

Die Schlernhexen

Ein prächtiger Garten voller Nelken und Rosmarin, gepflegt von den saligen Fräulein, erblühte einstmals auf dem Schlern. Als König Laurin von den Rittern des Königs an der Etsch abgeführt wurde, lachten sie ihn schadenfroh aus. Ganz außer sich vor Zorn und Wut, verfluchte er den Schlerngarten und verwandelte die schönen Gärtnerinnen in Hexen.

So wurde der Schlern zu dem wilden Berg, der er noch heute ist. Die Hexen waren dazu verdammt, ihr Leben als die blauen Blumen zu verbringen, die nach der Blüte die grauen Zottelhaare ansetzen - die Schlernhexen. Der Schlernwind, ein mächtiger, bärtiger Riese, fing im Herbst zu schnaufen und zu blasen an, dass den Blumen ganz angst und bange wurde, bis er sie grob und leichtsinnig neben der Heiliggrabkirche am Kalvarienberg zu Boden warf. Dort riss eine Magd fleißig immer wieder das Unkraut aus, das das Kirchlein umgab und leerte den Korb in den Brunnen in der Kirche. Am heiligen Ort konnte sich der Fluch König Laurins jedoch nicht mehr halten und so verwandelten sich die ausgerissenen Blumen Nacht um Nacht wieder zurück in die saligen Fräulein.

The Witches of the Schlern

Once upon a time, mountain fairies tended a magnificent garden full of pinks and rosemary on the Schlern mountain. As King Laurin was taken away by the king's knights to the Etsch river, the fairies laughed at him mischievously. Beside himself with rage and fury, he put a curse on the Schlern Garden and turned the beautiful little gardeners into witches.

This is how the magnificent garden came to be the wild mountain that we know today. The witches were under a curse to spend the rest of their lives as blue flowers, growing a head of shaggy grey hair as they faded. The Schlern Wind, a strong, bearded giant, began to wheeze in the autumn, huffing and puffing until the flowers became petrified with fright. He picked the flowers up and tossed them carelessly away, where they came to rest on the ground beside the church on the mountain of Kalvarien. This was exactly the spot where a maidservant was busy pulling out weeds from the church garden, emptying her basket into the church font.

Because the holy site broke King Laurin's spell, the flowers were free once more, and night after night turned themselves back into mountain fairies.

Le streghe dello Sciliar

Uno splendido giardino coltivato dalle signorine beate e pieno di garofani e rosmarino fioriva tempo fa sullo Sciliar. Quando il re Laurino fu allontanato dai cavalieri del re dell'Adige, le signorine lo deridevano ed il re infuriato maledisse il giardino e trasformava le belle giardiniere in streghe.

Così lo Sciliar si trasformò in una montagna selvaggia, come lo è ancora oggi. Le streghe erano condannate a passare la loro vita a forma dei fiori di colore blu, che dopo essere sfioriti, portavano ancora le ciocche di capelli grigi. Il signore vento dello Sciliar, un gigante poderoso e barbuto nell'autunno cominciava a soffiare così forte che i fiori tremavano pieno di timore, finché il colosso crudamente e incosciente li gettava giù vicino alla chiesetta di Calvaria a terra. La garzona lì però spiantava regolarmente la malerba e la buttava nel pozzo nella chiesa.

A questo luogo sacro la maledizione del re Laurino non poteva più reggersi e così i fiori spiantati notte per notte si trasformavano di nuovo nelle signorine beate.