



# Something Special for Bunter!

A Humorous Story of the Famous Fat Boy of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

"SOMETHING special!" said Bob Cherry thoughtfully.

Harry Wharton nodded.

The chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars had finished their prep., and had gathered in Study No. 1. There was rather a moody frown on Harry Wharton's brow, and the rest of the Famous Five were looking sympathetic.

It was all Billy Bunter's fault. Billy didn't look at it that way, however. He had found Harry Wharton tied to a tree in the wood, the work of Ponsonby and Co., of Highcliffe, and, after making certain that Wharton's bonds were quite safe, Billy had made his demand.

Wharton had either to stop in the wood all night or persuade Billy Bunter to release him. It was quite by chance that Billy had come across him at all, and the same chance was not likely to be the lot of others.

The captain of the Remove had threatened, argued, and pleaded to be released. Billy was quite willing to cut the ropes which bound Wharton to the tree—on terms. The terms had had to be agreed to, and Harry Wharton had found himself back at Greyfriars with a promise to fulfil—a promise to stand Bunter a very special supper in Study No. 1.

Hence the frowns.

Bob Cherry's eyes twinkled suddenly.

"Now, exactly what did you promise the fat frog?" he asked.

"Supper in this study," answered Harry.

"A special supper?"

"Yes."

"Any details specified?"

"Oh, no!"

"I see! The ingredients left to you, but it's to be a special supper?" said Bob thoughtfully.

"That's it."

Bob looked at his watch.

"Lots of time yet," he remarked. "Now, give me my head, you chaps, and I'll arrange this. First of all, we'll have supper in my study."

"But if we're going to have supper here with Bunter——" said Nugent.

"Dear old man, let me have my way! Listen to the wisdom of your elders!" answered Bob. "In my study there's Welsh rarebit—Wun Lung's making it now—and a big cake. Leave it to me to arrange the supper with Bunter afterwards."

"Just as you like," said Harry.

"Good!"

Bob Cherry evidently had a stunt in his fertile brain, and his chums were willing to give him his head, as he expressed it.

The juniors proceeded to Study No. 13, where they enjoyed the Welsh rarebit made by little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior. After

that Bob was away for half an hour before he announced that the special supper was ready for Billy Bunter.

As they approached Study No. 1 they heard a grunt. Billy had arrived in good time for the promised feed.

The Owl of the Remove eyed them discontentedly.

"I'm waiting!" he snapped.

"Wait and be blessed!" said Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton! After asking a fellow to supper——"

"The askfulness was a boot on the other leg, my esteemed fat Bunter!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"Cheerio, Bunty!" said Bob Cherry.

"Supper's coming along—a special supper! That was agreed, wasn't it, for services rendered? Not an ordinary supper——"

"Certainly not!" said Bunter promptly.

"But a very special one——"

"Exactly."

"Something a bit out of the common?"

"That's it."

"Good! Run along, fatty, and roll up in



Bob Cherry removed the cover with a flourish, and Bunter fairly blinked at the fish. "Wha-a-t's that?" he howled.

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ten minutes, and it will be ready. We're all lending a hand."

"I don't mind helping with the cooking!"

"My dear man, you're the giddy guest!"

"You come along as soon as it's ready!"

"Not more than ten minutes?"

"Not a second more."

"Good!" said Bunter; and he rolled out of No. 1 Study with a grin of happy anticipation on his fat face.

Ten minutes had barely elapsed when William George Bunter reappeared. He found the table laid in No. 1 Study, and five juniors sitting round it with serious faces. Bunter rolled in.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Quite."

"I don't see the supper," said the Owl of the Remove, blinking round the room.

"Sit down, dear boy; I'm waiting on you!" said Bob amiably. "Like to begin with soup?"

"Yes, rather!"

Bunter sat down. Bob Cherry stepped to the cupboard, which was



Bunter eyed the soup, and eyed Bob Cherry. "Isn't that jolly thin soup?" he asked. (See page 10.)

apparently serving the purpose of a side-board. He brought a dish to the table and began to ladle soup into Bunter's plate with a tablespoon. Bunter eyed the soup and eyed Bob Cherry.

"Isn't that jolly thin soup?" he asked.

"Clear!" said Bob. "Not thin—clear!"

"Too jolly clear for me!" growled Bunter. He dipped a spoon in the soup and tasted it; then he gave a snort. "Call that soup?"

"What do you call it?" cried Johnny Bull.

"Warm water, with a dash of salt and pepper in it!" said Bunter hotly. "I don't call it soup. Pah!"

