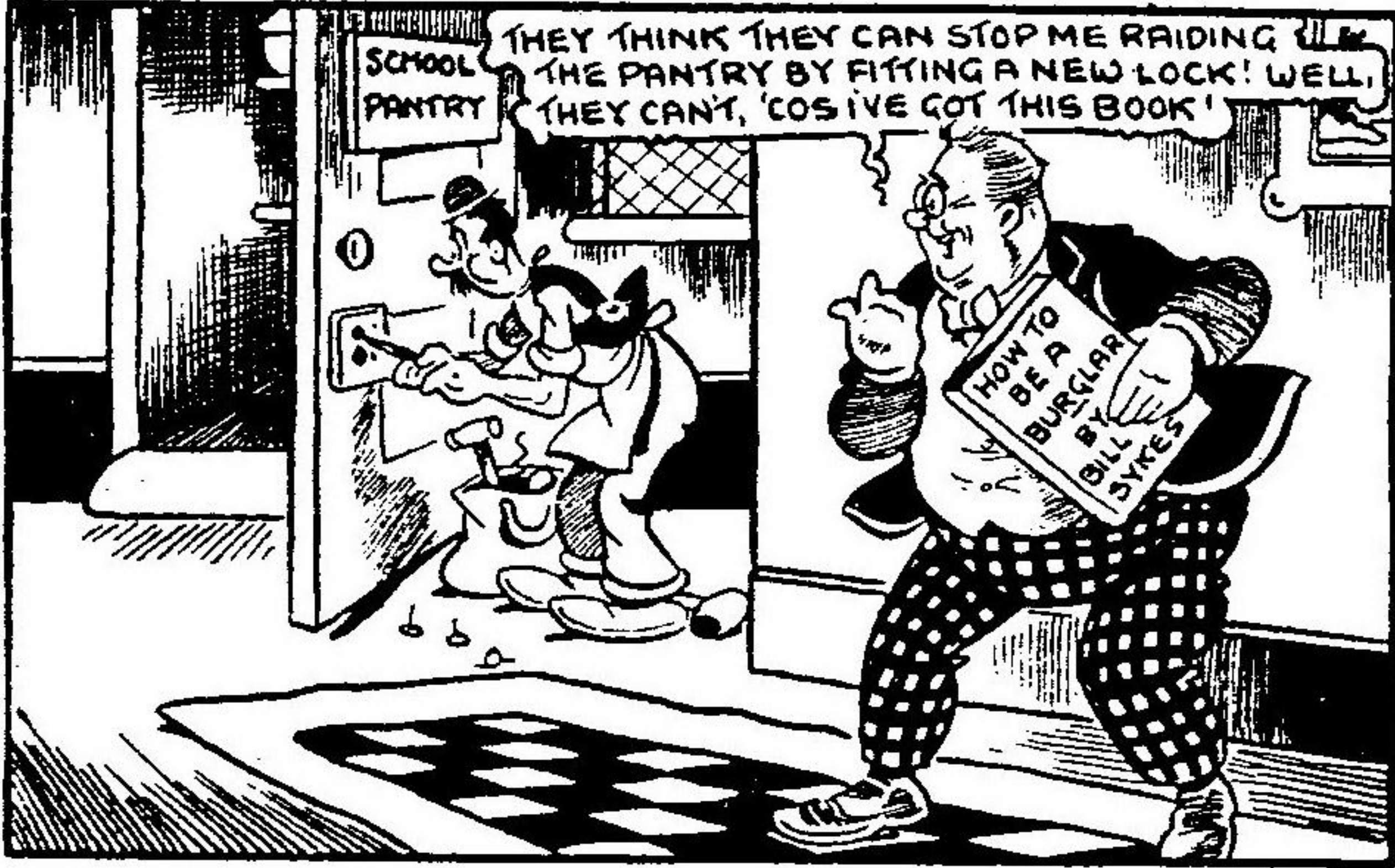


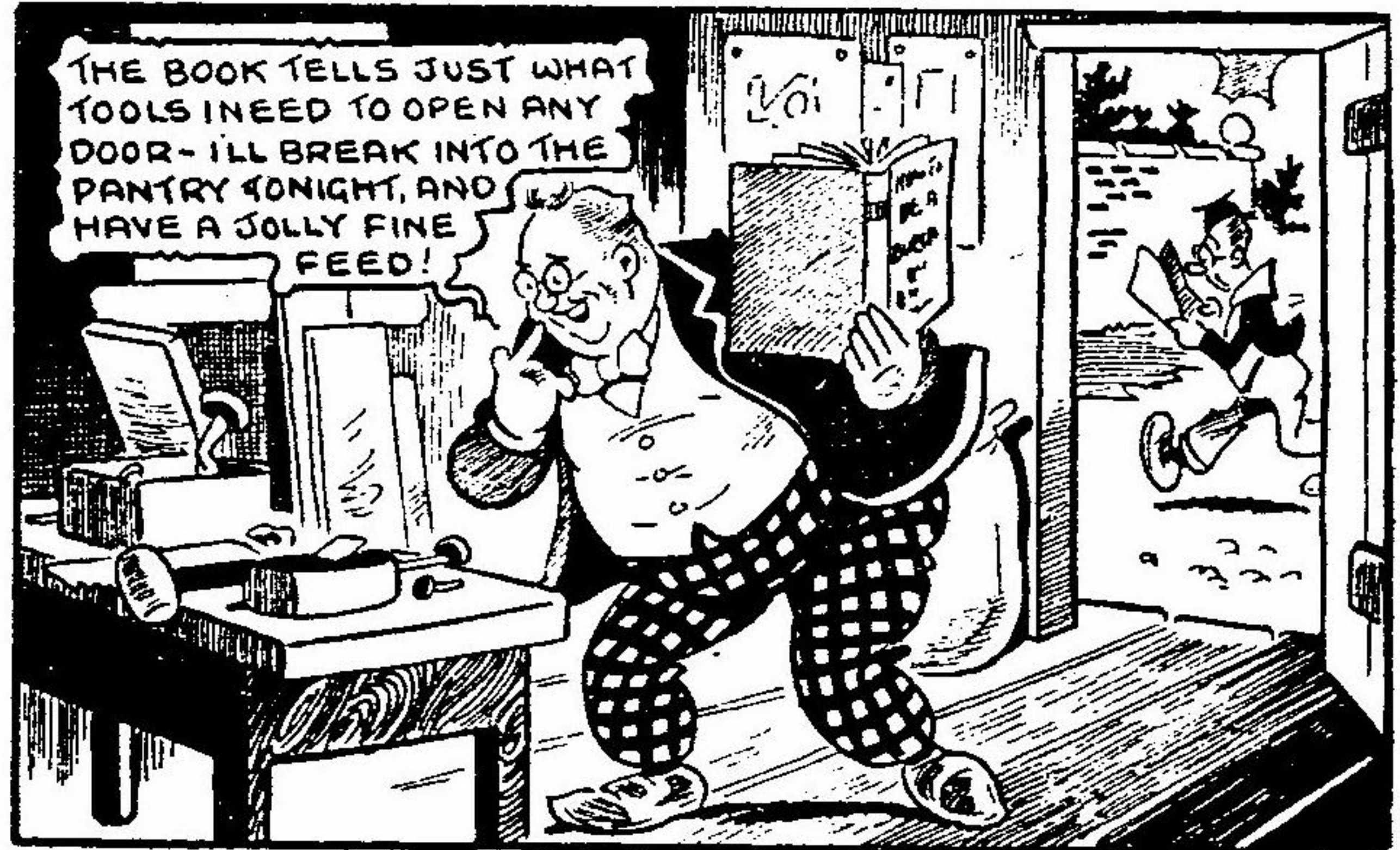


BILLY BUNTER

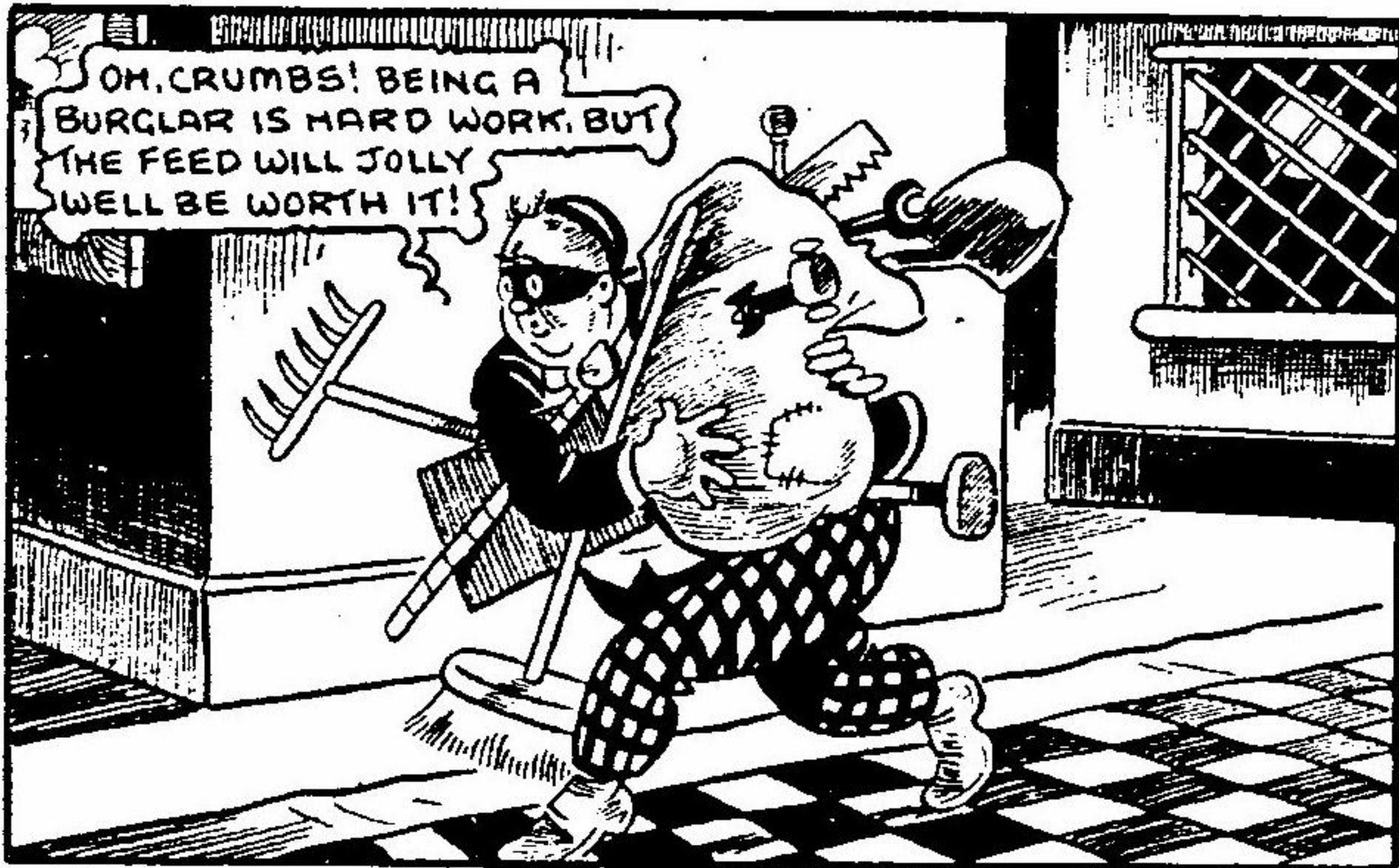
THE
FATTEST
SCHOOLBOY
ON EARTH



1. About the only thing Billy Bunter ever spent money on that he couldn't eat was a book called "How to Be a Burglar," by Bill Sykes. And he only bought that because the Head announced in school one morning that somebody had been pinching grub from the pantry, and a new lock was to be fitted on the door. Of course, that somebody was Billy Bunter! So he bought the book and felt no end of a lad, because the book told him how to open all sorts of doors, even when they were locked.



