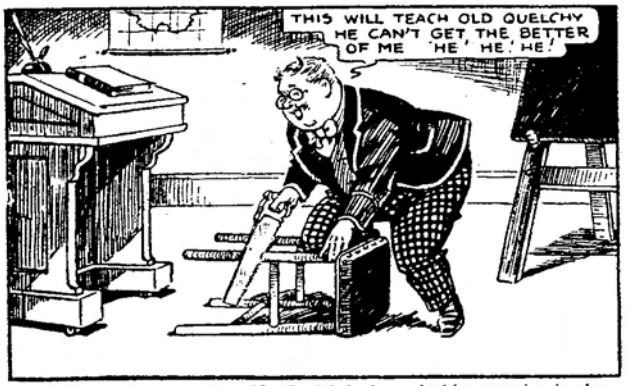
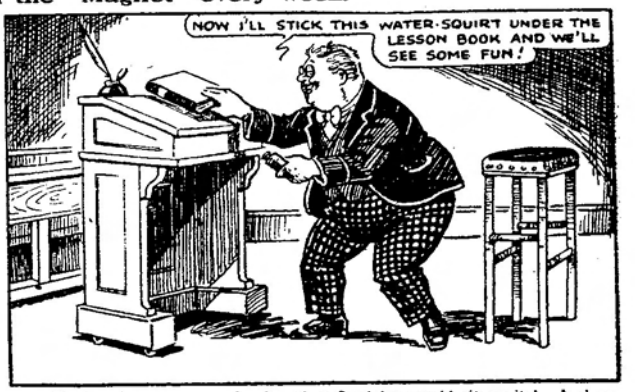
BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH

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



1. Billy Bunter was wild. Mr. Quelch had caught him snoozing in class during lessons and had taken him along to the Head for a beating. Next morning, Bunter thought he would get his own back. So he got busy with a saw he had snaffled from the porter and sawed halfway through the legs of Quelchy's stool. "This will teach Old Quelchy," chuckled Bunter, as he sawed away. "He can't get the better of me. He! He! He!" When he'd done with it, the stool would stand but it couldn't be sat on!



2. Bunter, however, was hoping that Quelchy would sit on it! And as if one jape at a time wasn't enough, the fattest boy in Greyfriars got hold of one of those rubber-bulb water squirts, and, having filled it with some of the wettest water he could find, he stuck it under Quelchy's register! "I'll teach Quelchy he can't lick me and get away with it!" chortled Bunter. "Just wait till classes start—then the rotter will have a surprise!"

3. As a matter of fact, Bunter very nearly got copped, for Quelch, followed by the rest of the Form, came in just as Bunter was hiding the saw away in his desk. Bunter hurriedly whipped out a Latin book, and started peering at it upside down, and tried to look as innocent as possible. "Ah, good-morning, boys!" said Quelch. "Good-morning, Bunter! I am glad to see you at your studies so early. This is the first time you have not been late for three weeks!"

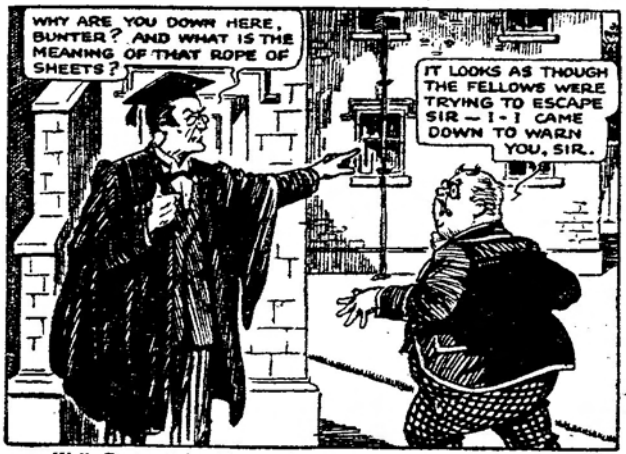
4. Having looked the lads over to see that they were all there, Mr. Quelch sat down. Only he went down faster, and farther, than he expected. He didn't stop, in fact, until he hit the floor! Bunter's first trick had worked! Our Billy was beside himself with glee! While Quelch was struggling to get up, Bunter nudged Wharton, and said, "I did that! Just you wait, fellows—there's lots more fun coming. I'm out to teach Quelchy a lesson!"

5. Quelch got up in a tearing rage. He soon spotted that someone had been using a saw on his stool, and he was out for blood! "Come out the boy who dared to——" he began to thunder, but that was as far as he got. In his rage he brought his fist down with a wallop, right on top of the register under which Billy had hidden the water squirt, and in half a tick or even less, he was as wet as the water. It went right in his eye.

6. Quelch was so furious he could hardly speak. He bubbled and burbled for a minute or so, while he wiped the water off his face, and then glared round the class. "To-day is a half-holiday!" he thundered. "Well, nobody is going out of school until I find the boy who played these pranks on me. All of you, up to the dormitory at once. You will remain there until the culprit confesses!" So they all had to troop upstairs.

7. If nothing else, most of the lads weren't sorry to get out of classes for that morning, although it was rather dull, hanging about in the dorm. But Billy soon thought of another wheeze to brighten things up. "Let's hang a sheet rope out of the window," he suggested. "Then Quelchy will think we are trying to escape, and grab hold of it. We'll tie a bag of soot on the end, so that when he does, he'll get in a grand mess!"

8. They soon stripped sheets off some of the beds, and they found a big paper bag, which Bunter had bought some dough-nuts in, and they filled it with soot from the dorm chimney. They tied the sheets together to make a rope, and they perched the soot on the window-sill, so that if anyone pulled the rope, it would fall off, and land right on top of them. Bunter sneaked off, to watch what happened downstairs.



9. Well, Bunter being Bunter, he galumphed downstairs like a playful elephant, trotted along the passage chuckling like a laughing hyena, and pranced into the quadrangle as gay as ninepence. Quelchy just couldn't help hearing him. He was on his track in a trice. Bunter was heading for the sheet rope when Quelch spotted him—and the sheet, too! And after what had happened already, he was on his guard.

10. "What are you doing down here, and what is the meaning of that sheet hanging from the dormitory window, Bunter?" he demanded. "Oh crumbs!" mumbled Bunter. "Quelchy's copped me! Er—that is—I mean—I spotted the fellows trying to escape, sir, so I came down to warn you, sir." "Oh, really, Bunter," replied Quelch. "Then please be good enough to climb up and find out what is happening."

11. That tore it! If there was one thing Bunter hated doing more than missing his food it was falling into his own traps. He knew jolly well that if he touched that rope or sheets he'd get a nice juicy bag of soot right on top of his napper before he could say knife! "Oh crikey—oh dear!" he stammered. "What about the soot—er I mean—that is—I can't climb, sir—the doctor says it's bad for me, sir!"

12. But by this time Quelch had rumbled that something was in the wind. Bunter had given himself away in any case. So swishing his cane very fiercely, he made Bunter grab the rope! Poor old Billy got the soot right on top of his napper! And before he could dodge, Quelchy was after him with his swisher and by the time Quelchy had finished with him Bunter was wishing that he hadn't been so clever!