

SOMETHING for SAMMY!

by
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"Here you are, old fat man"

CHAPTER I

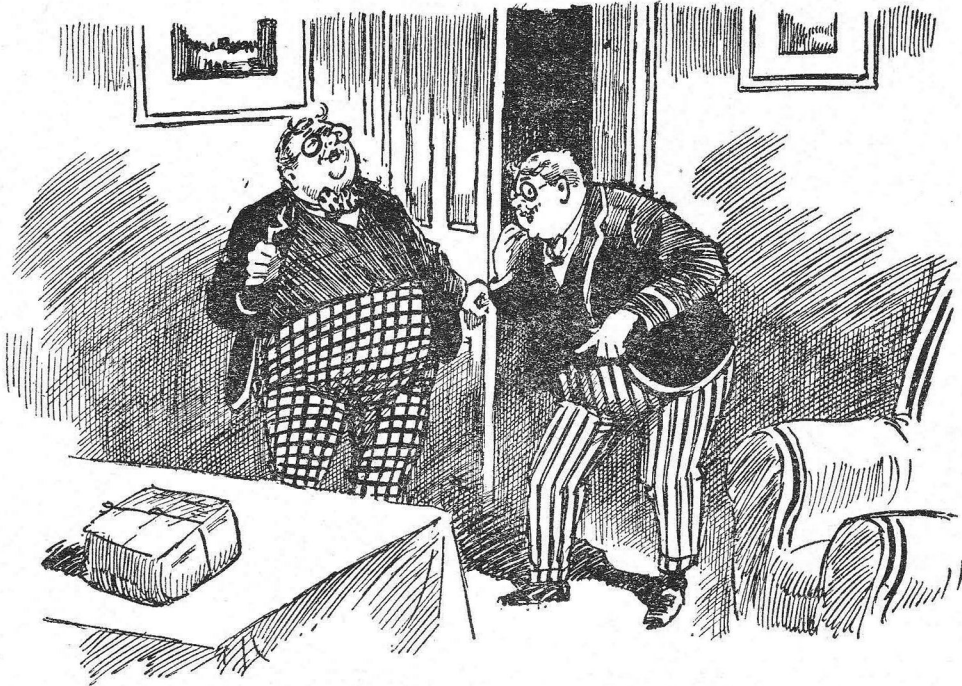
"SAMMY!" ejaculated Billy Bunter.
He frowned.

Bunter major, of the Remove, did not seem pleased to see Bunter minor, of the Second Form, in his study.

Billy Bunter came rather hurriedly into No. 7 Study in the Remove. Some object, wrapped in a newspaper, was under his fat arm. He closed the door, and deposited that object on the study table, before he noticed that Sammy was there. Then, as his little round eyes and his big round spectacles turned on Bunter minor, he frowned.

"I say, Billy, I've been waiting for you to come in," said Sammy. "I say, can you lend a chap a bob?"

Probably Billy Bunter had not supposed that it was a desire to see him, from motives of brotherly affection, that had brought Sammy of the Second to No. 7 Study. But if he had supposed so, Sammy's question would have enlightened him. It was the hope—no doubt a faint one!—of borrowing a "bob", that had brought Bunter minor there.



"I say, what's in that bundle, Billy?" he asked

Billy Bunter shook his head.

"Couldn't be done," he answered, "I've been disappointed about a postal-order. Stony! If that's it, you can cut."

He reopened the study door.

But Sammy Bunter did not move towards that door. His gaze was fixed on the object, wrapped in newspaper, that his major had landed on the table. Sammy seemed interested in it.

"I say, what's in that bundle, Billy!" he asked.

"Eh! That? Only some books, Sammy. Cheerio." Billy Bunter held the door open, evidently waiting to close it after his minor when he departed. But Sammy did not depart.

"I say, Billy, if it's tuck—" said Sammy.

"Didn't you hear me say it was only some books?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes: that's why I fancy it may be tuck."

"If you've come here to cheek your elder brother, Sammy, the sooner you cut the better," said Bunter. "Buck up—I'm waiting to shut the door. I've got to get busy on some deponent verbs for Quelch."

"Look here, Billy—"

Sammy Bunter was interrupted, by a sudden bawl from the passage.

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter jumped. Someone was shouting his name in the Remove passage—and he did not need telling who it was. He knew that stentorian voice. Either it was Stentor himself, or it was Bob Cherry. Obviously it couldn't be Stentor. So it was Bob Cherry.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Bunter!" came the roar, "Bunter! Bunt! Bunt!"

"Beast!" breathed Billy Bunter.

Footsteps sounded in the passage—vigorous footsteps. Billy Bunter knew Bob Cherry's tread, as well as he knew his voice. Bob was coming up the passage.

Sammy grinned.

But Billy Bunter did not heed Sammy. Alarm was registered in his fat face as he blinked from the doorway. For some reason—which perhaps Sammy could guess—Billy Bunter was not anxious to meet Bob Cherry just then. Possibly he did not want Bob to see that bundle on the study table.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" A ruddy face, surmounted by a mop of flaxen hair, appeared in the passage, "Here you are, old fat man."

