

# SAMMY'S SNOWBALL!

By  
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## CHAPTER I

“SAMMY, old chap!”

Billy Bunter's tone, as he addressed his minor, Sammy of the Second Form, was quite affectionate.

Bunter major, of the Remove, was not always so affectionate to Bunter minor of the Second. Indeed, sometimes Billy Bunter seemed to forget for whole weeks that he had a minor at Greyfriars at all.

On the present occasion, however, his tone was quite honeyed. Perhaps it was the influence of Christmas, now close at hand. More probably, Billy Bunter wanted something.

The latter seemed to be Sammy's impression, for having blinked at Bunter through the big spectacles that were so like Billy's, he shook a head almost as fat as his major's.

“Stony!” he said.

“Oh, really, Sammy,” said Bunter, reproachfully. “If you think that I want to borrow anything—.”

“Don't you?” asked Sammy.



*Sammy and Billy*

"No!" yapped Bunter, "I don't."

"Oh, all right! But what did you call me old chap for, then?"

Billy Bunter breathed rather hard through his fat little nose. Brotherly affection seemed to be quite wasted on Sammy.

"I've got some toffees," he said, with dignity. "I thought you might like some, Sammy."

Sammy's plump face brightened.

"I jolly well would!" he answered, promptly. "Shove them this way."

"Only I want you to do something for me first," went on Billy Bunter, without shoving them that way. "Nothing much—only chucking a snowball. There's lots of snow about—fairly stacked over there under the elms. All you've got to do is to make a snowball—a jolly big one, mind—and land it right in the back of Bob Cherry's neck—."

Sammy Bunter jumped.

"I'll watch it!" he gasped. "Why, he would boot me all round the quad if I did! No fear!"

"Safe as houses," assured Bunter. "You'll hide behind a tree, and catch him in the back of the neck while I'm keeping him talking, see? You'll cut off before he knows what hit him."

"Um!" said Sammy. "Well, what do you want to snowball Cherry for! What's he done?"

"Shoved a handful of snow down my neck!" yapped Bunter. "Making out that I'd been in his study after his toffees—"

"He, he, he!" chirruped Sammy. Sammy knew his major! He guessed at once where Billy's supply of toffee had come from!

"Nothing to cackle at, Sammy! I told him I hadn't been in his study, and never even saw his toffees when I was there either, but he jammed the snow down my neck all the same—groooogh! Well, I'm going to give him tit for



*Plotting*



tat, see? Perhaps he'll like a chunk of snow down his own neck! Mind, make it a great big snowball, and mind you land it right in his neck—and I'll whack out the toffees with you afterwards."

Sammy Bunter considered, for a few moments. He did not particularly want to surprise Bob Cherry, of the Remove, with a snowball in the back of his neck. Still more particularly, he did not want to be booted if Bob spotted him performing that exploit. On the other hand, he did want a whack in the toffees. Toffee had an irresistible attraction for both members of the tribe of Bunter. So Sammy nodded at last.

"Okay!" he said.

And the two Bunters rolled away together, to prepare that ambush for the unsuspecting Bob. After which Billy, leaving Sammy ensconced behind a frosty trunk, kneading the biggest snowball ever, rolled away to look for Bob Cherry and inveigle him into the ambush.

## CHAPTER II

"**B**OB, old fellow—"

"Scat!"

"But I say—"

"Want another handful of snow down your neck, you fat villain?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hook it!"

"There's a poor little robin—"

"Eh?"

"In the snow—"

"Where?" Bob Cherry came to a halt. The astute fat Owl had touched the right chord! Bob Cherry was all good nature: and if any living creature was in trouble, Bob was the fellow to help. "Is it hurt?"

"Well, it can't fly away," said Bunter.

That statement, at least was veracious. As there was no poor little robin in the snow at all, certainly it could not fly away! With his accustomed disregard for the frozen truth, Billy Bunter had invented that robin. It was bait to catch his fish, as it were. He had to get Bob into the ambush somehow: and "crammers" came easily to Bunter. Practice had made him perfect, in that peculiar line.

