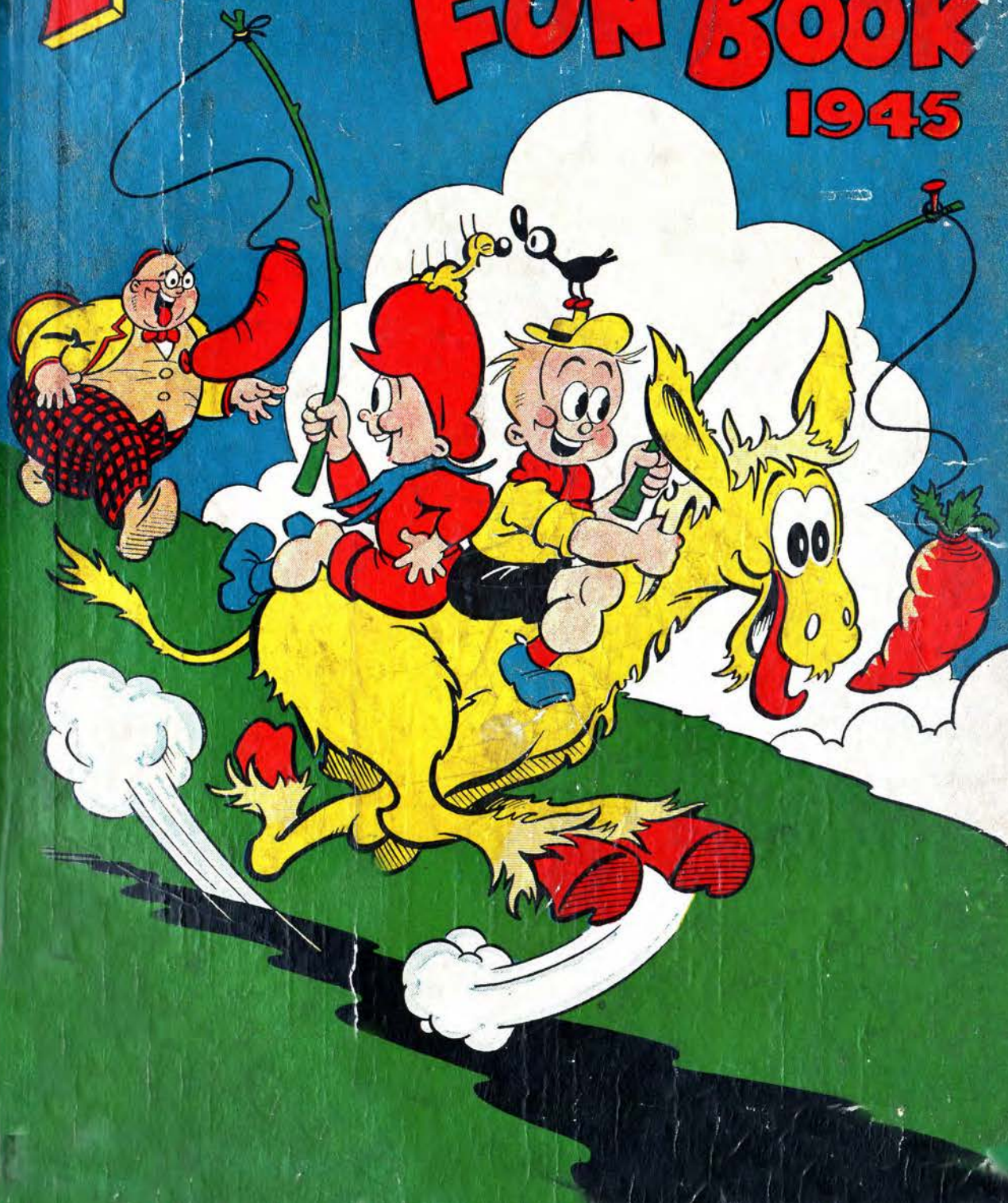
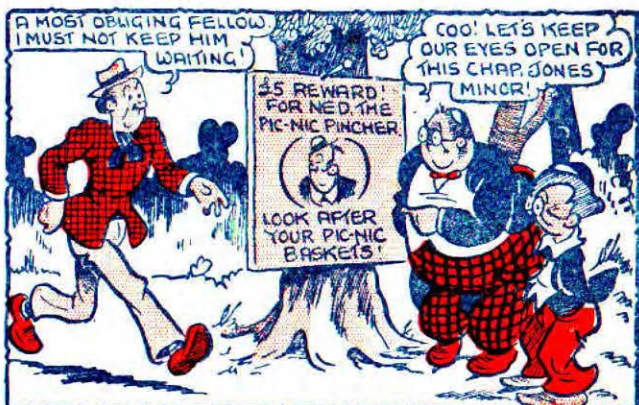


