

## Praise for Colin Campbell

“Very real. And Very good.” - *Lee Child*

### The Resurrection Man Series

“A cop with a sharp eye, keen mind, and a lion’s heart.” - *Reed Farrel Coleman*

“Campbell writes smart, rollercoaster tales with unstoppable forward momentum and thrilling authenticity. The Resurrection Man series is a blast.” - *Nick Petrie*

“Grim and gritty and packed with action and crackling dialogue.” – *Kirkus Review (Jamaica Plain)*

“Action packed. Tough-as-nails. The pages fly like the bullets, fistfights and one-liners that make this one of my favourite books of the year. Top stuff!" – *Matt Hilton (Jamaica Plain)*

“Campbell’s wry maverick Grant never fails to entertain.” – *Kirkus Review (Montecito Heights)*

“Harkens back to the gritty action series of the 70s and 80s, with a stylish noir voice.” – *Kirkus Reviews (Adobe Flats)*

“Crackerjack entertainment: taut, gritty and full of devilish twists.” – *Kirkus Reviews (Snake Pass)*

"Campbell's BEACON HILL is a great tale of violence and intrigue, stretching across the Atlantic and back again. In it, Jim Grant proves he is the real deal." – *Reed Farrel Coleman (about Beacon Hill)*

"The Resurrection Man series is a blast, and BEACON HILL tops the list -- until the next one." – *Nick Petrie (about Beacon Hill)*

### UK Crime Novels

"An excellent story well told. A mixture of The Choirboys meets Harry Bosch." – *Michael Jecks (about Through The Ruins Of Midnight)*

"Campbell's 30 years as a Yorkshire policeman infuse this unusual procedural with grim reality and the harsh humor that helps keep the coppers sane." – *Kirkus Review (Blue Knight White Cross)*

"Every detail feels authentic, and Campbell's dark, muscular prose suggests the best pulp writers of the '50s." – *Kirkus Review (Northern Ex)*

*Colin Campbell*

Also by Colin Campbell

*Resurrection Man*

Shelter Cove

Beacon Hill

Snake Pass

Adobe Flats

Montecito Heights

Jamaica Plain

*Vince McNulty*

Northern Ex

*UK Crime*

Blue Knight White Cross

Ballad Of The One Legged Man

Through The Ruins Of Midnight

*Children*

Gargoyles – Skylights And Roofscapes

*Horror*

Darkwater Towers

*Snake Pass*

For Donna:  
more than an agent;  
not just a friend.  
Thanks

“There’s always a way of getting the job done.  
Nose to the grindstone trumps thumb up the  
arse every time.”  
- Jim Grant

# 21:50hrs

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JIM GRANT WAS PISSED off long before he got to Snake Pass on Thursday night. Before the snow began to fall and the entire world decided to shoot it out at the Woodlands Truck Stop and Diner. He was already pissed off three hours earlier when he parked his patrol car across the mouth of Edgebank Close and turned the engine off. Ravenscliffe Avenue stretched out behind him like a night-time runway with half the lights missing. Ravenscliffe woods bulked up against the night sky beyond the houses in the cul-de-sac. He was four hours into his ten hour shift, a half-night tour of duty that started at six in the evening and wasn't due to end until four in the morning.

Being pissed off meant he wasn't going to make it until four.

PC Grant adjusted the stab vest under his uniform jacket and drummed the fingers of his right hand on the steering wheel. He stared at the house at the end of the short stubby street. He looked calm and relaxed and completely un-pissed off on the outside. That was one of his strengths. It was why Sergeant

Ballhaus had made him a tutor constable and why the fresh-faced young constable in the passenger seat didn't know to keep quiet.

“But isn't that unethical?”

“What?”

Constable Hope was carrying on the conversation they'd been having for most of the shift. Being eighteen years old and in the first six months of his service meant he didn't know when the subject was closed.

“Ignoring a crime just because you're off duty?”

“I'm not saying you should ignore it. Just don't go charging in waving your warrant card with no radio and no backup.”

“But your warrant card gives you authority as a police officer throughout England and Wales.”

“Doesn't give you shit all in a pub fight with no baton and stab vest.”

“But...”

Grant held up a hand for Hope to be quiet.

“Case in point. Young copper I knew goes for a Chinese down at Mean Wood junction. Pubs are shutting. Lot of drunks ordering a takeaway. Trouble brews. A fight ensues. Young copper whips out his warrant card and orders them all to cease and desist. What do you think happened?”

Hope tried to keep the hero worship off his face. Listening to a legend of the West Yorkshire Police recounting tales of daring do was like Manna from heaven for the young probationer constable. He answered with a question.

“They didn't cease and desist?”

“They did not. He got the shit kicked out of him and spent three days in the hospital. The riot he provoked wrecked the Chinese and two shops either side of it and put everybody on double shifts for a week. Point is. Drunks fighting each other are par for the course. Serves 'em right if they've got sore

heads and a few bruises the following morning. It's no big deal."

"What about theft?"

"What about it?"

"Should you ignore a theft?"

Grant let out a sigh. This kid never gave up. It was one of the things Grant liked about him. He could be exasperating at times though.

"Judgement call. Another example. Inspector Speedhoff was down at the supermarket with his kids. Aged two and four. Spots some dickhead nicking citric acid for his drug habit. Wades in to make an off duty arrest. What do you think happened?"

Hope smiled.

"He got the shit kicked out of him?"