"Well, where is it?" asked Bob, interested at once. "Might be able to do something for the poor little beggar. Show me where it is."

"This way!" chirruped Bunter.



*"Well, where is it?" asked Bob*

He rolled off by the path through the frosty elms, Bob striding by his side. If a fat fag of the Second Form was hidden behind one of those frosty trunks, with a huge snowball ready in a fat hand, Bob Cherry saw nothing of him. Bob, as he moved along under the leafless branches, glanced to and fro in search of that imaginary robin.

"Can't see anything of it," he said.

"Just under that tree," said Bunter, pointing to an ancient elm close by the school wall. Behind that especial tree, as Bunter knew if Bob did not, Sammy was in ambush.

Bob tramped through the snow under the tree. He scanned the earth without discovering any trace of a robin in distress.

"On the other side, do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh! No! Not on the other side!" gasped Bunter, in a hurry. "On this side—just about here—"

"Well, it's not here now," said Bob. "Must have flown away after all."

"Oh! Look here!" exclaimed Bunter.

Bob Cherry came back towards him. That was exactly what the artful fat Owl wanted. Bob had his back to the tree now, and it was safe for Sammy to get going with that snowball. The fat fag, peering round the trunk, had a view of Bob Cherry's back.

Grinning, Sammy Bunter lifted a fat hand, with the snowball in it. He took accurate aim at the back of Bob's neck, and hurled.

Whiz!

The snowball flew: and the instant it had left his hand, Sammy Bunter flew, too, in the opposite direction. Sammy vanished like a ghost at cock-crow, as the snowball whizzed on its way.

### CHAPTER III

**S**MASH!

"Yaroooooooh!"

Billy Bunter tottered and spluttered frantically. A huge snowball, smashing in the middle of his fat face, was more than enough to make William George Bunter totter and splutter.

Up to that moment, all had gone well for the artful fat schemer. He had inveigled Bob Cherry to the spot: he had contrived to make him turn his back to the tree behind which Sammy was ambushed: and that huge snowball had been hurled at the back of Bob's neck, according to plan. It was only at the last moment that the scheme conked out: as Bob, not seeing anything of that robin, stepped aside to look round for it.

Stepping aside, left Billy Bunter facing the fire, so to speak. That snowball intended for Bob, missed him by inches as he moved aside: and landed on the next object in the line of fire, which was Billy Bunter's fat face.

It smashed on a fat little nose.

Bursting there, it smothered the fat face with snow. Billy Bunter roared, and spluttered, and tottered, and sat down.

"Yaroooh! Grooogh! Oh, crikey! Oooooogh!"

"What the dickens—!" exclaimed Bob.

"Urrrrrrggh!" Billy Bunter spluttered snow. "Oh, crumbs! Oooogh! That silly young idiot—ooooogh!"

"Who chucked that snowball?" Bob Cherry stared round. But Sammy had vanished among the elms. "Know who it was, Bunter?"



"Urrrggh!" Billy Bunter sat in snow, clawing at snow, and gurgling snow, "Grooogh! Wurrrggh! Cooooch!"

"Well, where's that robin?"

"Gurrrrrrggh!"

"Must have flown away," said Bob: and, as there was evidently no distressed robin to be rescued, Bob walked away: leaving Bunter to claw at snow. Billy Bunter's splutterings followed him as he went:

"Urrrggh! Gurrggh! Wurrrggh! Grooogh!"

#### CHAPTER IV

**I**T had been quite a surprise for Billy Bunter. And there was another surprise, for Sammy Bunter, when he sought out his major to claim his share of the toffees, his reward for hurling that snowball. What he received from the exasperated Owl of the Remove was a smack on a fat head, which he found much less agreeable than toffees. Neither Bunter derived any satisfaction whatever from the episode of Sammy's Snowball!

THE END