

By FRANK RICHARDS

“THAT ass!” said Tom King.
“That goat!” said Dick Warren.

They were, of course, speaking of Skip Ruggles. Any Felgate fellow who had overheard their remarks, would have guessed that those remarks referred to Skip. The description fitted so exactly.

They were exasperated. They were concerned about their fat and fat-headed chum, and at the same time yearning to kick him.

King and Warren of the Fourth were standing on the lowest of the House steps, staring blankly into the quadrangle. Generally, from the House steps, there was a view of the whole of the quad. Now there was nothing to be seen but deep, dank, grey mist. The fog had rolled up from the river, and enveloped Felgate School as in a blanket. King and Warren could hardly

see one another—and they could see nothing at all of Skip, for whom they were waiting.

It was just like Skip.

Every other fellow, or almost every other fellow, was in the House—such weather did not tempt the hardiest out of doors. Even Skip wouldn't have taken a walk in the thick mist for the pleasure of the thing. But it was tea-time—and in Study Four there was nothing for tea. Skip had undertaken to cut across to the tuck-shop, under the old oak in the corner of the quad, and fetch in supplies. Skip had a ten-shilling note in his pocket, and when Skip had any cash, it and Skip naturally gravitated to the tuck-shop. Besides, fellows had to have tea. In vain had King and Warren urged Skip to tea in Hall for once. So Skip had shot off into the mist—and was still there, somewhere!

"The goat!" repeated Dick Warren.
"The howling ass!" sighed Tom King.

"He's lost, of course."

"He would be!"

Looking for a fellow in that mist would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, only more so.

"We ought to have taken him by his silly ears, and walked him into Hall," growled Warren.

"Or up-ended him, and sat on his head!" said Tom King.

But it was too late to think of those expedients. Skip was lost in the mist, and they had to wait till he turned up—if ever he did turn up!

There was no sign from the mist. But suddenly there came a sound. It was a loud and quite expressive sound.

"Oh! Ooooooh! Wooh! Oh, scissors! Ooooh."

It was a sound of woe. Somebody out in the mist had sustained damage. They had no doubt that it was Skip. Other fellows, no doubt, were out, caught in the fog. They knew that Langdale, the captain of Felgate, had gone out that afternoon before the fog came, and had not yet returned. They knew too that Chard of the Sixth was out. But no Sixth-form man was likely to be yelling like that, whatever might have happened to him. It was Skip or nobody.

They moved out a little from the steps. Seeing nothing, they listened. And a repetition of the woeful sound guided them.

"Wow! Oh, the rotter! Wow! My ears! Wow!" It was Skip's voice.
"Ow! wow! ow!"

"This way," said Tom King.

They groped in the gloom, narrowly escaped butting into one of the old Felgate oaks, and came on a dim figure.

"Oooh!" Skip Ruggles was standing by the path, rubbing his ears.
"Wooh! Is that you? I say, are you lost too? Wow!"

"What on earth's the row?" snapped Tom, "Run into a tree?"

"Ow! No! That swob Chard—wow!"

"Chard!" repeated King and Warren together.

"Ow! My ears!" moaned Skip. "I wish I'd hacked his shins now! Wow!"

"Chard's out, I believe," said Dick Warren. "Have you run into Chard?"

"Ow! No! He ran into me, and fell over! That swob Chard! And he pitched into me right and left!" moaned Skip.

King and Warren were not surprised to hear it. Chard of the Sixth was not a good-tempered fellow. If he was lost in the fog, and had run into a junior and fallen over, it was very probable that he had lost his temper, and given that junior something to remember him by.

"Well, you can't hack a pre's shins, old man," said Warren, "Come on—we'll guide you home, you blithering ass—."

"Tea in Hall, after all," said Tom King, "Come on, or there won't be even any doorsteps and dishwater left."

"Blow tea!" hooted Skip. "I've had my head smacked! If I had any pals here, they'd back me up and go after him and tip him into a puddle."

"Come in to tea."

"Shan't!" Skip gave his suffering ears a last rub. "I know where he is—"

we can find him—just along the path, and we can keep to it if we're careful. You come and back me up."