"Oh! Yes! Here I am," gasped Bunter. He rolled out into the passage, before Bob could come into the study. "I—I say, I—I haven't been in your study, Bob—"

"That's just where you're coming, old fat man," said Bob Cherry cheerily, "I've got a bag of dough-nuts there."

"Eh?"

"There's a bag of dough-nuts in my study," explained Bob, "I'm just going there—and you're coming in on the dough-nuts, see? Come on."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Like some dough-nuts, what?" grinned Bob.

"Oh! Yes! No! I—I—I—" stammered Bunter.

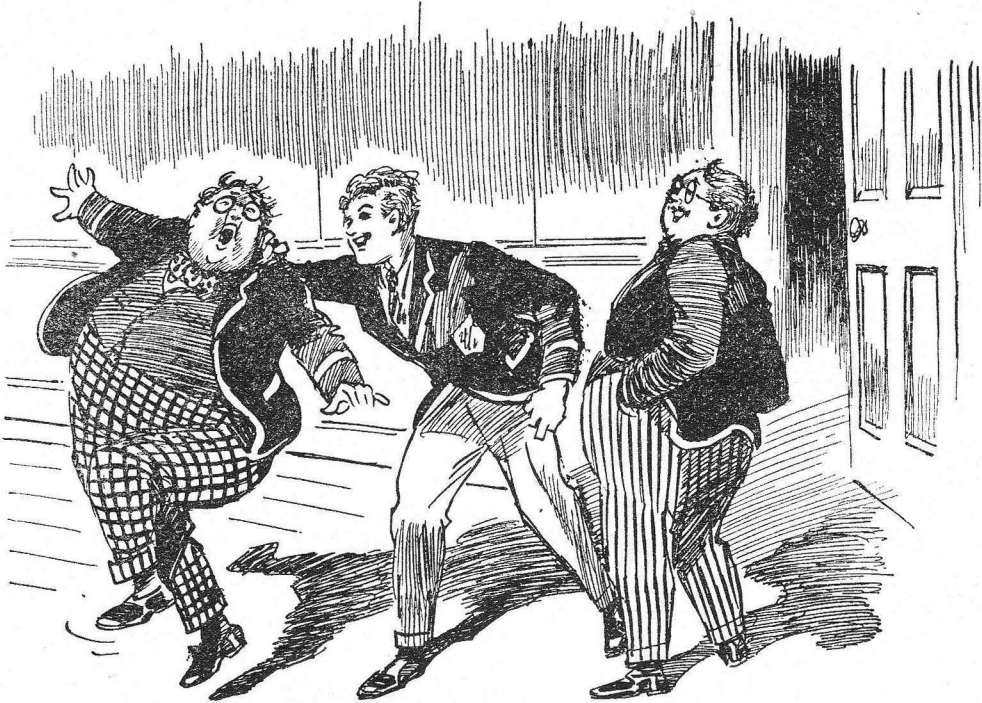
"Trot along, old porpoise."

"I—I—I—I've got some French to do for Mossoo," stammered Bunter, "I—I can't come just now, Bob, thanks all the same."

"Wha-a-a-a-t?"

Bob Cherry stared blankly at the fat Owl of the Remove. For Billy Bunter to decline the offer of a "whack" in a bag of dough-nuts was not only surprising. It was astonishing. It was astounding. It was unheard-of. It was probably the first time in Billy Bunter's fat career that he had declined such an offer.

"Joking?" asked Bob, at last, quite mystified.



He playfully propelled him up the passage

"Oh! No! You see, I've got those deponent verbs to do for Quelch—"

"As well as French for Mossoo?"

"I—I—I mean. French for Mossoo," stammered Bunter. "I'd come with pleasure, old chap, but I've simply got to get going on that deponent French for Mosoo—I mean that French Mossoo for Quelch—I—I mean—"

"Blessed if I know what you mean, unless you're trying to pull my leg," said Bob Cherry. "Stop talking out of the back of your neck, and come along and have a whack in my dough-nuts. This way!"

And Bob Cherry, playfully taking the fat Owl by the back of a fat neck, playfully propelled him up the passage to No. 13.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Sammy Bunter, left alone in No. 7.

Sammy gave one blink up the passage after two disappearing figures. Then he stepped to the study table. In a moment, the newspaper was unwrapped. As his major had stated that the parcel contained only some books, Sammy was really due to be surprised when a large paper bag crammed with dough-nuts was revealed. But Sammy was not at all surprised.

"He, he, he!" repeated Sammy.

But Sammy Bunter wasted time only in one chuckle. The next moment,

there was an impediment in the way of chuckles, in the form of a dough-nut cramming into a mouth almost as extensive as Billy Bunter's own. Sammy gobbled that dough-nut at record speed, scattering crumbs right and left. It was followed by another—and another—with a further scattering of crumbs.

