

A PHANTOM STREET PUBLISHING ORIGINAL

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

Every file
tells the truth.

Every truth
has a **price**.

HOTEL

BILLIARDS

*Some rides
carry more
than you think.*

CONFIDENTIAL
STRYKER
FILES

Springfield Chronicle
**Local Detective
Disappears
Without a Trace**

A PHANTOM STREET ORIGINAL
LIMITED SERIES

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

THE BACK STORY

Frank Stryker was the kind of man people noticed... but never really saw. A private detective in a world that forgot how to mind its own business.

He didn't play by their rules. He followed the truth, even when it led him down streets no one else wanted to walk.

The city gave him cases. The city took from him, too.

Now all that's left are his files... scattered pieces of a life most would rather forget.

These are his notes.
This is his world.
This is...

CONFIDENTIAL

DETAILS

Name: Frank Stryker

Occupation: Private Detective

Location: Springfield, MO

Est. 1940s-1950s

Status: Unsolved

Local Detective
Questions Murky
City Deals

Witnesses Say
They Saw Nothing.
Again.

KNOWN ASSOCIATES

THE INFORMER

THE BARKEEP

THE REPORTER

THE SHADOW

TRUST NO ONE.

BELIEVE EVERYTHING.

*Stryker
Notes*



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THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

AN ADDITION TO THE BACK STORY

NORA STRYKER

Frank Stryker's niece.
The last blood relative he trusts.
The only one he left his
world to.

Nora never knew her parents.
They died when she was young.
Frank raised her the best
he knew how—quietly, carefully,
and from the shadows.

She learned early that some
truths can get you killed.
So she learned to listen.
To watch. To remember.
To keep secrets.

Now Frank is gone.
And the files are all
she has left.



Nora Stryker
Keeping the truth alive.

WHAT SHE'S DOING WITH THE FILES:

- ❖ Sorting every case Frank worked.
- ❖ Following leads he never had time to finish.
- ❖ Connecting dots no one else even saw.
- ❖ Protecting people Frank promised he would protect.
- ❖ Making sure the truth doesn't die with him.

She's not a detective.
She's his legacy.
And now it's her turn.

Uncle Frank
always said,
"The truth
doesn't need
eyes.
It just needs
someone willing
to see it."

— Nora



Local Detective
Disappears
Without a Trace



HER PROMISE:

I'll keep looking.
I'll keep writing.
I'll keep the truth alive.
That's what he would do.
That's what I'll do.

STRYKER
FILES

Some cases
never close.
They just wait for
the right person
to open them.



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JOURNAL ENTRY 03

Some people inherit houses.
I inherited a mystery.



THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 02



Everything was
exactly where he left it.

A photograph of a wooden building at night. The building has horizontal wooden siding. A window on the upper floor is lit from within, showing a warm orange glow. A dark, vertical wooden post is on the left side of the frame. A dark, curved pipe runs vertically down the side of the building. A dark, rectangular object, possibly a door or a lower window, is visible at the bottom right. The sky is dark.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 03

It all started
upstairs.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 04



The questions
came first.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 5



Some buildings
remember
what people forget.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 06



Some doors
never stay closed.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 07



Some places
remember everything.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 08

Some signs
watch the street.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 09

HÙNG VƯƠNG MARKET

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Little
SÀI GÒN

GRAND BLVD
300

Some places
hold more than they sell.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 10



MOXIE

Some lights
don't just shine...
they warn.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 11



Some roads
take you closer...
to things you'd
rather leave behind.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 12

Some rides
take you places...
others **leave** you there.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 13

Some lights call you in.
Others make sure
you **never leave.**

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JOURNAL ENTRY 14



Some corners
hold more
than memories.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 15

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 16

A photograph of a porch with a bench and two chairs, with a house and trees in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with shadows cast across the porch floor. The bench is made of dark wood with a cane backrest. Two wicker chairs are positioned to the left of the bench. The house in the background has a light-colored exterior and a dark roof. The trees are lush and green.

Some places
remember everything.
Even the things
you tried to forget.

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 17

Some things
keep records.
Others keep secrets.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 18

Some deals
look good.
Until you read
the **fine print**.

BOWEN'S
Special
HAMBURGER
DELUXE
WITH
COLE
SLAW **75^c**

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 19

Some nights
the city tries
to **distract** you.



THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 20

NO
PARKING
DURING
EMERGENCY
LANE

OPEN

924

OLD SOULS
TATTOO PARLOUR

ALWAYS

WELCO



Some rides
carry more
than you think.

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 21

Some lights
are never meant
to be ignored.



JOURNAL ENTRY 22

The truth
is rarely complete.
But sometimes,
it's enough.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 23

Some warnings don't shout.
They sit quiet until you're
ready to listen.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 24



Some clues come
from case files.
Others come from
knowing when to
listen.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 25



The shadows
don't just hide.
They **remember**.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 26



Every town has
a place where secrets
go to **drink**.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 27



Every key
opens a door.
Not every door
leads **out**.

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JOURNAL ENTRY 28



Some answers
come with a cost.
Some questions
aren't meant
to be answered.

THE FRANK STRYKER FILES

JOURNAL ENTRY 29

The mystery
is never just
one thing.
It's the **key**.
The **gun**.
The **Bible**.
The **cars**.
And everything
in between.

Each piece tells a story.
But the whole story?
That's still
out there...
waiting.