

## Bachewich Bursts the Blueberry!



“Careful, careful, careful!” shrieked violet. The Oompa Loompas glared at her pin like eyes – now situated amongst the vivid purple skin. “If you roll me that fast, my gum will fall out from behind my ear and I have been working on that one for a whole 2 years, 26 days, 15 hours and 13 ... no 14 minutes. It’s going to be a new record that one – I can feel it!”

The Oompa Loompas would normally burst into song at a claim like this – but this time, they couldn’t quite muster the energy. They simply raised their eyebrows at each other. By this stage, having travelled through the twisting and turning corridors, it had taken five Oompa Loompas to get this far – Mrs. Rose, Miss Newman, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Haigh and Mrs. Cusano! These were Mr. Wonka’s chief blueberry rollers. Not only could they make the impossible happen, but they knew the route to the juicing room with their eyes closed. At the final push, they managed to roll the colossal blue sphere through the tall double doors that sat under a sign that read, *Bachewich Laboratories – room 2*. Clang! In she popped, across the glossy, highly-polished floor. Her newly-stretched clothes enabled her to glide across the floor – off she went, sailing,

gliding, skating. Still skidding, she caught a glimpse of two equally-blue, but much taller and thinner, legs! All of a sudden, Violet came to a halt with her head ending up in between those legs!

“Oh my goodness! You really have swelled up. Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! This is catastrophic! What will we do?” Miss Bachewich was in a fluster. Indeed – Miss Bachewich was in a fluster for a good reason. The fact that Miss Bachewich had such an extreme reaction to the sight of the swollen sloe-like sphere was an indication of two main themes. First and foremost, Miss Bachewich had noted that this was a particularly severe reaction to Mr. Wonka’s gum. “I’d told him to burn it! Incinerate it! Get rid of this sheer madness! This gum **MUST** be destroyed!” Secondly, Miss Bachewich’s rather dramatic and loud reaction was telling of her own trauma with the magical gum.

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Around 5 years ago, Miss Bachewich (Chief Advisor to the rather zany Mr. Wonka) travelled to a strange and far-off land with Mr. Wonka. This was an intrepid land known as Cambridgeshire. It was full of swampy fens, flatlands, a very prestigious city and winding rivers. Within their treacherous exploration, they discovered two idyllic villages – Little Shelford and Great Shelford. Upon arriving, they met a friendly local tour guide Mrs. Ashton. She knew a great deal about the history of the villages and imparted some great knowledge about them. Little Shelford was known for its fine tomato growing – some of the plumpest, juiciest and sweetest tomatoes known to ever be grown. Meanwhile, the residents of Great Shelford were renowned for their beautiful blueberry bushes. Mr. Wonka gushed, “I simply *adore* tomatoes.... But I just can’t get enough blueberries! I cannot believe that both of my absolute favourite delicacies grow so well in this unusual land of the Shelfords. Oh, how I wish I could craft a creation that contained both!” Now, those people who knew Miss Bachewich would describe her as a very positive person – always seeing the best in others and trying out new combinations... always happy to take a risk. Maybe that is why she was so well suited to the role of Chief Advisor to Mr. Wonka. In

true Bachewich form (like a go-for-it gorilla), Miss Bachewich exclaimed, “Why not go for it Wonka, my dear friend?!”



Mr. Wonka clutched his head. Miss Bachewich could not deduce if this was a sign of Mr. Wonka experiencing excruciating pain or grappling with another of his (self-proclaimed) ‘brilliant’ ideas. “I’ve got it! I’ve only gone and got Bachewich! Blimey, my creative juices really are flowing today!” At this point, Mr. Wonka started leaping around, cane still in his hand. Rather unexpectedly, he burst into song...