KNOCK-OUT FUN BOOK 1945

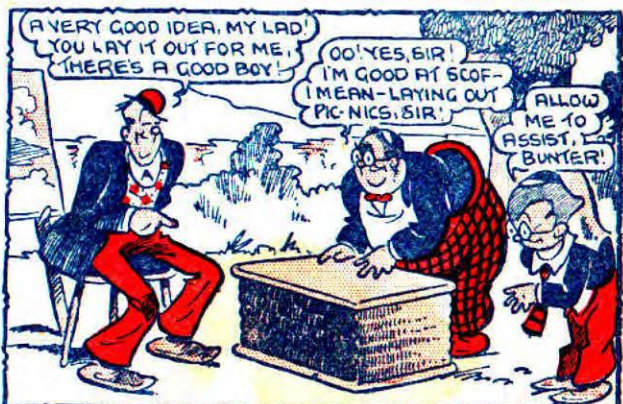
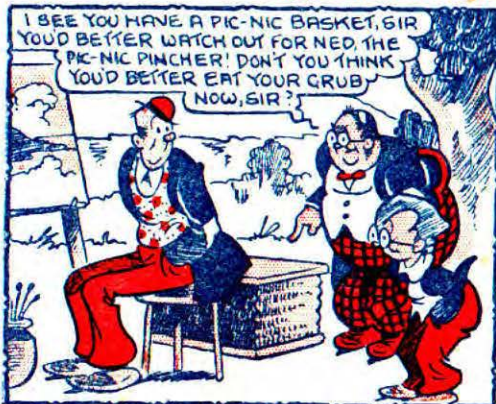


BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY
ON EARTH



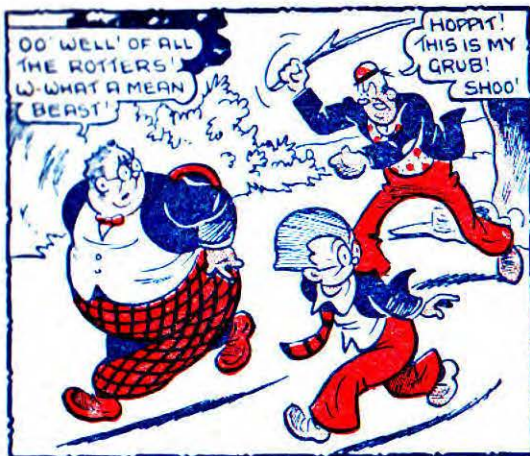
1. Mr. Hugh Tinter, the paint walloper, sat on the common, painting it. At least, he painted it on a canvas. But just when he wanted to put in a pink-billed worm-snaffler sitting on a tree, he found he'd left his pink paint at home on the grand piano. Just then, up strolled a chappy with a homely face, so Hugh asked him to mind the doings while he fetched the paint.



2. And round about that time, and close by, William George Bunter was taking the air, in company with Jones Minor. They were helping themselves to a free eyeful of a poster, offering a reward for Ned, the Pic-nic Pincher. They took no notice of Hughie Tinter as he ambled past, because our fat lad had spotted a hamper. Now, hampers mean grub to William George!



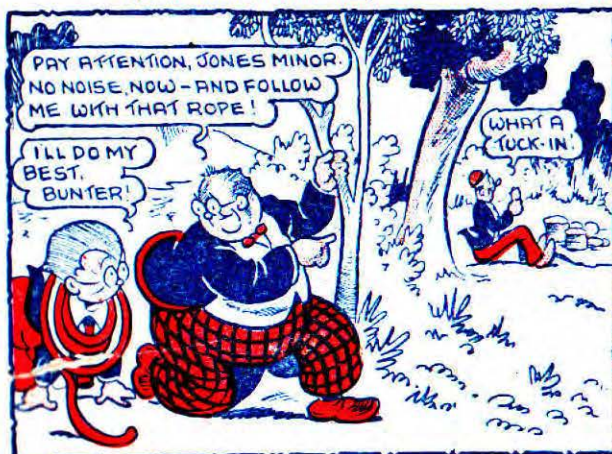
3. So he sort of happened along that way, and seeing the chappy with the homely face, he offered—quite freely and kindly—to open the hamper for him. Now, wasn't that big of Billy? The homely-faced guy was quite willing. He even asked Billy to lay out the grub for him. But when our Billy had worked like a horse and was waiting to eat, he got the bird!



