BILLY BUNTER BARGES IN

He's the Fattest Schoolboy on Earth!

IT WAS THE DAY OF THE JUNIOR SPORTS TROPHY RACE AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, AND A LARGE CROWD WAS GATHERED IN THE QUAD TO WATCH THE WHOLE OF THE REMOVE FORM SET OUT ON THEIR CROSS-COUNTRY RACE. WINGATE, THE HEAD PREFECT, FIRED THE STARTING-PISTOL~~ AND THE RUNNERS STREAMED OUT OF GATES AMID LOUD CHEERS!

HARRY WHARTON AND INKY SOON TOOK THE LEAD.

MEANWHILE, BILLY BUNTER GASPED ALONG IN THE REAR ~~

BILLY BUNTER PUFFED AND GROANED AS HE STAGGERED ALONG AT A SNAIL'S PACE.

THEN HIS LITTLE EYES GLEAMED AS HE DREW NEAR TO THE GATEWAY OF THE OLD DERELICT FRIARDALE GRANGE. ~~~

BUT AS BUNTER PASSED THE OLD RUINED HOUSE, HE SNIFFED CURIOUSLY ~~

BUT AS BILLY BUNTER TUCKED IN GREEDILY ~~

THEN BUNTER GAVE A WILD YELL AS THE MAN SPRANG.
YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE, FAT FOOL!
YAROOH! HELP! WHAT IS IT! LEMME OUT OF HERE!
IN DESPERATION, BUNTER HURLED THE PIE FULL IN THE FOREIGNER'S FACE, AND RAN FOR DEAR LIFE.
OUCH! HELP! MURDER!
CURSE YOU!
BUNTER STREAKED AWAY ACROSS THE FIELDS, RUNNING AS HE HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE.
HELP! HE'S AFTER ME! POLICE! FIRE! MURDER!
LEAPING A STILE, IN FULL FLIGHT, THE TERRIFIED BUNTER SHOT DOWN THE ROAD AHEAD OF THE LEADING REMOVITES ~~
AM I DREAMING! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, WHARTON?
BUNTER! BUT IT CAN'T BE, SMITHY!
BUNTER TORE IN THROUGH THE GATES OF GREYFRIARS ~~ AHEAD OF THE FIELD.
MY ONLY SAINTED AUNT! IT'S BUNTER! BUNTER'S WON THE JUNIOR TROPHY!
BLESS MY SOUL!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! THIS IS INDEED A GREAT PLEASURE, MY BOY! HERE IS YOUR WELL-DESERVED TROPHY!
OUCH! I SAY, IS THAT BEAST STILL BEHIND ME?
THE WHOLE GIDDY LOT ARE BEHIND YOU, OLD FAT MAN! YOU'RE A GIDDY HERO!
THREE CHEERS FOR BUNTER!
BUT LATER, IN THE REMOVE CORRIDOR ~~
JUST A MINUTE, YOU SWINDLING FAT ROTTER! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW YOU WON THAT TROPHY ~~
YAROOH! HANDS OFF, BULL, YOU BEAST! YOU CAN HAVE THE ROTTEN TROPHY FOR ALL I CARE ~~
BUMP THE TRUTH OUT OF THE FAT TOAD!
YAROOH! LET ME GO, YOU ROTTERS!

BOYS! IS THIS INDEED TRUE? YOU DARE TO BULLY BUNTER BECAUSE HE BEAT YOU AT SPORT. THIS IS DISGRACEFUL!
OUCH! YOU ROTTERS! ROTTEN JEALOUSY, JUST BECAUSE I WON THE TROPHY~~
THE WHOLE FORM WILL REMAIN IN GATES TO-NIGHT, EXCEPT BUNTER! YOUR LATE PASSES ARE CANCELLED!
BUT SIR, WE'D ARRANGED TO SEE A SHOW. WE'VE BOOKED OUR SEATS~~
WITH A SWISH OF HIS GOWN, MR QUELCH SWEPT AWAY ANGRILY DOWN THE CORRIDOR~~
IT'S JOLLY UNFAIR! WHY SHOULD WE BE GATED BECAUSE OF THAT FAT ROTTER~~
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, BOB~~~
OH YES, THERE IS! I VOTE WE GO OUT TO-NIGHT, ANYWAY! BLOW OLD QUELCH! WHAT DO YOU FELLOWS SAY?
COUNT ME IN, BOB! I'LL JOIN YOU!
THEN THE BEDTIME BELL RANG, AND THE SURLY REMOVITES MADE THEIR WAY TO THE DORMITORY~~
SO IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, HAZELDENE! THE OTHERS HAVE GOT COLD FEET~~
DON'T TALK ROT, BOB~~
YOU'RE ASKING FOR THE SACK. QUELCH WILL BE WATCHING LIKE A HAWK!
I'M GOING~~ AND THAT'S THAT!
MY ESTEEMED BOB, YOU WILL GET IT WHERE THE ESTEEMED CHICKEN GOT THE CHOPPER~~
NO-ONE ELSE COMING? LAST OFFER!
YOU BLITHERING CHUMP! YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN TO BREAK BOUNDS, DO YOU~?
BOB AND HAZELDENE STARTED DOWN THE IVY, AS BUNTER ROLLED INTO THE DORMITORY~~
I SAY! WHERE ARE THOSE CADS GOING? I BET IT'S A FEED, AND THE BEASTS ARE TRYING TO HOG IT FOR THEMSELVES! GREEDY ROTTERS!
HA HA HA!
I'M JOLLYWELL GOING AFTER THEM~~ THEY CAN'T SWINDLE ME OUT OF A FEED~~~
YOU'RE STAYING HERE, YOU FAT IDIOT!

