

SURPRISE for SAMMY!

By FRANK RICHARDS



CHAPTER I

“BEAST!”

Sammy Bunter, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, gave quite a start. It was an unexpected greeting.

Bunter minor had been looking for his major, Billy Bunter of the Remove. Now he had found him, in the quad. Billy Bunter was not looking like a fellow enjoying life. His plump brow was overcast. His little round eyes glinted behind his big round spectacles, as he blinked in the direction of his form-master's study window. Apparently Billy Bunter had had a spot of trouble with Mr. Quelch, and was annoyed about it. Still, that was no reason why he should give Sammy such a greeting. It could not be called brotherly.

“Look here, Billy—.”

“Beast!”

“Wharrer you calling me names for?” demanded Sammy, indignantly.

"Eh! What?" Billy Bunter transferred his gaze from Mr. Quelch's study window, to the fat face of his minor. "That you, Sammy? I wasn't speaking to you, fathead."

"Talking to yourself?" inquired Sammy.

"Don't be a cheeky young ass, Sammy. It's Quelch!" said Billy Bunter. "Of all the beasts—!"

Sammy Bunter grinned. His major, apparently, had merely been indulging in an expression of his opinion of his form-master—at a safe distance from Quelch's ears!

"Whopped?" asked Sammy. "Hard cheese, old chap! But I say, what about that toffee?"

"What toffee?" grunted Bunter.

"Oh, come off it," said Sammy, warmly. "I was in the tuck-shop, just before class, when you got it. The bell went the next minute, so you can't have scoffed it yet, as we're only just out. Look here, Billy, you jolly well do the decent thing, and whack it out."

Snort, from Billy Bunter.

"You'd better ask Quelch!" he snapped.

"Quelch!" repeated Sammy.

"He's got it." Billy Bunter cast another ferocious blink towards his form-master's study window. "He copped me eating some in class. I believe he's got eyes in the back of his head, blow him! So he made me hand over the packet, and confiscated it. He took it to his study with him after class. Of all the beasts—."

"Oh, crikey!" said Sammy. "Just like you, Billy, to be guzzling in class, and getting copped! But look here, couldn't you nip into his study when he goes to tea and bag it—?"

"Too jolly risky!" said Bunter, shaking a fat head, "But you look here, Sammy—I'll go halves, if you'll nip into his study when he goes to tea—."

"Too jolly risky to you, but not for me?" asked Sammy, sarcastically. And Sammy rolled on his way. He had been looking for Billy—and toffee—but a Billy minus toffee did not interest him.

Billy Bunter was left blinking at Quelch's window with an inimical blink.

"Beast!" he murmured, still referring to Quelch.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old fat man?" roared a cheery voice. Five Remove fellows, trotting round the quad after class, came on the disconsolate Owl of the Remove. Bunter blinked at Harry Wharton and Co.

"I say, you fellows," he squeaked, "You know Quelch has got my toffee—."

"And so the poor dog had none!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, which of you fellows will nip into his study when he goes to tea, and bag it—?"

"The whichfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Any of you fellows keen on a row with Quelch, so that Bunter can guzzle stickers?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

None of the five, apparently, was keen! They trotted on, and Billy Bunter was left to contemplate Quelch's window once more: and debate in his fat mind whether that confiscated toffee was worth the risk of "nipping" into his form-master's study when Quelch went along to Common-Room to tea. And, after long cogitation, he decided that it was!

CHAPTER II

BILLY BUNTER blinked this way and that way. Masters Studies were deserted. The "beaks" were in Common-Room: and the door of that apartment, at the end of the passage, was closed. But the Owl of the Remove was very cautious. He tiptoed along to the door of Mr. Quelch's study. He opened that door with scarce a sound, and closed it behind him the moment he was in the study. Then—keen as he was to recapture his toffee, his first proceeding was to roll across to the window, and push up the sash. It was an easy drop from that window: a second line of retreat for the fat intruder, if he heard a footstep in the passage.

Having opened up that line of retreat, the fat Owl rolled to the table, and scanned it with eager eyes and spectacles for the packet of toffee. Quelch had taken it with him when he left the form-room after class, and he could only have taken it to his study. Bunter expected to find it on the table there. But it was not to be seen on the table.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

He blinked round the study. Where was that packet of toffee? Having blinked at several possible, and some impossible places, and having still failed to discern it, Billy Bunter had to realize the awful truth—that packet of toffee was not in the study at all.

"Beast!" he hissed.

Had Quelch thrown it away? It was possible—Quelch did not place the high value on "stickers" that Bunter did. Whatever he had done with it, he had not left it in his study. Billy Bunter had taken the risk of that surreptitious visit to his form-master's study for absolutely nothing!



In Quelch's Study

Billy Bunter breathed hard through his fat little nose. His feelings were deep—they could hardly have been deeper. At that moment, sad to relate, he would willingly have planted a fat fist fair and square upon his form-master's majestic nose, had such things been practicable. Dismally and dolorously, he rolled to the door, to go empty away.

