

# THE CRYER ARCHIVE

## PRESS DOSSIER

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#### The Official Introduction

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#### To the Esteemed Members of the Press,

It is not often that a man in my profession finds reason to introduce himself beyond the confines of a courtroom, police station, or the quiet pages of a forgotten journal. My work has never sought applause, nor have I desired notoriety. The truth has always proved sufficient reward.

Permit me, therefore, a brief introduction.

My name is Detective Sergeant Edmund Cryer, investigator of those crimes, mysteries and occurrences which too readily escape ordinary explanation. For more than twenty years I have devoted my life to following the faintest traces left behind by murderers, deceivers, and those darker forces which prey upon the fears of honest men and women. From the crowded streets of London to the secluded valleys of Lancashire, I have walked where others would rather not, seeking truth where silence has long prevailed.

At my side stands my beloved wife, Emma Cryer, whose intellect, patience and remarkable powers of observation have guided me through more investigations than I can readily number. Though history may remember only my name, it is Emma who preserves our journals, questions my assumptions when certainty proves dangerous, and reminds me that compassion must forever accompany justice.

For the past several years I have also enjoyed the steadfast assistance of Detective Constable Arthur Mallory of Haslingden Police Station. Though still a comparatively young officer, Mr Mallory possesses uncommon integrity and an instinct for recognising that which others overlook. Together we have pursued murderers who believed themselves beyond the reach of justice, uncovered conspiracies hidden beneath respectable society, and stood witness to acts of cruelty that reveal the darkest capacities of mankind.

You will find, I trust, that my work concerns itself not with idle superstition, but with evidence. Where others speak of hauntings, I search for footprints. Where rumours flourish, I seek testimony. Where fear obscures reason, I pursue facts. Yet I have lived long enough to know that history occasionally presents mysteries for which even reason struggles to provide immediate comfort.

Should these pages find favour with you, I ask only that they be judged with the same fairness I have always attempted to extend to those whose stories I record. Many of the souls whose names appear throughout these journals have long since been forgotten. If their voices are heard once more, then this work shall have served its purpose.

Your obedient servant,

Edmund Cryer  
Detective Sergeant