

Renegade Files®

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This is Renegade Files Episode 90, Indrid Cold - The Creepy Smiling Man of Modern Folklore Horror.

Imagine for a moment. You're driving down a lonely Appalachian highway late at night. The mountain road curves and twists ahead. Rocky, dark, forested mountain shoulders loom over the high side above the left shoulder, and a plunging abyss into deep valleys looks only of blackness below the right-hand guardrails.

Headlights conjure the yellow center-line from the advancing corners, the only reference point holding you to the road as you split the Blueridge night. Here and there a patch of fog. No houses or buildings passed for an hour. Hardly another car.

Then, just ahead, you see a figure on the side of the road. An impossible sight. A man in a sharp, old-fashioned suit gleaming almost metallic in the headlamp glare. Arms at his sides, he just stands as you pass. He doesn't move. He doesn't blink. And the garish smile stretched mask-like across his face never flinches.

Tonight, we're diving headfirst into one of the strangest legends to emerge from the annals of American paranormal lore; the story of Indrid Cold.

He's been called The Smiling Man, or The Grinning Man. To some, he's a visitor from the stars. To others, a specter stitched together by coincidence, fear, and media frenzy.

We'll retrace the chilling first encounters of the 1960s, from roadside sightings in New Jersey, to Woody Derenberger's famous meeting on a dark stretch of West Virginia highway.

We'll explore the tangled connections between Indrid Cold, Mothman, and John Keel's labyrinth of investigations. And we'll follow the trail of this unsettling grin all the way into modern pop culture, where this enduring figure refuses to fade away.

Come with me now, as we explore the stories of Indrid Cold - The Creepy Smiling Man of Modern Folklore Horror.

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Episode Text

Hello my curious friend. You have landed on [Renegade Files](#), your underground connection to Paranormal Adventures, Unsolved Mysteries, and Conspiracy Culture. You are now (in the company of) (among) outcasts. I'm your host Lex Gordon bringing you the goods from [The Jungle Villa Outpost](#), [Deep in the Uncharted Tropics](#).

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Come with me now, as we explore the stories of Indrid Cold - The Creepy Smiling Man of Modern Folklore Horror.

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Before we begin, I'd like to announce something really fun: Our upcoming "Renegade Files **Fan Theories**" episode. This will be a Short Drives Episode made up of me reading and discussing your favorite Conspiracy or Paranormal Theories, and it will broadcast on the full podcast feed, to land everywhere you listen to podcasts.

If you would like to submit your favorite crazy conspiracy theory or paranormal possibility (in short anything weird or mysterious or conspiratorial) just send me a message at LexGordon@Mail.com with the word "Theory" in the subject line.

It can be anything, whether we have already covered it on the show or not. Just any conspiracy or weird theory that you think is cool.

Did Epstein fake his death and still lives somewhere with Elvis, Tupac, and John Mcaffee?

Do Demonic Ghosts control Los Angeles from tunnels below the streets?

Did you find evidence of an honest man in congress?

Anything goes. So send your favorite crazy conspiracy theory or paranormal possibility to LexGordon@Mail.com with the word "Theory" in the subject line.

Submissions will be accepted for the entire month of September 2025, and the episode will air in October. Follow us on your podcast app so you don't miss it, send me your favorite crazy conspiracy theory today, and be a part of the upcoming "Renegade Files **Fan Theories**" episode . Thank you.

Alright. Let's get into some weirdness.

Part 1 – Jersey Boys and a Smile Behind the Fence

Let's turn the time machine on and set the dials for November of 1966. Every day the war in Vietnam crawls across newspaper headlines like a muddy soldier in a trench. Transistor radios play pop music and news bulletins on porches and park benches across the nation.

Neighborhood kids run home when the streetlights come on. And we find ourselves in Elizabeth, New Jersey, an old factory town that spills into the

shadows of Newark, at the edge of an industrial turnpike. The things that happen here seem to run on the clockwork regularity of the factory whistle and the church bell chime. People go to work in the morning, have a beer when they get off, barbecue in the backyards on weekends, and try to keep the kids out of trouble in between. A blue collar town of pavement, telephone poles, factory chimneys, and grass-lot ballfields.

Elizabeth, New Jersey in the 60s was as normal as working-class America could get... The perfect place for an extraordinary encounter to hide in plain sight.

So on one of these normal nights, as the streetlights flickered and buzzed to life, Two young teen boys were walking home after playing baseball with the guys.

