



South Tyrol – Land of Myths and Legends

Lake Antholz

Where the lake at Antholz in Val Pusteria (Puster-tal) now unfurls its blue-green waves, there once stood a peaceful neighbourhood consisting of three magnificent farms surrounded by blessed land.

One time during the parish church fair, a festival at which everyone indulge themselves a good deal, an old beggar went to these three farms asking for alms – or at least a few scraps from the table. Each of the farmers, however, was as selfish and greedy as the next, and quickly showed him the door. The beggar, angry, said to each: “Pay heed. A little brook will spring up behind your house within three days. Then you will open you eyes – and behold what will come about!” Meanwhile, farmers paid no heed to the beggar’s words and just laughed about it.

On the third day, though, a little brook did appear behind each of the houses. The brooks grew and grew until a lake appeared. Soon, the lake completely engulfed the houses, together with every living creature inside. This is the high Lake Antholz, around which a dark pine forest now towers.