Stanley St. Leger Ruggles, as a rule, was a peaceable and placable fellow. He was seldom shirty. But now it was a fierce and vengeful Skip. The smacking of his fat head had evidently roused his deepest ire.

"He smacked my head——!" hooted Skip. "You look here! I tell you we can get him easy, if you ain't funky. He won't know you in this fog. He didn't know me—and I only knew it was Chard from his voice. Well, how's he to know who tipped him into the puddle?"

"Oh!" said King and Warren together.

"Easy as pie!" said Skip, eagerly. "We'll jolly well make Chard understand that he can't smack a man's head."

Stanley St. Leger Ruggles groped away down the path. King and Warren exchanged a look.

"After all, Chard wouldn't know us in this fog——!" breathed Tom.

"Come on, then!"

And they followed Skip.

II

"That's him!" whispered Skip, hurried and ungrammatically.

"Quiet, you ass!" muttered Tom.

They had groped along the path hardly more than a dozen yards, when an overcoated figure loomed up.

Skip had said that it was as easy as pie. So it proved. They almost ran into that dim figure.

They lost no time.

Skip was the first—rushing right at the overcoated figure. King and Warren were hardly a second after him.

Three pairs of hands closed over the overcoat, and in a shorter space than the twinkling of an eye, the big senior went over, in the grasp of those three pairs of hands, landing on his face in the gravel.

There was a startled howl, that rang through the fog. Tom King and Co. did not heed it. There was not a second to waste. Heavy rains had left puddles in the gravel. Quite a large one was quite handy. The sprawling senior had emitted only that one wild howl, when he was rolled into the puddle, and his face plunged in, and instead of howling again, he gurgled horribly.

His gurgled died away in the water and mud and gravel, into which his features were crammed.

King and Warren grasped Skip by two fat arms, and rushed him away. They headed up the path to the House, at a rather reckless speed in such a fog.

A moment more, and they were in the House.

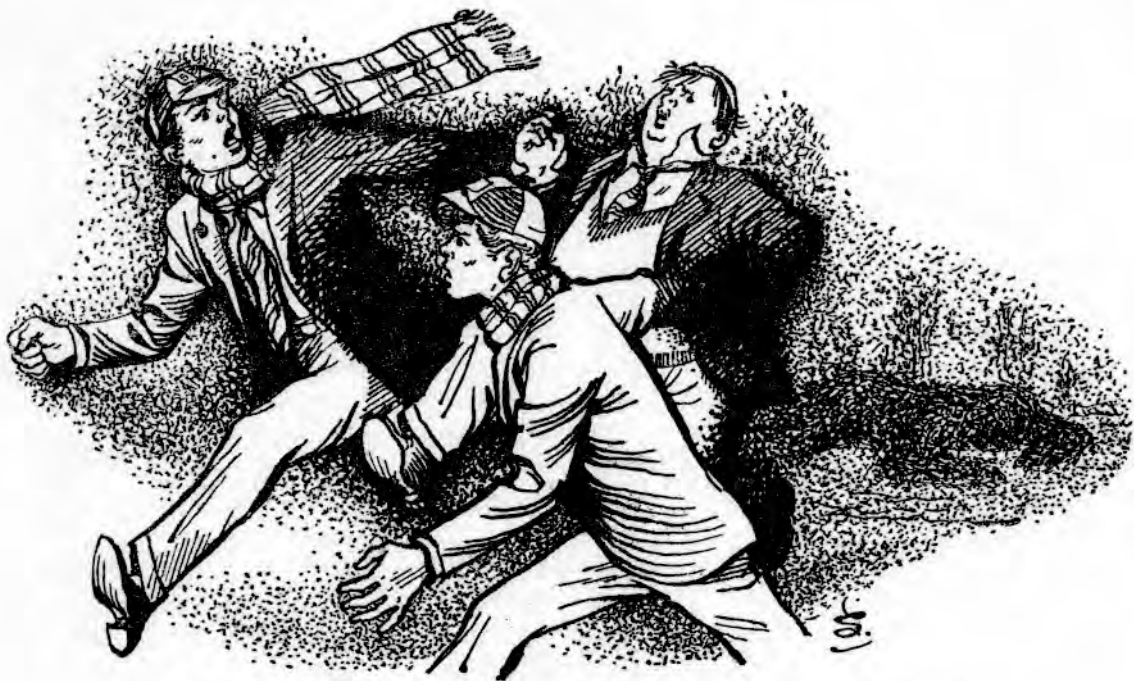
Skip was grinning.