"In front of his kids. They had nightmares for weeks. Citric acid isn't exactly the great train robbery. Let it slide. Or if you feel strongly, tell the store detective. But don't go wading in without communication or backup. Off duty is off duty."

The engine purred. Exhaust fumes plumed into the cold Yorkshire air. The cul-de-sac was quiet. The house at the end of the street was mostly in darkness. Apart from a light on the upstairs landing. Hope displayed why he was a prospect for the future and had been paired with Grant.

"Don't you think we should communicate for backup before we go in?"

"We're not off duty."

Grant smiled at his protégé.

"And it's only an address check. We won't need backup."

Grant turned the engine off and looked at the house through the windscreen. Hot metal ticked and popped under the bonnet as the engine cooled. The veteran had been here many times before but he examined the front of the house again anyway.



Standard procedure before going into action. Address check or not.

The house was a rundown three-bedroom semi, the left hand half of the pair across the end of the cul-de-sac. The front aspect had a wide living room window and a narrow front door. Above them were the main bedroom window and the smaller spare room. Round the side of the house there was only a kitchen window and the upstairs landing window. The one with the light on. Kitchen door was in the rear aspect, hidden from view, but Grant knew what it looked like. Upstairs was the rear bedroom and the toilet/bathroom at the top of the stairs.

Lee Adkins could be hiding in any one of those rooms.

Grant stopped drumming his fingers and got out of the car. Hope got out of his side too. Both closed their doors, quietly, making barely a click. The boy had smarts. Steam bloomed around his head in the cold night air as he waited for Grant's instructions. Standard deployment for a house search was one covering the back in case the suspect tried to escape. An address check was much more low key. It didn't matter if someone jumped out of the back window. Except this wasn't really an address check.

"Go cover the back. You remember what I said?"

Hope nodded.

"Stand at least six feet away from the house at the corner. So I can see two aspects at the same time. The back and the side. But I thought this was just an address check?"

Grant pulled his black leather gloves on.

"Always best to be on the safe side."

"Everyone knows Lee Adkins lives here."

"Intelligence is only as good as the last time it was checked. You have to constantly update it. I'm updating it tonight. Now, get round the back."

Hope's shoulders sagged.

*Snake Pass*

Grant was sorry he'd sounded so harsh. It was nothing personal. He just didn't want the young lad with him when he went in. Some things you don't need witnesses for. Some things you don't want to burden your probationer with. He watched Police Constable Jamie Hope walk down the side of the house and disappear into the gloom then took the bloodstained bus pass out of his pocket. The shaved head and surly eyes of Lee Adkins stared out from the plastic wallet. The blood smeared across the plastic wasn't his.

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THE SLAP ACROSS THE face knocked Sharon Davis off her feet. In the foyer of the Rugby Club on Harrogate Road. The second slap wasn't a slap at all, it was a punch, and it was probably the blow that broke her nose and closed one eye. She kicked out in vain. Lee Adkins stepped in and thumped her three more times while she was on the floor. She stopped crying out after the second punch.

The club reception miraculously emptied. The few customers waiting to pass through into the lounge bar vanished. The old-age pensioner manning the signing in book behind the counter went into the office. Nobody witnessed the assault. That's what the old man told Jim Grant when he responded to the report of a disturbance twenty minutes later.

Grant crouched beside the shivering mass of blood and flesh that had once been the prettiest teenager on the estate. Nineteen years old going on ninety. Grant comforted her as best he could until the ambulance arrived. She feigned memory loss but Grant knew she wouldn't point the finger at the biggest thug on Ravenscliffe. The burgling, drug dealing scum bucket, Lee Adkins. Everyone was afraid of him. Everybody knew he was Sharon Davis' boyfriend.

After she'd been taken away Grant let Hope take the report from the old man. A barebones affair that would be needed to write off the IBIS log back at the control room. There was enough evidence of an assault to record a crime but with nobody willing to come forward as a witness and a complainant who was refusing to name her assailant the statistics boys on the third floor would want to downgrade this from a Section 47 assault to a noisy disturbance. Meet the target figures for reducing violent crime.

Grant made enquiries in the office. The CCTV cameras that covered the club, inside and out, weren't recording tonight. There'd been plenty of recordings the night the club got burgled three weeks ago. That didn't surprise Grant. He'd been trying to nail Adkins for eighteen months but you couldn't get a conviction without evidence or witnesses. Holding the estate in a grip of fear was the best protection the thieving bastard could have got. Except tonight he'd made a mistake.

The plastic wallet had been lying under Sharon Davis' crumpled body. Grant had picked it up when she was being carried to the ambulance. He flicked it open now while Hope finished taking the report. The cardboard bus pass was sealed inside the plastic. The shaved head and surly eyes stared up at him from the photograph. Lee Adkins face was covered in blood, the fresh redness smeared across his image. Grant slipped the wallet into his pocket and smiled. He could sense a tactical address check coming on.

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GRANT CLOSED THE PLASTIC wallet and put it back in his pocket. Hope was now safely out of the way. The house was still in darkness apart from the light from the landing window. Grant flexed the fingers inside his leather gloves and took a

*Snake Pass*

deep breath. He let it out slowly, the cloud of vapour hiding his face for a moment, then strode down the garden path towards the front door. He threw one last glance to make sure that Hope hadn't snuck down the side of the house. Some things you don't need witnesses for. It was an adage that Lee Adkins lived by. Grant was simply using the villain's strength against him. He raised his heavily booted foot and kicked the front door open.