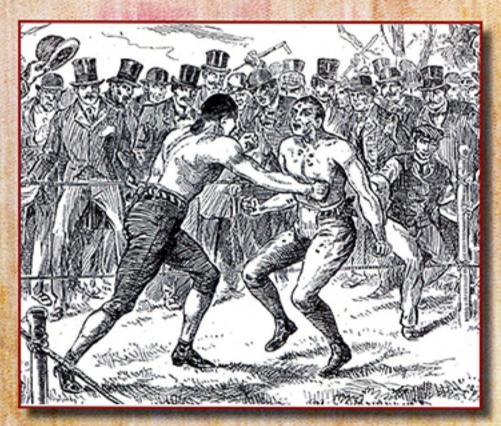
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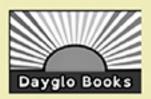
Fist Fighter Code of Honour



The Light of Israel



The Bristol Bonecrusher



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CHAPTER 2

Later that evening, his wife and children long gone to their beds, Samuel sat by his fire and reflected.

A knocking at his door broke his concentration.

He knew instinctively who it was.

The fire crackled. He stared into the dancing flames, ignoring the knock. But it persisted, growing in volume, until he could ignore it no longer.

Jumping up in alarm, he angrity pulled the door open, and recognised John Campbell-John.

"Be gone with you before you wake the neighbourhood!" he exclaimed. He slammed the door shut and returned to his chair in front of the fire.

For a few moments all was quiet but then the knocking started again. This time it was accompanied by a muffled voice.

It was a voice that had fuelled anger within

Samuel for fourteen long years. That anger had

demanded revenge and retribution and taken many

years to subside. Now it was back again, burning

passionately within his breast.

"Be gone, I tell you," he yelled, the words tapering away when he realised he would awaken his family.

"Sammy boy, let me in. I need to talk to you."

"But why should I want to talk to you?"

"Because," said John Campbell-John, but then he paused, as though he could not find a creditable reason.