"I say," he began, "That swob Chard——."

"Shut up, you ass!" hissed Warren. "Not a syllable! Let's get into Hall——."

Tea was almost over in Hall, when they came in and sat down at the Fourth-form table.

Late-comers generally found the tea weak and the jam gone. Study Four were no exceptions to the rule. Reece and Preece were helping themselves to



King and Warren grasped Skip by two fat arms, and rushed him away.

the last of the jam as Tom King and Co. sat down.

"Rotten show," mumbled Skip. "I say, we might have got across to the tuck-shop if we hadn't bothered about Chard——."

Warren kicked Skip, under the table, as a hint to pack it up.

"Wow!" ejaculated Skip. "Wharrer you hacking me for, you swob? Of course it served Chard right, but—ow! Stoppit!"

"What's that about Chard?" asked Preece, across the table. "He's out in the fog."

"Chard isn't out in the fog," said Bullinger of the Fourth. "He's just come into Hall."

Three heads at the Fourth-form table spun round. A Sixth-form man had just come in, talking to Perkinson of

the Fifth as he came. It was Chard—and Tom King, Dick Warren, and Stanley St. Leger Ruggles stared at him with their eyes almost popping.

Had they not left Chard spluttering in a puddle in the fog, smothered with water and gravel and mud? They had—at least they had no doubt that they had. Yet here was Chard, only a few minutes later, looking his normal self, without a spot of mud on him, and evidently not perturbed in any way.

They gazed at him. They could only gaze. Chard's words floated to their ears as they gazed.

"Jolly nearly lost in that dashed fog! It's as thick as soup! Some fag bashed into me and I smacked his head."

Chard's voice became inaudible, as he went up on the Hall with Perkinson. King and Warren and Skip still gazed

at him as he took his seat at the high table where the prefects sat.

"I say, he ain't muddy—," whispered Skip. "I say, he couldn't have washed it off in the time, I say—."

Skip was mystified. But Tom King and Dick Warren were not. They realised what must have happened. They had not seen the senior they had up-ended in the fog—only that it was a senior. Now they knew that it couldn't have been Chard. Obviously—only too obviously—they had got the wrong man in the fog!

"It wasn't Chard," whispered Warren. "Couldn't have been."

They dragged Skip away from Hall as soon as they could. By the time they were in Study Four, in the Fourth, even Skip's fat brain had realised that there had been a mistake in the fog.

"I say, we never got Chard!" said Skip.

"You blitherer!" hissed Tom King. "You told us he was on that path—."

"So he was, when he smacked my head!"

"Blow your silly head!" hooted Warren. "Nothing in it to damage, even if it was smacked! Who could it have been, Tom?"

Reece looked into the study.

"Heard the news?" asked Reece.

King and Warren exchanged a quick look. There was, it seemed, "news".

"No," answered King, as casually as he could. "Anything happened."

"What-ho! Langdale's just got in—."

"Langdale!"

"Yes—mad as a hatter. He's telling the world that some fellows grabbed him in the fog and pushed his face into

a puddle! Fancy—the captain of the school, you know. I wonder who did it! They'll go up to the Head when the pre's find them out. Got any idea who did it?"

King and Warren did not answer that question. Skip ejaculated, "Oh, scissors!" in quite a faint voice. Reece laughed, and passed on up the passage. He left Study Four gazing at one another in speechless horror.

III

Felgate School could hardly believe it.

It was known, of course, that the fellows who had ragged Langdale in the fog would be expelled as soon as discovered.

