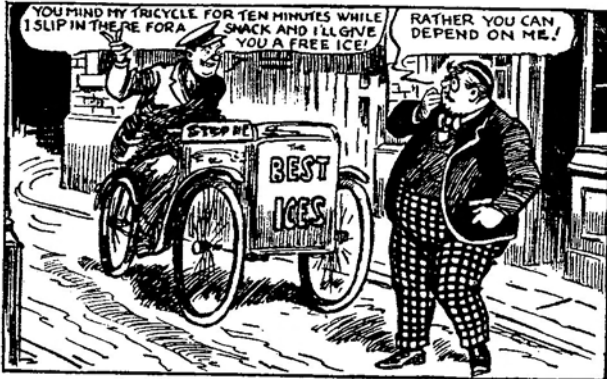


BILLY BUNTER HAS A FREE FEED OF ICE CREAM . . .



BILLY BUNTER

THE
FATTEST
SCHOOLBOY
ON EARTH



1. When Billy Bunter sees an ice cream barrow nowadays, he always thinks about the only time in his life when he could help himself to as many ices as he wanted. It happened like this. Bunter was gazing wistfully at a "Stop-me-and-buy-one" merchant, and wishing that he had some cash, when the ice cream man spoke to him. "Oi, fatty," he cried, "will you mind my tricycle while I get a snack? I'll give you an ice for doing it!"



3. Bunter decided that the ice cream was well worth eating, so he started to load his pockets up with all the bricks he could carry. He was just wondering how to carry the loose ice cream—the stuff you shovel up fast and hope for the best, when the ice cream merchant turned up. "Oi!" he yelled. "Put them ices down!" "Oh—er—I mean to say—er—don't worry, my good man," stuttered Bunter. "I'm expecting a big postal order to-morrow—I'll pay you then!"



5. For anyone as fat as he was, Billy Bunter could run jolly fast—especially when he was running to keep some ice cream! It was rather like chasing a football with legs, and the ice cream man had to give it up at last. But he had seen Bunter's cap and blazer. "I'll tell your teacher about you!" he cried. "You're a Greyfriars boy. You can't get away with this!" Bunter spluttered some silly remarks about wearing somebody else's coat, but the man wasn't listening.



2. Needless to say, Bill Bunter said "Yes, rather!" What else would you expect him to say? But our Billy wasn't satisfied with the promise of an ice for the job—he wanted a lot more. So he started to wade into the hundred-weight of ice cream on that barrow. He started by handing himself a huge ice pudding—there was a good half-crown's worth of ice in it—but that was just a taster to see if the ice cream was good. "You can't be too careful," chuckled the fattest schoolboy in the world.



4. "You put them ices down!" cried the ice cream man, but Bunter didn't. He took one look at the expression on the man's face, and scooted, scattering ice cream in all directions. The man came pounding after him. "Oi—stop thief—gimmemyices back!" he bawled. Bunter just ran all the harder. Catch him giving back ice cream once he'd got his hands on it? Not likely! Bunter had an inside specially made for holding ice cream, and he meant to fill it.



6. Classes had begun when Bunter got back to school, so he had to go straight in. Now he had got jolly hot running away from the I. C. merchant, and though he didn't know it, he'd melted all the ices in his pockets. So all he'd got was a lot of bits of paper full of runny ice. Well, just as he crept into the class-room, the runny ice in the paper started to run out—and worse than that, old Quelch, the Form-master, spotted him—and the runny ice cream!



7. "Go and wash off this disgusting mess at once, Bunter!" cried Quelch. "I shall report you to the headmaster. You're just smothered in ice cream—go to your room at once!" "Oh crumbs!" cried Bunter, as he saw that all his lovely ices had run away. "Er—what is—I mean, yessir, certainly sir!" And off he trotted. But on his way past the quad window, he heard voices. He poked his fat face out, and there he saw the ice cream man telling the school porter all about him.



9. Quelch had just heard from the porter, and knew all about Bunter's exploit with the ice cream. Knowing Bunter of old, he wasn't exactly surprised to find the fattest boy in Greyfriars shamming measles. "There's a man outside, Bunter—he wishes to consult you about some—er—some ice cream." "Oooo—ow—yaroooh! Coo, I'm ill sir—I am really! Oh crumbs—oh crikey—it's terrible, sir—really it is! I can't understand a word you're saying, sir—really I can't, sir!"



11. Harry Wharton dashed off and got together a gang of fellows. They trooped up to Bunter's dorm, and got him out of bed by the simple means of tipping him out. The thud as he fell on the floor made folks around think of earthquakes. Then they pitched into him with old boots, wet towels, and jugs of water. Bunter's measles soon vanished when his face got wet! "Quelch wants to see you downstairs, old fat man," Wharton told him. "You'd better hurry—he knows all about your measles!"



8. "Oh crumbs—oh crikey! Now the Head will hear all about it in no time," wailed Bunter. "I must do something, quickly. I know, I'll pretend to be ill!" So he dashed up to his room and, slipping on his pyjamas, began to decorate his face with a tube of red paint. "I'll pretend that I've got measles so badly that I can't talk!" he chortled. He didn't know that the boot-boy was watching him. He'd seen fatty dash into his room, and guessed that something was up.



10. Mr. Quelch just nodded grimly, and hurried out of Bunter's dorm. He saw the ice cream man for himself, and heard the whole tale of Bunter's bad deeds. No sooner had the ice cream man finished, than the boot-boy turned up, and told the Form-master about Bunter's trick with the red paint. "Painting spots all over his face, he was, sir!" declared the boy. Mr. Quelch nodded. He knew the best medicine for Bunter. "Wharton," he said, "do you think you could—ah—arouse Bunter?"



12. Quelch made Bunter apologise to the ice cream man, and ordered him to pay up. But Bunter hadn't got a penny—and his bill for ice cream was fourteen and fivepence. "I'll have the law on you—that's what I'll do!" cried the man. "You're a young robber, that's what you are!" Harry Wharton thought it was about time he chipped in, so he paid the man. "Here's your money," he said. "Bunter can pay us later!" But Bunter had a short but painful interview with Quelch long before that!