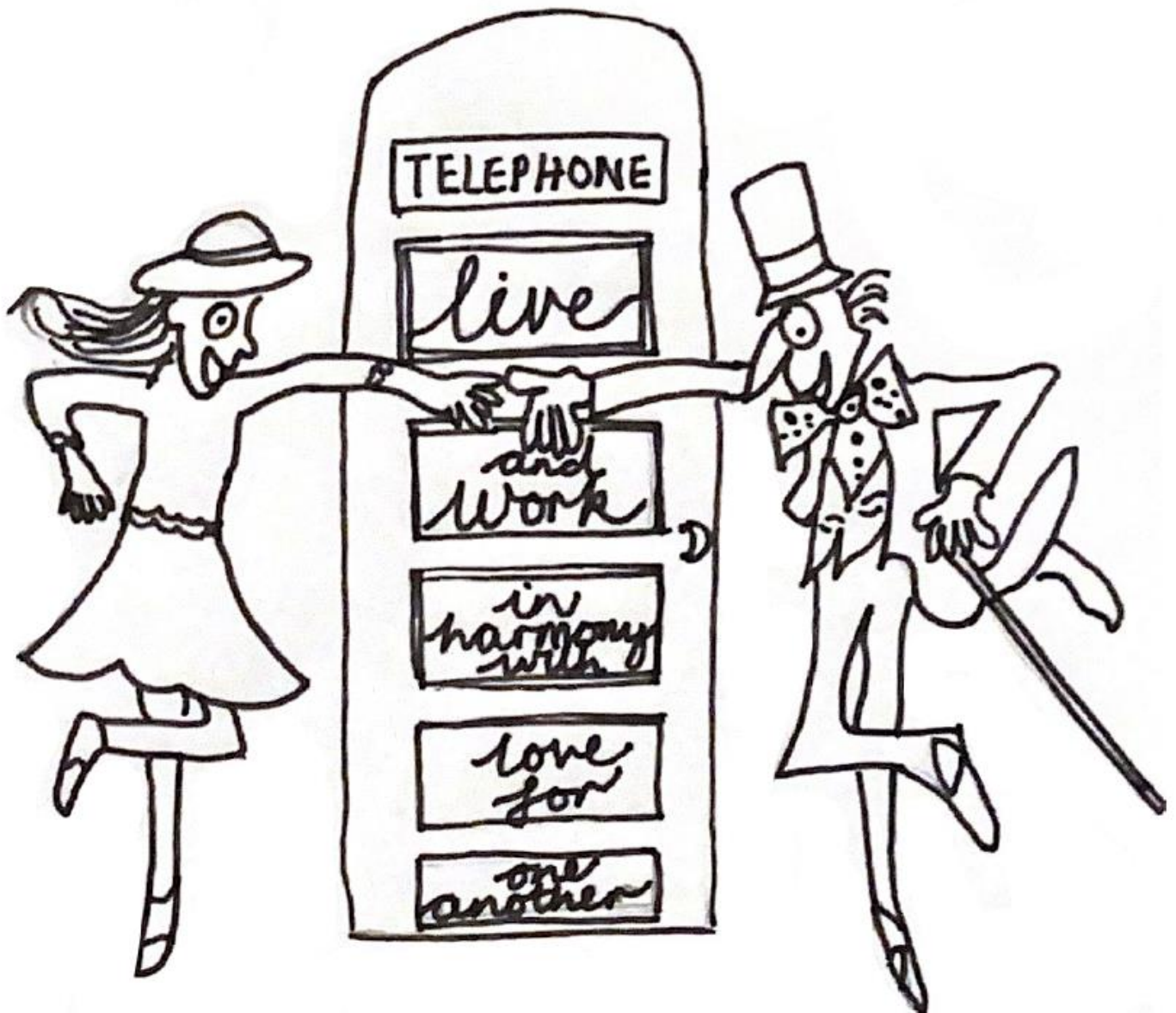
*Tomatoes and blueberries come to me*

*Into a delicious sweet you’ll be*

*Take it and chew it, Get a great food hit*

*What a wonderful sweet you’ll be!*

After this little musical interlude, Mr. Wonka performed a celebratory dance. This was akin to a little salsa. In fact, he was in such a splendid mood that he took Miss Bachewich by the hand and they performed a short salsa by the village phone box.



All of a sudden, Mr. Wonka stopped in his tracks. Letting go of Miss Bachewich's hand, she nearly fell over. "But Bachewich, what about the main?" Miss Bachewich had absolutely no idea what Mr. Wonka was referring to. "What do you mean my dear Wonka?" asked Miss Bachewich. "The main! There must be a main! Main course Miss Bachewich!" By this point, Miss Bachewich was left rather bemused and continued to have absolutely no idea what he was referring to! "Well, you see, it is simple! Take my favourite ingredients and make a beautiful banquet all within confectionary... I'm thinking of possibly it being gum!" Miss Bachewich recoiled at the thought of a meal within a piece of chewing gum, but she knew all-to-well that when Mr. Wonka got the bit between his teeth – there was no going back. "Gum it is!" She announced

cheerily. As Mr. Wonka turned slowly, he saw a large sign standing proudly in one of the fields *Paduano Cattle Farm* it read. “Beef!” Shouted Mr. Wonka. “Beef it must be! Roast beef, Yorkshire puddings, all the trimmings!”