Study Four could only keep their secret. Not for worlds would they have lifted a finger against old Langdale, if they had known. But they had done it. They could only keep the secret, and hope that it would remain locked in their own breasts until the affair blew over.

That, however, was not likely to happen in a hurry. Had it been Chard, there would have been a row—but nothing like such a row! Chard was the least regarded of all the prefects. Nobody would have cared a boiled bean, really, if Chard had been gravelled. There would have been inquiry, of course, because Chard was, after all, a pre. But it would have been more or less perfunctory. Study Four would not have felt themselves in much danger, and their consciences would have been easy. But the gravelling of Langdale was quite a different

proposition. So far from the inquiry into the outrage being perfunctory, it was rigid, searching, incessant; beaks and prefects vied with one another in efforts to discover the culprits.

The day after the episode, they were on tenterhooks—especially King and Warren, in dread that Skip might blurt out something. But really they were fairly safe, for they were known to be among Langdale's most devoted admirers, ready to fetch and carry for him, and honoured by the merest nod from the great man.

Felgate talked of nothing else that day.

But no discovery was made. Langdale had not the least idea who the fellows were who had collared him in the fog. Indeed Langdale, unsuspecting old fellow that he was, had an idea that his assailants were not Felgate men at all! It came out that Langdale, only the previous day, had punched a tramp who had snatched a parcel from Boot of the Third in Fell Lane. He had an idea that that tramp might have "sneaked" into the school precincts under cover of the fog, with a pal or two to help, to retaliate for the punching. That was just like old Langdale, who couldn't quite believe that Felgate men had done such a rotten thing. But nobody else supposed anything of the kind. The whole school waited for the perpetrators to be discovered, inside Felgate, and looked forward to seeing them "bunked".

It was not a happy day for Study Four!

But it came to an end, at last: and they went to bed that night still feeling uneasy, but not quite so uneasy.

The next day was a half-holiday. Generally, Tom King and Co. enjoyed a half to the full. But they were feeling too worried now to enjoy life at all. Luckily there was no match on that day, they couldn't have put their hearts even into Soccer. After class, Carton and Reece and Preece and the rest arranged a pick-up game, but King and Warren did not join in it. The weather had turned fine and clear—without a trace of that unlucky fog that had caused such a disaster in the history of Felgate. But for once, Soccer had no appeal for the most strenuous study at Felgate.

They walked dismally in the quad when the other fellows went to the changing-room. Skip tried to console his dispirited chums. It was like Skip to raise the subject just as Langdale, coming out of the House, walked down to the gates, passing within earshot of the Co.

"Brace up, you fellows," said Skip. "It's rotten, I know, but nobody knows a thing—Yaroooh! Wharrer you kicking me for, King, you swob?"

Langdale glanced at the three. But Tom had kicked Skip in time, and what the Felgate captain had heard as he passed did not enlighten him. He gave the juniors a pleasant nod, and went on his way out of gates.

Skip rubbed his shin.

They sat on one of the benches under the old Felgate oaks. In the distance, they could see the Fourth-form men in the pick-up on the junior ground. But they weren't interested. The secret they had to keep weighed too heavily on their minds.

"Look here," said Skip. "It's jolly

rotten, I know. We wouldn't have laid a finger on old Langdale on purpose——."

"Will you dry up?" hissed Warren.

"Oh, don't be a goat," yapped Skip. "There's nobody to hear us here. Langdale's gone out—I heard him tell Loring that he was walking over to Hodden this afternoon by Fell Wood. Think he can hear us from Fell Wood?"

"You benighted ass, all the prefects are on the prowl," said Tom King. "I believe Chard has an eye on us, too."

"Well, Chard isn't here, blow him——."

"Chard's stealthy," said Tom King. "I've seen him several times listening when fellows were talking. He would like to pick up a clue, and show up as the pre. who found it all out."

"Well, he isn't here, is he?" snapped Skip. "You fellows are getting nervy. I know it's pretty sickening, what's happened: but it couldn't be helped. We got the wrong man—both that rotten fog——."