AS HARRY WHARTON GRABBED AT BUNTER, THE FAT OWL OF THE REMOVE LASHED OUT--
SHAN'T! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU BEAST! TAKE THAT!
OUCH! OW! MY NOSE!
COME BACK, YOU FAT FROG, AND I'LL BURST YOU!
YAH! GO AND EAT COKE, WHARTON! I'D JOLLYWELL MOP THE FLOOR WITH YOU IF I CAME BACK!
THERE THEY GO, THE BEASTS! WELL, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME OUT OF A FEED--BETTER NOT LET THE ROTTERS SEE ME--
THEN BOB AND HAZELDENE NEARED THE OLD GATES OF FRIARDALE GRANGE--
LET'S TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO FRIARDALE. IT'LL SAVE US QUITE A WALK--
I--I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT? LOOKS A BIT SPOOKY IN THE MOONLIGHT--
ROT! THE PLACE IS EMPTY AND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS--
WAIT! LOOK THERE, BOB! THAT LIGHT, IN THE WINDOW THERE! WHAT--WHAT IS IT?
MY HAT, YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON HERE! IT'S BEEN EMPTY FOR AGES--I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK--
I DON'T LIKE IT! LET'S GO, BOB--
MEANWHILE, A FAT FIGURE WAS CREEPING UP THE WEED-COVERED DRIVE BEHIND THEM--
DON'T BE AN ASS! COME ON!
OH CRUMBS, THEY'RE GOING INTO THE OLD GRANGE! THAT FOREIGN ROTTER MIGHT STILL BE THERE--
THEN BUNTER SNORTED AND HIS LITTLE EYES GLEAMED.
OF COURSE! I GET IT NOW! THAT FOREIGN ROTTER MUST HAVE BEEN CHERRY OR HAZELDENE IN A DISGUISE. IT WAS JUST A TRICK TO SCARE ME AWAY FROM THEIR MOULDY FEED! THE BEASTS!
MEANWHILE, BOB AND HAZELDENE HAVE REACHED AN OLD GALLERY OVERLOOKING THE OAK-PANELLED STUDY--
MY HAT! LOOK DOWN THERE! SO THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! QUICK!

AT MID-NIGHT, KRARK WILL BE HERE WITH THE FINAL SECRET DOCUMENTS. THEN WE LEAVE FOR HOME FROM OUR SECRET AIRFIELD. BY TO MORROW, THE LATEST BRITISH ATOM SECRETS WILL BE IN OUR HANDS!
GOSH, THEY'RE ATOM SPIES! THEY'RE STEALING DOCUMENTS FROM THE NEW ATOMIC STATION NEAR COURTFIELD, I'LL BET!
COME ON! THEY'LL MURDER US IF THEY FIND US HERE! WE'VE GOT TO GO~~~
MEANWHILE, A FAT FIGURE TIP-TOED WARILY INTO THE OLD HOUSE.~~
THE BEASTS MUST BE IN THERE! THE GREEDY ROTTERS! MEAN BEASTS, TRYING TO KEEP A FELLOW OUT OF A FEED~~
BLOWED IF I CAN SEE ANY GRUB. PERHAPS THEY HAVEN'T BROUGHT IT OUT YET. THE BEASTS HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO SCOFF IT ~~~
THEN A GRIP OF IRON FELL ON BUNTER'S SHOULDER AND HE WAS PUSHED FORWARD INTO THE ROOM.
I FOUND HIM LISTENING AT THE DOOR, PROFESSOR!
WELL DONE, MARCOVITCH! WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS KIND! BRING HIM HERE!
THEN BUNTER PULLED FREE, AND LEAPED AT THE PROFESSOR.
I KNOW YOU, HAZELDENE, YOU ROTTER! OFF WITH THAT SILLY BEARD!
AAGH! SEIZE HIM~~ YOU FOOLS!
GREAT SCOTT, IT'S BUNTER! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, HAZEL! THE FAT ASS WILL GET MURDERED!

