

# Wonka is a Yale Man

## Week 1

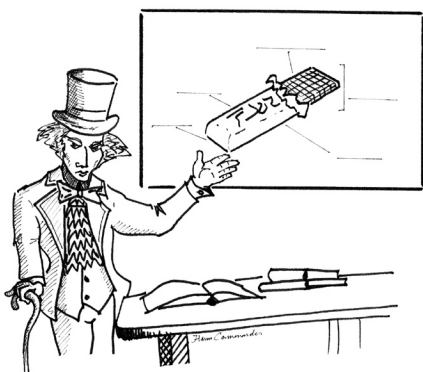
I'm not really sure what Charles Hill was thinking when he hired this new substitute, but I sure don't get it. He mumbled something about "leave of absence" and "Kissinger" and "genocide situation," then introduced us to Professor William Wonka – as he said, "Willy, for short."

From the look of things this Wonka character is clearly not Grand Strategies material. The guy is a freak – purple top hat, bowtie, coattails. I talked to Sheila about it after class and we both agreed. First impression: definitely a pedophile.

## Week 2

Lecture one from Wonka: complete shit. First he babbles on about some crap company called Slugworth Chocolates – crap, because it's not on Fortune 500 (I know because I checked), then – bam! – suddenly I hear the name "Veruca Salt." Veruca Salt? You know who listens to Veruca Salt besides lesbians? No one. That's right: no one. Maybe my older sister – but, case in point: she's probably a lesbian.

Sheila says that I shouldn't worry about it and that it'll just take time to warm up to him like it does every new professor. Ha ha, smart thinking Sheila. Now go listen to some Veruca Salt.



## Week 3

The fat kid vanished today. Or, really, he could have vanished yesterday, or the day before, or anytime last week, but I haven't seen him around at all, and he's pretty hard to miss, much less vanish.

Wonka started calling his name out for attendance and then suddenly stopped and started laughing really creepily. Kinda something like, "Augustus Gloo – AHAHA-HAHAHA! CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!" Man, that stuff gave me the jitters.

## Week 4

Another two hours with the candy freak again. This time he tells us about some wack new grade policy he's instituted in place of giving A's. "Golden tickets!" Yeah, right, Wonka. I'm sure Harvard Law will be *real* impressed when they see I got a Golden Ticket instead of an "A." Besides: if I want gold all I need to do is look at my new Movado watch. If that shit ain't bling-bling, I don't know what is.

Overall, though, I'm getting worried. Professor Hill's still not back, and after the fat kid incident, I'm beginning to think Hill's dead or something in this Wonka guy's trunk.

## Week 5

Correction: Wonka doesn't have a trunk. He doesn't even drive a car. He walks into seminar fifteen minutes late today and tells us some shit like "Sorry, kids, my glass elevator broke down again." Glass elevator? WTF?

Also, from the way he makes eyes at him, I'm beginning to think Wonka has a thing for Chuck. Yep, that's right, Charlie Shaw, that loser in the front row. I mean, Christ – can you say *financial aid*? The kid dresses like that bum I kicked in the stomach walking out of Toad's last night.

Sometimes, Yale, I wonder.

## Week 6

Well, that Wonka may be a stiff but his friends sure aren't. I went to Yorkside's with Sheila for a late-night snack and – guess who I see? Wonka. Wonka and these crazy Teletubbies from the 1930s. They invited us over for a drink and introduced themselves as the "Loompas." Loompas. Yeah, real tough name there – although the green hair was kind of intimidating.

Later on, we went to Image together.



Wonka got plastered and muttered something into Sheila's ear about showing her the "secret of his everlasting gobstopper" before passing out in a puddle of his own vomit. Jesus.

On my way out, I caught Sheila grinding with one of the Loompas.

## Week 7

Today, it dawned on me, and I think I'm finally beginning to understand what it's all about: Candy. Candy as it fuels Caribbean sugar cane markets; candy as we outsource labor to third world countries; candy as we raise tariffs on imports. Candy rational economic borders; candy to fatten the native populations and make them weak putty for ourselves. We will create a new utopian world with flowing chocolate rivers cascading into more chocolate waterfalls! When our bombs fall, they will fall raining candy canes and vanilla-dipped strawberries and anthrax and Twix! Candy is the Grand Strategy, and the Grand Strategy is candy.

I think Wonka knows that we're on the same wavelength now, cause he smiled at me and, after class today, gave me a piece of grape bubble gum. "It's real special," he told me. I haven't gotten a chance to chew it yet, but, hey – I guess this Wonka character really isn't that bad. ☺