Throughout their time in Great and Little Shelford, Mr. Wonka - ably assisted by Miss Bachewich - sought all the ingredients for the gourmet gum. Beef from Mr. Paduano’s cattle farm in Little Shelford; tomatoes from Alderson, Murray and co. farms and Blueberries from Page, Warne and O’ Bryan allotments. Mr. Wonka smiled with glee. He turned to Miss Bachewich with that devilish grin on his face. Miss Bachewich knew only too well that the night ahead of them would be full of experimenting!

Mr. Wonka worked - at times - with other people in his test kitchen to ensure that his recipes were the very best. His top team of cooks were Mrs. Clarke – famous for her scrumptious chocolate brownies; Mrs. Alderman, Ms. Starte and Ms. Wong – known for their margherita pizza and fudge tart and Mr. Grey – meringue chef. The top team of cooks were always nervous when Mr. Wonka entered their beloved kitchen, for he was rather a jester-like, prancing baboon. Very unexpected and jerky movements are not welcomed in these kinds of environments. In bound Mr. Wonka. “Listen up team!” He bellowed – nearly causing all the chefs to drop their utensils. He shared his new plans for his gum with the team. Their faces were rather expressionless! Miss Bachewich knew that the cooks had no clue where to start. However, the team went about their work – boiling potatoes, blending tomatoes, stewing blueberries. The kitchen contained some high-tech and specialist equipment that Miss Bachewich thought might actually support the chefs. The Wonka’s staples that he insisted on were the giant clay pots made by Mulholland Potteries. This was no normal pot – but one of the finest quality that really ensured the ingredients behaved themselves. Meanwhile, Cuff’s ‘Popty-Pings and other Things’ supplied some of the technology in the kitchen. A microwave that could cook a whole joint of Paduano’s beef in just 3 seconds; a blender that could smooth out 2 sacks of tomatoes in seconds and a mixer that could mix pastry smoother than any other.





Mr. Wonka was a most impatient fellow and whilst watching the cooks hard at work, he would pester them with comments, questions and - most irritatingly – he would always try and sneak a taste before something was ready. This day was no different. In fact, it was worse because of his incredible enthusiasm for his new idea! He leant across Mrs. Clarke as she was slicing a tomato, in shock at Mr. Wonka's presence, she recoiled. In doing so, she let go of the razor-sharp knife she was holding. Soaring, circling, sailing. Through the sky it went, flying in the general direction of Mr. Grey. Eventually it descended, landing directly on (well, in) Mr. Grey's little finger. Before anyone had a chance to react, Miss Bachewich was already calling the Kingman & Kingman Paramedic Line. Miss Kingman was the dedicated paramedic for all the Wonka endeavours, ably assisted by Mrs. Kingman. In fact, there were so many accidents around Mr. Wonka that it was a full time job for both of them! Needless to say, Kingman & Kingman Paramedics eventually rectified the finger and left the team to continue developing the gum!

Finally, after all the chefs' endeavours, the gum was a "finished" product. "Now time for the packaging!" announced Mr. Wonka. Miss Bachewich had the numbers for the amazing packaging design company on speed-dial – *Stewalee!* Mrs. Stewart and Miss Moralee had worked tirelessly over the last year beautifying Wonka's numerous packaging designs. Other teams – such as the Translation Department had been busy ensuring that Wonka's products could sell in all countries around the world – Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Kerin and Mrs. Bane exclusively translated all Wonka packaging. Meanwhile, the International Relations department – led by Mrs. Unwin – ensured Mr. Wonka's reputation was a positive one around the world. That was no easy job, given his rather unpredictable and reckless behaviour!

Eventually, the product was ready to go... well in Wonka's eyes it was! Mr. Wonka invited a team of testers made up of Miss Beck, Miss Hudson and Miss Wesley. They each tried the gum in the presence of Mr. Wonka and Miss Bachewich. Unfortunately, the results were rather alarming. After Miss Beck tried the gum, all she could do was talk in numbers. When Miss Bachewich asked how it tasted, she just responded "8! 8! 8!" Mr. Wonka replied, "I have had enough of this you fool. I know you have eaten it, but did you like the taste of it?" "9! 9! 9!" replied Miss Beck. "Why are you talking in German and more importantly, why didn't you like it? Anyway, I have no time for that – get the translation department to work out what she's blithering on about Bachewich!" After Miss Hudson had tried the gum, Wonka repeated the same questions – "Na - roedd yn erchyll." Replied Miss Hudson. "I haven't got time for this! Bachewich take me to Miss Wesley – I need to find out what she thinks now." Mr. Wonka and Miss Bachewich headed off to find Miss Wesley. "What did you think about the gum?" asked Mr. Wonka. Mr. Wonka was rather surprised by the reply he got – which was sung to the tune of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star:

*Shiny, shiny little gum*

*Small, yes smaller than my thumb*

*Yet in you there seems to be*

*Everything I'd eat for tea*

At this point, Mrs. Harrison appeared – fiddle in hand and accompanied the remainder of the tune.

