

BILLY BUNTER'S LETTER HOME

DEER FATHER,

I am riting these
Few lines from Greyfriars Kollege,
To let you know how much I pleeze
My masters with my noledge.

I'm very sure that you'll be glad,
To heer how I'm progressing,
Work makes some phellows very sad,
But I think it's a blessing.

Some phellows here will slack in class,
And dodge their preparation,
Their time they mutch prefer to pass
In idle konversation.

Not Me! My tasks I always face,
And loathe the thort of shirking,
I never loll about the plaice,
While uther chaps are wurking.

I always do my best to pleeze
Dear Mr. Quelch, my master,
He don't think I'm too fond of ease,
Or ort to learn mutch faster.

Indede in form I think it's fine
To hear my master telling
The other phellows how I shine,
Espeshully in spelling!

There's only one thing trubbles me,
It's really very phunny,
How very, very frekwently,
A chap runs out of munny.

I hope you're keeping well and fine,
(This isn't just soft sawder),
And hope that soon you'll drop a line,
and send a postal-awder!