it, don't comment..)

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1 - A Crush?

Dian now had her very iwb bedroom in the factory. It wasn't very well decorated yet, but it had enough. A dresser, a closet, a bed, a nightstand, and a light. Though she didn't spend much time in there, because all day she would follow Wonka around, helping him out with personal things, just little things around the factory, which she didn't mind at all.. in fact, she loved it. She loved spending almost every minute of the day with him, and admiring him while he wasn't looking, which the Oompa Loompas started to notice. They actually giggled about it from time to time.

The glass elevator landed in the Inventing Room- the most important room in the factory. Wonka was working on a new invention. Dian wasn't as shy as she was the day she arrived, but she still was a lot. She became a bit curious as to what he was inventing, so like any other person, she asked. She said, "What are you making?"

He simply told her, it was a more advanced version of Wonka-Vite. It not only gave you energy, but it helped relieve a cough.

Dian smiled. "That's a wonderful idea, especially because it's getting around that time of year again!" She could finally look him in the eyue, but still blushed every time she did, especially now, as she looked into his dark blue eyes with her light blue ones

Wonka was pleased with her response. "Excellent. Now, we just need Charlie's opinion."

Just at that moment, Charlie had popped into the room, hearing that last bit of what Mr. Wonka said. "On what?"

Wonka turned and looked at Charlie, smiling. "Oh, just in time! I've made a new version of Wonka-Vite. Not only does it give you energy, but it helps relieve a cough, too!

Charlie replied, "That's a great idea. It's getting around that time of year again, too."

Dian looked to Charlie. "Exactly what I was saying."

Charlie replied, "Well, I'd better get going, Mum wants me to help clean."

Wonka said, "Alright, we don't want you getting into any trouble!" As he rubbed Charlie's hair, messing it up. "In fact, we'll get you there faster!" He pressed the button on the glass elevator, making the doors slide open. He stepped in, motioning Charlie into it, as Dian followed. With a "Ding" the doors closed, and they took off.

Charlie looked up at Mr. Wonka, and thanked him.

Wonka nodded, as he looked down at him.

Dian was behind Wonka yet off to the side, only a bit, but enough to where Charlie could see her. She was smiling in a somewhat odd way. She looked almost as if she was in the happiest place on Earth, as her eyelids were half closed, and her cheeks were as red as two cherries. She also seemed as if she couldn't move her arms, like they were just hanging there.

Charlie noticed this. He had never seen her like this, so he was quickly distracted from Mr. Wonka.

Wonka looked in back of him to see what was wrong, and saw the way Dian was looking at him, and it just so happened to be that when he turned around, their views connected. Mr. Wonka's eyes grew wider, and Dian quickly snapped out of it as her face got a little more red. Mr. Wonka's heart raced, for reasons unknown to him. He quickly turned around to see Charlie's house, as Dian looked down to the floor of the elevator, a bit embarrassed about the fact that he had caught her admiring him.

Wonka landed the elevator near the small house as Charlie watched the two. "Well, here ya go." He let out a small, nervous giggle as he opened the elevator doors and let Charlie out.

"Goodbye, Mr. Wonka!", Said Charlie as he waved.

Wonka waved back as the elevator doors closed and took off again.

2 - Undiscovered Feelings

After that awkward moment on the elevator yesterday, Wonka thought about it when he was alone, unsure of what to think, being that later that day he was in a conversation with Charlie's mom, and she suggested that maybe Dian liked him a little more than as a boss. After that, Wonka acted a bit nervous around her, almost avoiding her. He was a bit shy about that subject, as was Dian. Although, she didn't know that he was, so she thought he just didn't like her, which started making her depressed.

Wonka was in the candy room, discussing some things with Charlie, as Dian approached them, blushing.

Charlie got ready to walk away, as Wonka tugged him back, as he did not want to be alone with Dian. He was afraid of the emotions she may have for him-- he was not ready.

Dian just looked down with her hands behind her back. She was surprised that he wasn't avoiding her. She just stood there, saying nothing, waiting for him to try and innocently flee.

Wonka said the first word, knowing there was no way out of it anyway. "H-hello there, Dian!" he said nervously, as he made a slight wave at her.

Charlie just watched, sitting down on the minty grass, eating some.

Dian got chills down her spine, just from him saying this. She nervously looked up at him for a moment, softly saying, "Hi."

Wonka couldn't help it anymore, he had to run, still being afraid. "Well, I've gotta go, bye!"

Charlie watched him leave, then looks at Dian, seeing a very sad look on her face, as she ran, pouting. He went after her, shouting, "Dian, wait!" He finally caught up to her, standing at the door of her room. He noticed pictures of Mr. Wonka on her nightstand, her dresser, and one small one on her pillow. He wondered where she had gotten these pictures, but decided now was not the time to ask.

Dian was sitting on her bed, crying some. "Why doesn't Mr. Wonka like me?!"

Charlie looked at her a bit confused. "What do you mean?"

Dian looked at him, with tears in her eyes. "He hated me, doesn't he?" She sniffled some. "He's always avoiding me!"

Charlie replied, "I think maybe he's just shy around girls."

Dian sniffled some more. "Why would he be nervous around me?!"

Wonka was about to turn the corner, as he heard Dian's voice just as she said that, and spotted Charlie

at the door of her bedroom. He stopped, and listened.

Dian continued, "I'm ugly, and I'm not even that bright."

Charlie replied again, "You are smart, and I'm sure he doesn't think you're ugly."

