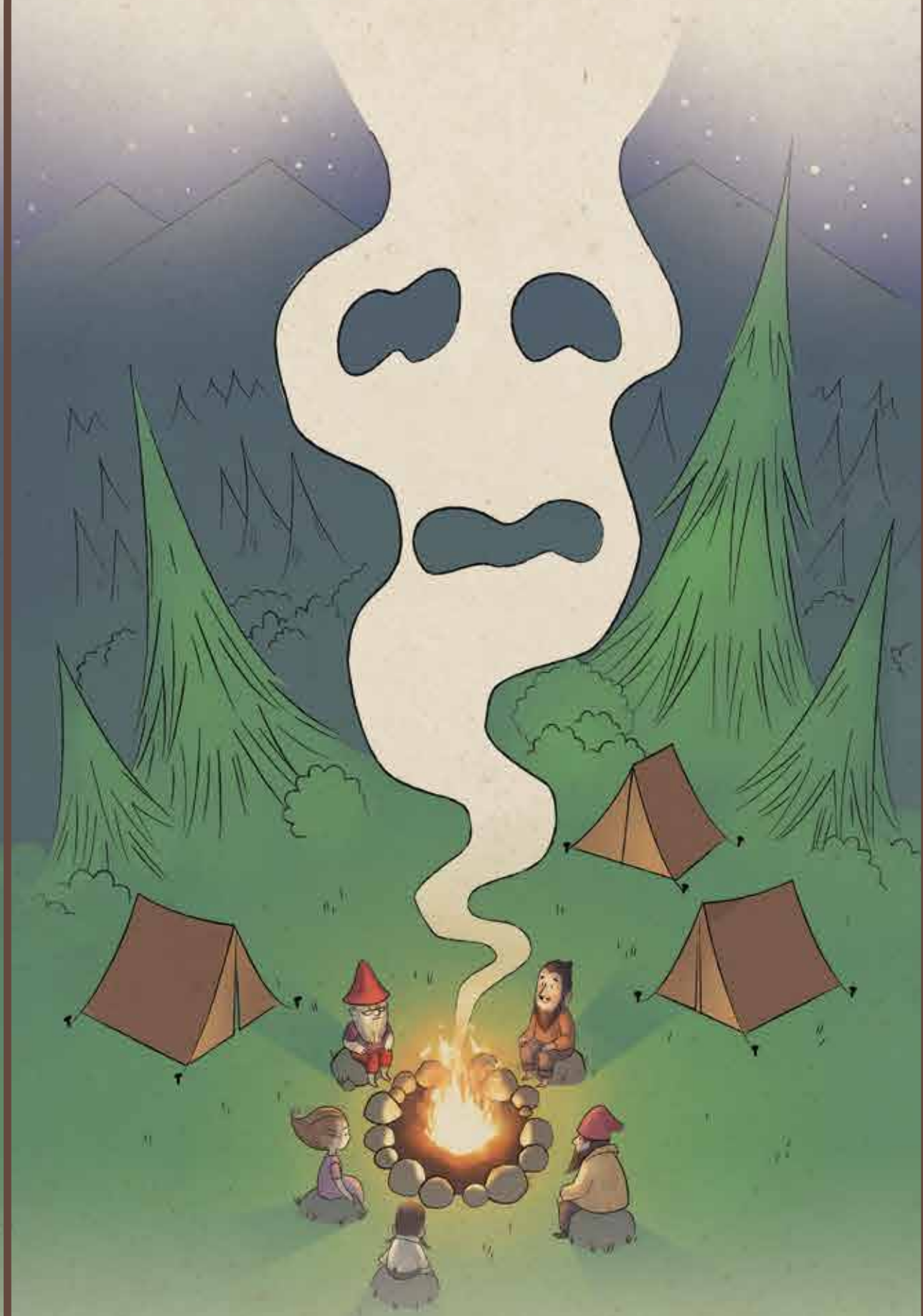# The story of the
Fichtenwelt

Journeymen's travels

It's an unbelievable 500 years ago that a colourful group of labourers journeyed through Zillertal. They wanted to head south, where a castle was to be built. While travelling, they came to a forest full of mighty, beautiful spruce trees and decided to make a throne out of them. The five of them had no idea that they would never leave this forest again.

The transformation

As night fell, it became colder and colder in the forest. They started a fire that soon lit up the forest clearing. Suddenly, dense smoke rose from the flames. Rutan, the fog spirit, appeared from the smoke and weighed heavily on the sleeping people. When the labourers awoke the next morning, they had transformed into *Fichtenwichtel*. Instead of hair, they had long thin spruce twigs, their beards were green and over their arms and legs they had skin like bark. It was impossible to return to the world of humans the way they looked now!

New
life

WILLI WICHTEL
artisan, poet, musician

HAUPTMANN ZAPFINGER
law enforcer, grouch, hothead

MEISTER FICHTEL
master architect of Fichtengotik,
expert in many circles

ZILLI ZILLER
carpenter, natural healer,
herbalist

ZAPFL
water supplier, gentle giant,
hunter and keeper

Years went by and they grew into a cheerful
bunch of *Fichtenwichtel*. They became
part of the forest and gave themselves new
"*fichtenwichtelige*" names to suit their new lives.

