

# The Miracle

By SKC

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*~Mr. Wonka proves that our destinies are only what we make them~ One-shot.*

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**Chapter 1 - The Miracle**

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# 1 - The Miracle

A.N.: I really have no idea if someone else has already written a story like this pertaining to the ending, which I will not give away. I've never read one anyways and this plot bunny has been bouncing around my head ever since I first read the book wayyyyyy back in grade 5 (It was many years ago . . . let's leave it at that) Although of course back then, it wasn't a "plot" but just something that I had fantasied about. You see I'm a big believer in destiny and cause and consequence and this particular part of the story just lends itself so well to it. Anyways, I'll say no more about that! Go read, and tell me what you think, ok? (=^.^=)

*Willy Wonka will prove that our destinies are truly only what we make it.*

"Miracle"

Mr. Wonka was not quite sure how he ended up standing in front of the immense iron gates that led to the outside world and away from the grounds of his chocolate factory. In fact, it was quite a rarity for him to venture onto the outside grounds of the factory at *\*all\**, doing so only when it was absolutely necessary; always under the cloak of darkness and never no more than a few feet from the entrance into the factory so as to elude detection from the local townsfolk, and more importantly, the press. It wasn't that Willy Wonka *\*hated\** other people, indeed, people were the reason he was able build his beloved factory in the first place. He just wasn't what you'd call a "people" person, disliking the "nosy" and "untrustworthy" traits that most people harboured. Yet despite Wonka's current cynical nature towards people, it hadn't always been so. In fact, he once had had thousands of people working for him and had

enjoyed it immensely, though all the while keeping himself somewhat aloof from the workers, for no one ever got close to Willy Wonka. And it was a good thing that none *\*were\** close to Mr. Wonka or his factory may not have survived at all, for there finally came a time when the ugliness of man made its presence known and spies began appearing all over the factory. Wonka had been more hurt by his workers betrayal than he would ever admit, and felt little remorse for them when he slammed the gates of the factory in their stunned faces. He honestly didn't know what he had been expecting of those people. He should have known that they'd betray him. Why wouldn't they? After all, he had already been betrayed by his own f . . .

Wonka shivered and pulled his coat closer around his body as a swirl of snowflakes twirled around his legs. He adjusted his oversized goggles and tried groping along the wall to find the intercom, and after several failed attempts to locate it, he finally picked his goggles off of his face and poked them into his coat pocket, deciding that in the hour before dawn, there was not enough light to be concerned about.

He blinked several times allowing his eyes to get used to the new glimmer of light, and was quite thankful for it as he could now easily locate the intercom. He pressed the button (with some difficulty, as it seemed to be partly frozen in place) and spoke into the grill.

"It's me, Bill. Open the gate for me, will you?"

Immediately an aged voice responded, "Sure thing Mr. Wonka." And with a tinge of mirth, "Awfully early for a stroll don't ya think?"

Wonka sighed, "Yes well, you know how my sleeping pattern is. It *isn't*."

A breath of laughter and then, "Yes, yes I suppose that's true. Is there . . . any particular time I should expect you back?"

"An hour should do. I'll be back before dawn anyways."

"Very good, Mr. Wonka." There was a groaning sound as the massive gates opened just enough to

allow a person to slip through. "I'll see you then."

"Thanks, Bill." Mr. Wonka wrapped his scarf a bit tighter around his face and brought it up just enough to cover his nose before stepping through the crack between the gates.

He stayed standing outside of the gates for a short time after they groaned shut, trying to decide on where to go and wondering how much the layout of the town had changed since he had last stepped foot in it. He finally decided that he would head towards the park, hoping that the townsfolk had kept enough sense to not turn it into a parking lot of some kind.

Willy watched as his breath swirled out from his scarf, catching the light of the dimly lit streetlights and then evaporated into nothingness. He had always enjoyed that particular winter trait, and as a child, he would try to control which shape his breath would take, making rings and the like, much as someone would do with the smoke of a cigarette.

He had enjoyed the snow as well only disliking the fact that it was so *cold*. He decided that his feelings hadn't changed much as he trudged through the snow on the uncleared sidewalk, quietly chastising the plowmen for being slack on the job.

He suddenly froze as he saw headlights in the distance, but soon relaxed as the truck turned up another street in the distance. Mr. Wonka watched as the truck stopped on the corner and a little figure jumped out with a bundle of papers tossing them haphazardly onto the sidewalk before clambering into the truck again.