James Yanchitis and Martin "Mouse" Munoz walked with their jacket collars turned up against the building winter wind, and their breath curled in white puffs as they tramped along.

In every retelling, the detail that always cuts through the noise is the fence: a chain-link landmark for every kid in the neighborhood. A municipal, utilitarian barrier that everyone walked along, clacked sticks across, and that made a boundary between what was safe, and what was not.

And if you grew up in that neighborhood, you never even considered climbing, or squeezing through a gate-pole space in, that fence. You could see the industrial tumbled land beyond it, the trainyards, the weedlots, the warehouse walls. No good stories came from beyond the fence, and not crossing it was in your kid DNA. It was the edge of their world-entire.

And in the twilight these boys, once again, walked along the fence without much thought. But then they saw him. A man, just standing there, a few yards ahead, behind the fence, as still as a statue.

Tall. Dressed in a suit that somehow shimmered under the streetlights. The boys would later call it "green" and "reflective."

It's the kind of detail they might come to dismiss as imagination in later years. Like memories, colors shift and fade with time. But one thing that never shifted for either boy, was the strange man's smile. A comical grin from something inhuman. A sinister smile as wide as the crescent moon above.

Not the smirk of a man hiding a laugh. Not the half-smile of someone being polite. But a preposterous grin that seemed built into the geometry of a face frozen in manic glee. An expression on a hinge, wired wide, that never closed.

And beyond this, is the way the boys described the man's presence. There was no movement toward them, no words spoken, no nod, no shrug, no logic. He was simply there, like a punctuation mark in their walk home. Less of a man and more of a creature.

On instinct, they ran and at the corner looked back. The figure was gone, but they kept running all the way home. They told the story to friends and it spread.

Teachers and adults heard of The Grinning Man, and most dismissed it as teenage imagination. But even as the rumors grew and the years wore on, James and Mouse never changed their story. They saw what they saw, and they always believed it had been something threatening. Something inhuman. Something otherworldly.

A string of recent UFO sightings had attracted author John Keel to the area, and he interviewed the boys, as well as several police officers who had seen the UFOs.

But let's return to the scene and recall some of the realities of that place and time. James and Mouse were living within the culture of 1966 America, a culture saturated with Space aspirations, UFO magazines, Sci-Fi movies, and late-night radio hosts taking calls from witnesses to paranormal events.

And across all media, concerned voices, photos of odd lights, and messages of peace or doom. Whether these cultural aspects influenced what the boys thought they saw, or whether they simply encountered something that seemed to fit the narratives of the day, we can't say for certain.

But what we can say for certain, is that once the idea of a stilted stranger with a monstrous grin was in the air, the fear of seeing him began to conjure his image around every corner... in abandoned lots, under overpasses, and of course, behind rusted fences.

Rumors of something inhuman stalking the streets begin to grow. Teens dared each other to visit the fence at night. Teachers warned their classes to stay out of the railyards, and told of a kid who died there years ago. And local officials assured the town hall that no such Smiling Man had ever been apprehended, seen, or encountered by the police.

But rumors die hard and New Jersey has a history of strange creatures and paranormal folklore. The Jersey Pine Barrens, just a day's drive away, is the home of a famous cryptid: The Jersey Devil.

The Jersey Devil has been described as looking like a kangaroo with leathery wings, horns, small arms, and clawed hands. It's known for being very fast, and for its blood-chilling scream.

The Lenni Lenape natives, who originally inhabited the Pine Barrens, tell of a spirit called M'Sing, which could transform into a fierce deer with leathery wings.

As we have seen in other cryptid investigations, stories of unexplained modern creatures, and first people's mythology, often mirror each other.

So New Jersey has a history of strange creatures, and the modern industrial edge makes a terrain of shadowed corridors, highways that flicker under sodium lights and create glare that can warp faces and exaggerate features. And in a time when kids on foot ran the neighborhood streets at dusk, two boys saw something that shook them up for the rest of their lives, and fueled the nightmares of urban legends to this day.

Skeptics have offered up the ideas you may expect, or maybe have considered already. Could this have been some kind of prank? Of course. Teenagers love pranking adults and each other. But as we will see, this encounter was just the beginning, and the Smiling Man has appeared far and wide since, in far too many instances for this to be explained by a single teenage prank.

That winter of the mid-1960s saw an uptick in odd reports across many states: howling midnight calls in the woods, men in black who spoke without moving their mouths, and UFOs behind every cloud. The social moment was weird; the world was turning, and a lot of people were looking up and out, hoping for something to answer back.