Then he paused.

There was a vengeful gleam behind his spectacles.

Instead of tiptoeing away, he opened the door a few inches, and blinked into the corridor. It was deserted: and likely to remain so till the "beaks" had finished tea in Common-Room.

Leaving the door ajar, the fat Owl stepped to the book-case, and picked out five or six of the largest volumes there. Then he placed a chair by the door and mounted on it, with the volumes under a fat arm.

He was grinning now.

Quelch had had his toffee! He was going to give Quelch something in return. On top of the door, resting on the lintel of the doorway, he carefully lodged a substantial volume of Lucretius. Then he ledged the works of Virgil on Lucretius, and the History of Josephus on Virgil. He crowned that massive pile of learning with several more volumes—Horace, and Catullus, and Propertius, and Juvenal and Persius. Quelch was keen on all these classic authors: but whether he would find any pleasure in them when he returned to his study on the present occasion, was very doubtful.

Grinning, the fat Owl stepped down from the chair, and lifted it away from the door. He rolled across to the window. After a cautious blink up and down and round about, he clambered out. He paused for a moment on the broad sill to shut down the sash, and then dropped to the ground.

“He, he, he!” chuckled Billy Bunter, as he rolled away.

He was still toffee-less. But there was consolation in the prospect of that shower of hefty volumes descending on Quelch’s head when he returned to his study and pushed open the door.

CHAPTER III

“HALVES—I don’t think!”

Sammy Bunter of the Second, made that remark, derisively. He was communing with himself. Sammy’s thoughts, like Billy’s, ran on toffee.

Sammy was standing outside the door of Common-Room, with an ear bent to listen to the murmur of voices within. Not that Bunter minor was interested in the conversation of the beaks over their tea. Whatever Quelch had to say to Prout, or Prout to Hacker, or Hacker to Wiggins, Sammy couldn’t have cared less. What Sammy wanted was to hear Quelch’s voice, and thus make sure that the Remove master was still at tea, and had not gone back to his study. Sammy had designs on that study—if it was not too late!

Quite unaware that his major had already visited that study, with no more luck than Mrs. Hubbard when she went to her cupboard, Sammy Bunter was on the trail of that toffee. According to Billy there was a packet of toffee in Quelch’s study, to be had for the picking up—if a fellow had the nerve to raid a beak’s study! Billy funked it—and Sammy, as a matter of fact, funked it too—and he had hesitated long before he made up his mind. But the lure of toffee was as strong for Bunter minor as for Bunter major: and Sammy had resolved on it at last. But he had to make sure first that the coast was clear. Hence the fat ear bent to listen at the door of Common-Room.



Sammy at door

“Halves!” Sammy murmured that word with derision. “Me to take the risk—and halves! I don’t think! If I get that toffee, I jolly well know who’s going to scoff it!”

A booming voice was audible through the door of Common-Room. It was the booming of Prout, master of the Fifth.

“Me dear Quelch, you must admit that the word is ‘quo’, in all the known manuscripts—.”

That was enough for Sammy.

They were arguing about Horace: and Sammy’s interest in Quintus Horatius Flaccus was precisely nil. But as Prout was addressing Quelch, evidently the Remove master was still in Common-Room. The coast was still clear.

Sammy Bunter cut away down the passage, to the door of Quelch’s study. That packet of toffee was at his mercy. He had only to “nip” in, grab it, and “nip” out again. And—having taken all the risk, Sammy was also going to

take all the toffee! Unscrupulousness, in matters of tuck, was as strongly developed in Bunter minor as in Bunter major.

The door of Quelch's study was ajar. Sammy did not even have to turn the door-handle. He pushed the door open and "nipped" in.

But he did not "nip" very far.

What happened next was a surprise.

Whiz! thud! crash! crash! Bang!

"Oh! Ow! Wow!" roared Sammy Bunter.

He hardly knew what was happening. Indeed, for an awful moment it seemed to him that the venerable pile of Greyfriars School was collapsing on his head. He tottered in the doorway, yelling. Heavy objects, heavy and unexpected, descended on him in a shower as he "nipped" into the doorway. Lucretius landed on his head—Horace and Virgil on either shoulder—while



Surprise for Sammy!

Catullus and Propertius crashed on the back of his neck. Sammy Bunter tottered in a sea of classics. His startled yell woke all the echoes of Masters' Studies.

CHAPTER IV

THAT startled yell reached ears in Common-Room, interrupting tea and talk. Several of the beaks rose, to come out and see what the matter was. The door of Common-Room opened, and Quelch, Prout, Hacker, and Wiggins stared along the passage. They barely glimpsed a running figure as it vanished round a corner. They stared at a sea of classics in Quelch's study doorway. Precisely what had happened they never knew. It was a surprise for the beaks. It had been a still greater surprise for Sammy!

THE END