



COLLECTION OF LEGENDS
AND STORY OF THE MASSIF OF SANCY

In the heart of France

Culminating summit of the Massif Central with its 1886 m, the Massif du Sancy, volcanic massif, jewel of the Regional Natural Park of Auvergne Volcanoes, is 45km from Clermont-Ferrand, capital of Auvergne.

Paris : 4 heures de route

Nantes : 6 heures de route

Dijon : 4 heures de route

Bordeaux : 3.30 heures de route

Lyon : 2 heures 30 de route

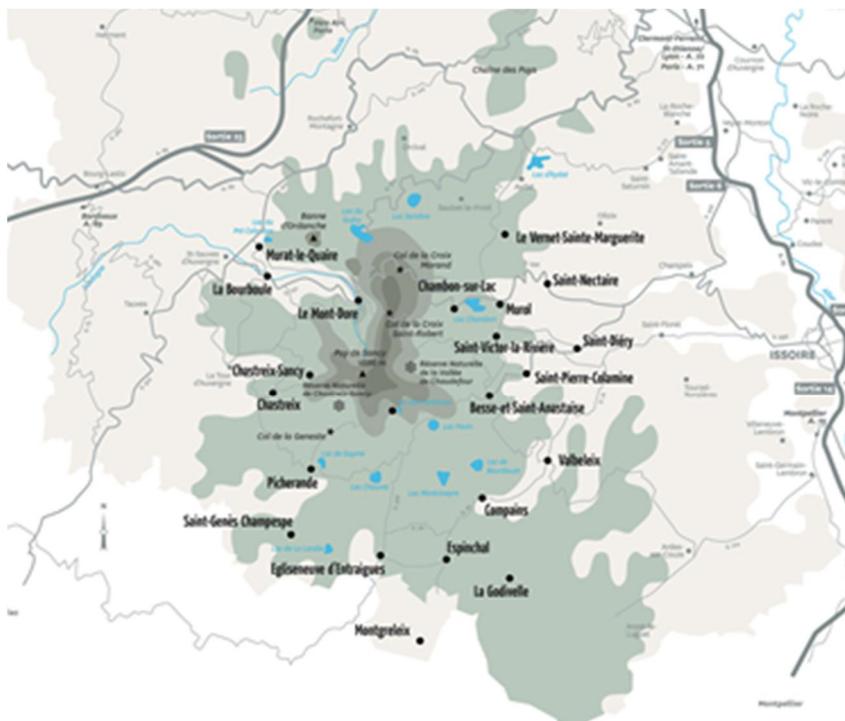
Toulouse : 5 heures de route

Marseille : 5 heures de route

Montpellier : 4 heures de route

The Massif du Sancy is made up of 20 communes: BESSE, LA BOURBOULE, CHAMBON-SUR-LAC, CHASTREIX, EGLISENEUVE D'ENTRAIGUES, LE MONT DORE, MURAT LE QUAIRE, MUROL, PICHERANDE, ST DIERY, ST NECTAIRE, SAINT-GENES-CHAMPESPE, SAINT-VICTOR-LA-RIVIERE, ESPINCHAL, LA GODIVELLE, MONTGRELEIX, LE VERNET-SAINTE-MARGUERITE, LE VALBELEIX, SAINT-PIERRE-COLAMINE, COMPAINS.

These resorts and towns have retained their mountain and traditional appearance. They offer tradition and historical heritage, gastronomic, cultural and architectural.



A volcano like no other !

"The Massif du Sancy alone forms a world: a world born several million years ago".
François Graveline.

FIRST VOLCANIC PHASE

It began 20 million years ago, in the Miocene (tertiary era). Almost all types of current volcanoes have succeeded one another, which is what gives it its strato-volcano type structure.

The Massif du Sancy is the most complex volcanic region of the Massif Central, it also has the greatest diversity of sites. There is such a close connection between the topography and the geological constitution, that one can not understand one without the other.

The Massif du Sancy is made up of the remains of three main volcanoes: the Puy de Sancy (1886m), the highest peak of the Massif Central, the Puy de l'Aiguiller (1547m) and Banne Ordanche (1515m).

GLACIATION

In the Quaternary it modeled the landscape, digging deep and harmonious valleys (Dordogne, Chaudefour ...), revealing rocks and dykes (Dent de la Rancune, Rooster Crest, Tuilière and Sanadoire rocks...). From this period, 3 million years old, there are many lakes such as Lake "Guéry" or "Chauvet".