*Shiny, shiny little gum*

*Gobble you up, yum, yum, yum!*

“Now that’s more like it!” exclaimed Mr. Wonka – you’re promoted! Unfortunately, Mr. Wonka got a call just a week later from the Wonka Team’s HR Department. Mrs. Ward was on the other end of the phone “Mr. Wonka, you cannot go about experimenting on people! Miss Beck now can only speak in numbers, Miss Hudson can only speak in Welsh and Miss Wesley can only communicate through rhyming songs. What on earth have you been up to now?” Mr. Wonka did not appreciate Mrs. Ward’s comments and ended the call immediately. Sometime later, the company counsellors from Marshall and Crawford turned up at a group therapy meeting for Miss Beck, Miss Hudson and Miss Wesley. “What has he been up to now!?” asked Marshall and Crawford. However, they couldn’t really make sense of the responses from the three affected parties – “8!” “Bore da!” “I know an old woman who swallowed a fly, I don’t know why she swallowed a fly. Perhaps she’ll die”. Miss Marshall and Mrs. Crawford looked at each other and made a hasty exit.

Wonka was now very frustrated that his trials were not really working. He aimed for one last attempt. He rounded up a new team of tasters – Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Plummer. Unfortunately, they all had similar reactions to the others.... But more extreme – Mrs. Fowler turned into a guinea fowl, Mrs. Plummer turned into a small purple plum and Mrs. Fox, well ... turned into a fox. The trial area was left in utter chaos with mess absolutely everywhere! Miss Bachewich rang Smith, Starte and Sweeney for their super speedy cleaning services to come and mop the place over. This was not quite the reaction Wonka was hoping for! “Oh dearest Miss Bachewich, what can we do?” Mr. Wonka’s eyes rested on Miss Bachewich. That knowing smile grew on his face. “Oh no! Mr. Wonka – please don’t make *me* eat it!” “Come on Bachewich, you *are* such a ‘go-for-it gorilla’!”



Over time, Mr. Wonka chipped away at Miss Bachewich until she relented. “OK – just for you!” Miss Bachewich took the shiny pebble, placed it on her tongue, closed her mouth and began to chew. “Oh – how lovely! Yes, the tomato soup is here. Oh – those delicious Little Shelford tomatoes have been made into scrumptious soup! How delectable. Now, here comes the beef from Paduano’s cattle farm – deliciously roasted, still a little pink... gorgeous. Oh goody – time for dessert, those Great Shelford blueberries are going to be the crowning glory!” Well – if only Miss Bachewich knew that the GREAT Shelford blueberries were going to have a GREAT effect in making Miss Bachewich ... well ... GREAT!

The blueberry flavour had barely hit her tongue before she felt a whooshing energy in her feet, arms and legs. She wasn’t really sure what was happening. Mr. Wonka paused and stared. Miss Bachewich could feel herself growing – taller, wider, taller, wider. “What’s happening!?” screamed Miss Bachewich. “Don’t worry dear – this is the best reaction yet!” Miss Bachewich was not yet convinced that was true. Up and up, out and out, Bachewich became a blueberry! Miss Bachewich scolded Mr. Wonka – “How dare you make me do this! Look what you have done to me! How on earth will I ever get back to normal?”

Mr. Wonka – ever the optimist – aimed to make light of the situation. Miss Bachewich and Mr. Wonka made it all the way back from the far of land of Cambridgeshire to the factory, with Miss Bachewich rolling all the way. As a small way of trying to make it up to Miss Bachewich, Wonka had arranged for a welcoming committee. This consisted of some amazing dancers from Lane Academy, headed up by Mrs Cross. They were ably accompanied by their musicians – Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Bond, Mr. Boutwood, Mrs. Johnson and Ms. Wyndham-Hall. All the musicians were bedecked in tartan produced by Paterson & Co. Tartan house. The little show cheered Miss Bachewich up a great deal and helped her to forget about her current status!