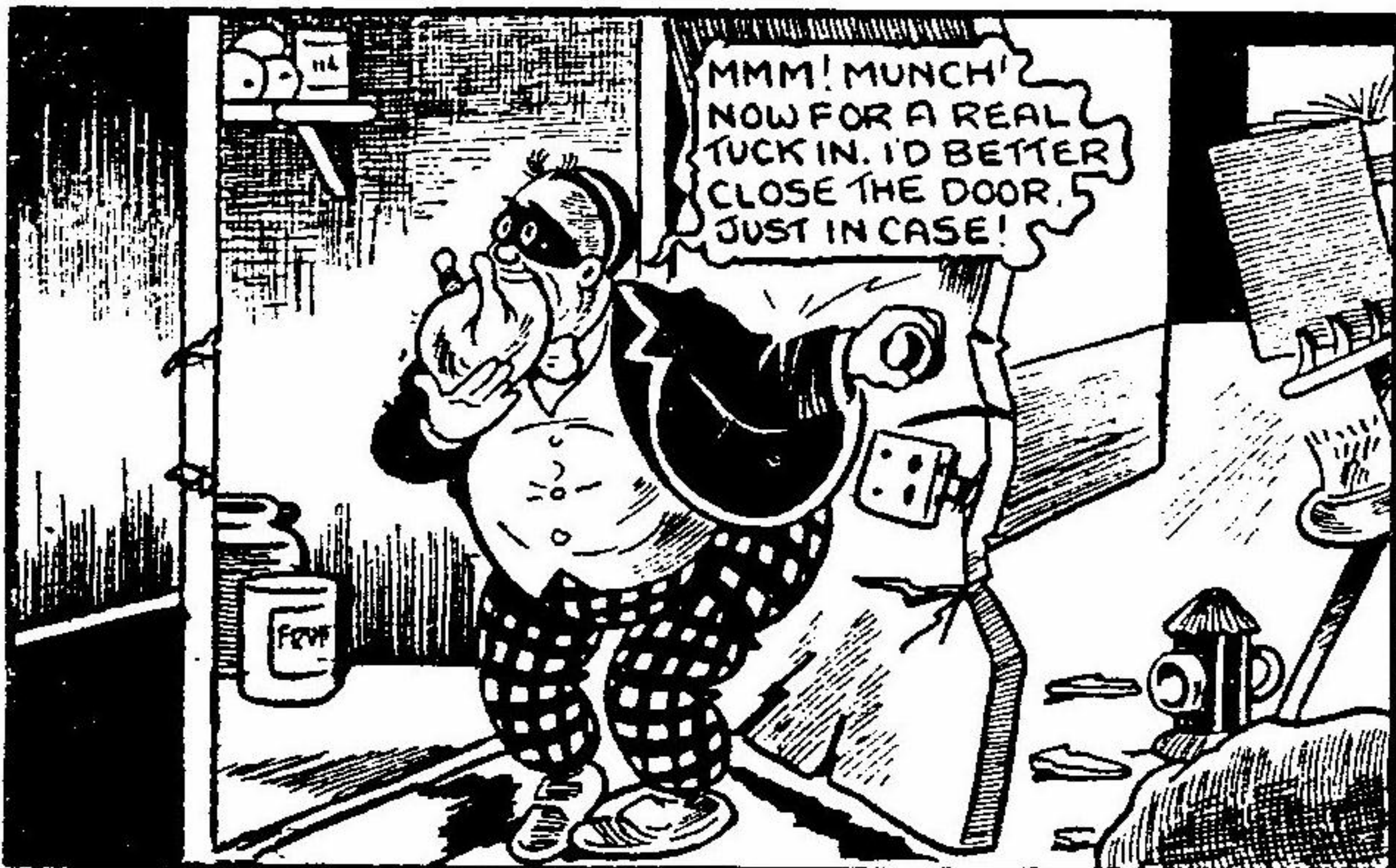
2. Bunter chortled like anything when he saw the carpenter chappy putting the new lock on. "Tee-hee!" he tittered. "They think they can stop me with their silly little lock, but they're wrong. I'll break into there to-night and I'll have a jolly fine feed!" Bunter then found a quiet corner and swotted up the various ways of opening doors. It said he needed tools, so Bunter made for the school tool-shed to get some. To make sure he got the right tools, Billy grabbed the lot and hid them among the laurel bushes.