As the truck sped off, Willy was reminded of the very reason that he had come outdoors in the first place. In two days time he would be acquiring a heir to his candy empire. Once the sun came up however, there would be just *one* day left before he would have to once again allow people into his factory and supposedly, allow one into his confidence. He had come outdoors in a desperate attempt to relate to the world from which his heir would come and incidently help him to better understand the child. But he was now beginning to think that the whole golden ticket idea had been a terrible mistake. . .

He stared at the little bundle on the sidewalk. That little bundle of papers was no different from the previous papers that had brought him the news of each new ticket finder and he tensed, wondering if it

might contain the name of the fifth child, having found the last ticket earlier that night.

Disregarding the fact that the street on which the papers lay was lined with stores, his curiosity got the better of him and he took the small risk that some arduous working store owner might catch a glimpse of him in the light of the approaching dawn as he hurried across the street.

Mr. Wonka reached the papers and quickly checked for any sign that someone had seen him. The street however, appeared quite deserted and the windows remained dark so concluded that he was safe for now. He peered over the top of the pile of newspapers trying to read the headline in the dim light and finally read that, no, the last golden ticket had not been found. He wasn't sure if that was good news or bad, but decided to go with good because at least he didn't yet have definitive proof that the last child was an abhorrent little monster like the other ticket winners.

Willy felt something flop in his stomach, possibly his heart, as he thought of the children who had found the precious leaflets of gold. Augustus Gloop had been the first child to find one. The boy had seemed incredibly greedy and from the child's girth, Wonka believed that this assumption was correct. Wonka had been put out by this poor start but dismissed it as being just that, and was quite confident that the four remaining ticket finders would turn out to be model children, or least show no obvious signs of being anything but. As the winners were announced one by one however, Willy began wondering how in the world he could have been so *wrong*.

The second child was Veruca Salt, a snotty spoiled brat that seemed to have “mommy” and “daddy” wrapped around her manicured little finger. The third child, Violet Beauregarde had actually seemed promising at first with her confident, aggressive attitude. It soon became apparent that she was just a little *too* aggressive and seemed the type that would put him in some sort of headlock if he suggested something that she did not agree with.

Wonka had begun to worry after Violet and Veruca but when, Mike Teavee, a know-it-all *loathsome* child who had the nerve to treat this all important event as some “system to be cracked,” was announced as the forth winner, Wonka was near hysterics. Not *one* of those children realized just how incredibly important this contest was. Not *one* of them had *truly* wanted to win and only did because 1, nearly swallowed it in a feeding frenzy, 2, wanted to win to be “the best”, 3, wanted to win because she couldn't allow another child to have an advantage that she did not, and 4, only wanted to break the system to show that he could outsmart anybody, including Wonka.

“What have I *done* . . .” Wonka breathed as he continued down the snowy road. He realized now of course that he had been ridiculously naive from the get-go to believe that any of the children would be any different from everyone else who had hurt him. How could he possibly give his beloved factory over to one of those horrid children?

Mr. Wonka paused as he came to a candy store, drawn to the frosty window that proudly displayed a “WONKA” poster on its darkened surface. Was it too much to ask for just *one* decent, *loving* child? One who would *listen* to him? Respect him? Lov . . . Was there even a kind child left in the world? And yet . . . there was that last ticket. One last hope. Could . . . could this child possibly beat the odds and be the one that Wonka was hoping, and now praying for?

A gloved hand wiped off the stinging moisture on his cheek, as he shivered for reasons that were not entirely due to the biting winds of winter. A miracle. That was what he needed. And it would have to be a doozy of a miracle to save him now. Now that there was only one day left for the last child to find the ticket. . . Yes, the odds were most certainly against him and his perfect child that he *had* to believe was still out there. But. . . hope. The same hope that he had when he first sent out the golden tickets, remained. True, the hope had dwindled from a glorious fire, fueled by eager expectation into nothing more than embers, but it *remained*.

“Please . . . God,. . . *anyone* . . . *help* me. . .please” Wonka whispered one last prayer before noticing the light on the window pane from the sun that was now just starting to glimmer over the distant hills. He hastily pulled away from the window, and plunged a gloved hand into his coat pocket pulling out his goggles, his numb fingers never noticing the \$10.00 bill that fluttered to the ground after being pulled out of the pocket along with the oversized glasses. Willy turned and hurried back the way he came, tramping on the bill in the process, partially burying it in the snow.

As Willy Wonka hurried away through the snow, he never realized that his prayer had already been answered. The little bill rustled in the breeze. Mr. Wonka would get his miracle.

