

# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FAG!

By DICKY NUGENT

*Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, insisted on this article being published as written. The facts are all right, but the spelling leaves much to be desired!*

**F**AG-MASTERS are beasts! i fag for Loder, of the Sixth, and Loder's a beast. i used to fag for Wingate. Old Wingate's a just beast, but Loder's just a beast. He keeps me on the go from mourning till nite, and his cheef pastime is to tan my hide with an ashplant —unless i'm cute enuff to hide the ashplant!

Fagging is a rellick of barbarism. It takes us back to the days of surfs and vassels. It ought never to be aloud, and i often wonder why we suffer it in silence!

There ought to be a general strike of fags in all the schools, and if only I could get my fellow-fags to back me up, we should certainly have a big strike at Greyfriars. But some of the fags don't want to strike. They have nice, kind masters, who pay them a fare week's wage for a fare week's work, and give them free feeds into the bargain.

Loder duzzent come in that catty-gree. He has never paid his fag a penny-peace, to my nollidge; and as for entertaining his fag to a free feed—why, he wouldn't dreem of it! He's so jolly mean that the only things he ever entertains are sus-pishuns!

It's not honey being at the beck and call of a bully like Loder. i may be playing ludo or marbles in the Form-room, or baking chestnuts before the fire, and then someone comes in and tells me Loder wants me to go out for him. Off i go to his study, and sure enough he wants me to fag down to the villige for something — usually cigarettes — when i mite have been enjoying myself elsewhere. And if i don't

hurry there and back, he gives me a cuff and makes me do some other meenial task out of spite.

It is also my paneful duty to wake Loder up every mourning at seven. When i wake him punctually, he cuffs and abuses me for disturbing his bewty sleep; and when i let him sleep on, he cuffs and abuses me for not calling him at the proper time. So i catch it both ways!

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Another paneful duty of mine is to make Loder's toast. i generally manage to burn it black, and then Loder looks black, too!

it black, and then Loder looks black, too! But sometimes i make perfect toast, and then Loder says it isn't done enuff. It's always overdone or underdone, but never just right!

i used to do Loder's washing-up; but i don't do it now, bekawse i've broken all his crox! Axxidents will happen, even in the best reggulated famblies; and Loder's stock of plates and cups and sawsers has gradually dwindled down to nothing. So there will be no more washing-up till he invests in some more crox.

Yet another paneful duty of mine is to spring-clean Loder's study. The whitewash has an unforchunit trick of splashing all over the carpet; and when i try to sweep the chimbly, the soot has a habit of spreading over the study like a thick fog, and settling on everything—which is very unsettling for Loder! After i've spring-cleaned his study, he always has to have it spring-cleaned again by an eggspert!

i'm fed-up with fagging for Loder, and Loder is just as fed-up with having me for his fag. But he's a dog in the manger, and refuses to give me the sack.

i am writing this artikle in Loder's study. i am eggspecting him to arrive at any minnit, and when he does arrive he will walk right into the booby-trap i've fixed up for his bennyfit. There is a large paper bag perched on top of the door, and it contains ink and gloo and soot and treakle—all mixed together in just the right proportions, by a master hand.

Hark! i hear the sound of approaching footsteps. They paws outside the door. i glance up eggspectantly, my hart pounding against my ribs. The door opens, and then — Swish! Swoosh! Followed by a choking cry.

i jump to my feet and make a dart for the window.

Loder has found the booby-trap!

THE END



## FOR THE ODD FIVE MINUTES!

Each of the following sentences, when the letters are correctly transposed, will be found to form the name of a well-known character at Greyfriars School. See if you can solve these anagrams.

1. Eating, we gorge.	6. Life is short—then far.
2. Care, or choke!	7. Greed to burgle so.
3. Will go a-smiling.	8. Do no Livy? Glad!
4. Demons, my Dick!	9. Ran risk—held on.
5. Busy term, man!	

*(The correct solutions will be found on page 278.)*



### A RHYMING CONUNDRUM

My first is in WHARTON, but not in MIMBLE,  
My second's in INKY, and also in TRIMBLE.  
My third is in CHERRY, but not in BLAKE,  
My fourth is in HILARY, but not in RAKE.  
My fifth is in D'ARCY, but not in GLYN,  
My sixth is in KERR, but not in WYNN.  
My seventh is in DIGBY'S name—not in MERRY'S,  
My last is in MANNERS, and also in HERRIES  
My whole is the name of a popular writer,  
Whose ANNUAL stories grow brighter and brighter!

*(The correct solution will be found on page 278.)*