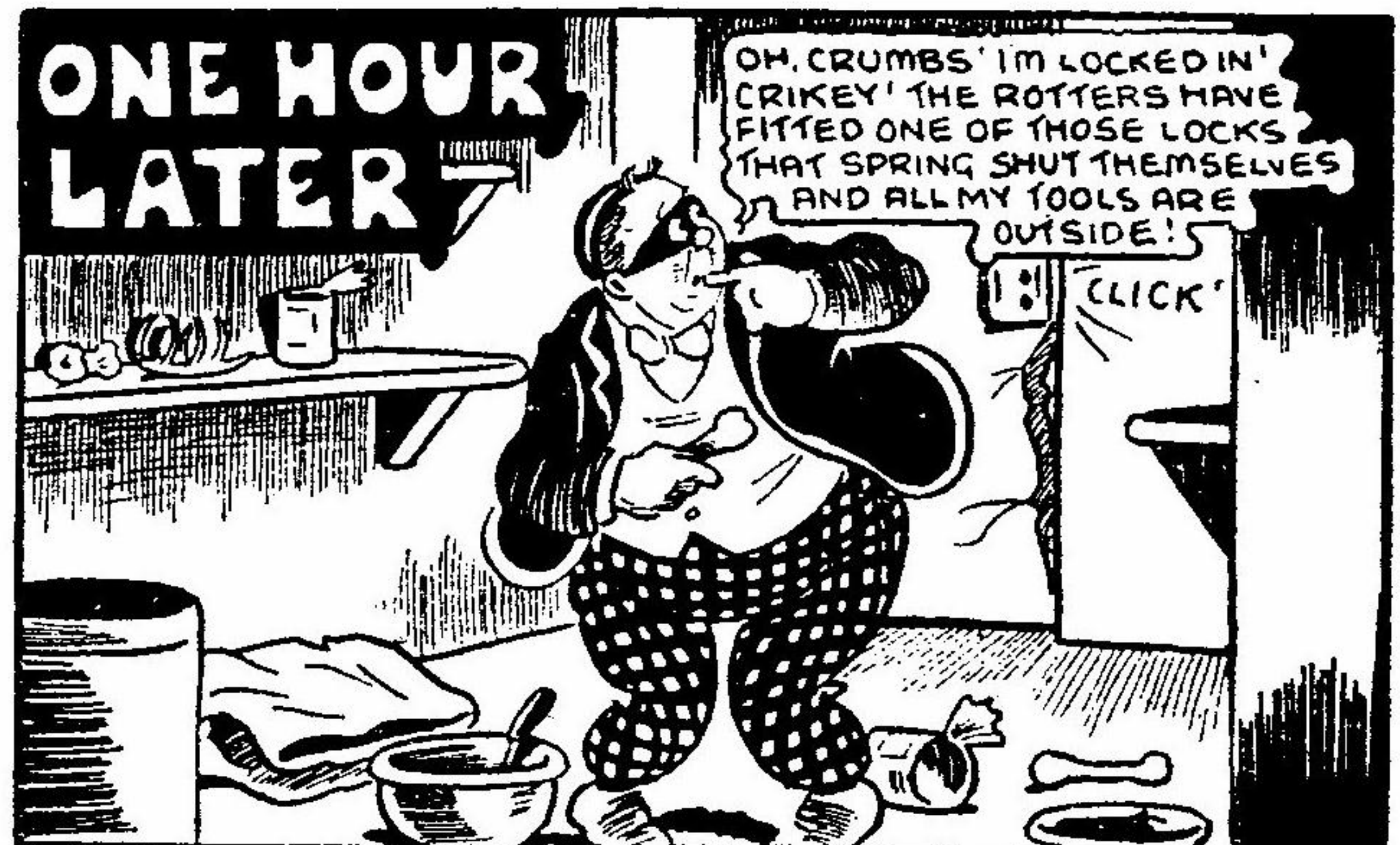
3. That night, when all was quiet and still, Bunter, complete with mask, made for the laurel bushes and sneaked his tools out. He really is a silly sausage, because what he thought he could do with a garden rake, a coal shovel, and a broom, I don't know. But since he had all the other tools as well, it was only just a little more for him to carry.



