BILLY BUNTER

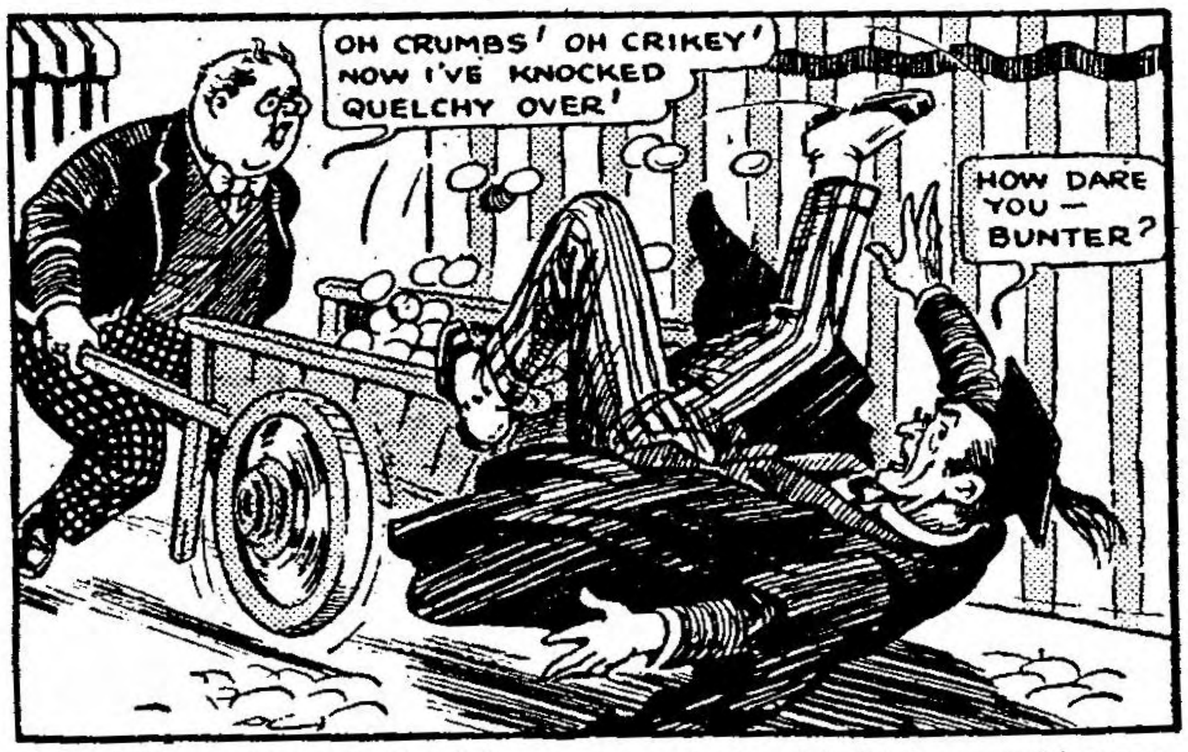
THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH

1. Really and truly, of all the things that ever happened to Billy Bunter, the bad egg business was one of the messiest. It happened this way. Bunter was out for a stroll by the river, wondering how to buy the biggest possible amount of grub with sixpence, when he met the grocer's boy pushing a barrow-load of eggs. What's more, the boy was just about to tip them in the river, because they were very, very bad eggs! But though they were bad, they gave Bunter a good idea.

2. "Hi—you—there! Don't waste all those eggs, even if they are bad!" cried Billy. "I'll give you sixpence for them, that is if you'll lend me your barrow as well!" "Rather!" replied the grocer's boy, and toddled off, leaving Bunter with the eggs and barrow. Well, it happened that there was a fair on Courtfield Common, so Bunter went along there, and started selling the bad eggs for two a penny. Of course, no-one knew they were bad, and he sold quite a lot!

3. "I've made three and fourpence profit already!" chortled Billy Bunter. "By the time I've sold a few more eggs—I'll be able to go and have a real feed!" But unluckily for Billy, it was a hot day, and soon some of his bad eggs began to hatch out! Besides that, the heat made them smell something awful! Everybody came rushing back to Billy, demanding their money back! And Billy didn't want to give it to them.

4. It was silly of Billy Bunter to try to run away, because it only made the people with the bad eggs much angrier. But that's what Billy did. He scooted, pushing the barrow in front of him. Now a bad egg is only good for one thing, and that is to throw at somebody you don't like. Well, chums, by this time those people hated the sight of Billy Bunter, and they just pelted him with every one of the bad eggs he'd sold them.