SECOND VOLCANIC PHASE

About 250,000 years ago. The eruptions obstructed the valleys, forming so-called "dam" lakes such as Lakes Chambon, Montcineyre and Servières.

It was also the birth of the youngest volcano in Auvergne: the "Pavin" (3500 years old) whose crater today serves as a setting for a perfectly circular lake.

The fauna and the flora of the Massif du Sancy

The fauna :

The presence of some species is due to an artificial introduction. The Mouflon was introduced in the massif of Sancy, the Chamois in Cantal. From this neighboring department, some specimens emigrated to the Sancy to live there. The introduction of the Marmot in these places was accidental (escape of a couple of their enclosure). They are easy to admire, erected on the stones on the lookout where languorous in the sun between the rocks of which they have the reflections. We can point out the presence of other mammals: deer, marten, hermines, weasels ...

On the edge of the sky, the Peregrine Falcon observes all the movements, nestled on the dykes, the Royal Milan and the Black Kite fly over the ridges of their broad wings. The Great Raven lives in our woods, its wingspan is equivalent to that of a Hawk. On his travels to North Africa, the Short-toed White Jean likes to stop here. Smaller birds also reside in the Massif. Some choose swampy areas like the Spotted Crake. Through plateaus and valleys we find Black-breasted Blackbirds, Rock Swallows, Alpine Accents, Tichodromes Echelettes, Jays, Rock Blackbirds.

Trout go up the "couzes", sometimes even to the "rus" that water the meadows. The lakes are favored by the Ombles Chevaliers. Pavin Lake is also home to small gray crayfish.

The FLORA :

The species are alpine, such as the Soldanelle, or Boréo-Artic such as the herbaceous Willow, host of snow burrows. Others come from the Atlantic, such as the Irish Spurge, whose chamois gorges when bitten by a snake. The Purgative Genet, it is of Mediterranean origin, it was brought by the wind. We also find the Yellow Poppy or Méconopsis of Wales, whose size is around 80 cm in height, the Spring Gentian, a small blue flower.

The whole massif is full of flowers, the combination of all forms a rapture of colors for the eyes: Martagon lilies, yellow gentian (used for making aperitifs), wild thoughts, daffodils and daffodils. Peatlands are home to carnivorous plants such as Drosera and Grasette.

The story of the Sancy

Auvergne has long been a land of passage for human migration. It would be wrong to generalize this fact to the whole region. Indeed the Massif du Sancy was very early a place of sedentarization. Civilizations have succeeded one another, seduced by the riches of volcanism.

The Celts have left, in the massif of Sancy, menhirs, dolmens and other megaliths. Their druids exploited the volcanic springs. Thus the name of Mont-Dore comes from Celte Dure (water) and that of Bourboule de Borvo (God of the sources). The Romans built a pantheon at Mont-Dore to thank their deities of hot water fountains. They also created baths; to arrive at this blessed place, they traced three roads under the administration of Agrippa: two came from Clermont-Ferrand and the third from Cantal. Thus Sidoine Apollinaire (Prefect of Rome, then bishop of Clermont-Ferrand) could come in cure in these places.

In the Middle Ages the Massif du Sancy became a place of fortifications with its many castles such as that of Murol (11th-12th century), the Tower of Auvergne (9th century). The latter was one of the most formidable in Auvergne. It served as a residence for the family of the same name who was count of Auvergne. Catherine de Medici and her daughter Marguerite de Valois are the descendants. Almost all the Massif belonged to them; the paved streets of Besse and La Tour d'Auvergne still whisper the memories of Queen Margot, the first wife of Henry IV.

The 100 years war was the occasion of many pillages. The commander of La Roche Sanadoire was held by English looters until 1375. It was stormed by the Duke of Bourbon who captured the son of the mayor of London: Richard Coedo. At the same time another ransom had established his castle at the rock Vendeix. It was Aymerigot Marches. To dislodge it the mountaineers appealed to Charles VI, who despatched Captain Robert de Bethune. It took nine weeks for the latter to defeat the robber. Aymerigot confessed to having buried a treasure on the banks of the Vendes river. It has still not been discovered.

The Renaissance allowed the rise of some boroughs like Besse (medieval city and rebirth). Through the centuries many personalities were charmed by the places. In 1676, it was Madame de Sevigne.

Later in the 19th century the Massif du Sancy was a source of inspiration for romantics: Balzac, George Sand, Alfred de Musset but also English naturalists and poets like Miss Louisa Costello. The Duchess of Berry, Henri's mother, the only Bourbon descendant, spent long periods in the Massif.