4. Bunter propped the book up on the garden rake and tried to do some of the things that the book said. He had a go at levering the door with a crowbar, but the door was made of sheet metal and it only bent. He hit it with a hammer, but that made too much row, and then he tried prodding at the lock with a screwdriver. And it worked!



5. Really it was the most utter fluke, but Billy really thought that he'd been jolly clever and picked the lock! But he didn't stop to think about it for long. There was the door, open, and inside was a simply scrumptious array of grub. Billy started in to eat, and to be safer, he got inside the pantry and shut the door behind him!

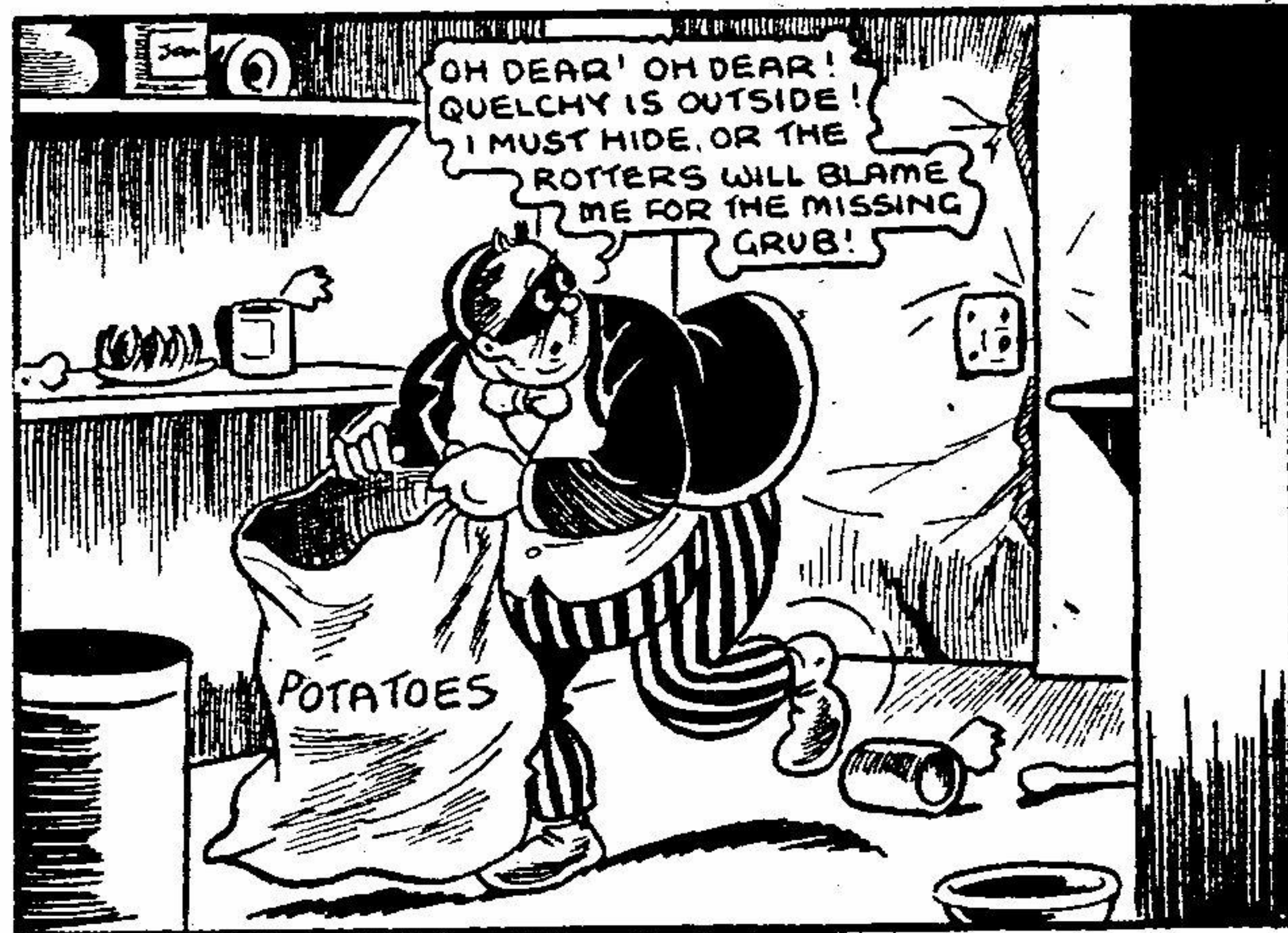


6. It wasn't until an hour later, when Billy had scoffed everything in the place except a sack of potatoes and the bread-board, that he saw that he was locked in! The door had clicked shut behind him, because it was one of those self-locking doors—you just pull it to and it locks by itself. Bunter couldn't get out!

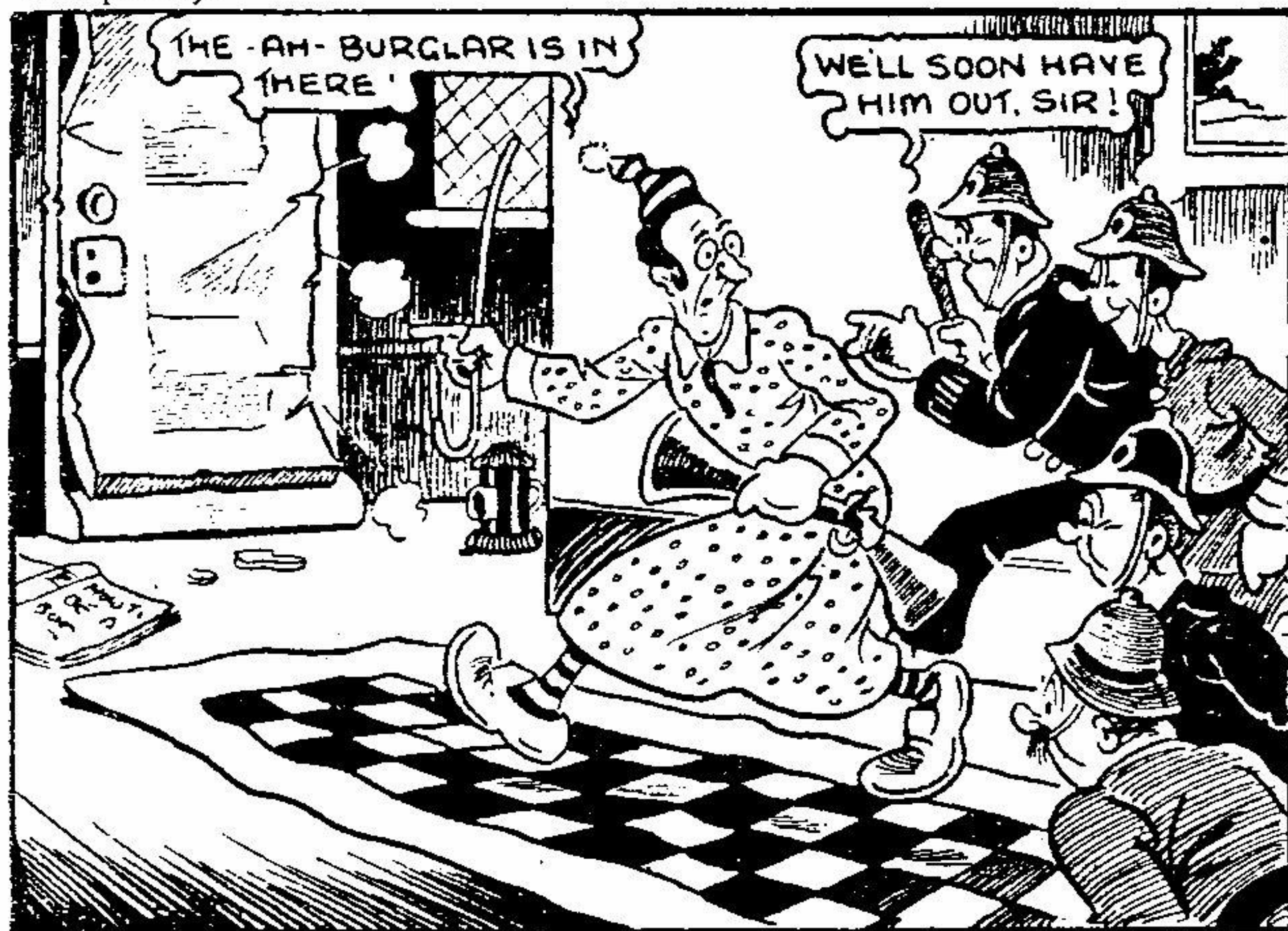
(You'll find other funny adventures of Billy Bunter every week in "The MAGNET," as well.)



