

The Legend of Misurina Lake



'I want you to know a fairy my grandmother told me about. She heard that from one of troubadour's beautiful ballades. This creature keeps mirror with evil magical properties. Whoever possesses it has the ability to read thoughts of anyone only looking at it.'

'Aren't they just myths, mommy? I've heard many of those and father told me not to believe in any of that.'

'Of course, dear. But in history there's been a few trying to take the mirror, but the fairy misled them so they were all starving to death up there. Their emaciated corpses may still be found laying at the foot of the mountain, if only shepherds haven't buried their bodies yet.'

'And the shepherds said that?'

'From what troubadour sang, young lady.'

'Well, I want to know if it's true, because with its powers daddy would be even more powerful king and the other day I could use it while being on Italy's throne.'

Wise words for someone that young, the queen thought. She was proud of her seven years old daughter and suddenly felt the great amount of love she felt for her. It wasn't known she was to die in few weeks due to mysterious fever yet.

The king, in whose hands was whole Italy, has got left with only one child. Misurina was beautiful, but her nature wasn't as pretty. She was capricious and spiteful, not even kind for her own father. It was widely claimed that she was like that because she lost mother in youth. There was no situation such bad that Sorapiss couldn't justify his child. After wife's death she was the only reason for him to live. Misurina thought of the mirror everyday, without letting her father know. It was because he told her not to believe in legends. But as she became unable to hold these thoughts any more, she decided to ask Sorapiss. After Tuesday's dinner, the day after she turned nine, she walked to the throne hall, not like everyday, when she was going to her room after eating.

'Father, could I ask you one question?'

'Whatever you want, my dearest.'

'Do you know about a fairy who lived in Mt. Cristallo, who was holding a mirror with mystical features? Two years passed from the time mother told me about the fairy and I didn't spend a day freed from thinking about it. I think about how much would it help in your kingship and bringing peace in whole Italy.'

'I do believe in that, Misurina. However, despite the love I feel for you I need to deny getting that mirror. It's dangerous and from what is known, fairies like to play with people trying to pact with them.'

'No thing can be more precious for me. If you can show your love for only daughter, this is the only way you can do it properly now.'

Even she didn't believe words she said. The day after, as the king thought the situation out, he decided to do what Misurina wanted, for her happiness and satisfying her caprice.

The horses and servants were set up after dinner and so the royal family moved to Mt. Cristallo in a day of travel.

Climbing and searching took another half of a day, and because everybody was tired, they pitched tents and went asleep. It was at midnight when door of

Misurina's tent opened and she saw a phosphorescent, flying creature slowly coming inside. Its voice was sweet to the limits, and very high.

'Don't fear. I know why are you searching in this mountains and I have what you want. It just won't be as easy to take it as you think.'

'What do you want?'

Her voice had panicked note to it.

'I won't tell you, but you will see it tomorrow, as the sun rises. I'm almost sure the mirror won't be yours, but even I can't know what great love of your father can do.'

She left tent and Misurina tried to sleep. She couldn't. It took her few hours to fall asleep again, when it was near to sunrise, so she slept about one hour before sun woke her up again.

What she saw made her happy and amazed; right next to Mt.Cristallo there was another, even bigger mountain, with beautiful cliffs and monstrous height. Fairy came nearby to give Misurina the mirror and explained that her father allowed to transform himself into mountain in order to get the mirror for her.

She was too young to properly appreciate the sacrifice Sorapiss did. She didn't use the mirror even once and played on mountain made by her father all days. She ate sweet berries which were growing here and slept with small animals in the silence of sad, lonely nights.

One day she went too high, to the top of the mountain. She looked down, her head went dizzy, and she fell down into the void. The mountain father saw his daughter falling and his sadness filled up. He cried for a long time, forming streams which led to origin of the Misurina lake. The mirror fell and broke on sharp rocks. Its parts were dragged down to lake where they are sending colourful reflections to this day. Now the clear, peaceful tile of the Lake reflects monstrous mountain, surrounded by villages and forests, like father surrounded his daughter with boundless love the other day.