

# Renegade Files®

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### **Episode Text**

Hello my friend. [You have](#) found the portal into [Renegade Files](#), your podcast for hidden history, covert culture, and paranormal experiences. [You are now in the company of outcasts](#). I'm your host [Lex Gordon](#) sending you this encrypted communique from [The Jungle Villa Outpost, Deep in the Uncharted Tropics](#).

This is Renegade Files Episode 93, Haunted Highways.

Before we begin, I'd like to say a sincere Thank You to you, if you sent in your idea for the upcoming “Renegade Files *Fan Theories*” episode.

The request lines are now closed, and we are done taking submissions. Look for the *Fan Theories*” episode to come out later this month, which is now October.

Tap the “Follow button” right now on your podcast app, so you don't miss it. Thank you.

Now let's get into this one. This morning at the Jungle Villa Outpost the humidity dropped and the 8am air, at about 75°, was far cooler than previous days. This, for those of us who live in the jungle, was the first breath of drier, cooler air that heralds what we call Fall, and highs in the mid-seventies with lows as low as 60 promise to cool down our outdoor excursions in the months to come.

As such, I had that Spooky Halloween feeling for the first time this year and decided to go that direction for this episode to get us in the harvest mood.

Since our Ghost Hunting episodes are scheduled for later in the year, we'll start the ghostly season off with a ride down some of the strangest and spookiest

roads in America. From phantom hitchhikers that vanish mid-ride, to glowing orbs in the dark, to haunted highways where truckers swear they've met the dead, we're exploring Haunted Highways and Ghostly Road Trips.

This is a journey into folklore, eyewitness encounters, and eerie late-night mysteries. And if you've ever taken a long, lonely drive at 2 a.m., headlights cutting through the dark, then you know how quickly a quiet road can turn into something mysterious. On this episode of Renegade Files, we travel straight into that mystery, and I'm your driver, with the roadway skills and paranormal experience to take you along for the ride.

So buckle up and come with me into Renegade Files Episode 93, Haunted Highways.

### **Story number 1. The Hornet Spook Light**

Out in the desolate border lands between Missouri and Oklahoma, there's a little town called Hornet. Local papers and old radio programs have occasionally reported on a perennial phenomenon that all who live there know well: the tale of the Hornet Spook Light.

Locals have reported a strange light that appears in the skies for over a century, but some stories go back even further. Some Native American stories from this area tell of messengers from the after-life who bring warnings from the ancestors, and appear as beings of light.

These ancient stories could be describing the phenomenon known in the area as the Hornet Spooklight. This glowing apparition looks to be an orb, sometimes orange, sometimes white, that weaves and floats along a dark stretch of road.

Some of the earliest accounts in the written record date from the late 1800s. One farmer reported seeing a glowing ball of light that stayed just far enough ahead of him on the road to keep him from getting a good look at it. He first saw the object emerge from a tree-line and initially thought it to be a person walking and carrying a lantern.

It came out onto the road about a mile ahead and seemed to move toward him. He watched it glide smoothly and realized it was flying about 3 feet above the ground. It crossed a field where he knew a fence to be without pause or change in elevation.

Each time he drew near, it would retreat further along the roadway. The farmer was surprised that the horse never seemed to pay the object any mind, and was never spooked by its presence. Then it would vanish over a hilltop, only to be

there waiting a half-mile or so ahead when the farmer crested the hill in his wagon.

Over the years many travelers, even military personnel, have reported seeing the mysterious light. Some say it dances above the treetops, others claim it rushes toward their cars, only to vanish.

Skeptics often point to a rational explanation: the effect of headlights from a distant highway refracting in atmospheric conditions. But this could hardly explain the sighting of our farmer in the 1800s.

In fact so much was made of multiple people witnessing this unusual and unexplained phenomenon, that in the 1960s, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers investigated the Hornet Spooklight, but they were unable to arrive at any definitive conclusion. And to this day, the mysterious sightings continue.

## **Story number 2. The Phantom Hitchhiker of Route 66**

Route 66 is one of America's most famous highways. It was originally established in 1926 and ran from Chicago to California, and served many who traveled or moved west during the Great Depression and beyond. Businesses such as gas stations, café's, hotels, and tourist traps thrived on the long roadway. And although modern interstates have replaced most of the road for cross-country travel, many sections of Route 66 remain intact today.

In fact, segments of the road itself have become travel destinations, and Route 66 has been the subject of many adventures, both in fact and fiction.