All mountaineers still remember Mornac. In the 1880s this highwayman was a source of terror, no man dared to go out at nightfall until the gendarmes arrested him and imprisoned him in the Cayenne prison. In 1893 electricity entered the Massif. As early as 1896 a funicular was built at Mont-Dore even before the city was electrified. It is classified as a historical monument.

In 1902, on January 20th, Father Blot de Besse brought two pairs of skiers from Germany. He quickly went to school, exercising with his vicar, and supporting the wind on the light slopes of his garden. A few years later, the craze was widespread and the bessard craftsmen manufactured and sold forty-five pairs of skis a month. In 1904 the first regional ski club was created in this same city. In 1907, Mont-Dore was a second. Five years later, the ski resort of Mont-Dore was launched and in 1913, a Mont-Dorien, Pierre Souchal, won the first major event of the summit of Puy de Dôme by going back and forth in 57 minutes. The rise of winter sports is dazzling, in 1937 the famous aviator Dieudonné Costes creates a Parisian company that equips the Sancy with a cable car (the first in France) and two ski lifts.

Since then, many people have come to enjoy the infrastructure of the Massif, then they have returned seduced forever. This was the case for Cocteau, Arletti, Inés de la Fressange, but also President François Mitterand, Raphaël Geminiani, Jean Anglade ... We also saw Queen Marie of Romania, King Farouk...

Unusual...

The volcanoes of Auvergne were discovered well after America.

Until the 18th century, their origin was not suspected although many names of places referring to fire or hell were commonly used; in the Massif du Sancy: the Devil's Fireplace and the Hell Valley. It is also said that the name of Tartaret, which dominates Lake Chambon, may well have something to do with the Tartar of Greek mythology. Ancient civilizations, struck with terror by its flames, would have seen one of the mouths of Hell.

It was in 1751 that Guttard, a Paris naturalist, discovered the volcanic origin of Auvergne, first of all the Chaîne des Dômes and then the Massif du Sancy.

The latter was for a long time an enigma for him; He had trouble recognizing the volcanic origin as its structure and glaciations shaped an alpine profile.

On January 20, 1902, Father Blot, priest of Besse, brought back from the German Black Forest two pairs of skis ...

Without a manual or an instructor, his first attempts were laborious. However, he quickly went to school, practicing with his vicar, cassocks in the wind, on the light slopes ... of his garden. To the astonishment of the Bessarde population who found this innovation incompatible with the ecclesiastical state. It was not serious. And when we saw him, Monsieur le cure "plowing", with the bottom of his cassock, all the neighboring meadows, the tone became mockery: "E chimple qué cura ..." said his flock with a hint of sweet hilarity.

The laughs were short. A few years later, the craze was general. In the Massif du Sancy, skiing was practiced on all slopes, therefore, ever ceasing to develop.

Houses and men

Each region has its own architectural or decorative experience. In the Massif du Sancy, houses are not grouped in villages but scattered in the mountains, isolated or in barriades (aligned). If all are made of the same materials, all the municipalities present a beautiful diversity of construction.

The Massif has used the riches of volcanism: The volcanic rock is very resistant to time although difficult to work. The roofs are in lauze, taken from the phonolite (lava), and the buildings in heavy lava stones. Built on cheeks (lava flows) or in the heart of glacier valleys, these massive homes all exude a warm atmosphere conducive to family stays. This characteristic has crossed the ages and, whatever the architectural style of a house, the lava stones are present. Indeed the abundant presence of volcanic residues, the peculiarities of these stones and the region imposed this use.

The climate played a role in the choice of materials but also of architecture. Most roofs have a short, sloping form to allow snow to slide off the ground and prevent it from hanging over pine roof structures. On the southern slope, they are a little different, wider and less steep. Villages like Chastreix (1,050m above sea level) and Picherande (1,130m above sea level) all have a typical mountain character. Above the towns, in the summer pastures, burons, small shelters for shepherds, watch over the plateaux of the Massif.

The story also provides explanations about the architecture of the country. A long time ago, there were troglodyte dwellings. From these ancient times there are megaliths and other Celtic remains. In Roman times, a spa was raised at Mont-Dore (1,050m above sea level). This building gave way to a building of neo-Byzantine architecture of great beauty.