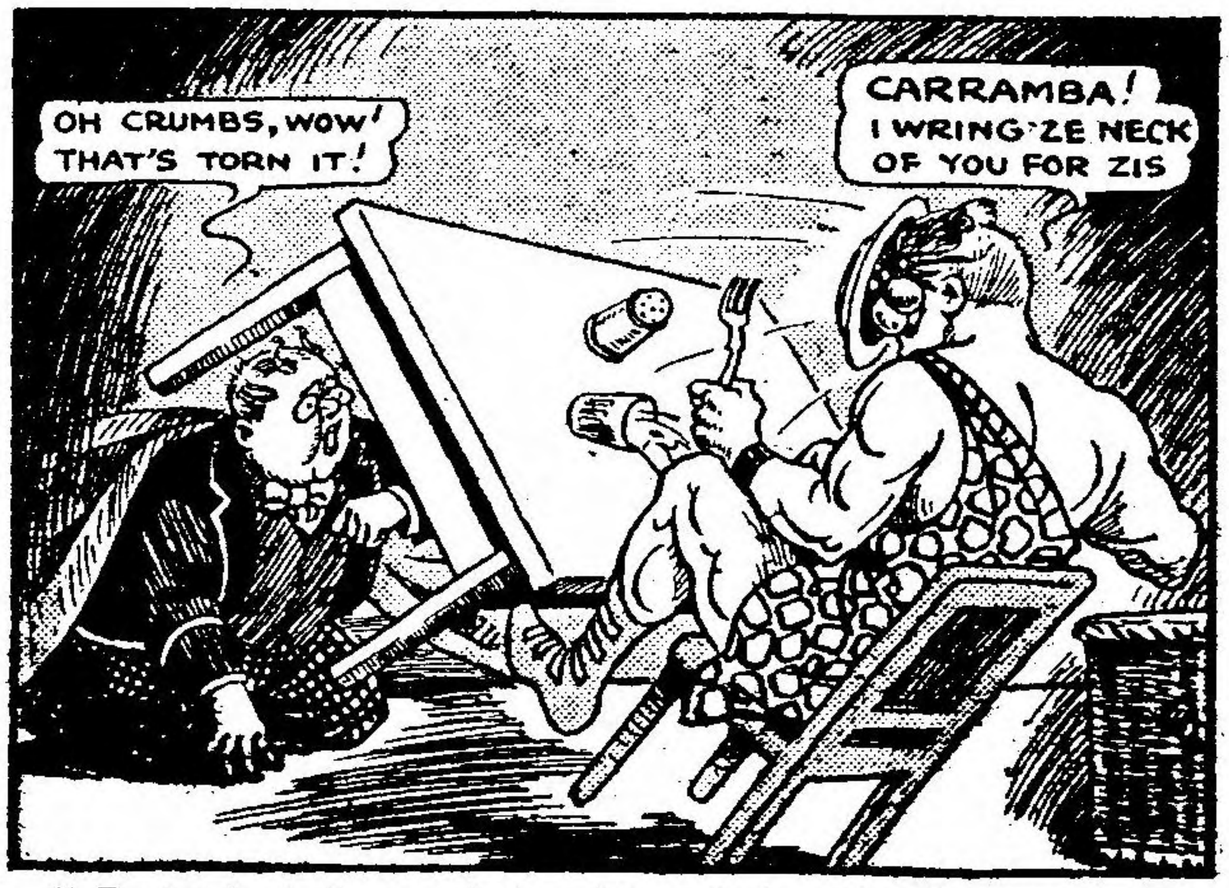


5. Billy ran through the fair ground as fast as his fat legs would carry him, dodging in and out among the tents, to try to throw them off the trail. He spun suddenly around one corner, and the barrow thudded into someone. Bunter gasped as he saw the person go flying, for it was none other than his dreaded Form-master, Mr. Samuel Quelch!