"And bother you!" growled King. "All your silly fault! I've a jolly good mind to boot you for it now."

"Let's!" said Warren.

"Oh, don't play the goat," said Skip. "I'm as sorry for what happened as you are. But——."

"Well, shut up about it," said Tom. "If you want it to get out, and get yourself bunked, we don't."

"Think they'd bunk us for tipping old Langdale into that puddle?" asked Skip. "I—I suppose they would! Oh, scissors! Mind you don't let anything out, you fellows—we've got to keep it jolly dark."

There was a sound behind the massive



The words died on his lips, as Chard of the Sixth came round the tree, an unpleasant smile on his face.

trunk of the old oak tree against which the bench backed. King and Warren gave a little jump, as they heard it. They stared round. Skip looked at them.

"What——?" he began.

The words died on his lips, as Chard of the Sixth came round the tree, an unpleasant smile on his face.

Skip's jaw dropped. He stared at Chard, as if that unpopular prefect had been a grisly spectre. Tom King and Dick Warren exchanged a hopeless

look. Chard, as they knew, had stealthy ways. He was not above lending a surreptitious ear to talk among Lower boys, when he wanted to find out things. They knew that—and they knew that Chard had been on the other side of that oak, listening. They had feared that Skip might let out the secret. He had done it now!

IV

“Oh, scissors!” moaned Skip.

King and Warren did not speak. They only looked at Chard. Chard looked at them, with his cat-like smile.

“So it was you!” said Chard.

“I—I say——!” stammered Skip. “I—I never said—I—I didn’t mean—oh, lor’!”

“You’re a precious set of young rascals, in Study Four,” said Chard. “I can’t imagine what you had against Langdale. But you did it. I caught what you were saying as I passed—and as soon as Langdale comes in, you know what to expect.”

Chard walked away.

He left three utterly dismayed juniors on the bench under the oak tree.

“That’s torn it!” said Warren.

“Torn it right up!” agreed Tom King. “We’re for it now.”

“Oh, lor’!” moaned Skip.

“Our number’s up. The minute Langdale comes in, Chard will spout it out to him. We shall be called to his study and taken to the Head!” groaned Tom.

Three young faces, generally as bright as any at Felgate School, were deeply clouded.

But a gleam of hope appeared on Tom King’s clouded face.

“Look here,” he said. “It might have made a difference if we’d told Langdale at first. I don’t know! But look here, it’s not too late. Chard’s going to tell him when he comes in. Well, what about cutting after him—he can’t be half-way through Fell Wood yet——.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Warren.

“We can catch him up,” said Tom. He jumped up from the bench. “It may help, if we tell him before Chard gets at him. Chard will make it as bad as he can, but after all, it was a mistake in the fog, and if we get in our word first——.”

“It’s a ghost of a chance,” said Warren.

“Oh, all right!” Skip lifted his weight from the bench.

They cut out of gates at a run.

It was necessary to overtake Langdale of the Sixth, and Skip had to run, and run hard. Skip had a happy belief that, when it came to running, he was as good a man as either of the other fellows in Study Four. But he did not feel quite so good, as he panted and puffed and blew between those two active youths, on the tree-shaded path through Fell Wood. But he kept pace—till a sudden sight, ahead of them on the leafy footpath, caused Tom King and Dick Warren to shoot ahead and leave him panting.

V

“‘Old on, you!’”

Langdale of the Sixth came to a sudden stop.

The captain of Felgate had covered more than half of the long, leafy

footpath that wound through the trees and thickets of Fell Wood. But at a turn, a figure coming from the opposite direction almost blocked the narrow path—the figure of a burly tramp, with a red neckerchief round a bull neck, and a stick under his arm. Two little piggy eyes glinted at the Felgate senior: and Bill Hooker slipped his cudgel down into his hand, and gripped it.

“You!” he said, with an unpleasant grin. “I ’adn’t a stick in my ’and when you punched my ’ead the other day! I got one now! You got it coming, young feller-me-lad!”



Twice, thrice the stick landed, and Langdale went down into the grass. With glinting piggy eyes, Bill threw himself upon him, the stick lifted to swipe.