But Sammy realised that he was not likely to be given time to travel through the whole bag. With his extensive mouth packed to capacity, Sammy jammed the paper bag under his arm, and rolled out of No. 7 study. He left the newspaper and a sea of crumbs on the table—all that remained for Brother Billy when he returned. Sammy, with the bag of dough-nuts, disappeared into space.

CHAPTER II

“HALLO, hallo, hallo!” roared Bob Cherry, in surprise.
He stared at the table in No. 13 Study.

On that table, before class, Bob had left a bag of dough-nuts. Naturally he had expected to find it there when he came up after class. In the kindness of his heart, he had brought Billy Bunter along to share those dough-nuts. But there were no dough-nuts to share. The spot where that bag had been left was vacant. That bag was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. Evidently, someone had come up, after class, before Bob!

Having stared at the table, Bob Cherry stared at Billy Bunter. Bunter was gasping for breath, after his rapid progress up the passage. Bob had marched him into the study, willy-nilly: for really, it was quite impossible to believe that Billy Bunter really didn't want a “whack” in a bag of dough-nuts. Now, however, the explanation dawned on Bob.

“You fat sweep!”

“Oh, really, Cherry—”

“Where are my dough-nuts?”

“How should I know?” gasped Bunter. He cast a longing blink at the passage. But Bob had stepped between him and the doorway. “I—I told you I hadn't been in your study, old chap—”

“Where's my dough-nuts?” roared Bob. “You fat villain, that's why you said you wouldn't come! You knew they were gone.”

“I—I—I never knew a thing,” stuttered Bunter. “I never knew you had any dough-nuts, old chap. I never saw you get them at the tuck-shop before class, and I never cut up here after class—I—I—I came up to do my deponent Mossoo for French—I mean my French Quelch for Mossoo—”

“By gum!” exclaimed Bob Cherry, “you jolly well had them in your study when I came up and called you. Have you wolfed them!”



Bob Cherry stared at Billy Bunter. "You fat sweep!" he roared

"I tell you I didn't, wasn't never!" gasped Bunter. "Look here, you let me get out of your study, Bob Cherry—I shall get into a row with Mossos if I don't do that deponent French for Quelch—I mean—"

"You fat sweep! I'll look in your study—"

"Look here, Bob Cherry, if you can't take a fellow's word, I can jolly well say—Yaroooh! Leggo, you beast."

"Kim on!" said Bob.

"Wow! Ow! Leggo!"

In the circumstances, Billy Bunter was quite unwilling to revisit No. 7 Study in company with Bob Cherry. But with a grasp like iron on the back of his fat neck, it was not a matter of choice with Bunter. That iron grasp twirled him out of No. 13, and marched him down the passage back to No. 7—from which study, hardly more than a minute earlier, a fat fag had vanished with a bag of dough-nuts. Bob Cherry kicked open the door, and propelled Bunter in.

"Now, you fat sweep—"

"Ow! Wow! I—I—I say, that bag of dough-nuts ain't yours!" gasped Bunter. "I—I had it from Bunter Court this morning! I—I—I—oh, crikey!"



The next few minutes were quite lively for William George Bunter

Billy Bunter broke off as he blinked through his big spectacles at the study table in No. 7. No bag of dough-nuts was visible there. There was the newspaper in which it had been wrapped. There was an ocean of crumbs, relics of a recent hurried feast. Merely that, and nothing more. For a second time, that bag of dough-nuts had performed the vanishing trick.

"By gum!" said Bob, as he stared at the newspaper and the crumbs. "By gum! You've wolfed the lot! Every dashed one! You fat, footling, frabjous octopus—"

"I—I didn't—I—I wasn't—I—I never—"

"Where did all those crumbs come from?" inquired Bob. "Walked here, perhaps! You pernicious porpoise, I was going to whack out those dough-nuts with you: and you've scoffed the lot! Now I'm going to boot you round the study and back again—"

"I say—yaroooh! Keep off!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Ow! Wow! You kick me again, and I'll jolly well—whooop! Wow! Oh, crikey! Yaroooooh!"

The next few minutes were quite lively for William George Bunter. Often and often had Billy Bunter been booted for his sins: but this time it was quite a record booting. Twice round No. 7 Study he flew, with a lunging foot behind him. Bob had landed a good dozen before he considered that Bunter

had, perhaps, had enough. There was no "perhaps" about it in Bunter's opinion. His impression was that he had had more than enough.

After which, Bob Cherry tramped out of the study and banged the door. He left a gasping, gurgling, wriggling fat Owl behind him. Billy Bunter, as he gurgled and wriggled, blinked dismally at a sea of crumbs on the table—all that remained for him. Proverbially, after the feast comes the reckoning: but the Owl of the Remove had had the reckoning without the feast! There was nothing for Bunter — but happily, from the point of view of Bunter minor, there had been something for Sammy!

THE END