

Renegade Files®

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Welcome to Renegade Files Short Drives #3 – The Man From Taured.

This is number 3 in our *summer series* of 13 shorter episodes called “Short Drives,” which look into strange stories, come out every Friday all summer long, and are ***in addition to*** our longer, regular episodes which still air twice a month.

These 13 short drives episodes are my presents to you for being a fan.

So come with me now as we get into Renegade Files, Short Drives #3 – The Man from Taured.

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Episode Text

Hello and Welcome to Renegade Files Short Drives #3 – The Man From Taured.

I’m your host, Lex Gordon, Broadcasting from the Jungle Villa Outpost, Deep in the Uncharted Tropics. You are now in the company of Outcasts.

This is number 3 in our *summer series* of 13 shorter episodes called “Short Drives,” which look into strange stories, come out every Friday all summer long, don’t replace our regular episodes, and are bonus content gifts to you, for supporting the show.

What would you do if you flew to another country on a business trip, and when you landed, were told by customs agents that the country from which you had previously departed, had never existed? That your checkbook was from a nonexistent bank, that your money was worthless, and that no one you’ve ever known or worked for, has ever heard of you?

Come with me now into Renegade Files, Short Drives #3 – as we explore the fascinating and mysterious story of... The Man from Taured.

Xxxxxxxxxxx

On a warm summer afternoon in July of 1954 an unassuming businessman strolled through the arrival gates at one of the entrance terminals of the bustling

Haneda Airport in Tokyo, Japan. He waited in line wearing a fresh business suit and carrying his briefcase and a small suitcase.

When he reached the customs desk he handed the man working there his passport, and waited for it to be stamped so he could be on his way. But the official seemed confused, and called for assistance from another person working the desk next to his.

These two men glanced from the passport to the traveler and back a few times until one of them expressed their concern.

The passport was from a country they had never heard of: Taured.

The traveler spoke French and Japanese, and easily communicated with the customs officers, and he insisted that the country of Taured was a real place. It had existed for thousands of years. He said he had traveled all over Europe, and to Japan, many times before without incident, so if they could just stamp his documents he would be on his way.

When the officers inspected his passport further, they found that it was indeed stamped with the proper stamps and dates one would expect from a person traveling as the man described.

So they consulted a map and the traveler pointed out the location of his country, between Spain and France, but to his dismay, his home country of Taured wasn't there.

The officials consulted an encyclopedia and an atlas, as well as a globe and a map on a nearby airport office wall, and none of them showed the country of Taured.

Most of the currency the man had was from Spain and France, and he claimed that these were commonly used in his country since it was small and produced only a small amount of its own money.

But he also had a few dollar bills from Taured, with the country seal on the back. This seal matched the one embossed on his passport cover. He had a checkbook with checks from a bank in Taured. He had business cards from his company in France, as well as a library card from the Taured State Library. When customs agents tried to verify the rest of his story they found that the hotel where he claimed to have a reservation had never heard of him.

The traveler said he was on business as the representative for a company in France, and he was scheduled to have a meeting with another company located here in Japan the following day. He happily provided the officers with the names

and contact information for the agents of the companies he was doing business with, as well as one of his own business cards. He asked to be taken to his hotel.

Customs authorities then informed him that they had called his hotel, and the establishment had no knowledge of him or his reservation.

At this point the man started became agitated and insisted that the agents had contacted the wrong hotel, and that their maps must be inaccurate. The authorities thought he could be some kind of International criminal or a forgery expert on the run for some reason, so in order to investigate further, they arranged to house the traveler in a hotel room of their own overnight.

They took him to stay in a hotel near the airport and provided him with a room that was several stories up, with no balcony, no opening windows, no exterior exits, and a single door which was locked and manned overnight by two armed guards in the hotel hallway. In the room authorities had provided the man with food from the restaurant, fresh fruit, cold drinks and a stocked bar. For the entire night the two guards were never beyond eyesight of the hotel room door.

Meanwhile customs and police officers continued their investigation into the traveler's claims, and discovered that the company he said he worked for in France had never heard of him, no more than the company he was supposed to meet with in Japan. The officials also discovered that, according to their research, there was no such institution as The Bank of Taured who seemed to have issued the man's checkbook.

Their inquiries stretched into the night, but no one could find any information about the country of Taured, and no police organizations in Japan or in any of the European countries that had stamped the man's passport, had any record of this individual.

As the night passed the guards heard no disturbances and the night watch was uneventful. The man never came to the door and he had no visitors.

The authorities decided that their only choice was to release this mysterious traveler, as he was not guilty of any crime and was not accused of one, nor wanted by any police agency they had contacted.

The following morning at sunrise the officers opened the hotel room door and called for the man.

No answer.