Langdale backed. A couple of days ago he had knocked Bill Hooker down for snatching Boot's parcel—and Bill had left it at that! The captain of Felgate was big enough, and strong enough, to hold his own against even a burly hooligan; but the thick stick in Bill's hand made a lot of difference. That Bill was going to use it with a reckless hand was very clear.

“You punched a bloke's 'ead, didn't you?” grinned Bill, following him up.

“I'll punch it again, if you don't get out of my way!” snapped Langdale.

Bill made a rush, lashing with the stick.

Twice, thrice the stick landed, and Langdale went down into the grass. With glinting piggy eyes, Bill threw himself upon him, the stick lifted to swipe.

It was at that moment that three Felgate juniors, coming up the footpath at a rapid run, came in sight of the scene. That was why Tom King and Dick Warren shot ahead, leaving Skip to puff and blow.

They had followed Langdale through the wood, to catch him on his way to Hodden, and get their word in first before Chard could make his report, but they forgot all about that, as they saw Langdale down in the grass.

Tom King and Dick Warren arrived like two bolts from the blue, and, as the stick came down on Langdale, they hurled themselves headlong at the tramp.

“Ow!” gasped Bill, as Tom's right, and Dick's left, crashed into his stubbly face together. He rolled over in the grass, and the stick dropped from his hand.

"Quick!" panted Tom.

Langdale lay in the grass, dazed and dizzy, helpless for the moment. Bill was down, and had dropped his stick—and they realised at once that they had better keep him down if they could, before he could grab up that stick again. And they hurled themselves on him like a couple of hunting-dogs.

"Strike me pink!" gasped Bill Hooker. His knuckly fist hit out savagely. That knuckly fist landed in Tom King's face, and he pitched over, knocked almost silly. Dick Warren clung desperately to the ruffian, yelling to Skip:

"Back up, Skip!"

Skip was coming on, as fast as he could.

"Nar, then!" snarled Bill, as Dick Warren rolled over in his grasp, and his knuckly fist beat on the junior.

Langdale sat up dizzily. A fat panting Skip passed him, and stumbled over something in the grass. It was the tramp's cudgel. Skip Ruggles was not always quick on the uptake. But perhaps the excitement of the moment spurred on his fat brain. Instead of joining in the fray with his plump fists, Skip stooped and grabbed up the cudgel.

The next moment, it rang on Bill Hooker's head like a hammer on a nail.

The tramp went rolling off the footpath into the thickets, half-stunned, and howling frantically.

Langdale was on his feet now.

He charged into the thickets after the tramp.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Tom King.

He almost crawled to his feet on the footpath, his hand to his eye. That eye was rapidly blackening.

"Oh, gum!" said Dick Warren. He leaned on a tree, gasping for breath, and dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. That nose was streaming crimson.

Langdale came back out of the thickets. Bill Hooker had disappeared into the depths of Fell Wood. The Felgate captain looked at the two juniors, in deep concern. He had had some hard knocks himself, but his concern was for the juniors who had suffered under the tramp's knuckly fists.

"You kids have had it," he said. "It was jolly decent of you to come to my help like that. Plucky little beggars!"

Tom hardly felt the ache in his eye, or Dick the pain in his nose. Praise from old Langdale was praise indeed!

"Look here, cut back to the school as fast as you can, and ask the Dame to doctor you," said Langdale. "She can do something for you."

"We—," commenced Tom King. "We—we came—to—to—."

"Cut back to the school at once," interrupted Langdale. "You're hurt—cut back and see the Dame immediately. Now, then, off with you."

The Felgate captain's word was law, not to be gainsaid. He waved them away, and Tom King and Co.—perforce leaving unsaid what they had followed Langdale to say—cut off as commanded. Langdale walked on to Hodden, rubbing various bumps and bruises as he went, and Study Four trotted all the way back to Felgate, where, as a matter of fact, they were glad of the kindly and efficient ministrations of the School Dame.

VI

Chard of the Sixth was sitting in the arm-chair in Langdale's study, when the Felgate captain came in just before lock-ups.

