



Horus RE Agency

AGENCY — CASTELFRANCO EMILIA

A Gift from Bacchus: A Villa in the Euganean Hills

€ 900.000

PRICE

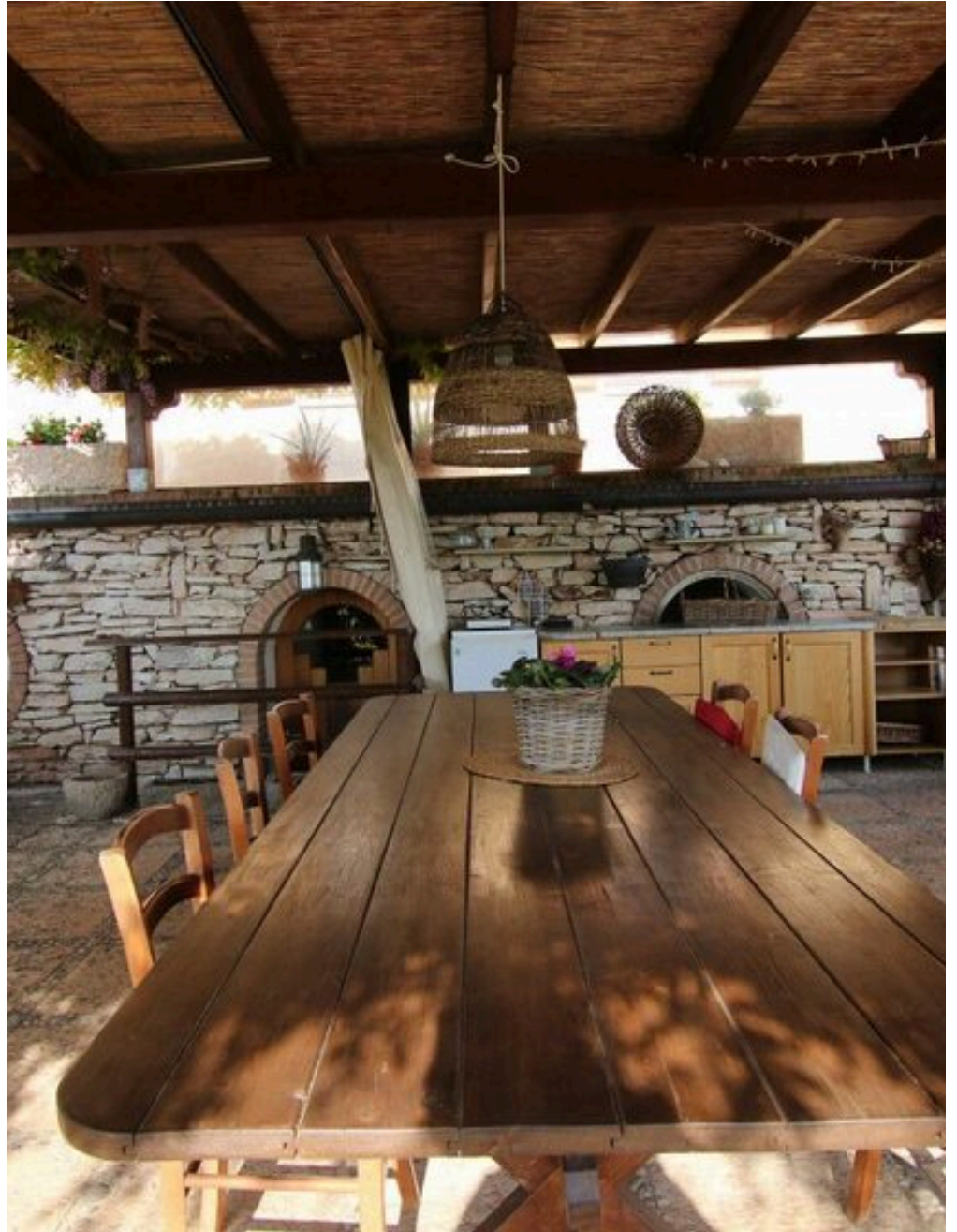
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SQUARE METRES

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ROOMS

The Spaces



DESCRIPTION

A Gift from Bacchus: A Villa in the Euganean Hills

My name is Augusto; I'm from Rome, and I've been walking for seven days. All I carry with me is a tattered cloak, a jug of wine, and the promise I made to Bacchus: to reach his sacred hills—the ones they call the Euganean Hills—to honor him on the longest night of the year. They say that up there, among the vineyards that touch the sky, the god still descends among men. They say that whoever dances until dawn will receive a year of pure joy as a gift. I followed the Via Postumia, then turned north, where the mountains grow gentle and the scent of wild grapes reaches you even before you see them. Yesterday I walked through an oak forest. Today, shortly after noon, as the sun beat down on the back of my neck and my shoes were in tatters, I caught sight of a villa. It's not like the ones I know in Rome—closed off and austere. This one is open, generous. It seems to rise from the earth itself, as if the walls were roots and the roof a branch reaching toward the sun. I approached. The garden stretched out before me for an immense distance—I

counted my steps; perhaps ten thousand braccia of land—all dotted with centuries-old olive trees and tall grass that the wind bent like a sea. I pushed open the wooden gate. It wasn't locked. Perhaps the god willed it so. I stepped inside. Immediately I discovered a staircase leading down to the basement. Driven by curiosity, I followed it and found a large tavern. It's dark and cool, with a huge fireplace that still smells of burnt wood. I thought of winter nights, when snow covers the hills outside and inside people drink warm drinks, telling stories until midnight. A place for the gods of wine and friendship. I went back up to the ground floor. There I found two immense halls, as large as temples, full of windows looking out toward the hills and the plain. In one of these, right in the center, there is a fogher—a low, wide hearth where you could bake bread and roast meat for an entire tribe. I placed my hand on the stone. It was warm. Someone, perhaps just a few hours earlier, had lit the fire. Further on, I saw the kitchen...

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AREA

 —
BATHROOMS

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ROOMS

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PRICE



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CONTACTS

Book a visit

Contact us for more information
or to schedule a viewing.



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