And like any good highway filled with stories, Route 66 has its fair share of ghostly tales. One of the most enduring is that of the phantom hitchhiker of Route 66.

For decades, travelers along this long, often desolate highway have reported picking up a hitchhiking woman dressed in white, sometimes described as young and quiet, other times as distraught or nervous.

She climbs into the passenger seat, says she's going to a location in the next town on the road, then falls silent. But when the driver pulls up to the destination, usually a gas station or an old house, the woman is suddenly gone.

In many stories the driver has gone up to the house and knocked on the door, believing the woman to have exited the vehicle as they stopped without their noticing. On more than one occasion, when asked about the hitchhiking girl and describing her, the person answering the door has said, "That's impossible. She died years ago."

This story has countless variations, from Chicago to California, but Route 66 remains a constant in ghost hitchhiker legends. The common thread is the way these spirits tie themselves to the open road, forever trying to get to some unattainable destination, lonely, and waiting for someone long gone, or someone new who is willing to help.

#### **4. Story number 3. Dead Man's Curve, Clermont County, Ohio**

East of Cincinnati lies a stretch of highway once notorious for fatal crashes. The road was home to a dangerous curve that swept gently in a predictable manner for 2/3 of the arc, but then straightened for a quick 50 yards, before curving again to finish the wide corner. This section of the road is still called Dead Man's Curve, even though the highway engineers have redesigned the corner to remove the unexpected section and make the route far safer.

But fixed or not, that bend in the road has its own spectral legend.

Local lore tells of a motorcyclist who died after colliding with a car at Dead Man's Curve late one night, while riding through a rain storm to visit his love.

Old timers say that if you pass through that spot between 1:00 and 2:00 AM, you might see him, a ghostly figure appearing by the roadside, wearing leather and denim, and a black helmet. The apparition appears to be somewhat transparent, with oncoming headlights shining right through him. He sometimes flags down cars, while other times he may materialize right in front of you, standing in the middle of the road.

Several drivers have slammed on the brakes, convinced they've hit someone. But when they get out of the car to check, the road is empty, and no biker can be found.

Such a ghost story is not just a spooky legend, but a warning. And many towns lay claim to a Dead Man's Curve. It's a way of embedding the memory of tragedy into the local landscape, to caution travelers who may venture into dangerous locations.

#### **Story 4. Shades of Death Road, Warren County, NJ**

The name alone, Shades of Death Road, is enough to cause goosebumps. This 6.7-mile stretch in rural New Jersey is located in central Warren County, and is known, not just for its eerie name, but its reputation for being haunted or even cursed.

It's a two-lane rural road that weaves through farm country just off I-80 along a section of the Jenny Jump State Forest. This road also passes the edge of Ghost Lake, and many find the combination of names just a bit too much to be coincidence. Despite its unsettling name and reputation, Shades of Death Road is a real and functional roadway. It is part of the rural landscape of Warren County, and people travel on it regularly.

No official records provide the answers for why the road has such an ominous name. Some say it was named Shades of Death Road because it passes a swamp previously responsible for spreading Malaria from mosquitos, and those traveling along the road often met with illness and death. Others say the name comes from the road's links to tales of violent highwaymen robbers who would ambush wealthy travelers far from home in the 20s and 30s.

Back then it was also said to be a favorite destination for disposing of gangland violence victims, and ever since, travelers have reported seeing strange lights, apparitions, and shadowy figures moving between the roadside trees. Some say if you drive along Shades of Death Road with your windows down, you can hear forlorn whispers drifting out from the woods.

One ghost that is often seen along Shades of Death Road is the shade of a teenage girl wearing a beautiful light blue, formal gown. She waves down passing cars, only to vanish in the rearview mirror if they pass, or fade into mist if they stop.

As the story goes, a group of teenagers had been drinking heavily after prom, and the boys driving, decided to take the Shades of Death Road as a dare, to frighten their dates. But the night was damp and cold, and ice had formed on the road. At one curve the driver lost control, the car spun off the pavement and struck a large roadside tree. A single girl was killed in the crash.

The Blue Dress Girl is said to be the ghost of this tragic teenager, wandering the roadside, still searching for her friends after the accident.

Is this just local lore exaggerated by a road with an ominous name? Maybe. But as many locals will tell you, it's best to avoid travelling along Shades of Death Road after dark.