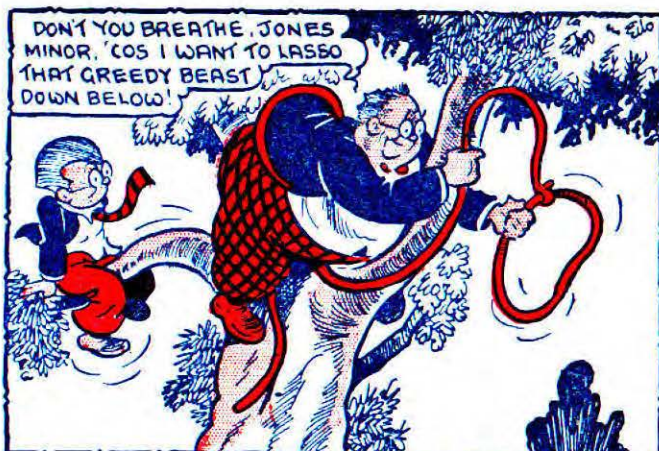
4. 'Sflect, churns! The chappy's face wasn't homely any more. It twisted into a nasty, hop-it-or-else sort of look. Snatching up a stick he chased Billy and Jones Minor off the scenery, then sat down to gobble all the goodies.



5. Billy was properly peeved about it, and blamed Jones Minor. But as they roamed by the river, the Bunter eyes spotted a rope on a boat, and the busy Bunter brain clicked into top gear, thinking up a perfectly nifty notion.



6. Borrowing the rope, and draping it on Jones Minor, our fat lad thudded back on tiptoe to where the grub-gobbler was doing his s.u.f.f, with his back against a tree. Billy climbed the tree, aided and shoved by Jones Minor.



After which, Jones Minor climbed the tree, aided and pulled by Billy, who had a firm grip on his left ear. Of course, Jones Minor took the rope with him because it was round his neck. Billy made a noose in it, and chuckled.



"Now, watch closely!" he said, and dropped the noose neatly over the goodie-gobbler's napper. And then Billy and Jones Minor leapt from the tree. Billy's weight did the rest. The pop-gargler just rose up in the world!



Jones Minor found the world a bit hard, but Billy didn't let a little thing like that bother him. "Make the rope fast to something!" he ordered. Jones Minor tied the rope to a tree-root, and there was the food-hog, dangling.



10. It was a grand chance! "This is where we get a bit of our own back," chortled Billy. But when Jones Minor had a stab at getting a bit for himself, there was a free fight. Billy handed him a clip on the ear and the knife flew.



11. Yes, chums! It flew through the air and the rope. The rope was cut, and down came the grub-gobbler, right on Billy's back brace-button. Jones Minor suddenly remembered he had a date, far, far away, and fled. Billy was too winded to move.



12. Meanwhile, Hughie Tinter had spotted the poster, recognised the face, and fetched a copper. Just when Ned, the Picnic Pincher, started to knock Billy around, he got pinched. So Billy found himself sitting pretty after all. Nice work!

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH

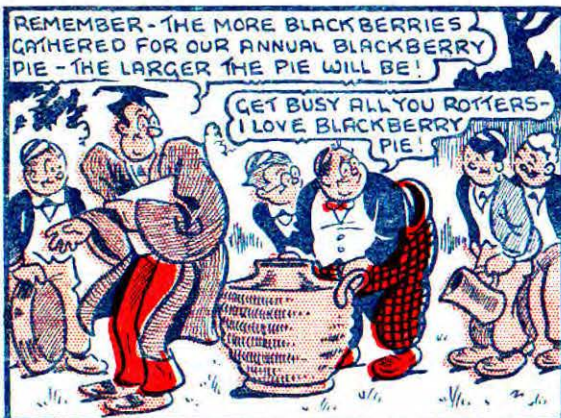








BILLY BUNTER - THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH



1. 'Twas late in the year, but early in the day, when Quelchy took the Greyfriars' lads into the woods to pick blackberries. And William George Bunter went, too!



2. Billy loved blackberry pie, and he wanted it to be a big one, so that his double share would be five times larger than anybody else's. But he hated the picking!



3. Yes, chums. Quelchy was quite nasty about the handful Billy gathered. "Two ounces! Pah!" he snorted. Billy was annoyed. Food was to eat, not to work for!



