



BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH



1. If there is one thing Bunter hates more than all the rest put together, it is exercise. So when the school sports began to come round the fattest boy in Greyfriars carefully kept out of the way when the entries were being taken. On the morning before the sports old Quelch, the Form-master, was looking through the lists, just to see who had gone in for what, when he noticed that Bunter's name was missing. He glared at Bunter through his specs.



2. "This—ah—won't do, Bunter!" hummed Quelch. "You know we expect every boy to enter for the school sports unless he is ill. You look the picture of health, Bunter, with your—ah—fat, rosy cheeks!" "Oh, crumbs!" burbled Bunter. "That is—yessir, I'm looking forward to the sports, sir!" But Bunter wasn't really. As soon as he could he went down to the tuckshop to think it over. Things looked very glum, till the tuckshop keeper said something.



3. "If you eat much more, Master Bunter," she began, as she handed over the fourteenth cream bun and the twenty-sixth bottle of pop, "you'll be too fat to run in the sports—that you will!" Bunter's face lit up. Muttering something hurriedly, he stopped feeding and tore out of the shop. He even left half his cream buns untouched. Todd saw him do this and thought that it was so queer that he followed Bunter out of school, and that's how he rumbled Bunter's little scheme.



4. Bunter paid a flying visit to the local sports shop and bought a dozen rubber air cushions! Toddy watched him in amazement and then he tore back to school and got together with the rest of the lads in the Remove. He told them what he had seen and ended: "I reckon the old porpoise is up to some scheme to dodge the sports! Well, chaps, it's up to us to see that he doesn't. I reckon this is what he's going to do—" And Todd told them his guess, which turned out quite right.



5. Billy Bunter, meanwhile, had got back to school and locked himself in the dormitory. There he undid his parcel of rubber cushions and blew them up one by one. Then he stuffed them all underneath his clothes. Well, he'd been fat before, but now he looked more like a stratosphere balloon than a boy. He was a size!



6. By the time Bunter had finished stuffing himself out with the cushions the bell was ringing for afternoon classes. Bunter hurried down and waddled into class. "Goodness gracious, Bunter!" cried Quelch. "What has happened to you? You're fatter than ever!" "I'm afraid I'm getting too fat to run!" blurted Bunter. "I've got growing pains!"

(You Will Find More Grand Adventures Of Billy Bunter In The "Magnet," Every Week.)



7. Alonzo Todd and the others were hugging themselves! For this was just what they had expected Bunter to do! Bunter, too, was just feeling rather pleased with himself, because it looked as if his scheme had worked. But then Quelch upset everything. "I think you should go to bed at once, Bunter!" he cried. "I will send for a doctor!" "No thank you, sir!" cried Bunter. "I shall be all right, sir. Really I shall, sir!"



8. Bunter was rushed up to his dormitory by a crowd of chucking Removites and shut in until the doctor arrived. Bunter was just thinking about getting rid of the air-cushions when the door opened and the doctor came in. He had a large black bag and about a yard of white beard hung down from the bottom of his face. It was a good job Bunter didn't hear what one of the boys was whispering to another. "That's not a real doctor—it's Toddy in disguise!"



9. Outside, the lads were waiting for him. They knew why Bunter was so fat all of a sudden. And if Toddy didn't get the chance to "operate," then they meant to! Everyone of them was armed with a pin, or a compass or something sharp. They jabbed Bunter's air-cushions from every direction. Bang! Pop! Bang! Bunter exploded loudly in a dozen places and his "fat" soon began to go down. You never saw anybody "stimming" as fast as Bunter did!



10. Bunter knew that a doctor would find out his little game jolly quickly! But Quelch wasn't to be put off. "Wharton!" he cried. "Go and get a doctor at once!" "Yessir!" cried Harry Wharton, hiding his grin. "I'll go at once, sir. I know the very man to cure Bunter!" Poor old Billy, meanwhile, had got the wind up properly. "I don't want a doctor!" he wailed. "I feel better already, really I do!"



11. "Um—very bad case!" mumbled Toddy through his false beard. "I'm afraid you'll have to be starved. No food for a month, then you'll be slim as a wand again!" "Oh crumbs!" wailed Bunter. "Anything but that!" "Very well, then!" snapped Toddy, whipping the school carving knife from his bag. "Then I shall have to operate! Come here, Bunter!" "Help! Murder!" cried Bunter, and scooted out of the room like a two-year-old!



12. So Bunter had to run in the sports after all! Quelch didn't ask any questions about how Bunter lost his fat, which was rather sporting of him. He guessed that the other boys had dealt with him properly—there was no need for him to butt in. And anyway, running in the sports was punishment enough for Bunter, because he actually lost about twelve pounds of fat during the day. Which just goes to show that he really should take more exercise!