

Trough Bog

In Jaunjelgava area people still know a legend about a long, long time ago, when there were no windows, not real doors of the houses, but the people were superstitious and obscurant. Beyond the so called Trough (*'mulda'* in Latvian) bog a particularly wise man had lived. The window of his house was like a hatch with doors, and in the middle of his room – a large oven. He and the locals made bread in that oven. Once, on a late autumn evening, when eagle-owls were heard from the scarce trees of the bog, and souls of the dead were wandering around, an old woman had gone to that made to make bread. The woman had carried a heavy bread trough. The night was dark and rough, it drizzled and the feeling was altogether very unpleasant. She felt the trough became heavier and heavier with every moment, and her feet stuck in the bog deeper and deeper. Out of exhaustion, she screamed aloud: “Damn the trough and the bog!” As soon as she had said this, the trough had drowned into the bog, while the old woman got nearly out of the bog alive and managed to get to the wise man. She spent the night there. While going home the next morning, what a surprise, a large stone was standing in the place, where the trough had drowned the last night. One end was standing higher than the other, and a slight hollow was seen on top of it. Believe it or not but the stone reminded a bread trough with dough running over of its edges. Since that time the bog is called ‘Trough bog’.

Translated from Latvian language by SIA “Linearis”.

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