



Edward

Edward is a perfectionist and is very controlled in what he does. He wears small black round-rimmed glasses that sit neatly on the bridge of his nose. They magnify his small eyes, shrinking the rest of his facial features. He cleans his glasses daily, gently breathing on the lenses and rubbing them with a clean white handkerchief that takes residence in his chest pocket. His dark hair is greased and combed flat, and he sports a moustache reminiscent of an eighteenth century villain. He smokes cigars and the smell of tobacco always clings to Edward's clothes.

He wears dark brown suits and immaculately pressed trousers and bleached shirts. Edward is an intelligent man who can speak fifteen languages; however, his voice is sharp and an S can often sound like a "sh" when he speaks. He enjoys playing games with the police and leaving clues to his whereabouts. His favourite weapon is a set of knives with ivory carved handles. He enjoys killing.

Quotes:

"Good afternoon, Chief Inspector. Don't bother putting a trace on the call. You know as well as I do I am not going to be on the line any longer than necessary. I have your son." *(Page 159 – Pain)*

"Be scared, my boy, be very scared. Shit happens to those that lie,"
(Page 165 – Pain)

"Good afternoon, boy," hissed Edward. "I see Angel has worked her magic."
(Page 264 – Pain)

"Come, Angel," Edward cajoled. "Enough of this nonsense. It's time to go home."
(Page 341 – Pain)

"I would listen to her, boy," Edward spat. *(Page 342 – Pain)*