So the boys' story hit the local papers and John Keel's book, and The Grinning Man name was born. Once a label existed, the story traveled easier. The Grinning Man became an image you could reproduce, sell, tattoo, and tell around a bonfire. The creepy sunset encounter evolved from a moment, to a motif.

But the unsettling grin was about to slip like a shadow onto another dark road. And this time, it would make national headlines.

In Part 2 we cross state lines, meet a man named Woody Derenberger, and see how one roadside exchange turned a local scare into a national curiosity. The grin doesn't stop in New Jersey... It hits the road.

Part 2 , The Derenberger Contact

If the New Jersey sighting was a strange little ember glowing in the dark, the story of Woodrow Derenberger is a full-blown bonfire that the whole country suddenly saw from their doorsteps.

Now we travel deep into West Virginia on rolling country roads, also in November of 1966, and within days of the Jersey encounter.

Woodrow “Woody” Derenberger, a sewing machine salesman, was driving home after work, steering his van along Interstate 77 near Parkersburg. With a full day of work behind him, he looked forward to relaxing at home, and having a late dinner with his wife. Then flashing lights glanced through the van cab and he saw headlights appear behind him... Bright, close, and flashing.

He looked to the speedometer to be sure he wasn't speeding but as he did the lights lifted, passed overhead, and landed on the road ahead of him with an eerie, deliberate grace.

“What the hell?” he asked aloud and he thought it must be a helicopter. Maybe the police were searching for a fugitive.

But as he slowed down, he realized the shape of the thing landing ahead. It was not a helicopter, nor any aircraft he could name. He would later describe it as a shimmering metallic bulbous shape, like the shape of an old glass kerosene lamp shade laid on its side.

He stopped and looked upon the craft with a mixture of awe and confusion. It was metallic, reflective and charcoal grey with no lights or control surfaces visible. He saw a doorway open, and a figure emerged and walked up to the passenger window. A man who seemed to have stepped directly out of a sci-fi film. As he approached Woody heard a voice in his head say, “Open the window,” and he did.

The man was tall, with tan skin, dark hair, and he wore a sleek, shimmering suit. And most unsettling of all... yes... a nightmare grin of oversized teeth across his motionless face. On the road ahead the craft then lifted and hovered some 50 to 75 feet directly above.

The man seemed calm and fixated. Then Woody heard the voice again: “We mean you no harm.”

The Grinning man never moved his mouth, yet Woody heard every word as if it's spoken directly to him.

The man identified himself with a name that would soon be etched into the fabric of American paranormal lore. He said, “My name is Cold.”

The visitor asked Woody what the lights in the distance were and he told him it was the city of Parkersburg, where people living in the area worked and conducted commerce. This being told Woody that where he was from, a city was called, a Gathering.

The encounter was brief. Cold asked Woody about the people of West Virginia, about the state of the world, about daily life. Questions not of conquest, but of curiosity. And always through an immovable smile. He then told Woody they would meet again.

Then the figure stepped back, and the craft lifted into the sky, quiet and smooth. Woody watched as it vanished into the dark sky, leaving him alone on the empty road, staring at the stars, wondering if his mind had betrayed him.

And where so many before and since would keep such an encounter to themselves, Woody spoke out. First he told his family, then some neighbors, and eventually, he went to the press. Within days, he was in front of television cameras giving a public press conference, detailing the entire encounter, word for word.

We are lucky enough to have some one of that original audio recording of Woody Derenberger himself as he describes the encounter. Let's listen, shall we:

Insert Audio of Woody Derenberger

[..... = to 16min or so]

After this, the media ran wild. A UFO sighting in the sticks is one thing, but a full-on roadside conversation with a smiling alien? That's news.

The story of Woody's press conference exploded across regional papers, then made it's way onto the national airwaves. Reporters described Woody's account with both fascination and mockery, but they couldn't ignore it.

Suddenly, West Virginia was a-buzz with stories of the green-suited Grinning man from another world. And this was Mothman territory by the way. The first Mothman sightings happened just 3 days after, and an hour away from Woody's roadside visit. John Keel was in the area investigating the Mothman phenomena when he heard of Woody's encounter, and he believed it had been with the same creature the Jersey Boys had described, just days before.

For Woody, life would never be the same. The sewing machine salesman who once thought of nothing more than sales calls and dinner plans was now the central figure in a story that stitched together small-town roads, UFO folklore, and the eerie persistence of a smile that never fades.