4. But the bottom end of a bashed-about old basket set the mighty Bunter brainbox buzzing! Our fat lad had a notion that would get all the blackberries for himself.



5. So, setting to work, he cut the bottom from Quelchy's basket, and fitted his old job-lot remnant over it. No one would notice what had happened! Oh, very crafty!



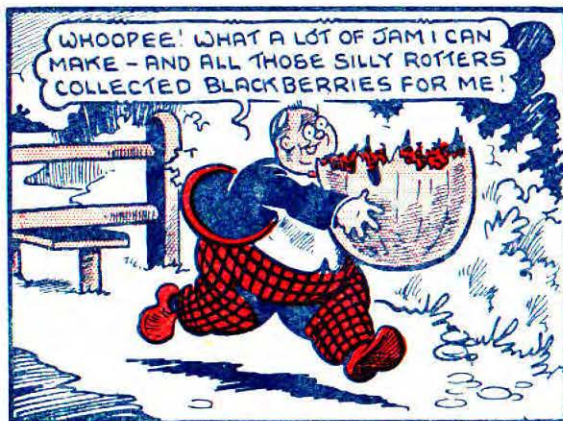
6. The lads were picking away like one o'clock, bringing in bushels of berries, all black and juicy. They poured them into the basket while Billy turned aside to smile.



7. When the out-sized basket was full, Quelchy tucked his paddies behind him and stepped out for home, telling Cherry and Bolsover to carry the doings between them. And the basket was simply packed tight with the pickings!



8. How they groaned! Those berries were going to weigh a few stones! At least, that's what they thought. But when they lifted it up they left the bottom behind, just as Billy reckoned they would. And, of course, the berries got left, too!



9. The moment they were out of sight, Billy grabbed his juicy loot and legged it the other way. He'd got the lot for himself, and he wasn't going to bother about a rotten pie! No, sir! It was jam for him—the stickier the better.



10. He arrived back at school and dumped the berries in his study. Then he toddled down to the kitchen and borrowed a little bag of sugar, as big as he could carry. He meant to put it back—when he'd finished with the bag—not the sugar!



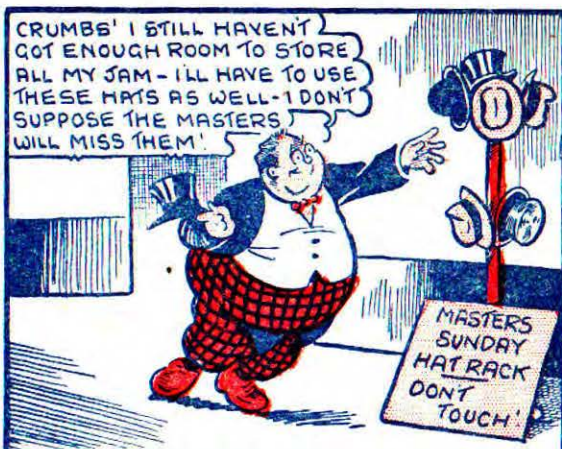
11. Likewise, he borrowed a tin bath, and setting the lot over a Bunsen burner, he started jamming. Adding a drop of water, he brought the mixture to the boil and the top of the bath. Then he stirred and stirred—and stirred!



12. You never saw such jam, chums! It was the blackest, juiciest, sweetest, stickiest mass of mess that ever was made. But there was so much of it that it would take a few thousand jars for storage. Something had to be done about it.



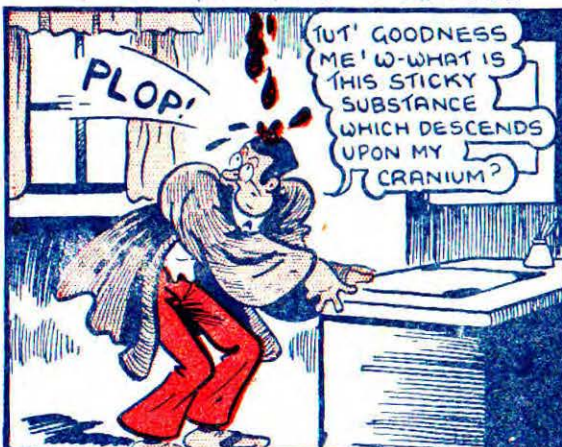
13. So our Billy went around, from study to study, from room to room, and all round the "johnny corners," collecting anything that would hold anything at all.



