

MYTHS, FOLKLORE &

Stories of the Ankou were passed down through generations of coracle fishermen on the river Towy.

The Ankou's shelter was down by Pwll Du and part of the rock under Green Castle Corner. But his shelter was more of a prison than somewhere to rest or hide. He wasn't able to come and go as he pleased. For a whole year the rock would close around the Ankou and would only be released when Llangain Church clock would ring to welcome in the New Year.



After coming out of the rock the Ankou would need to get hold of someone else to take its place as the new Ankou before the morning came otherwise it would get snatched back to be imprisoned in the rock for another year.

The Ankou would have to find someone else to take his place before dawn or he would be trapped, imprisoned in the rock for a year other

Through the night the Ankou would fly back and for over the Black Pool sure that some of the coracles would be out fishing, no matter what the weather was like, and hoping then that one of them, without thinking, would wander down to the Black Pool, where he, the Ankou, would be laying in wait. In a flash the Ankou's arms would clamp around the coracle like a big trap, and in a wink he'd be inside the rock as the new Ankou, whilst the old one would be sitting in the coracle



Many coracles feared fishing down by Pwll Du. They knew that it was alive with ghosts and talked of strange noises and splashing in the dark. They would still fish in **Pwll Du** but it wasn't a pleasure in the early hours of the morning. Even though some coracles weren't superstitious at all, when the fog came down from the hills to hide the face of the river, and the breeze moved the branches of the trees their sound made you think that they were whispering about you.