For skeptics, he was a deluded mental case, or an attention seeking liar. For believers, he was an experimenter with a direct line to something extraterrestrial.

For everyone else, he was just one more reason to double-check the rearview mirror when driving home late at night.

Over the next months following his TV appearance Woody was besieged by fans, UFO enthusiasts, and skeptics. He was called a fraud, and a saviour. His kids were harassed at school. Streams of people flooded his doorstep, his work, and his property. Everywhere his wife went people followed her and tried to arrange meetings with Woody. The couple soon divorced and his wife moved away with the kids.

Then one night Cold returned as promised, appearing at Woody's door with a second Grinning man. He told Woody his name was Indrid Cold, and with him was his friend Carl. They said they were from the planet Lanulous in the Ganamede Galaxy. A world of peace, connection, and compassion, without hatred or war.

Woody would form a lifelong friendship with Indrid Cold. And tell of their adventures in his book called "*Visitors From Lanulous: My Contact with Indrid Cold.*"

Woody described going onto the ship with Cold, flying over the Amazon, and then to Cold's home planet of Lanulous, which only took minutes.

On Lanulous all was utopic and chill and telepathic. The cities, or Gatherings, were gleaming and automated. The food was organic and delicious. And Lanulousans were happy and friendly.

But here we get into some problems. According to Woody, on Lanulous, all races coexisted in harmony. No Nations are at war. Women were treated equally. Pollution was unheard of. And poverty was nonexistent.

It seems that Lanulous had solved all of the pressing social issues of 1960s Earth when this visit occurred.

And on Lanulous all of the animals, plants, and holidays were exactly the same as the ones here on Earth. They grew carrots and peppers and potatoes. They raised cattle and chickens and caught salmon. They believed Jesus was the one true son of God. They celebrated Christmas on December 25th. In fact they must have been sent a copy of the Gregorian Calendar when Pope Gregory XIII made it official in 1582, because their seasons and holidays all tracked with our 12-month Earthly year.

In fact, even John Keel, who wrote the forward to Woody's book, didn't believe his entire story at face value. He did believe that Woody believed it. And he did believe that woody had met some otherworldly being on the side of the road that night, just as he believed the boys in New Jersey had.

And others had met The Grinning Man as well. Two truckers had an encounter that was nearly identical to Woody's first run-in with Indrid Cold.

A woman in a farmhouse had met The Grinning Man on her property, and she too had received telepathic messages.

And even though Woody Derenberger dealt with the trauma by (it would seem) inventing his own parables of peace, something unusual happened to all of these people. For us, these stories become the doorways through which The Grinning Man steps out of rumor, and into legend.

Because after these stories enter the public mind, Indrid Cold is no longer a roadside phantom. He has a name, an iconic appearance, and the ability to show up whenever, and wherever he chooses.

Part 3 – Modern Mythos: From Podcasts to Fallout 76

Legends don't stay put. They don't keep to the roadways or even their decades of origin. They either fade away, or they travel, they mutate, they find new costumes and new stages. And Indrid Cold, The Smiling Man of West Virginia highways and New Jersey fences, has become one of those rare figures who refuses to die.

Through the 1970s and '80s, Cold lingered on the margins. A name whispered by UFO buffs, or a character footnoted in John Keel's stranger-than-fiction investigations. But by the turn of the millennium, his grin began to blend into the tropes of American pop culture.

In the 2002 film "The Mothman Prophecies", with Richard Gere, and based on Keel's work, we meet "Indrid Cold," as a slippery, disembodied voice on the telephone. An enigmatic messenger, a shadow that knows too much.

The filmmakers leaned into Cold's unsettling ways by making him less of a man and more of an idea: a force that lurks just outside the frame, whispering doom through the receiver. To audiences who had never heard of Woody Derenberger, Indrid Cold was instantly aligned with the cinematic myth of Mothman itself.

By 2016, Cold was ready for a starring role. The horror anthology web series Scary Endings devoted an episode to The Smiling Man, turning the legend into a short, freaky story about a woman stalked by a grinning figure on a nighttime street.

No telepathy this time, no kerosene lamp-shaped craft. Just the primal fear of a grin stretched too wide, held too long, on a face that doesn't falter and eyes that never blink.

More than anything else, this film propelled the icon of a Smiling man into the visual lexicon of internet horror. It's from this image that we get a long string of attention-shock videos, creepypastas, and "you won't sleep tonight" thumbnails scattered across the user-content driven web.