Dian was silent for a moment, then murmured, "Thankyou, Charlie."

Later that night, Charlie went to Wonka's room, just as he was getting ready for bed. "Mr. Wonka?" He peeked in his door, cracking it open some more.

Wonka came out of his bathroom, the looked down at charlie, pulling off his latex gloves. "Yes, Charlie?"

Charlie looked up at him. "Why do you keep avoiding Dian? She thinks you don't like her. I told her maybe you're just nervous around girls, though."

Wonka got nervous once again, smirking. "I, umm-.. well, I.. I do like her!" He gave a nervous laugh, in the childish way that he usually did. He didn't know what to say.

Charlie replied. "Well I think she really likes you. That's all I wanted to say. Goodnight, Mr. Wonka."

Wonka smiled some. "Goodnight, Charlie." He then thought to himself, "I can't bottle this up for much longer, it didn't work with my dad, and it won't work now. I just.. have to face my fears." He gulped, ready to walk towards her room. He then heard some soft music comming from Dian's room. he peeked intot he room of which the door was already cracked open some. He saw her laying on her bed, staring at the framed picture of him sitting on her nightstand.

Dian was singing very softly.

These were the words that Wonka has just cought:

"I'd love to see him there, witht he golden sun in his hair.
I've gotta make it to summer
I wanna drift on that ocean-blue in his eyes.
On a blanket of sand, holding his hand while the lonely people go by.
I've gotta make it to summer.
I wanna tell him the things that I'm feeling inside.
And if I get the chance, I know I'm gonna make him mine.."

As Wonka listened, he started to realize how she felt.

--The music was then cut off, as Wonka realized she had gotten up, and turned the music off. Wonka quickly hid beside the outside of the door, and listened to her.

Dian started talking to herself. "Yeah right, like that last part'll ever happen. Pfft!" She then slammed her door shut, and turned off her light.

Wonka went back to his room and thought about these lyrics. He then realized he felt the same way, but wasn't sure, due to the fact that he's never felt this way before.

He heard her whimper until the time he fell asleep...

3 - The Incident

A piece of metal above suddenly landed on him, skidding down his side. It had struck his head, and he started to bleed badly. He was knocked unconscious, and his top hat flew off. It had happened right in front of Dian's eyes, as they widened with terror.

"MR. WONKA?!" She immediately ran to his side, elevating his head with her hand, blood getting on it. Tears started pouring down her face as she yelled for help. Oompa Loompas immediately came to his side.

Paramedic and Nurse Oompa Loompas started pulling him onto a stretcher that they quickly got into the room, quickly transporting him to the emergency room.

Dian followed, crying her eyes out, watching all of this happen in horror. She stayed in the waiting room for about an hour, until an Oompa Loompa told her she could come see him. She ran into the room, staring at him and still crying. She sat on a chair next to the bed. She then looked to the Oompa Loompa, barely being able to speak. "Please tell me he'll be okay!!" She wiped her tears, although more just poured down her pale cheeks.

The Oompa Loompa looked at her. "We think so, but we don't know for sure." The Oompa Loompas all knew how she felt about him, they could just tell. "I'll let you alone with him." He left the room.

Wonka was laying in the hospital bed, in only a hospital gown, and the covers were up to his chest, though his arms were not covered. He had breathing tubes that went to his nose, and blood going in him through a needle in his arm. He also had a bandage around his head, and the blood stains were slightly visible. He also had bad scrapes and bruises down the side of his body. Now he really would need his cane for a while.

Dian tried to get ahold of herself, but she was still crying. She started to do something she had wanted to do for a while now-- she took a glove off and gently stroked his cheek with the back of her hand. "Oh, Mr. Wonka.." Her tears started to land on his hand. When she noticed it, she put her hand on his. "Mr. Wonka.. I.. I know you can't hear me right now, but I may as well say it now, just in case.." She sobbed as she said this, as much as she hated to say this. "You don't make it.." She gulped, blushing as she started to talk more.

Wonka started to regain consciousness, but not to the point that he could move much. he didn't even open his eyes, but he could hear what his assistant was saying.

Dian continued, "Even before I started to work for you.. I greatly admired you. I was absolutely tickled when I got the job." Her grip on his hand tightened. "And now, I want you to know.. that.... I love you. I loved you since the day I started working for you. I love the way you act, the way you talk.. your huge imagination, your charm.. the fact that you are a child at heart.. the fact that we can both relate that we are both missing a parent.. I love everything about you.. Every time I'm near you, my heart rate goes way up.. But I don't think you would ever love me the same.. But even so.. please.." She layed her head

on his chest, listening to his heart. "Wake up.." She suddenly felt the grip on her hand tighten. She quickly sat up, and saw him opening his eyes. "Mr. Wonka!!!" She hugged him tightly, not caring about her shyness. She was just glad that he was alive.

Wonka held her tightly, only remembering a blur of what happened, but he knew his head hurt. "Dian..?" He said softly, noticing the tears in her light greyish-blue eyes and on her face. He had heard most of what she said.

She looked at him, wiping some of her tears. "Oh, Mr. Wonka.. I'm so glad you're okay!"

He looked at her a bit confused, not saying anything about what he had just heard. "What.. What happened?"

Dian replied, "A big metal thingy fell from the ceiling and hit you on the head.."

Wonka tried moving, but felt lots of pain and grunted a little.

"Don't move." said Dian, gently pushing him back down. "I'll go get the Doctor.."

Wonka nodded some, and watched her leave the room.