



# THE DORMITORY FIGHT!

By DICK PENFOLD

(The Poet of the Remove at Greyfriars)

"I guess I'll knock him into fits!"  
Said Fisher Tarleton Fish.  
"You jays can then pick up the bits  
Of Bunter, if you wish!"

"I've not encountered," Bunter said,  
"A swankier lad than Fish is!"  
You chaps will bear *him* out, instead  
Of bearing out his wishes!"

We gathered round by candle-light  
And watched them face each other;  
Said I, "If Bunty wins this fight  
I'll hug him like a brother!"

Frank Nugent was the referee,  
He fished an ancient clock out,  
And murmured, "We shall shortly see  
A really thrilling knock-out!"

"Go it, ye cripples!" I exclaimed,  
Amid a storm of clapping;  
Then, with clenched fists and eyes in-  
flamed,  
The scrappers started scrapping!

Fish led off with a Highland fling,  
And then his fists got busy;  
And Billy Bunter, poor old thing,  
Sat down and gasped, "Where is he?"

"Up, Bunty, up! On, Billy, on!  
Summon the grit that's in you!  
Six seconds have already gone!  
Rise, porpoise, and continue!"

"Unless you floor your fishy foe  
We'll bump you!" hooted Morgan.  
Then Bunter rose, and aimed a blow  
At Fishy's nasal organ!

A smashing blow, a crashing blow—  
A blow that found its billet!  
So loud was the applause, you know,  
That not a soul could still it!

The Yankee junior gave a groan,  
For he was in a sore way;  
His seven-stone-four of flesh and bone  
Fell huddled in the doorway!

Then Quelchy strode upon the scene,  
His brow was black as thunder.  
"Boys! What does this disturbance  
mean?  
Who started it, I wonder?"

"'Twas Billy Bunter, sir!" howled Fish.  
"'Twas Fishy!" hooted Billy.  
"Be silent!" Quelchy cried. "I wish  
You'd try to be less silly!"

"In future, boys, your holidays  
Are subject to suspension;  
And many melancholy days  
You'll spend in dull detention!"

We carried Fishy back to bed,  
(A human tub had licked him!)  
"Here lies the body," Nugent said,  
"Of Billy Bunter's victim!"