

# SIX for SAMMY!

by FRANK RICHARDS



## CHAPTER I

“BILLY—”  
“Don’t bother!”  
“But I say, Billy—”  
“Br-r-r-r!”

Sammy Bunter, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, stood in the doorway of No. 7 Study in the Remove, blinking into that study through his spectacles, at a bent head over the table.

Billy Bunter hardly troubled to turn his own spectacles on the fat figure in the doorway.

The Owl of the Remove was busy, writing lines. He had no time to waste on his minor in the Second Form. Why Sammy had come up to his study, Billy Bunter did not know. Neither did he want to know. Billy Bunter’s lines, left till the last moment as was the fat Owl’s happy custom, had to be handed in to his form-master by tea-time: and it was close on tea-time.

Close on tea-time, Billy Bunter was generally thinking of tea. But he was not even thinking of tea now. He was thinking of what might happen if those lines did not reach Mr. Quelch on time. He had fifty more to write, and time was short. In such circumstances, Billy Bunter did not want a visit from his minor. All he wanted was to see Sammy’s back: and the briefest view of it would have sufficed.

Sammy, however, went on:  
“Billy, old chap—”

"Hook it!"

"But I say—!"

Billy Bunter raised a fat head, at last, from his task, and glared at his minor with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles.

"Will you hook it?" he hooted. "I've got to get these putrid lines done for Quelch! It will be whops if I don't take them in before tea. Mizzle."

"I'll help you if you like."

"Eh?"

"I'll do some of the lines for you—"

"Oh!"

Billy Bunter's unbrotherly glare faded out. His look became quite genial. He had not expected that.

"Well, that's jolly decent of you, Sammy," he said. "Come in, old fellow. Squat down! Here you are! You begin at 'Defessi Arneadae'——"

"If you'll lend me——!" continued Sammy.

"Oh!" Billy Bunter's fat face became unbrotherly again. Evidently, there were strings attached to Sammy's unexpected offer. Sammy wanted a *quid pro quo*.

"Lend me——!"

"Br-rr-r-r!" grunted Bunter. "Cut off! I've nothing to lend—I've been disappointed about a postal-order, and——"

"——that old hassock——" went on Sammy.

"What?"

Billy Bunter blinked at his minor in astonishment. Sammy, with a fat finger pointed to a dusty, tattered old hassock, lying near the armchair. For what imaginable reason Sammy Bunter wanted to borrow that old hassock, was beyond guessing. But apparently he did.

That old hassock belonged to Billy Bunter—it was one of the few articles in his study that did! The armchair, in which Bunter was wont to rest his fat limbs, belonged to Peter Todd. But when the fat Owl reclined in Toddy's armchair, he had the satisfaction of resting his feet on his own hassock—a poor thing, but his own. It was old, it was worn, it was tattered, it was dusty: even Bunter did not place a high value on it, and nobody else would have taken it at a gift. It was hardly possible to shift it without a cloud of dust exuding, through some of its many rents.

"What on earth do you want it for?" exclaimed the astonished Owl.

Sammy grinned.

"Twigg!" he answered.

"Your beak?" exclaimed Bunter. Mr. Twigg was master of the Second Form. "What does Twigg want it for, then?"

Sammy's grin widened.

"He doesn't," he said. "He's going to get it without wanting it, see? He's going to get it on his nut when he goes back to his study after tea."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter.

"Twigg's been ragging me in form!" said Sammy. "He actually rapped my knuckles in geography, because I said the capital of Spain was Lisbon—"

"Well, you asked for it!" said Bunter. "As if any ass doesn't know that the capital of Spain is Oporto."

"Twigg said it was Madrid, and I've got to write it out a hundred times," said Sammy, darkly. "I'll give him Madrid! I don't care whether it's Lisbon or Oporto or Madrid! I ain't going to have my knuckles rapped, and a hundred lines, from old Twigg, because he gets shirty in form. You lend me that hassock—"

"I say, that's a jolly good hassock, and I don't want to lose it—"

"Is it?" said Sammy, derisively.

"Yes, it jolly well is, and—"

"Well, you won't lose it! Twigg will have it chucked into a dust-bin, to get rid of it, and you can get it back."

"Look here—"

"It's because it's so jolly old and ragged and crammed with dust that I want it," explained Sammy. "Think what Twigg will look like—smothered in dust—when it drops on his napper? What?"

Sammy chuckled. Billy Bunter echoed his chuckle. The idea of Mr. Twigg smothered with dust from that ancient hassock, seemed to entertain both Bunters. But the fat Owl became serious again.

"I say, that's all very well, fixing up a booby-trap for your beak," he said. "But if Twigg knew it was mine, he might think—"

"How'd he know?" argued Sammy. "Twigg's never put his nose into a Remove study. He would think it was picked off a dust-heap, from its look."

"Look here, Sammy, don't you be cheeky—" exclaimed Billy Bunter, warmly. "That's a jolly good hassock— It cost something when it was new—"

"Before our time!" remarked Sammy.

"I've had it for whole terms—"

"It looks it!" assented Sammy.