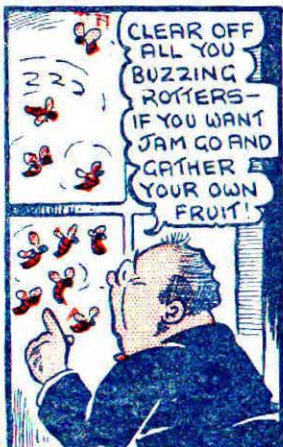
14. Cups and jugs and basins—with and without handles. He helped himself to the masters' Sunday-best hats. After all, he had to put the jam in something or other.



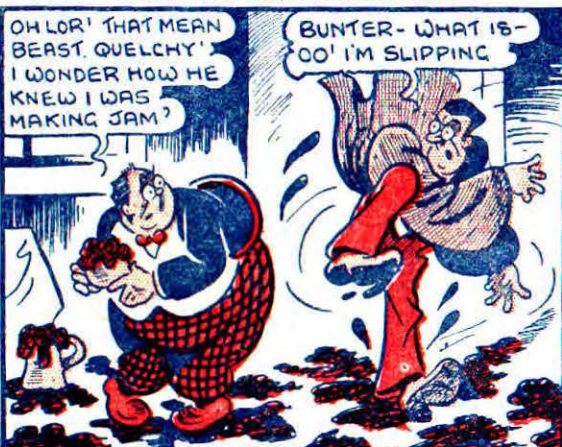
15. And how he put it! He filled the jugs and the cups. He packed the toppers tight with the stuff. And what didn't go in the dings sploshed out on the floor.



16. In fact, so much sploshed out on the floor that it soaked clean through the carpet and oozed through the floorboards and drained through the ceiling below.



17. And glancing up to see what was dripping, Quelchy got an eyeful of blackberry jam. And he couldn't see that that was right! Meanwhile, upstairs, Billy groaned.



18. There was trouble coming, chums. The jammy smell had brought along every wasp in the west country, to say nothing of north, south and east! Quelchy came too!



19. Yes, chums! He knew Billy's study was overheard, so he guessed the jam was there. He proved it to be so, by sliding up on half a pound of the best and purest!



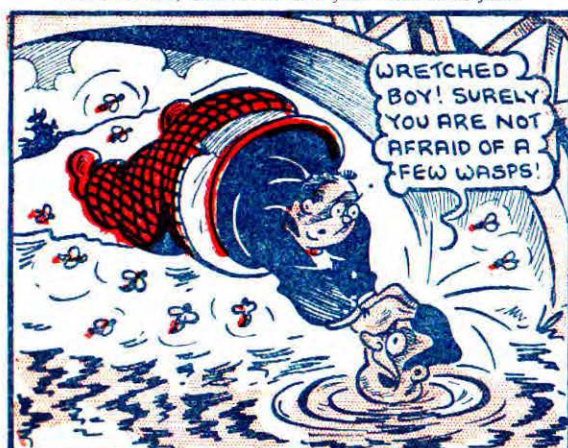
20. Whoops! Mind your back! Down flopped Quelch, and one boot, flying off his foot, went clean through the window. And, of course, the wasps said, "Ta, a lot!"



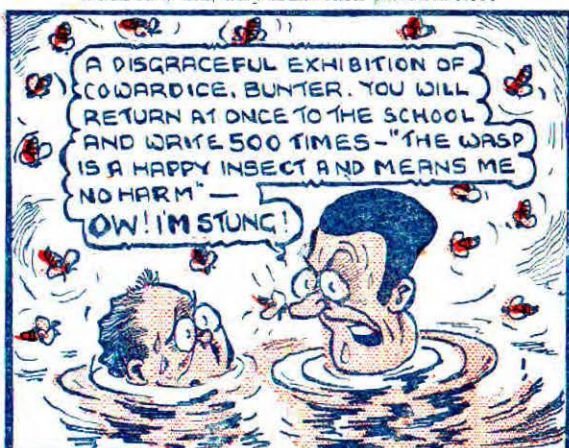
21. They were looking for a good opening, and there it was! They swarmed in to the attack, and Billy and Quelch swarmed out, smothered with jam—and more jam!



22. Quelch headed for the river, and William George was a close second. The wasps followed and sometimes caught up. When they did, they made their presence felt!



23. Sting! Sting! Yow! Yelp! Quelch felt sore in many places at once. Reaching the river, he dived in. Billy dived, too, and Quelch was struck by his skill.



24. Even so, the wasps still had a go at what was left poking out above the water. Quelch yelped and vowed he'd teach Billy a lesson about jam and wasps—with a cane!