### **Story 5. Stagecoach Road, Marshall, Texas**

In Marshall, Texas, a long, straight, red-dirt road called Stagecoach Road has a legendary haunted reputation. Heavily used by settlers and traders in the 1800s, it became a hotbed for lawless activity. The road is cut through the hillsides, with ten to twelve-foot, wooded embankments rising on either side, and canopy

treetops converging high overhead. This gives the road the appearance of a long tunnel. One story tells of three teens who drove in a pickup truck out to the road at midnight. One of them dared the driver to stop and shut the car off in the middle of the dusty canopy road.

He did and as they sat there they heard muffled crying sounds coming from the trees above the truck. Then they felt the back of the pickup bed sink down, as if a large man had stood on the bumper. They saw no one, but quickly started the truck and fled home.

Once there, they inspected the back of the truck and found that in the red roadway dust, the back pickup truck window was dotted all over with tiny handprints; the handprints of what seemed like several children. Although none of them had any relatives or friends of such an age, and no one had seen the handprints before they set out on their ghostly journey.

But the most enduring ghost along Stagecoach Road is the figure of a woman in a long white dress, slowly crossing the road ahead. Truckers say she appears in their headlights and vanishes before they can stop. Several late night drivers have described the woman's dress as being old-fashioned, made of lace and long bows, with many pleats and ruffles.

Travelers have seen the white dress ghost for decades, usually late at night, but she always vanishes at the last minute. No official stories account for such a woman, and she seems to be a lost figure from long ago.

### **Story 6. Prospector's Road, Garden Valley, California**

Out in California's Gold Country, you'll find what's called Prospector's Road, and here legend tells us, that the spirit of a young man taken before his time, lingers still.

According to the story there was once a hard-working, honest adventurer from Louisiana who met a woman as he jumped to help her with her bags when she disembarked from a train-car at the station. She asked him to accompany her to a waterfront café, where she bought him lunch as a thank you. She was returning from the West Coast, and she told the young man the tragic story of her late husband. In gold country he had found a small creek that ran down from a tumbled, rocky hillside and crossed a shallow valley to join a larger river in the flatlands.

The widow told the young man that her husband had written her a letter describing the location, and he had even sent her a hand-drawn map as a safeguard, so that if evil befell him, the location of the creek could always be found, for it was said to be glittering with gold nuggets for the taking.

But as the Gold Rush attracted the honest seeking fortune, it also attracted a criminal element looking for easy wealth. And news of her faithful husband's untimely death at the hands of bandits had reached her while she was on the road to join him out west.

Distraught and with no desire to hold even a single speck of the gold that had caused her lover's death, she passed the map on to the young man, as a thank you for helping her when no one else had. But she gave him the map with a warning, be ever-watchful if you seek the creek filled with gold.

The young man made the journey and filed the proper documents to lay claim to the creek, which was right where the map indicated, and indeed it was filled with gold beyond calculation. He camped and collected nuggets for days, assuring the wealth of all his progeny, if God should grant him such gifts as a family if his own.

But then one afternoon, as the sun set, a group of men appeared at the trailhead just beyond his camp. They made their way up the creek, glittering in the sunset.

Greed was in their eyes, and the dust and dishevel of their garments and trappings, foretold their unlawful nature.

The bandits approached with weapons drawn and the young boy, scrambling for his shotgun, was too late for it. "Get off my claim!" were the last words he ever spoke.

The road near the creek was named Prospector's Road, for the young man and others, who had made and lost fortunes in the Gold Rush. They say that now his ghost wanders the roadside, head down and defeated. And passers by report hearing his chilling cry coming from thin air : "Get off my claim."

Countless travelers who've driven this stretch of highway say they've heard those words called out, as if from another dimension, like a warning from the grave. It's one of those ghost stories where history seems to cling to the land itself, carried forward across time upon a restless echo, shouted in vain.

"Get off my claim."

### **Story 7. Niles Canyon Road, California**

On California's Niles Canyon Road, east of Fremont, locals tell of a girl who died in a car crash on February 28, sometime in the mid-70s. They say she had gotten into a fight with her boyfriend on a drive out of town, and she demanded he stop the car and let her out.

With no real intention of abandoning her, he stopped the car and let her out. She stomped off and held out her thumb to hitchhike. The young man drove just around the next curve, waited a minute, then turned around in hopes of collecting his girlfriend, maybe apologizing for whatever had infuriated her so, then continuing on their way.

But as he rounded the corner to retrieve her, he was struck with a terrible sight. A delivery truck pulled over, the driver frantically attending his lifeless girl, who lay still on the roadside, struck from the truck by accident, at the curve.