THEN WITH AN OMINOUS CRACKING SOUND, THE OLD GALLERY TORE LOOSE ~~
SHE'S GIVING WAY! JUMP FOR IT, HAZEL!
TOO LATE - WE'RE FALLING!
WHOOPS!
OH, C-C-CRIKEY! THERE'S CHERRY AND HAZEL. THESE BEASTS MUST BE REAL FOREIGNERS. YAROOH!
BUNTER STREAKED OUT THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AS HIS CAPTORS WERE SENT SPRAWLING.
YAROOH! HELP! MURDER! FIRE! POLICE! LEMME OUT OF HERE!
MORE SPIES! GRAB THEM QUICKLY, FOOLS!
BIND THEM SECURELY! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
IT'S NO GOOD, HAZEL~~ THEY'VE GOT US~~ I ONLY HOPE THAT FAT ASS BUNTER GOT AWAY~~ HE MIGHT BRING HELP~~
MEANWHILE, BUNTER FLED IN TERROR TOWARDS GREYFRIARS AS FAST AS HIS FAT LITTLE LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM~~
HELP! MURDER! YAROOH!
AH, IT'S BUNTER, OF COURSE! I ALLOWED YOU A LATE PASS! I TRUST YOU HAD AN ENJOYABLE EVENING, MY BOY!
HELP! THEY'RE AFTER ME! SPIES! BEASTS WITH GUNS AND KNIVES AND THINGS! HELP!
IT'S T-T-TRUE, SIR! HONEST! THEY TRIED TO K-K-KILL ME!
RUN ALONG TO BED, YOU FOOLISH BOY! YOU HAVE FRIGHTENED YOURSELF WITH SOME STUPID CINEMA FILM. AWAY YOU GO!

I SAY, YOU FELLOWS! CHERRY AND HAZEL ARE BEING MURDERED, AND OLD QUELCH WON'T BELIEVE ME! THERE'S A GANG OF ROTTEN FOREIGN BEASTS GOT HOLD OF THEM DOWN AT FRIARDALE GRANGE!
TELL IT TO THE MARINES!
IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE, YOU FAT FREAK, WE'LL BURST YOU. NOW TELL US THE TRUTH!
I'VE T-T-TOLD YOU THE T-T-TRUTH, YOU B-B-BEAST! STOP SH-SHAKING ME, YOU ROTTER! I TELL YOU THEY'RE BEING M-M-MURDERED!
HURRAH! RESCUE, REMOVE!
COME ON, YOU CHAPS! THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS! BUT BLOW THE POLICE! THIS IS A JOB FOR US. GRAB EVERY WEAPON YOU CAN LAY HANDS ON! THEN FOLLOW ME!
COME ON, BUNTER! LEAD THE WAY!
YAROOH! NO! FIND YOUR OWN WAY, YOU BEASTS! IF THEY GET HOLD OF ME THEY'LL SCALP ME!
BUNTER WAS DRAGGED DOWN THE STAIRS ~~ PROTESTING LOUDLY ~~
LEGGO, YOU BEASTS! YOU ~~ UM ~~ MOOOH!
SHUT UP, YOU FAT FROG! DO YOU WANT TO WAKE THE WHOLE SCHOOL!
THE JUNIORS SWARMED INTO THE QUAD ~~
YOU CAN FIND YOUR OWN WAY TO FRIARDALE GRANGE, YOU ROTTERS ~~
YOU'RE COMING WITH US, OLD FAT MAN! JUST IN CASE THIS IS ONE OF YOUR TRICKS!
DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME? FRIARDALE GRANGE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! HAVE THE BOYS GONE MAD?

COME BACK AT ONCE! DO YOU HEAR ME? BOYS! WHARTON! STOP I SAY!
LISTEN! THAT'S QUELCH! HE'S AFTER US!
INTO THE DITCH, YOU CHAPS! QUICK! AND KEEP AS QUIET AS YOU CAN!
THE BOYS CROUCHED LOW AS QUELCH SWEPT PAST LIKE A RAGING TORNADO!
STOP! COME BACK, I SAY! YOU WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED!
COME ON, YOU CHAPS! THE COAST IS CLEAR! LET'S GO!
I WONDER HOW FAR QUELCHY WILL GET BEFORE HE FINDS OUT HE HAS LOST US!
BUT LITTLE DID THE JUNIORS KNOW, THAT MR QUELCH WAS AWARE OF THEIR DESTINATION.
THIS IS FRIARDALE GRANGE -- WHAT CAN THOSE WRETCHED BOYS WANT HERE, AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? I WILL DEAL WITH THEM MOST SEVERELY FOR THIS INSOLENT ESCAPADE!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE --
IT IS TIME WE DISPOSED OF THESE INTERFERING YOUNG FOOLS! TAKE THEM -- TO THE RIVER -- AND DON'T BRING THEM BACK!--
YOU DIRTY SCOUNDREL!
THEN, AS BOB CHERRY AND HAZELDENE WERE DRAGGED THROUGH THE HALLWAY, STRUGGLING FIERCELY --
CHERRY! HAZELDENE! CEASE THIS NONSENSE AT ONCE! YOU HEAR ME? WHERE ARE REST OF THE BOYS?
LOOK OUT, SIR! THEY'RE SPIES! REAL SPIES!

