Trips through the **Enchanted Forest**

Dear children, come with us on a trip to the enchanted forest that has surrounded the beautiful town of Loket for centuries. We will visit places you will never forget. Since time immemorial, many people have visited them for their curative, and perhaps even magical, powers. We will charm you with the stories of these locations, and who knows, perhaps you will also learn something new.

Let us set off on the trail leading around Supí (Vulture) Stream. Beginning at the spot where it runs under the road, continuing around Supí (Vulture) fishpond all the way to the large boulder with the carved silhouette of the bird. Discover these beautiful locations during a pleasant walk of a medium difficulty.

Trail length: 2 km



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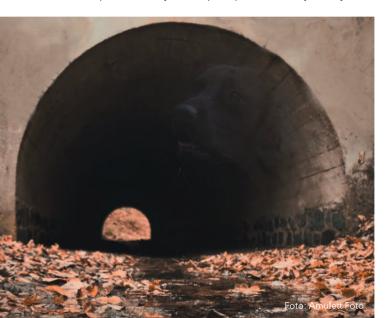
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Not Only for Children



The small stream and the Supin Spirit

The Supí (Vulture) Stream originates from a seep on a peaceful clearing in the heart of the enchanted Slavkovský Forest. Its crystal-clear water provides refreshment to pilgrims on scorching summer days. It runs through the forests between hillocks all the way to the town of Loket, where it flows into the Ohře River. Just before being swallowed by the large river, it runs under the trail. It is at this spot that our ancestors constructed a tunnel for it to make the stream's journey easier. The more courageous of you can walk through the tunnel when there is not much water in it. This is a secret shortcut that leads directly to the forest. The grandmothers of Loket say that the tunnel turns into a portal to the spirit realm every Good Friday. The stream ceases to flow, and a mysterious passageway leading to this magical realm appears. You can return using the same passageway. Supposedly, the Supin Spirit guards both the water of the stream and the secret passageway. Any wicked person who dares to approach the stream with bad intentions should be wary. Such a person will disappear forever. The elders say that on a Good Friday many, many years ago, a boy and his dog wandered along the stream. He was bored, kicking the mushrooms he saw growing beside the path. Even some rubbish from his pockets fell out. Simply a rogue. He supposedly wanted to take the shortcut through the tunnel. No one ever saw the boy or his dog again. However, one can still sometimes hear the boy crying and the sad dog howling near the place where the stream runs under the path. But do not fear. Those who behave properly and politely when walking along the stream are protected by the Supin Spirit on their journey.







If you venture out of Loket up-stream, the path will lead you to Supí Fishpond. During the day, the site is beautiful, but beware to those who should visit it at midnight during a full moon. At this hour, all the spirits from the surroundings swoop in and dance on the water's surface. They will not let anyone they meet go, and they bewitch them so that they will dance in a vicious circle, lost to the world for a whole week. Legend has it that those who name at least three local spirits are allowed to safely leave the forest. This is so that people do not forget them. However, no soup is eaten as hot as it is cooked. Luckily, there is a special ritual that can protect you. To save yourself, you can invoke the spirit of Kapras. He guards the fishpond above and under the surface. Spell out his name using the pebbles by the northern bank. Then, walk around the fishpond three times, and pick up the litter left by bad people. Only then will the spirits calm down and will show you the shortest way

The Little Bird and the Spirit of Urban



The forest path leading around the Supí (Vulture) Fishpond zigzags every which way along the stream. Any direction you look, you see towering cliffs, and everywhere giant boulders are strewn about higgledy-piggledy. Ancient, tall trees provide shelter to birds and squirrels. Many centuries ago, miners extracted silver and gemstones in this location. One of them was named Urban. He was a good man. He never forgot to give the few crumbs that were left over from his lunch to the birds. One small tit flew to this feast regularly, and before the miner Urban crawled back into the mine, she always sang him a joyous song in gratitude. And so it went day after day. One day, there was a terrible accident. The ceiling of the mine fell through, and a huge boulder trapped dear Urban underground. The little tit waited in vain that day. She continued to call him and flew about the buried entrance until the remaining miners noticed her. When they came closer, they heard calls for help coming from inside the mine. Together, they pushed aside the huge boulder, thus saving the life of the miner Urban. To commemorate her for the ages, he carved the image of his pet tit into the rocks. And unbelievably, the carving remains there to this day.

