

“THUNDER” -RIVER IMP: Welcome land creaturesAre you ready to go on a journey this evening?

Now the Hudson River Valley, with its steep cliffs covered in deep forest and deep, murky river with temperamental tides and unpredictable currents and mountainous shores has long been a place of legend and lore. Tonight we will take you on a ride through the veil that separates our world from that of the spirits whose souls still linger here...sharing the tales of those who met their demise in the waters. As your guide you'll be protected-nothing will touch you tonight. But, what you see and hear, I cannot predict.

Sorry, I'm being rude. Let me introduce myself. My name is Thunder and I came up the river this evening from south of us, in the Hudson Highlands. I live in Dunderberg Mountain where I serve the goblin king aka the Imp of the Dunderberg. I warn you, he's the first person, no being...no creature...um thing that we'll encounter this evening. Now, I warn you. He is a proud and jealous fellow, and controls the weather in the highlands, sending fine weather or furious squalls as the mood takes him, sending his lesser imps to snatch at and rip sails, swing booms, and throw waves over the gunnels. Tonight he's let us all run a little rogue, promising us a chaotic evening up river. It's really quite exciting.