

Fog rising off the river at dusk, mist shrouding the mountains and cliffs, and forests deep and dark gave rise to ghostly tales of a bygone age.

Many have perished in these waters...

Now, those Dutch were a smart bunch. They knew old Dunderberg and respected me. Whenever they sailed past Dunderberg mountain, they would tip their hats, showing their respect and deference. In return, I allowed them safe passage. Those English however were an arrogant bunch...scuffed at stories of my existence, mocked me.....MOCKED ME!! Refused to dip their hats! Those arrogant skeptics!

One such sea captain, who had never sailed on the Hudson, was headed north to Albany with a Dutch crew. He laughed, claiming he had seen far worse on the ocean, and no little river storm was going to get the best of him. Goblin King or not, he regarded their claims as no more than silly superstitions. Let the games begin!