The story goes that each year on the anniversary of her death, on February 28, she appears as a hitchhiker at that very curve. Some say she climbs into your car if you stop to pick her up, sits silently, and then, much like other ghost hitchhikers, vanishes before reaching the end of the canyon.

Locals call her The Niles Canyon Ghost, and she's become one of California's best-known roadside spirits.

### **Story 8. Highway 12, Wisconsin**

Near Baraboo, Wisconsin, Highway 12 holds a quieter but equally eerie legend.

For years now, motorists traveling along Highway 12 late at night see a lone figure on the roadside. Some say it's a man, while others can't quite make out who or what it is. But as they draw closer, the figure vanishes into the night air.

Barkeepers and servers at an old saloon and grill along that highway just outside the town of Lake Delton, have become well acquainted with the stories of spooked travelers, who stop for a break at the saloon, and can't help but relay their creepy stories of a man on the road who disappeared before their very eyes.

But unlike other roadway phantom stories, this one has no clear backstory, no tragic accident, no specific victim that anyone can recall. Just the recurring appearance of a silent figure haunting a lone, dark stretch of highway. Who is the spectral highwayman? What does he want? Is he friend or foe? Sometimes the purest mysteries, are the scariest.

### **Story 9, The Ridgeway Ghost, Wisconsin**

Let's close our tour with one of the Midwest's most famous road legends: The Ridgeway Ghost.

Dating back to the 1840s, this tale comes from the old mining roads of Wisconsin, between Dodgeville and Blue Mounds. Long ago two brothers were killed in a dispute over a girl, with a third man committing the crime. The brother's had a vicious guard dog who tried to protect them, but that also gave it's life in the fight.

Immediately locals travelling the road that passed the brother's former home began reporting restless spirits haunting the area.

What makes the Ridgeway hauntings unique is their shapeshifting nature. Some witnesses have seen a ghostly man alone, while others have reported seeing a headless figure. Still travelers have watched in shock as a man running along the roadside at night has transformed into a dog before their eyes.

Others have claimed to see two men and a dog darting across the road, only to vanish into mist as their car draws near.

For nearly two centuries, the legend has refused to fade, cementing its place in regional folklore. On this lonely stretch, the road itself seems alive with something old, restless, and eternal, where long-ago a lovers triangle ended in a tragedy that refuses to fully die.

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You can check all of the bonus content there for free for an entire week, and thank you deeply if you are a Renegade Files Agent on Patreon already, you make this show possible. Please Check it out today and I'll see you in there. Thank you.

Before we part ways I'd like to leave you with one final Haunted Highway story.

A tale I call, **The Long Haul Through Shadow Country.**

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He'd been driving for fifteen hours, and the desert night stretched out like an ocean of asphalt before him.

Jack was the kind of man who lived behind the wheel. Forty-eight years old, a loner by nature, and more comfortable with CB chatter than barroom talk. Some people would call a trucker like him one of the last American cowboys, drifting across the land with nothing but their rigs, the highway, and the long night skies for company.

On this run, he was hauling steel from Albuquerque to a construction site out near Needles, California. Nothing unusual, just another delivery, another night on the road, and another paycheck. But an accident on Route 4 had forced the dispatcher to route Jack along a lonely stretch of two-lane blacktop cutting through the empty Southwest, a road our cowboy had never ridden before.

It was just past midnight when he downshifted the bottom slope of an easy grade, and swung his load into a weathered truck stop on the edge of the Navajo Nation. Spiderwebs and dust filtered the old fluorescent bulbs overhead in the corner-poles, and cast a yellowing light over the handful of fuel pumps under the flat metal awning that connected the gas lanes to the diner. A single flickering neon sign buzzed against the desert silence to let the truckers know the place was open. Jack filled his tank, then went inside hoping for coffee strong enough to keep his eyes opened for the last leg of his journey.

Behind the counter stood an old Navajo man, as lean as a fencepole and as lined as a mesquite branch, with a face drawn from decades of both wisdom and toil. His silver hair was tied back, and his dark eyes fixed on Jack with a quiet, steady intensity.

“You’re heading west,” the old man said, not as a question but as a certainty.

“Yes sir,” Jack replied, handing him cash and nodding toward the steaming coffee pot on the back counter. “I’ve got a long drive tonight.”

The man poured the coffee, took the cash, and slid the change back without looking up. “This road you’re on. It has shadows,” He said.

He looked up and spoke, looking deep into the trucker’s eyes. “People see things out there... Things that aren’t supposed to be seen. When you drive a machine across what was once a footpath, the spirits get caught by surprise. The speed. The mechanisms. Are beyond their comprehension. Been that way a long time.”

