

Billy Bunter's Alphabet

The likes and dislikes of the Owl of the Remove at Greyfriars are well known, but never before has he put them into the form of a rhyming alphabet.

A is for APPETITE—mine is so vast
I can always find room for a ripping repast!

B is for BUNTER. I'm not in "Who's Who,"
Though famed the world over, from here to Peru.

C is for CHERRY, who wakes me at six
With the aid of a sponge or a series of kicks!

D is for DOUGHNUT, so sticky and jammy,
Beloved by the Bunters, both Billy and Sammy.

E is for EXERCISE—sprints round the quad.
Will soon make me slimmer than Skinner or Todd!

F is for FOOTBALL, a game that I dread,
Unless the "insides" are always "well fed."

G is for GREYFRIARS—great school, I agree,
But where would it be without W.G.B.?

H is for HOLIDAYS; happy the hours
Bunter Court will provide—or Mauleverer Towers!



A is for APPETITE—mine is so vast
I can always find room for a ripping repast!

I is for "INKY"—I call him a nigger,
And then down the passage he punts me with vigour!

J is for JAM-TARTS, my principal diet;
If they were abolished, there *would* be a riot!

K is for KEYHOLE—my ear is applied
Quite closely to one, whilst my shoelace is tied!

L is for LINLEY, a bookworm and swot;
"Digesting" the Classics appeals to me
not!

M's for Dame MIMBLE, who aggravates
me;
She won't make the tuck-shop a "tick-
shop," you see!

N is for NUGENT, so slender and slim;
No cannibal chief would make dinner off
him!

O is for OMELETTE, bursting with jam:
The finest concoction to follow roast lamb.

P is for "PREP." I would much rather
laze,
For swotting at Greek turns my nights into
"daze."

Q is for QUELCHY, our Form-master
grim;
For eating in class, he canes me with vim!

R's for REMITTANCE, a rustling "P.O."
Mine has been on the way for an æon or so!

S is for SAMMY, the scamp of the Second;
The world's greatest gorger (bar one) he is
reckoned!

T is for TUCK, which haunts all my
dreams,
And causes my nightmares and terrified
screams.

U is for UNCLE—I own a good many;
But titled relations won't part with a penny!

V's for VENTRILOQUIST. How I rejoice
To cause consternation by throwing my
voice!



C is for CHERRY, who wakes me at six
With the aid of a sponge or a series of kicks!

W's for WHARTON, who rules the Remove;
A far better skipper "yours truly" would
prove!

X is for XENOPHON—beastly old bore!
But cookery books I admire and adore!

Y is for "YORKSHIRE"—the pudding,
not shire;
Served hot with roast beef, 'tis my dream
and desire!

Z is for ZEAL of the eager tuck-hunter:
And none is more zealous than W. G.
BUNTER!

THE END



My JOLLIEST CHRISTMAS

*The Considered Statements of Prominent Greyfriars Characters,
Collected by a "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Representative*

HARRY WHARTON: The jolliest Christmas I remember is certainly last Christmas, which I spent at Wharton Lodge, my uncle's place, with the rest of the Co. Everything went with a swing from start to finish. Even when Bunter gate-crashed in on us the fun still continued fast and furious. That'll give you some idea!

LORD MAULEVERER: The jolliest Christmas I remember is one which I don't remember at all! The explanation? Simply that I slept through it, begad!

MR. QUELCH: My jolliest Christmas? Undoubtedly the one which I enjoyed with Dr. Locke some years ago. We spent the entire festive season discussing Sophocles!

MICKY DESMOND: Shure an' it's meself that'll niver forget the foine holiday I spint with me ould grandfather, Paddy Desmond, at Kilkenny. Bejabbers, an' that would have been the happiest Christmas I iver had, but for the fact that it was Easter!

BOLSOVER MAJOR: Last Christmas Day I spent gorging and reading big fight stories. On Boxing Day I went to a boxing-booth at a circus in the morning, a boxing tournament in the afternoon and a wrestling-match in the evening. If you can suggest a jollier Christmas than that, I'd like to know what it is!

BILLY BUNTER: My jolliest Crissmas? Simple: the one that's just approaching. I've turned down newmerous pressing invitations from frends among the titled jentry and nobility and am honnering Wharton with my prezzence. And if I don't set his uncle's measly little place alite, my name's not Bunter!

WUN LUNG: Me spendee jolliest Chlist-mas in China. Eattee plenty lats and mice in stew; velly good!

MARK LINLEY: The best Christmas I ever spent was when I went round the hospitals with a concert-party in my home town in Lancashire, cheering up the poor beggars who needed it most!

CLAUDE HOSKINS: The happiest Christmas I remember occurred a couple of years ago, when I was a guest at a house-party and had the opportunity of playing a piano from morning till night with scarcely a stop. Most of the guests were unaccountably taken ill half-way through, but I had a really gorgeous time myself!

HORACE COKER: Larst Christmas was the jolliest ever. Potter and Greene stayed with me, and by weigh of a joak I rigged myself up as a ghost and raided them in the middle of the nite. They got such a scare they were both laid up for a weak. Larf! I didn't stop larfing till well into the new term!