"If you're going to be cheeky—"

"You lend me that hassock, and I'll help you with your lines," said Sammy. "You'll get it back all right—Twigg won't eat it. I'll get it back for you after it's been chucked away. How many more lines have you got to do?"

"Fifty!"

"I'll do twenty—"

"Twenty-five!" said Bunter.

"Twenty—!"

"Twenty-five—"

"Oh, all right!" Sammy yielded the point, evidently very keen on that hassock for his form-master's nut, "Let's get on with it."

Sammy sat down at the table in No. 7 Study, and picked up Peter Todd's pen. Billy pushed a sheet of impot paper across to him.

"Make your fist as decent as you can," he said. "It's got to pass with Quelch, you know. Make it look as if you've learned to write."

"Wouldn't that make your beak suspicious?" asked Sammy. "Don't you want him to take it for your fist?"

Billy Bunter breathed hard.

"Get on to it, and don't jaw!" he snapped.

They got on to it. Billy Bunter, undoubtedly, was glad of a lift with his impot. Sammy's scribble was sufficiently like his own scrawl to pass: and he was going to get through in time now. Two pens worked twice as fast as one: and Bunter's lines were completed, just as the bell began to ring.

"O.K." said Bunter. "You can borrow the hassock, Sammy—and cut. Mind Twigg doesn't catch you going to his study with it." And mind you bring it back afterwards."

"That's all right—I'm going to wait till he's at tea in Common-Room with the other beaks," grinned Sammy. "He won't spot it perched over his door when he comes back! I'll give him Madrid, and rapping a fellow's knuckles! Will he look a picture when it's dropped on his head? He, he, he!"

"He, he, he!" echoed Billy Bunter.

And both Bunters were grinning, as they quitted No. 7 Study: Billy with his lines for Mr. Quelch, and Sammy with that dusty old hassock under his arm.

## CHAPTER II

MR. TWIGG, master of the Second Form at Greyfriars School, hardly knew what was happening.

It was so surprising, and so very unexpected.

Mr. Twigg had "tea'd" in Common-Room with the other beaks. Prout, master of the Fifth, walked back with him to the studies. The two masters stayed for a few minutes to finish their conversation, before Twigg opened his study door to enter. That anything unusual was scheduled to happen when he pushed open a door that stood ajar, naturally never occurred to Mr. Twigg. He was not thinking of Bunter minor and the fat knuckles he had rapped in geography. He had quite forgotten the incident which Sammy remembered. Raps on the knuckles are numbered among the things which it is more blessed to give than to receive: and no doubt it was natural for that incident to linger longer in Sammy's memory than in Twigg's. If Twigg was thinking of anything specially at that moment, it was of his desire to escape from Mr. Prout's conversation, which like the poet's little brook went on for ever. He pushed open that door, all unwary: and then—

Then it happened.

Something that had been lodged on top of the door, resting against the lintel, naturally fell, when it no longer had any visible means of support.

It fell on Twigg's head.

Thud!

Clouds of dust flew from it as it thudded. Mr. Twigg might have fancied, for a moment, that he was in the midst of a whirling dust-storm in the Sahara. The amount of dust that had collected in Bunter's ancient hassock, during several terms in which it had never been shaken once, was quite phenomenal. Twigg had the benefit of most of it.

"Oooooooooogh!" gurgled the master of the Second Form.

He staggered in the doorway.

"Ugh! Urrrgh! Ooooocher!" he spluttered.

It would have been wiser, if he had thought of it at the moment, to keep his mouth shut. But he did not think of it at the moment. His mouth opened wide with startled exclamations, and immediately filled with dust. Twigg gurgled and choked and spluttered wildly.

"Wooooogh! Ogggh! Grrr-r-r-rgh! Ooocher! Woooch!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout, staring at him.

"Urrrgh! What—what—how—who—which—grrrrrrrrg!"

A dusty old hassock dropped on one side of Mr. Twigg. His mortar-board dropped on the other. Smothered with dust, dusty from head to foot, choking and spluttering, Twigg tottered. His first impression was that Greyfriars was collapsing on his head. It was not so bad as that. But it was startling—it was amazing—and it was horrid. Twigg lived and moved and had his being in dust.

"What—what—what!"

"Upon my word!" Prout boomed, "It is a—a—a hassock! Upon my word! It has been placed over your door, Twigg, to fall on your head! It is what the junior boys would call, I believe, a booby-trap! Amazing! Unprecedented! Unparalleled!"

"Grrrrrgggh!"

Mr. Twigg realized that Greyfriars was not toppling on him. He ejected dust from his mouth and clawed it from his eyes and ears and hair. And the expression on his face was like unto that of the fabled basilisk.

"A—a—a booby-trap!" he gasped. "A—a—a bib-bub-bob-booby-trap! In my study—some young rascal—some disrespectful young rascal—ooooooooogh. I—I am smothered with dust—I—I am choked with dust—I—I—I—groooooogh. Who has done this? What disrespectful young rascal has dared to—oooooooooch!"

Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, came down the passage from Common-Room. He stopped to stare at Twigg.