They entered the room and were astonished to find that this man, and all of his belongings had vanished. Nothing in the room had been disturbed. None of the food or drinks had been eaten or touched. The bed, towels, glasses, water, and

toiletries remained as they had been left, and it seemed as though the man and his luggage had simply vanished into thin air.

When authorities went to retrieve his mysterious documents from the locked security room at the airport, they found that these were also gone, as was The Man From Taured... all without a trace.

So this is the basic story and it has been told and retold many times since that day. In the years that have followed several possibilities have sparked people's interest and imagination.

The first theory is that the entire thing was an elaborate hoax. Some skeptics have argued that the story could have been a simple case of a man with a forged passport that was exaggerated by a local reporter to gain some sensationalism for his writing career. But there's no direct evidence of this being the case.

A second group of theories, and these are the ones that excite those of us in the paranormal world, are the ideas of parallel dimensions and timeslips. Timeslips are a fascinating subgenre of time travel and many intriguing stories fall into this category.

One is the story of a young man in his 20s who drove from New Jersey into New York City one night in 1988. He went to the city to meet his friends at a new nightclub with hopes of meeting some new girls.

He parked in a parking garage, got a ticket from the attendant, and walked a few blocks to the club. He met his friends and they paid the cover charge, got their hands stamped, and went inside.

At the end of the night, and having made no meaningful connections with any girls, he and his friends went to eat at a corner diner. They said goodbye, the young man left to go get his car, and was never seen again. His car was found later in the garage, and he was missing for 10 years.

No one ever knew what happened to him and he was presumed dead.

Then, at 10am, on a Saturday in 1998, a cab driver struck a pedestrian and killed him. The driver said he was driving at 45 miles per hour down the city street when a man instantly appeared out of thin air in the road not 10 feet in front of his cab.

He said the man just materialized standing on the street facing him with a shocked expression. When authorities investigated, they found it to be the man who had disappeared exactly ten years ago on the night before. He was wearing the same clothes, seemed to be the same age, still had the parking garage ticket

in his pocket, and his hand was still stamped with the nightclub logo, long-since out of business. To this day there is no explanation for this story.

Is it possible that the man from Taured could have been involved in a similar time slip or shift of dimensions? Boarding a flight in one reality, then landing in another? The man somehow arriving in a parallel universe where his country doesn't exist, and then, somehow in the hotel room, slipping back into his original timeline where Taured is a real place.

A third theory is that the man was a conman and a forgery expert who made the passport and was using it to flee prosecution to Japan from some other crimes committed in Europe.

Proponents of this theory point to a man named John Allen Zegrus, who was arrested in Tokyo in 1960 for trying to cash phony checks after using a false passport to get into the country.

According to authorities, Zegrus was a conman who was able to travel all across the world successfully, using a fake passport, particularly across regions of the Middle East. Some times when people doubted his documentation, he invited them to read a small proclamation stamped beneath the national symbol of Taured, which read: "Rch ubwaii ochtra negussi habessi trwap turapa." This saying means nothing in any language.

Adding to the intrigue, Zegrus claimed to be an agent of both the CIA and the FBI, and he said he was working on top secret cases involving Arab Business men and the illegal activities of several oil-producing regions.

Many people believe that the man from Taured was none other than the conman John Allen Zegrus, and that the Japanese Customs Agents had just caught him in the middle of another of his elaborate con jobs.

Did he really forge checks, currency, a passport, and business cards? It's certainly possible. But how, then, did he disappear without a trace from a locked hotel room with no balcony or fire escapes? How did his belongings simultaneously vanish from the locked airport security room?

Was he the victim of a timeslip between parallel dimensions, briefly visiting a world where his beloved country of Taured had never existed, and then awaking in a hotel room back in his original Universe.

The customs authorities knocking on his door, returning his documents, apologizing for the mistake, and telling him he's free to go. Did he then rush to his business meeting and make it just in time, with a crazy story to tell his colleagues?

I guess in some Universe this too is possible.

Who was the Man From Taured? A slick conman, or an unwitting example of nonlinear time in a world where we truly understand so very little?

We may never know.

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ending sign off

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The Short Drives are my presents to you for being a fan.

Also be sure to check out our main Renegade Files Episodes, which are longer, come out about twice a month, and are deeper dives into esoteric subjects where logic clashes with the official narratives. The next full episode is a deep dive into the Miami Mall Interdimensional Alien Event and it’s a banger, set to come out in just a few days, so get ready to check that one out.

Subscribe or Follow the show now, and tap the link in the show notes to find our Patreon Page, which is what keeps Iced Coffee in the Tervis Tumblers here at the Jungle Villa Outpost. Try it free for a week to get bonus episodes and more, and help me keep making these shows for you. I’m so happy to have ***you*** in the Renegade Files Crew.

I’m your host Lex Gordon...

Stay Wild, Negussi Child!