"I've got something to report, Langdale."

"Fire away!"

"About what happened the other day in the fog," said Chard. "I've spotted the young rascals."

Langdale frowned.

"Look here, Chard, you've heard me say that I don't believe that dirty trick was played by Felgate men at all. That tramp I punched——."

"It wasn't that tramp," said Chard.

"He's a vicious brute," said Langdale. "As a matter of fact, I've met him again this afternoon, and he pitched into me with a stick—and goodness knows how I might have come out of it, only some fags happened on the scene and piled in."

"I can give you the names," said Chard. "Three juniors in Charne's form."

"Names?" said Langdale, briefly.

"King, Warren, and Ruggles, of the Fourth Form," said Chard.

Langdale caught his breath.

"I'll see them about it," he said. "You can leave it entirely in my hands, Chard, as head-prefect."

Langdale remained standing by his study table, in deep thought, for some minutes, after Chard had left him. Finally he too left the study, and made his way up to the Fourth-form passage. From the half-open doorway of Study Four, voices reached his ears, as he came up.

"I say! How's your eye now, Tom?"

"How's your nose, Dick?"

Langdale smiled faintly, pushed open the door of the study. Two juniors there were bending over a bowl of water on the table, one bathing an eye, the other a nose. Skip was hovering round them, making sympathetic noises.

"Oh, scissors!" groaned Skip. "Here he is! Chard's told him."

That was enough for Langdale, if he doubted Chard's report. His face was grim as he came into Study Four. Two streaming faces, and one that looked like a startled fat rabbit's, were turned on him.

"That brute in the wood would have beaten me up, but for you kids," said Langdale. "But for that, I'd march you straight to the Head to be sacked. Now I can't. You've got knocked about helping me. I'm letting you off. That's all."

He turned to leave the study.

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed Tom King. "You see——."

"We never meant——!" stammered Warren.

"I say——!" bleated Skip.

"That's enough!" snapped Langdale. "I've said you're let off. Leave it at that."

Tom King cut across the study, and interposed between Langdale and the door. The Felgate captain lifted an angry hand. But the black eye in the wet face disarmed him, and he dropped it again.

"Get away, you young sweep! I've told you you're let off, and that's enough," he snapped.

"It's not enough," said Tom. "You've got to listen. We never meant

it for you, Langdale. It was all a mistake—.”

“That rotten fog—!” said Dick Warren.

“That swob Chard—!” said Skip.

“Chard!” repeated Langdale. “What about Chard?”

“Don’t you see?” gasped Tom.

“That born idiot Skip—I mean Ruggles—told us it was Chard on the path, and in the fog we thought it was—and—and—.”

“He smacked my head for nothing,” said Skip, “and—.”

“We never knew it was you,” Warren took up the tale. “We’d rather have gravelled one another than you, Langdale.”

Langdale stood silent for a moment staring at them. But they were glad to see that his face had cleared. He burst into a laugh at last.

“Lucky for you you got me, instead of Chard,” he said. “I can let you off, as you got me—I couldn’t, if you’d got Chard. You set of young idiots, you’d better let this be a lesson to you.”

He left Study Four, laughing as he went down the passage.

“We’ve set ourselves right with Langdale,” said Tom. “He knows—.”

“That’s OK,” said Warren.

“I say.” Skip’s face was eager. “I say, we’re all right now. We ain’t going up to the Head! Now, what about Chard?”

“Chard?”

“Yes! You know how he smacked my head! And we never got him! Well, what about catching him in the passages, after dark, you know, when he



They collared him, and bumped him on the floor of the study.

won’t know us, and tipping him over and wiping his face on the linoleum—.”

Skip was interrupted. Judging by what followed, Tom King and Dick Warren had had enough of Skip’s campaign against Chard. They collared him, and bumped him on the floor of the study. Then they bumped him again, and yet again, and yet once more. After which, it dawned slowly but surely on Skip’s fat brain that Study Four were utterly, entirely, and completely finished with anything like tipping over prefects of the Sixth Form!