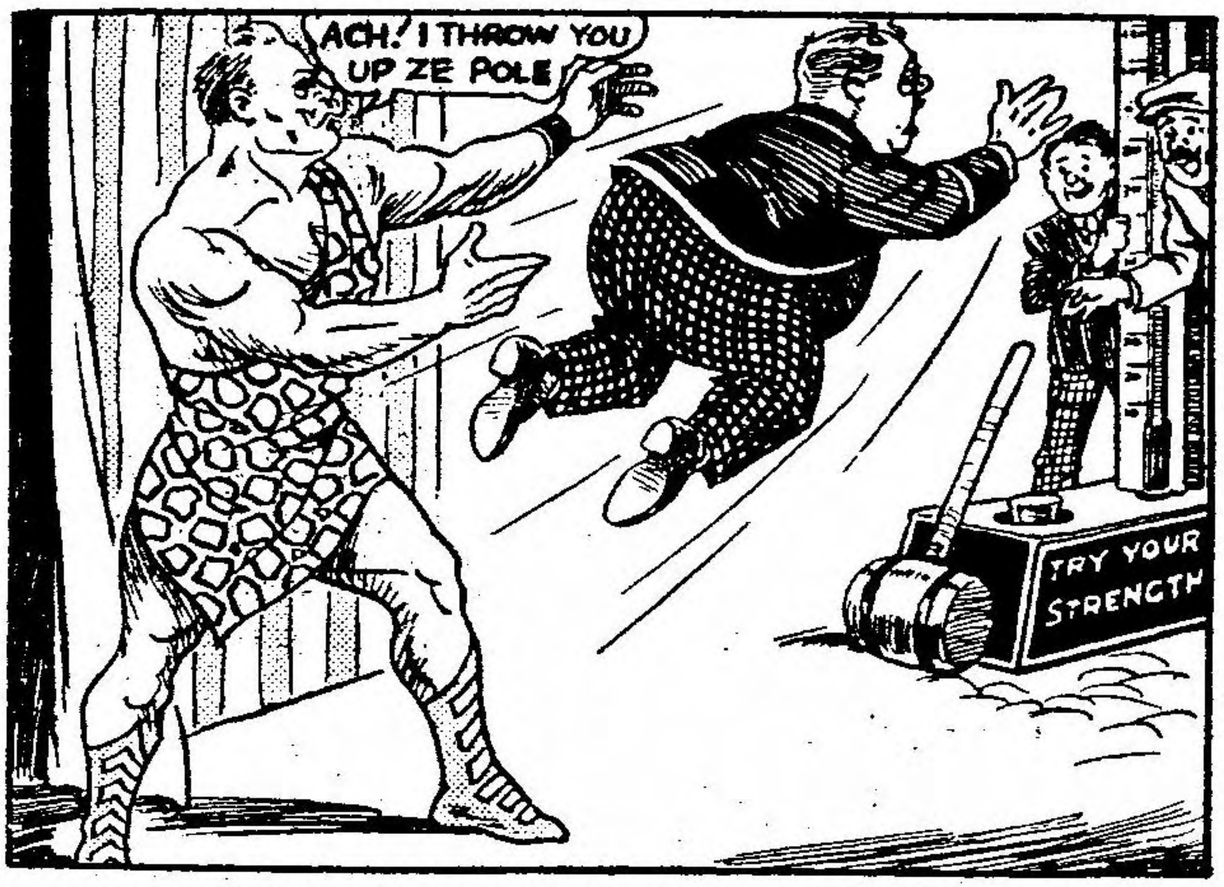
6. He just left his barrow, with the eggs sploshed all over Quelchy, and bunked as hard as he could! "Ouch! Help, I'm being gassed!" gasped Quelch, as he wiped mucky eggs off his face. He was just in time to see a fat figure waddling away. "So this is Bunter's doing, eh!" he growled. "I'll have to deal with him later."

(You'll get more big laughs with Bunter in this week's "MAGNET" as well.)

7. "Perhaps Quelchy didn't spot that it was me!" panted Bunter, as he pounded along. "I hope he didn't! Oh crumbs, I wish I could dodge those other beastly rotters; it isn't fair to make a chap run on a hot day like this." Just then Bunter saw the bottom edge of one of the fair tents flapping loosely in the breeze. This gave him an idea. "I'll crawl under there and hide!" he cried.



8. Bunter bent down and started to wriggle under the canvas. He couldn't see very well in the dim light inside, after the bright sunshine, so he didn't see that he had come out under a table. And Signor Biffbongo, the strong man of the fair, was eating his dinner at that very table. Billy stood up quite quickly, and cracked his head against the table, so that the signor got his dinner spread all over his face.



9. Signor Biffbongo had a short temper at the best of times, but when somebody sploshed his own dinner into his dial, well, he just went raving mad. He grabbed Billy by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants, and swung him to and fro, as though he weighed about half a pound. "Ach—I sling you up ze pole, you fat leetle porpoise!" So saying he let go of Billy!

10. Wheeeeeee! Billy Bunter went sailing up into the blue, straight for the top of the jolly old try-your-strength pole! Thump! He struck the top with a wallop that made the pole quiver, and just managed to grab it and save himself a nasty tumble. Phew! Was he scared! "Help—rescue, you chaps, save me!" he wailed. Poor old Billy hadn't felt so unhappy since the terrible time when he'd missed his dinner.

11. Then something happened that really made Billy quake. There came an awful creaking sound from the pole! Billy's weight was too much for it, and it was breaking under the strain! "Help, yarooooh! Bringablanketquick!" bellowed Billy, as he started to fall. But it was no use. Nobody could do anything for laughing, and the pole had snapped under the strain!

12. Bunter flopped on top of a tent. He slid down the sloping roof, and he was just beginning to think that he had got off lightly, when he fell sperlosh—face first into his own rotten eggs! "Ah, Bunter!" said a well-known voice. "You are in just the right position!" It was Mr. Quelch, and he was swishing a cane. "Stay there, Bunter," he said. "I've got something to give you!" And Bunter got it hot!