"Are you always as polite as that when you go out to supper?" asked Nugent.

"The politeness is terrific!"

"Well, try the fish, Bunter," said Bob Cherry amicably.

"That's better!" grunted Bunter. "Hand it out!"

"Here you are, old bean!"

Bob Cherry brought a plate, covered by another plate, to the table. He removed the cover with a flourish.

Bunter fairly blinked at the fish.

Certainly it was fish. It was about the third part of a sardine—not a very big sardine. Indeed, there seemed to be more aroma than sardine about it. There was not much of it, but it was rich for its size. Possibly it was a fragment that had been accidentally overlooked for some days. Whatever it was, it was the second course in that special supper.

"Wha-at's that?" howled Bunter.

"The fish course."

"You silly ass!"

"Don't you care for fish?" asked Bob innocently.

"Look here, you beast——"

"Well, try the joint," said Bob resignedly. Bunter brightened up a little.

"I say, you fellows, is there really a cut from a joint?" he asked eagerly. "I don't mind a joke. He, he, he! Let's see the joint."

"Certainly."

Nugent put a serviette over his arm and removed the fish course in the style of a waiter. Bob Cherry brought the joint on the table.

There was a yelp from Bunter.

"Is—is that the joint?"

"Yes."

"Beast!"

It was a joint. It was true that since having appeared at table it had been passed on to Gosling's dog, who had gnawed it beautifully clean, but it was a joint.

Bunter's face was a study. He blinked round at the chums of the Remove, and saw only five serious faces—indeed, solemn faces.

"Don't you

care for the joint?" asked Nugent.

"Beast!"

"Better take it away," said Bob. "Our guest seems a bit difficult to satisfy; he doesn't care for the soup, the fish, or the joint. I suppose he wouldn't care for the beans and bacon as an entrée now?"

"Beans and bacon! Yes, rather!" said Bunter eagerly. "Trot them out, and you'll jolly soon see!"

"Right-ho!"

The indefatigable Bob drew another plate from the cupboard and placed it before



Bunter rolled to the door and shook a fat fist at the Famous Five. "Call that supper, you rotters?" he howled. "Ha, ha! Yes—a special supper!" (See page 11.)

Bunter. It contained the beans and bacon. There were two hard and dry haricot beans—it could not be denied that they were beans—and there was the rind of a rasher of bacon—not edible. Bunter blinked at the beans and bacon with feelings too deep for words.

“He doesn’t care for the entrée,” said Bob Cherry seriously. “This supper—this special supper—doesn’t look like being a success. I must say that Bunter is rather exacting when he goes out to supper.”

“Look here, you rotters, what am I going to eat?” bawled Bunter.

“The fruit comes next, and the cheese,” said Bob.

“Yah! Gimme the fruit, then!”

“Care for nuts?”

“I suppose I shall have to feed on the nuts, if there’s nothing better!” snorted Bunter.

“Right-o!”

Bob Cherry laid the nuts before Bunter. The Owl of the Remove glared at them. They were nuts. There was no denying that they were nuts, but they were the kind of nuts that carpenters use for fastening on the ends of screws, and they were made of metal. Billy Bunter would eat most things in the way of nuts, but he drew the line at those nuts.

“You—you—you beast!” he gasped.

“He doesn’t care for the fruit course,” said Bob Cherry sadly. “It took me a lot of trouble getting these nuts—rooting through a tool-chest, and all that. There’s nothing more but the cheese, Bunter.”

“I’ll have the cheese, you beast!”

“Good!”

Bob Cherry placed the cheese on the table. It was cheese—quite good cheese—and it was the size of a large pin’s head. Billy Bunter did not touch it. It would not have gone far towards satisfying Bunter’s appetite. He rose from the supper-table quivering with wrath like a fat jelly.

“Beast!”

“My dear chap——”

“Yah!”

“A very special supper!” murmured Bob Cherry. “That was the agreement, and you can’t say it’s not very special. I’ve never seen a supper like it before, that I remember.”

“The specialfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter!”

“Beasts!” roared Bunter.

He rolled to the door and shook a fat fist at the Famous Five. Then the seriousness of the five visages relaxed, and there was a general chortle.

“Call that a supper, you rotters?” howled Bunter.

“Ha, ha! Yes, a special supper!”

“Beasts!”

Billy Bunter rolled away along the Remove passage, snorting with wrath, followed by a yell of laughter from No. 1 Study. That evening the Owl was wandering up and down the passage till bed-time like a lion seeking what he might devour, utterly unsatisfied by his special supper, though it had been very special, indeed!