Fichtenschloss
castle

The fortunate twist of fate enabled the
Fichtenwichtel to develop a completely
new architectural style: the *Fichtengotik.*
The magnificent *Fichtenschloss* with its
four high towers, aisles and sparkling
watercourses became an impressive example
of this art. Resulting in the *Fichtenwelt*
landmark, a structure that is an organic part
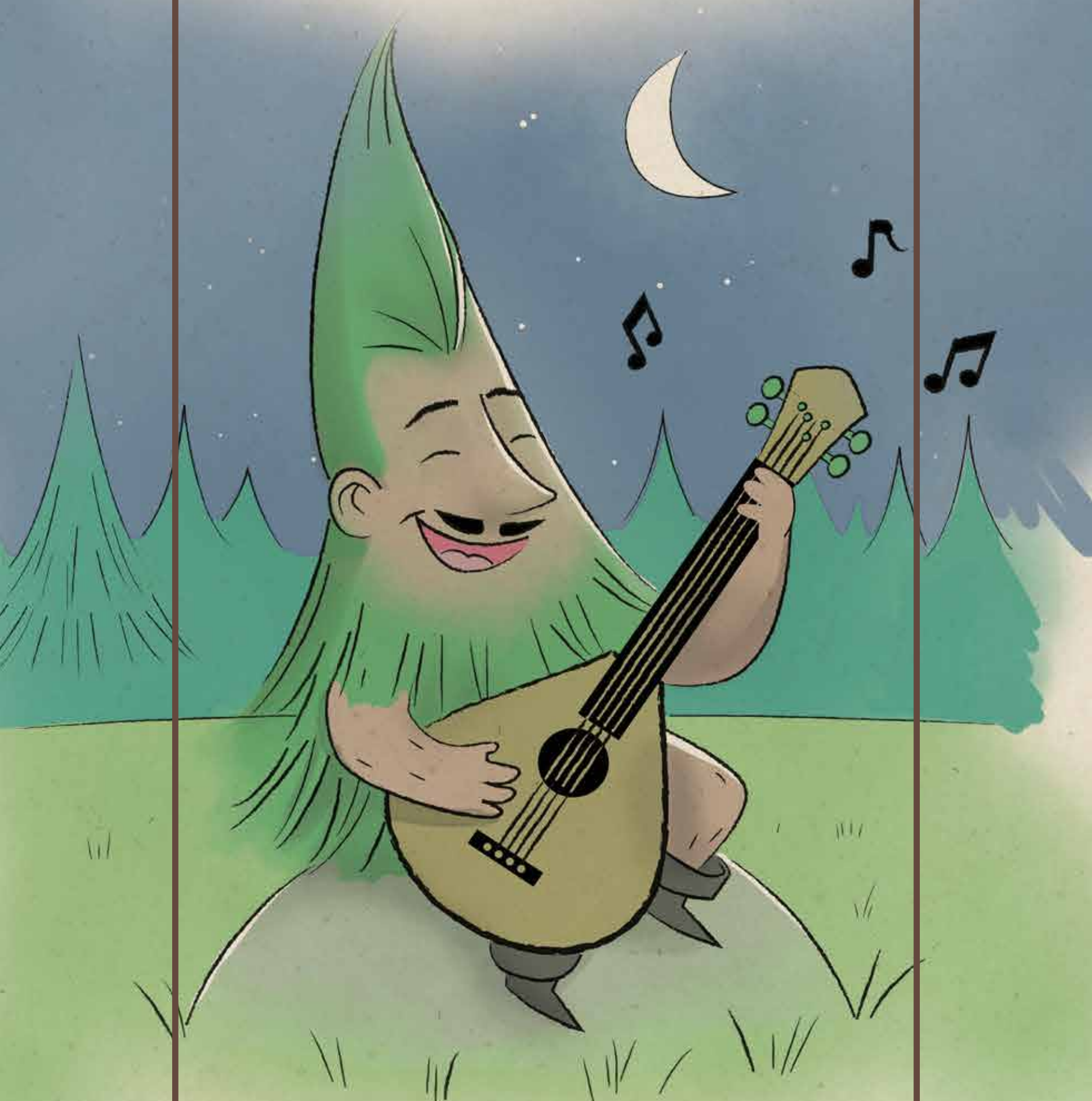of the forest and a testimony to what nature
is capable of creating.