SO! THAT MAKES THREE FOR THE RIVER! TAKE THEM, KRALEK, AND SEE THEY DO NOT RETURN!
BLESS MY SOUL -- HOW DARE YOU, YOU VILE SCOUNDRELS! RELEASE ME, AND THESE BOYS -- AT ONCE!
AT THE POINT OF A GUN, MR QUELCH AND THE TWO JUNIORS WERE FORCED INTO THE CAR --
YOU DARE NOT HARM THESE BOYS, YOU VILLAIN!
SILENCE! GET IN!
THEN THE REMOVITES ARRIVED ON THE SCENE --
MY HAT, THEY'VE GOT QUELCHY, AS WELL AS BOB AND HAZEL! COME ON, YOU CHAPS!
RESCUE, REMOVE!
BACK -- YOU YOUNG FOOLS, OR WE SHOOT TO KILL!
INTO THEM, REMOVE! GIVE 'EM BEANS!
FEODOR! QUICKLY! GET THOSE SECRET DOCUMENTS AWAY!
STOP THAT CAR, YOU CHAPS!
BUT THE REMOVITES WERE SENT SPINNING AS THE POWERFUL CAR LEAPT AWAY.
AFTER IT! THEY'VE GOT QUELCHY AND THE CHAPS! THEY'RE IN GREAT DANGER!
WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW!
SOON YOU WILL BE IN THE RIVER WITH BULLETS THROUGH YOUR HEADS!
GREAT HEAVENS, YOU SCOUNDREL!

THEN BOB LASHED OUT WITH A FOOT ~~
QUICK, SIR! GRAB THAT GUN!
BLESS MY SOUL!
LOOK OUT! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING, YOU FOOL!
WE'RE GOING TO SMASH ~~~
WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE POWERFUL CAR SMACKED INTO THE GATEWAY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?
YES, YES! SEE TO CHERRY AND HAZELDENE, WHARTON! THEY ARE IN THE BACK ~~
YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S SECRETS, CHERRY! I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY BOY! NOW, LET US TAKE THESE SCOUNDRELS AWAY!
NEXT MORNING, THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF THE ATOM SPIES BY THE REMOVITES SET GREYFRIARS BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT.
ALL THE CREDIT SHOULD GO TO ME, REALLY, YOU KNOW! IF I HADN'T TAKEN A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE GRANGE ESTATE IN THE TROPHY RACE, THESE SPIES WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT ~~
SO THAT'S HOW YOU WON THE RACE, YOU FAT SWINDLER! NOW YOU'RE REALLY FOR IT ~~
N-NO! I DIDN'T REALLY! WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS, I DIDN'T TAKE A SHORT CUT ~~ THAT IS ~~ KEEP OFF ME, YOU BEASTS! HELP! YAROOH!
The End.

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH

WHY CAN'T QUELCHY LEAVE ME ALONE? WHO WANTS TO ROLL BEASTLY BANDAGES ON A HALF HOLIDAY? GUH!
YOW!-
O LOR! SORRY, BUNTER!
HIT ME, WOULD YOU? KEEP YOUR BEASTLY BALL TO YOURSELVES!
THROW THE BALL BACK, FATTY!
HE'S CLIPPED THE BAILS OFF!
OH! NEAT!
WHAT A THROW!
COME, BUNTER! WE MUST TRY YOU OUT AS A FAST BOWLER!
LEAVE ME ALONE - EH? WHAT'S THAT, SIR?
O LOR! LETS GET THIS OVER - THEN BACK FOR A GOOD SNOOZE!
HM! NO STYLE - BUT HE MAY IMPROVE WITH PRACTICE!
THIS ONE GOES FOR SIX!
COO! BUNTER REALLY MEANS IT! WHAT SPEED!
CLUMP!
KLONK!
OH! BUNTER! COME BACK! I AM SURE YOU WILL GET A PLACE IN THE TEAM - AND IT'S TIME FOR TEA!
I D-DON'T FEEL UP TO EATING! YOU-ER-CAN HAVE M-MY SHARE, BUNTER!
AND MINE!
COO! TA! CRICKET IS A JOLLY GAME! WE'LL PLAY SOME MORE WHEN I'VE HAD TEA!