Miss Bachewich dedicated the next three years to returning to her former state. What a persevering parrot! Eventually, she found a combination of plant and animal based cures that worked for her specific reaction. Miss Bachewich had spent so long in finding a remedy that she now had a laboratory of cures at her disposal. Based on this amazing dedication, Mr. Wonka insisted she stay on-site at the factory as resident blueberry-juicer.

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“Now, how on earth are we going to get you back to you?” asked Miss Bachewich. “Violet’s the name” retorted Violet in a rather disgruntled manner. “Snake skin, frog warts... no – there’s no ruptured skin.” Violet looked horrified! “Oh! I know, how about snail slime and octopus tentacles? No – that won’t work as the hair hasn’t changed colour!” Violet looked disgusted. “Oh well – there’s only one way for it – manual blueberry juicing!”



“What on earth are you talking about?” questioned Violet. “We’re going to have to manually take the juice out of you to return you to your wonderful self!” replied Miss Bachewich.

What happened next was not a pretty sight! Miss Bachewich went from solution to solution. “I think I’ll start with my beloved seals! Cyril! Celia! Come to mamma!” Of course, the seal’s flippers were far too smooth and soft to have any effect on the blueberry. All they actually did was end up slapping Violet! “Right my dear little cats” started Miss Bachewich (she had a lot of cats) “Lelaini, Georgia, Zaire, Tom, Theodore, Eloise Lama and Samantha - claws out!” Miss Bachewich proceeded to allow the cats to scratch at Violet – but this did not pierce the strong blueberry skin. Meanwhile, Violet protested rather loudly and persistently with a mixture of screams and shouts.

“Hmm – time for a different approach!” announced Miss Bachewich. She then went over to her aquarium, fetched out Ava and Orla – the lionfish - and Juno the pufferfish. Whilst Miss Bachewich thought that these animals might just do the trick, they simply couldn’t rupture the blueberry! Off to the mammal enclosure Miss Bachewich went! Neither Hannah and Lily the armadillos, nor Lucas the giant anteater could break into the blueberry flesh, despite their valiant attempts. “I need something stronger – or sharper!” exclaimed Miss Bachewich. She headed to the tall trees contained within her vast laboratory and called down her well-trained eagles – Henry, Samuel and Sebastian. They swooped low and responded to Miss Bachewich’s call. They clawed at Violet – but still no luck.

Whilst all of these attempts happened, great screams of pain continued to echo around the whole factory. The other children and Mr. Wonka heard these – but Mr. Wonka brushed it off, claiming it was just the singing of the Oompa Loompas - Mrs. Rose, Miss Newman, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Haigh and Mrs. Cusano!

“Time to step things up!” announced Miss Bachewich. She went to the Nut Sorting Room and procured four of the nut-sorting squirrels – Zoe, Jemima, Austin and Lilianna. They set their teeth all about Violet – but still no juice – no luck – no deflation. “Right – it is time to get spikey now!” Miss Bachewich headed for her spikiest creatures: Eloise Leckie, Kayley, Eleanor and James - the

hedgehogs and Joey, Eliza, Rose, Elliot and Aaron - the porcupines. Spines and endless spines jabbed at the purplish skin, but still with no success.

“Oh! What a pain!” exclaimed Miss Bachewich. Just then, she looked onto her shelf of named stationery items. Trusty Rosie the pin had always been there for her – holding up her timetables, experiments and maths equations all-year-long! Miss Bachewich wondered if that would do the job. She seized Rosie the pin in one hand. With great effort, gusto and pride, she inserted the pin into the blueberry. Nope – nada – niente – nothing. No difference. Sadly, it did not manage to pierce the blueberry skin.

Just then, Mr. Wonka appeared through a secret door. “I’ve held them up for a bit Bachewich. I heard the screams. How *is* it going?” “Not so great” replied Miss Bachewich. “I just don’t know *what* to do to return Violet to her normal size.” “Well,” started Mr. Wonka, “There is a legend about one plant that might just help. It is very rare and hard to locate and only grows in one location in the whole world.” By this point Miss Bachewich had tried everything and was desperate for a solution. “Anything – I’ll do anything!” “They call it the Arizonian cactus Miss Bachewich. It only grows in Arizona. It has the sharpest, pointiest lance-like needles that’ll cut through anything. I am sorry to say that you might just have to go and procure one!” Whilst Miss Bachewich loved working in the factory with all the joy, fun and hard work – she knew that her next mission would take her to Arizona.