"Why, what—?" began Mr. Hacker, staring.

"A booby-trap!" boomed Prout. "Mr. Twigg has been caught in a booby-trap, in his own study! Look at him, Hacker!"

Hacker was looking at him. His face, usually rather acid, melted into an

involuntary smile. Prout, sympathetic and indignant as he was, also smiled. Twigg, at the moment, covered with dust, red as a peony, clawing at ears and hair, gasping and spluttering, might really have made a stone image smile.

"Scandalous!" said Mr. Hacker.

"Unparalleled!" agreed Prout.

But they both smiled. Mr. Twigg's eyes fairly flashed at them, through a screen of dust.

"This is not amusing, Mr. Prout!" he bawled. "This is not in the least amusing, Mr. Hacker!"

"Oh! No!"

"Certainly not!"

"Pah!" snapped Mr. Twigg.

He strode—or rather stamped—away, without even picking up his mortarboard. He was in need of a wash, more than anything else, at that moment: and he had no use for smiles from his colleagues. He stamped up the passage, leaving Prout and Hacker still smiling.



*"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout.*

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, coming away from Common-Room, stopped and stared, as he met Twigg face to face.

"What—what—what—?" he ejaculated.

Twigg did not stop. He passed the Remove master like a thundercloud, leaving Quelch to stare. The Remove master glanced at Prout and Hacker.

"What—?" he asked, blankly.

"A booby-trap!" boomed Prout. "Poor Twigg!"

"Twigg does not keep his boys in hand!" said Mr. Hacker. "Poor Twigg!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. And he too smiled. "Poor Twigg!"

Poor Twigg himself did not feel like smiling. Generally quite a mild gentleman, he breathed wrath and vengeance during the somewhat lengthy process of getting rid of the dust from Billy Bunter's ancient and dilapidated hassock. He wanted, he longed, in fact, he yearned, to know who had done this. "Six" of the best—the very best—would be the culprit's reward, if Twigg discovered him. Some young scamp in his form, no doubt—but which? There were plenty of scamps in the Second Form, and there was not a clue. When Mr. Twigg, at last, newly swept and garnished, walked out into the quadrangle, he eyed members of his form whom he saw there with almost wolfish eyes.

But there was not a clue!

### CHAPTER III

"SAMMY!"

Billy Bunter squeaked.

Sammy Bunter passed his elder brother's fat squeak unheeded. Bunter minor was not interested in Bunter major. Sammy was interested in two things at the moment, neither of which was his brother Billy. The first and most important was the circumstance that Gatty of the Second had a half-crown which he was going to expend at the school shop on doughnuts, which Sammy was to share. The second was his form-master, Mr. Twigg, who was standing near the door of the tuck-shop, with a decidedly cross expression on his usually mild face. Sammy knew the cause of that unusual grimness in Twigg, and he grinned as he noted it. Twigg glanced at Bunter minor, but it was only a perfunctory glance: evidently he had no suspicion in that quarter. Sammy grinned, and winked at Gatty, who grinned too. And so far from heeding his major's squeak in the rear, Sammy rolled on regardless, Billy Bunter blinking after him indignantly through his big spectacles.

"Sammy!" howled Bunter. "Stop."

Sammy did not stop. The prospect of doughnuts drew him onward: and like the ancient gladiator, he heard but he heeded not.

"Look here, Sammy—!" hooted Bunter.

Sammy rolled on, with Gatty. Billy Bunter, annoyed and indignant, rushed

after him. He did not observe Twigg in the offing. His eyes, and his spectacles, were fixed on Sammy. He grabbed Sammy by the shoulder.

"Look here, you cheeky little ass!" hooted the indignant Owl, "Where's my hassock? You said you'd bring my hassock back when you borrowed it. Well, you jolly well haven't. I can jolly well tell you that I'm not going to lose that hassock! You can make out that it's jolly old and dusty if you like, but I can jolly well tell you that I want it, and if it's left in Twigg's study, you've jolly well got to get it back, see?"

"Shut UP!" almost shrieked Sammy Bunter. He was aware of Twigg, if Billy was not.

Billy Bunter did not shut up. Shutting up was never much in his line, anyway: and he was indignant now, and anxious about that hassock.

"I tell you I want that hassock back," he hooted, "and if it's left in your beak's study I jolly well tell you—"

Billy Bunter was interrupted.

"Bunter minor!" Mr. Twigg's voice sounded, at the moment, like the filing of a saw, "Bunter minor! Follow me to my study."

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. He blinked round at Twigg. "Oh, crumbs! Oh, scissors! Oh, jiminy."

Mr. Twigg did not heed him. He heeded Sammy!

"Do you hear me, Bunter minor!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" moaned Sammy. "I—I—"

"Follow me at once!"

"Oh, lor'!"

A dispirited Sammy followed Mr. Twigg into the House. A minute or two later, any fellow passing Twigg's door or window might have heard a rhythmical sound from Twigg's study, as if somebody there was beating a carpet.

But Mr. Twigg was not beating a carpet.

It was Six for Sammy!

THE END