And then there's gaming. In the worlds of Fallout 76, set in West Virginia and drenched in Appalachian lore, players may stumble into an encounter with a tall, suited figure, smiling in silence, and appearing in unlikely places.

Sometimes he just watches. Sometimes he vanishes when you look too long. Players connected these dots instantly, and knew this was Indrid Cold, the Smiling man of online horror, materializing from the pixels with the same static grin, to haunt an interactive digital wasteland.

But across books, comics, films, internet lore, and podcast deep dives, the same uncanny image persists.

The real question is, why? Why has Indrid Cold the Smiling Phantom survived where so many other creatures have turned to dust?

Maybe it's because the smile is the perfect paradox. Smiles are supposed to be safe, welcoming, disarming. But stretched too far, or frozen for too long, and they become evil masks. They tip from warmth into menace. They remind us that friendliness and danger are just two rooms in the same house, and that sometimes you don't know which one you're standing in until it's too late.

Indrid Cold doesn't need glowing eyes or dripping fangs. He needs no weapons. All he needs is the most human expression of all, a smile, held too long, until it locks into something inhuman.

That's why he's still around, from roadside stories in the '60s to horror shorts on YouTube. From Point Pleasant campfire tales, to Fallout Video Game Easter Eggs.

The Smiling Man endures because he's not just a story. He's an image. A reminder that the line between comfort and terror can be as thin as the curve of a smile. And if you've ever felt that strange prickle when a stranger smiles just a little too long... then you already know why we can't shake him.

My summary

So let's put all the pieces on the table and see where we land.

Two boys in New Jersey, just trying to get home, stumble onto a figure in a green suit whose smile doesn't move. A salesman in West Virginia pulls over for flashing lights and instead finds himself speaking mind-to-mind with a stranger named Cold.

He tells us he travels to distant planets with this creature, where they have solved every earthly problem.

Journalists like John Keel braid the sightings into the wider net of Mothman lore, blurring the lines between reporting and myth-making.

And in the decades since, Indrid Cold has slipped into movies, television, blogs, podcasts, and even video games... smiling his way into every corner of modern paranormal pop culture.

Some say Indrid Cold is an alien, dispatched as an ambassador, politely observing a species too young to know it's being studied.

Others paint him as a psychic parasite, feeding on fear and hiding behind a mask of friendliness.

Skeptics dismiss him as folklore, the inevitable byproduct of stress, imagination, the good drugs of the 60s, and the human tendency to copy stories until they look like proof.

And then there's the quieter possibility: that Indrid Cold is not an alien at all, but something stranger... a presence that slips between categories, half folklore, half reality, anchored in the shared human memory of a manic grin. Interpreted by the times in which he is encountered.

What's certain is this: the legend endures because it touches something deep inside us. Smiles are supposed to mean safety. When they don't, when they freeze and linger and hold past the point of comfort, they turn the familiar into the uncanny.

That's where Indrid Cold lives, in that flash of unease between trust and terror.

So if you're driving a lonely highway tonight, headlights carving the road ahead, and you see a tall man in a suit by the fence line... maybe don't stop. Because whether he's a prankster in polyester, a being from another world, or just a story that refuses to die, one thing's for sure.

When Indrid Cold smiles, he's not smiling with you; he's smiling through you.

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Thank you sincerely for investigating Indrid Cold - The Creepy Smiling Man of Modern Folklore Horror, with me.

Subscribe or Follow the show now, so together we can meet here again soon to explore the bizarre, the unsolved, and the paranormal.

Support these episodes at Patreon.com/renegeadefiles (a link in the show notes) where you can get Bonus Episodes and more, while helping me keep the lights on, here at the Jungle Villa Outpost.

Remember... Send your favorite crazy conspiracy theory or paranormal possibility to LexGordon@Mail.com with the word "Theory" in the subject line anytime for the entire month of September 2025, and have your story included in the upcoming "Renegade Files *Fan Theories*" episode.

And if you're a regular listener, be sure to Follow the show now on Spotify or Apple Podcasts, or wherever you listen. Following the show on your favorite app is a free way to get new episodes right away, and it helps the show grow. It only takes a single tap, so just do that now, and Cheers my friend! It means a lot.

I'm so glad to have **you** in the Renegade Files Crew.

I'm your host Lex Gordon...

Stay Wild, Rainy Day Child!