

BILLY BUNTER IS FOND OF A BIG FEAST . . .



BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH

If you like Bunter, he's in the "Magnet" every week.



1. When Billy Bunter gets short of cash, then you can bet your boots that something funny is going to happen. Billy just can't do without cash, because cash is what he buys grub with, and you know how much he likes grub! Well, one day, it happened that fatty was very short of cash—he hadn't a farthing, and no-one would lend him any because he owed them too much already. So Billy thought out a really brainy scheme to get some money to buy goodies.



2. Billy sat down and with much thought, a lot of ink, and a pen, he wrote a letter. It was a queer letter, 'cos Billy was writing it to himself. When he had covered both sides of the notepaper with his untidy scribble, he signed it "Uncle Sebastian," and then trotted off to show it to Wharton and the other Removites. "It's from my rich uncle," explained Billy. "It says he's going to give me a fiver, so you can safely lend me a quid or two!"



3. But Wharton knew Bunter too well to be diddled by a trick like that. He guessed that old fatty had written the letter himself, and that there was no such person as Uncle Sebastian. So he called together a gang of the chaps, and between them they hatched a plot to teach Bunter a lesson. Judging from the chuckles and whispers, it was a jolly good plot. Anyway, they decided to work it on the next day, which was a half holiday.



4. Just after lunch, when Bunter was thinking sadly that he wouldn't get any more to eat for at least two hours, because he had no cash to buy grub before tea, the strangest procession trooped in the school gates. It was led by a bearded gent in khaki and sun helmet, and there were two very fierce-looking black warriors marching behind him. "Ah, my dear nephew William!" cried the gent. "I'm your Uncle Sebastian!"



5. Bunter was flabbergasted. He didn't know he'd got an Uncle Sebastian—and of all the flukes, turning up on the very day Bunter had mentioned in his forged letter! What a bit of luck! But Bunter didn't feel quite so happy when the black warriors grabbed hold of his collar and began hustling him along. "We're going to my camp in the woods," explained Uncle Sebastian. "Mind you don't annoy my Aztec servants—they're very fierce!"



6. Bunter was beginning to wish Uncle Sebastian had never arrived. He felt sure that if he asked him for any money, the Aztecs would spear him—and he began to think that perhaps this wasn't his Uncle Sebastian after all. He felt just as if he was being kidnapped! "O dear! O cruikey! There must be some mistake," he bumbled, and tried to get away. But they shoved him on, until at last they came to a clearing in the wood, with a huge cooking pot in the middle of it.



7. Of all the queer old codgers, Uncle Sebastian turned out to be about the queerest! "Here we are, William," he cried. "Just take your clothes off and put on this loin cloth—sunshine is the thing you need! We'll do the Wolla-Wolla war dance first, and then we'll all have a feast. Won't that be nice, William?" "Er—o crumbs! That is—yes, I suppose so," gasped Billy. "But couldn't we have the feast first? I'm not very keen on dancing!"



8. But Uncle Sebastian's native servants saw to it that Billy did dance, whether he liked it or not. They kept him on the move by prodding him with their spears. Round and round the cooking-pot they hopped, until Bunter felt as if he was going to melt. "Help, yaroo! Stop it you beastly heathens. You're puncturing me!" yelled Billy, as a spear dug him in a tender spot. "Keep it up, William," cried Uncle Sebastian. "Only ten more rounds."



9. At last they stopped dancing, and was Bunter pleased? He felt quite sure he'd lost three or four stone of his weight, he'd been exercising so hard. "I'm jolly glad that's over!" he panted. "Now what about that feast—I hope it's a good one, 'cos I'm needing a little snack to keep my strength up—that cooking-pot looks just about right for a taster. 'I'm glad you like the cooking-pot," answered uncle, "'cos you're going into it. You're the feast, William! My servants are cannibals!"



10. And Uncle Sebastian's servants did seem to be cannibals! They grabbed hold of Billy, and slung him into that pot before you could say knife. "Help! Yaroo! Murder! Murder!" bawled Bunter. "Lemme go, you cotten rannibals—I mean rotten cannibals!" By this time Billy Bunter was in a blue funk. He didn't realise that the chaps were getting their own back on him for that faked letter. Billy quite thought he was going to be scooped for afternoon tea.



11. The water began to get warm in the big pot, and Bunter began to get very red and hot. But every time he tried to leap out of the pot, one of the cannibals prodded him back with a spear. Bunter was scared pink! "Pup-pup-pup-please—I haven't got an Uncle Sebastian!" he wailed at last. "You must be mistaking me for someone else. Pup-pup-please let me go—I taste rotten, really I do. I'm sure I'd make you all ill!"



12. And that was the end of the great joke. Uncle Sebastian and the cannibals were Harry Wharton and the rest of the gang, and Bunter looked so funny in that cooking-pot, that they couldn't keep the joke up any longer! They burst into howls of laughter, while Bunter nearly blew up as he saw how he had been tricked. "Never mind-fatty," chuckled Wharton. "You won't need a bath this week now!"