7. And he'd left all his tools lying around outside the pantry! He shook the door, but in spite of it being very bent and battered, it wouldn't give. It was a jolly good door! But the row Bunter was making woke up Mr. Quelch, Bunter's own special Form-master, and down he came in his woolly nightshirt to investigate. He soon found Bunter's tools scattered around and decided in a flash that there were burglars inside that pantry.



8. So off trotted Quelch to phone for the Courtfield police to come and catch the burglars. And inside the pantry, fat old Bunter was quaking. "It's Quelch outside!" he gasped. "Oh dear! Oh lor! If he finds me here he's sure to blame me for the missing grub. I must hide, before he comes back with the coppers!" Bunter was in such a stew! He found an empty potato sack and then quickly wriggled into it.



9. No sooner had he done so than there came a mighty pounding on the school front door. "Open in the name of the law!" cried the coppers. "We've come for your burglars!" Old Quelch hurried down and let them in, and armed with his ancient blunderbuss in one hand and a real swishy cane in the other, the schoolmaster led the way to the pantry, where he had heard the burglars. In his pocket was the pantry key.



10. Quelch unlocked the door and flung it open. And there wasn't a soul in sight. "Cripes, there's no one there!" cried one of the cops. "You've brought us out here for nothing, Mr. Quelch. That's what you've done!" But Quelch's eyes were sharper than the cops'. There was a very funnily shaped sack in the corner, labelled "Potatoes." "Nobody in there, eh?" cried Quelch. "Then what is that?" And he pointed at the sack.



11. Then the cops got the shock of their lives. The sack spoke! "Pup-please, I'm a sack of potatoes—really I am!" said the sack! Only it was Bunter's voice—and Quelch soon spotted that! It was just as well that he'd brought his cane! He grabbed hold of that sackful of Bunter and yanked it out of the pantry. He knew just what to do with talking sacks!



12. Without any more ado Quelch gave Bunter a prize swishing—and the sack didn't stop much of it, either! Really and truly, Bunter deserved that swishing, because the other lads had to go short at breakfast next day, as Billy had eaten so much of their food! I reckon it was jolly sporting of old Quelch to let him off with a swishing. After all, he might have given him to the cops, and what then?