Jack gave a polite nod, trying to mask the flicker of unease. “I’ll keep my eyes open.”

“Eyes are not always enough,” the man said softly. The men studied each other for what felt like a long silence. Then the Navajo man simply said, “Travel safe, my friend. Bless your journey.”

Back in the cab of his Kenworth, Jack shook his head and smiled to himself. He’d heard stories like that before, ghost tales swapped at diners and loading docks. He was far from superstitious. Out here, the only thing that haunted you was fatigue, and occasional bad luck.

He pulled back onto the highway, and the desert night swallowed him whole. The CB was quiet, for he had passed no other truckers for hours. The stars spilled across the sky in a frozen river of light ahead. The truck tires hummed. Miles passed.

Around 2:30 a.m., Jack crested a rise, headlights carving tunnels through the black. That's when he saw it, a figure walking toward him along the shoulder.

At first he thought it was a hitchhiker. But as the truck drew closer, Jack realized the man was barefoot, wearing tattered clothes from a bygone era. Animal skins, fringe and fur. The man's skin shimmered strangely in the glare of the beams, as if dust and shadow were woven into his body. In his left hand, a spear from antiquity.

The figure lifted his unarmed, right hand. Not a wave, but a slow, deliberate gesture, palm out, like a warning.

Jack's stomach tightened. He eased the rig to the left lane, giving wide berth. For a split second, the figure's eyes caught his headlights, two pools of pale fire. Then the man was gone, dissolved into the night like smoke.

Then the CB crackled. Static squelch filled the cab as if a distant mic keyed his channel. Then, through the CB speaker, a ghostly whisper: "Turn back."

Jack froze and blood hammered in his ears. He looked at the CB mic. He picked it up and stammered, "Breaker one-nine, anybody out there?" But the channel was silent.

A mile later, the road curved into a canyon. Cliffs rose on either side, moonlight painted jagged shadows across the asphalt. And then the truck's high beams revealed something impossible. Countless figures walking under the canyon walls. Dozens of them. Shapes of men, women, children, dressed in skins and rags, footsore, and walking. Travois poles bearing elders, pulled by younger men. And children, naked on horseback, bouncing like ragdolls tied atop circus ponies, but with faces solemn well beyond their years. And all of their eyes glowed, with the same campfire flames of the solitary ranger who foretold their march a mile before. They walked in silence, and none seemed to see the truck as it passed, beyond their comprehension. Beyond their time.

Jack's chest tightened. He gripped the wheel until his knuckles turned white. For a breathless minute, his eighteen-wheeler rolled through a corridor of phantoms. Then, as suddenly as they'd appeared, they were gone. The canyon was empty once more.

By the time Jack rolled into Needles at dawn, his hands still trembled on the wheel. He delivered his freight, somehow signed the paperwork, and the night replayed in his mind like a dream from which he couldn't awake.

Later, sitting in his cab, exhausted, he thought about the old man at the truck stop. About the warning. About the ghostly march.

He'd always believed the world was made of asphalt, steel, and schedules, but now he was no longer sure. Maybe the road carried more than cargo. Maybe it carried memory. Maybe it carried lifetimes.

Jack never told his dispatcher, or anyone what he saw that night. But sometimes, on long drives through the desert, he still hears that whisper over the CB, slipping through the static like a reminder from the other side. And sometimes, when the night is long and the road is empty, he'll pick up the CB mic.

"Breaker one-nine. This is a message to those who walked this lonely road before me. "Travel safe, my friends. Bless your journey."

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The road itself is a living space. A threshold between here and there, where strange things are more likely to be imagined, or perhaps more likely to occur. Ghostly hitchhikers, phantom lights, and haunted stretches of asphalt are part of a wider human pattern: we tell stories to give shape to the unknown.

For truckers, travelers, and locals, these tales are reminders that the night is never empty, and the road is never just a road.

If you've got your own haunted highway story, a ghost light you saw, a figure by the roadside you can't explain, I'd love to hear about it. Drop me a comment, and maybe you'll hear it in a future episode.

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And finally, check out our Merchandise store through the link in the show notes or at [TheRenegadeFiles.com](http://TheRenegadeFiles.com) for cool Renegade Files gear, and represent the paranormal lifestyle of weirdness.

Until we meet again, I'm your guide Lex Gordon, and you've been riding along with Renegade Files. Thanks for joining me on this haunted highway run. See you soon.

*Stay Wild, Lone Wolf Child!*