



1. It all started the other afternoon when Billy Bunter, the fattest schoolboy on earth, was out for a waddle. I won't say out for a walk, because Bunter on the move is really more like an overfed duck than anything else. Well, as he rolled along a country lane near Greyfriars school, along came a chappy in a car. He was driving much too fast, and he seemed to be terribly worried about somebody or other who was behind him. That's why he didn't spot that large tree in time to miss it!



2. Kerlonk! He hit that tree a grade A outside wallop, that bent the front of his car more than slightly. But though the car was, definitely out of action, the driver wasn't. As luck would have it, he was slung clear and landed on some soft turf. Up he jumped, and seeing Bunter, burbled wildly about not telling somebody where he was. Then he shot off among the thick trees of Courtfield woods leaving Billy standing there in a state of great bamboozleosity, wondering why and wherefore.



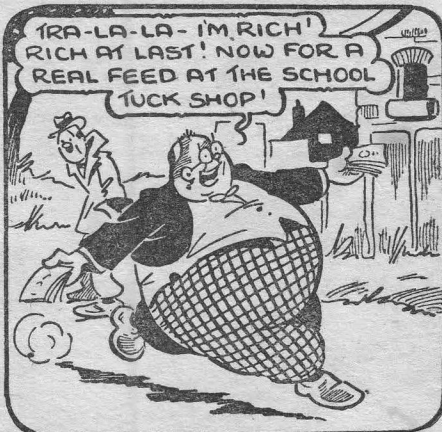
3. But Billy was to be even more bewildered, yes indeed! For no sooner had this chappy vanished from view, than another client in a car shot up. This second chappy, however, stopped his car in the proper manner, using the brakes, instead of trying to climb up a tree with it. Out he jumped, and it soon became clear—even to Bunter—that he was the chap who was after the chap who said don't tell the chap who's after me you've seen me. Phew! What a mouthful!



4. Now Billy Bunter isn't very good at explaining anything except what he wants to eat, and by the time he'd said his piece this second fellow had got really annoyed. When he pulled out a gun, Bunter decided it was time he mizzled, and did a quick bunk into the woods, where he hid in a tree. From there he watched the two customers playing hide and seek with each other. Then—would you never did—they came face to face right under our Billy!



5. The second chap pulled out his gun again, and waved it at the first, and looked exceedingly ferocious. Billy, who up till now had been trying hard to look like a lickle loaf, quaked mightily. That did it. Billy a-quaking of was more than the branch could stand! Zer-punk! Down came Billy—right on top of the chappy with the gun! The other chap, whose name was Mr. Jarvis, was ever so pleased, for, you see, Billy's hefty weight had laid the chap with the gun clean out!



6. So pleased was Mr. Jarvis that he pressed a large sum of folding money into Billy's fat paw, asking only that the fat lad should hire a car for him, and help him to get away. He didn't say why he wanted to get away—but even Billy's fat little nose ought to have smelled a rat by now. This chap with the bagful of cash was up to something decidedly fishy. But Bunter never gave that a thought. With lots of cash, the only thought in his fat head was—Fooooooood!





I KNOW! I'LL STAND TREAT TO EVERYONE! I'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT A GENEROUS CHAP I AM! I CAN'T MANAGE ALL THIS GRUB ANYWAY!



EAT UP AND ORDER MORE! I'LL FOOT THE BILL, YOU FELLOWS!

BUNTERS A JOLLY GOOD SPORT!

TWO DOZEN MORE CREAM BUNS FOR MASTER BUNTER!

BUNTER'S RICH!

7. You've heard about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points—well, that's the way Billy travelled from where he was to Mrs. Moggs' tuckshop in the village. You'd never believe that anyone so fat as Billy could move so fast! And did he get to work with a will! What's more he dished out free tuck to all the lads from the school who happened to be around. I can tell you, Billy Bunter was the most popular boy in the school that afternoon.



THAT WILL BE SEVEN POUNDS, SEVEN AND FOURPENCE — THANK YOU, MASTER BUNTER!

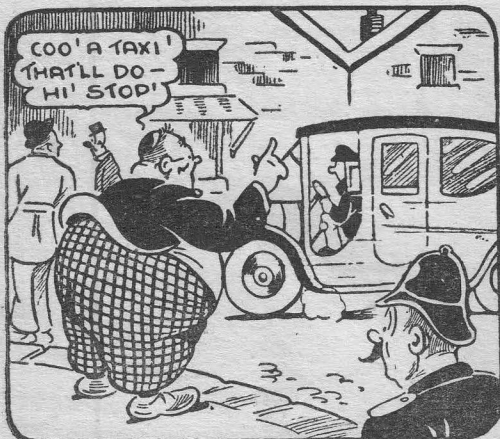
IT'S A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU, MRS. MOGGS. I'M JOLLY RICH!

I WONDER—OH DEAR—I HOPE I AND TRUST—



COO! ONLY TWO POUNDS TWELVE AND EIGHTPENCE LEFT—I HOPE IT IS ENOUGH TO HIRE A CAR, OR THAT ROTTER JARVIS WON'T PAY ME TWENTY QUID!

8. Billy paid the bill when at last he had eaten as much as he could hold. And there was only a couple of pound notes and some silver left when he'd done that. Then off he dodged to find a car for Mr. Jarvis, determined to collect still more money as promised. Billy didn't know how much it would cost to hire a car, but he hoped it wouldn't be much. You see, although he was full now, in a few hours he would be quite ready to tackle another monster feed!



COO! A TAXI! THAT'LL DO—HI! STOP!



OO-ER! IT'S THAT DESPERATE ROTTER! HE'S GUG-GOT A GUN—D. PINCH HIM, CONSTABLE!

EH? WHAT?

9. Just as he got to the corner, what should he see bowling down the main street of Courfield but a taxi. The very thing! After all, thought Billy—a taxi is a car—it'll do! And when the taxi pulled up just a few yards farther on, Billy trotted after it. Then the door opened and a man got out. It was the chap who'd waved a gun at Billy earlier that afternoon, and whom Billy had flattened. Billy went all of a twitter, until he spotted the local bobby near by, and called for his aid!



10. But Billy was in for another shock. The man in the cab turned out to be Detective-Inspector Smith, of the County Police, and he'd been looking for Bunter! After what had happened, he was quite sure that Bunter was hand in glove with Jarvis, who was none other than a very-much-wanted bank robber! Well—he properly put the breeze up our Billy, and Billy saw that the only way he could avoid a spell in clink was to help capture Jarvis, and so he led them along to where the robber was hiding.



11. Billy groaned as he thought of all the money Jarvis had been going to give him, and which he now would never see, but he brightened up again when the detective told him that there was a ten-pound reward waiting for the capture of the crook. They soon caught him, and got back the case of banknotes that he had stolen—only some were missing, and as Bunter had had most of them, naturally he had to cough them up.



12. It was jolly lucky for our Billy that there was a ten-pound reward coming his way, or he would have been badly in debt! As it was, he could pay up, and still have money to spare—a whole penny! Billy didn't think that that was very good pay for catching a crook, but then I think he was forgetting that colossal feed he'd stowed away in Mrs. Moggs' tuckshop. I think that he really did very well, don't you, chums? After all, it isn't every day a fellow can buy seven pounds' worth of goodies!