Life in
the forest

One essential trait of a *Fichtenwichtel*
is the urge to hide. They have in fact
mastered this so impressively that hardly
anyone has managed to get to see one
to this day. Their camps are well hidden
in old, hollow trees, under large stones,
in treetops and below the ground. If any
danger arises, one of the *Fichtenwichtel*
gives a warning whistle. Zapfl, the sweet-
tempered one, reacts fastest. "Fear stops
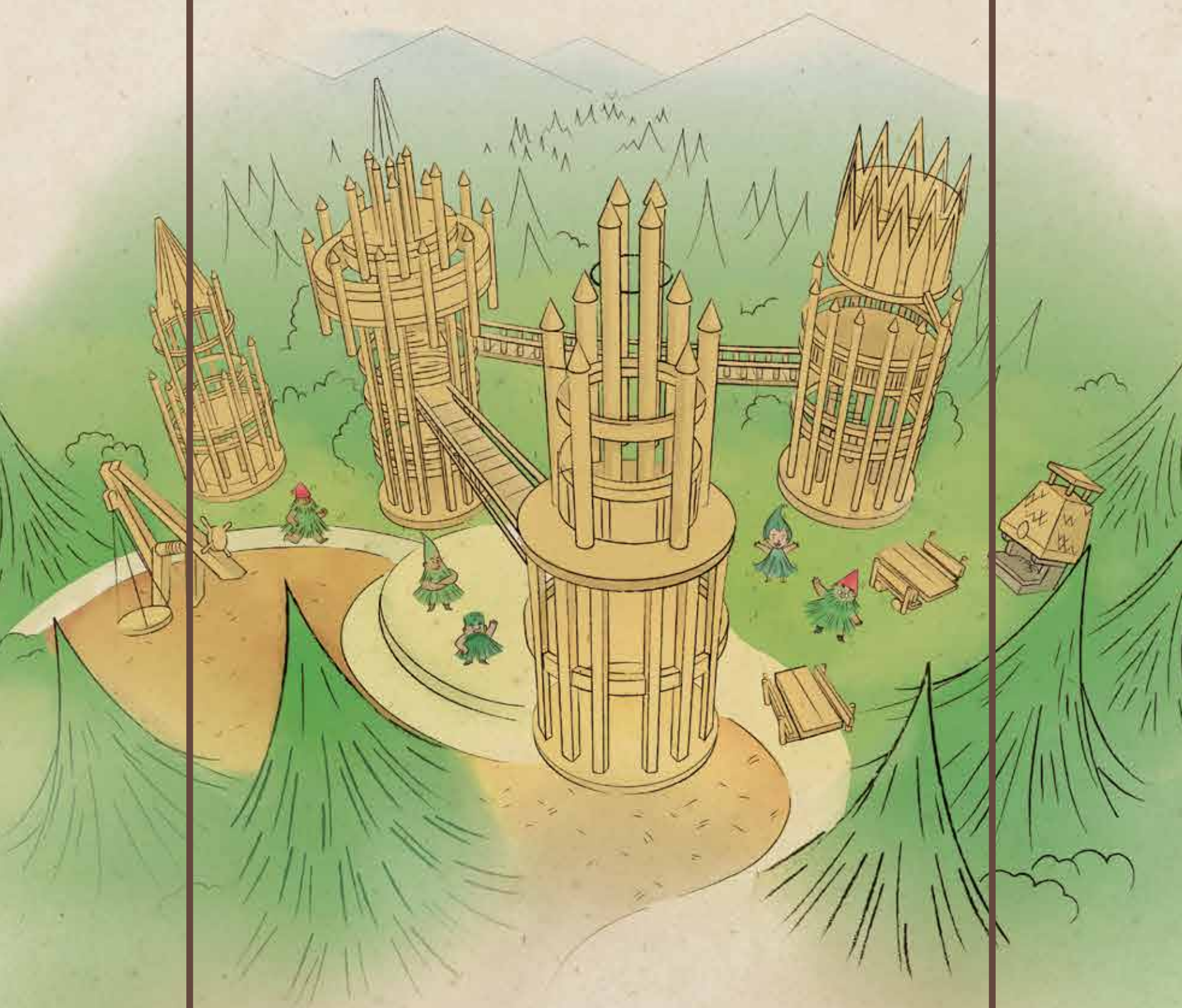me from being slow, you know!", he says.

The Fichtenwelt
anthem

There is also an artist among the *Fichtenwichtel*: Willi Wichtel. As a carpenter, he creates *Fichtengotik* gems: rich decorations on the walls and towers of the *Fichtenschloss*, ornamental elements on the windows as well as fine pieces of craftsmanship, from the *Fichtenthron* to Hauptmann Zapfinger's baton. Willi Wichtel also built his guitar himself and then composed his super hit on it: "Blackberry, rose, they sting, and pine too; but our spruce will ne-e-ver hurt you!" A song that has meanwhile become the *Fichtenwelt* anthem. Although Willi was guided by wishful thinking when he wrote the text: spruce needles do sting, fir needles do not!

The
Fichtenwelt

Just like with trees, which you
cannot see growing, *Fichtenwelt*
and its *Fichtenschloss*, *Fichtensee*,
Fichtenthron and many other
Fichtenwunder are all created
mysteriously and as if by magic. Like
a flower that was still a bud yesterday.
After all, *the Fichtenschloss* is not built,
but grown!

The wondrous
Fichtenthron

Anyone who ascends to the *Fichtenthron*
will be enveloped by the fog spirit Rutan
and gain clarity. And there is every
possibility that the gurgling of a brook will
turn into the laughter of a gnome ...