The economy was another real estate engine. For a long time the architecture was conditioned by the only possible activity: the breeding. The size of the barn is a function of the size of the herd, it has few openings to keep the heat. The house extends the barn with which she sometimes communicates.

Since antiquity, the thermal activity has strongly marked the villages of Mont-Dore and Bourboule. In the middle of the twentieth century, modern hotels rose. The resorts also developed from a sporting point of view. The winter sports having experienced a great popularity in the massif, two resorts developed: Super-Besse (1350m of altitude), where, from the 1960s, large residences arose; Mont-Dore with its many small chalets built on hillsides.

The municipalities show a real concern for architecture. Several land use plans and architectural heritage protection areas have been established. The Massif keeps its mountain image warm houses and melted in the landscape. The villages reflect the character of the place, the whole exudes a feeling of serenity and well-being.

The Massif du Sancy preserves beautiful testimony of the Middle Ages, such as the castle of Murol built in the 12th century. The Tour d'Auvergne, picturesque town with its old houses, still has some stones of the famous castle of the barons of Auvergne. Another castle stood in Murat-le-Quaire, overlooking the Dordogne valley. The stones of it were used for the construction of the town hall, built on the site of an old manor house. The slate roof of this city hall is remarkable. Besse, once the capital of the mountains and city of bailiwick, was for a long time a rich town, a city of fairs and markets with numerous stalls. Even today one can admire its medieval and renaissance style with its belfry, its picturesque and winding alleys, its spiral staircases, its arcades and its remains of ramparts which were integral with the castle.

A sacred mountain

The Celts divinized the volcanic sources and raised many megaliths. The Romans built a pantheon to honor their gods.

Crosses adorn the peaks and passes that sometimes bear the name: Col de la Croix Saint Robert, Col de la Croix Morand. The Puy de Sancy was once called Puy de Saint-Sixte, there was a pilgrimage. As for the sanctuaries, let us mention that of Notre Dame de Vassivière nestled at 1300 meters of altitude. The Celts had honored their deities in this very place long before that.

In 1547, Our Lady of Vassivière removed the sight to a shopkeeper who made fun of her, she returned it to him at his repentance.

The inhabitants of Besse immediately installed the miraculous Virgin in their Church of St. Andrew. The next day, she was found in Vassivière (5 km from Besse), place of summer pastures from which she watched over the herds. The Bessards had to seek a compromise: the Virgin would spend the summer in her oratory of Vassivière; then to the transhumance, she would return to winter in the city of Besse. Since then, every year, on July 2nd, the statue performs its "Montade". She is solemnly brought to the chapel of Vassivière. His "Dévalade" is a holiday for the country bessard.

The Romanesque Art prevailed, faithful to the school of the diocese of Clermont-Ferrand remarkable for its striking impression of self-confidence and unity. The quality of the Romanesque buildings in Auvergne belies the theory that combines Romanesque sculpture with the exclusive use of soft stones. Here the stones are volcanic. In the Massif du Sancy, in relief, Romanesque architecture admirably expresses its combinations of volume.

The Church of St. Andrew in Besse has kept its 3 naves and its Roman transept which was completed in the sixteenth century with a choir and chapels. His series of capitals is very beautiful: sampling foliage, martyrdom of St. Andrew, eagles with spread wings, parable of the rich bad and a strange scene of sacrifice which one of the actors has a leg of wood. The Chapel of Chambon sur Lac: 200 meters from the Saint-Etienne Church of Romanesque origin, the chapel sits on a hill where the cemetery was transported. Its rotunda intrigue by its form and the care of its construction (spread by the crusaders and especially by the Templars). It was believed that this building was the sepulchral chapel of the lords of Murol, which seems unlikely. With its mosaic pediment surmounted by a malted cross, was it not rather the chapel of a lost commandery?

The Church of Saint-Nectaire, perched on Mount Cornadore, belonged to the priory of the Chaise-Dieu, established in this place around 1150. It is one of the major churches of Auvergne. Its Romanesque architecture is perfect and the capitals of the choir are real treasures as well as the copper bust of Saint-Baudime twelfth century and the Virgin Mount Cornadore marouflaged polychrome...

The Church of Orcival, another major church of Romanesque art in Auvergne, belonged to the Priory of the Chaise Dieu. Built in the 12th century, Notre Dame d'Orcival, in its valley, emits a striking mineral force. The bedside has four radiant absidioles. As in Saint-Nectaire, there is a superb transept massive Barlong. The interior is surprising by its sobriety.

A remarkable Virgin of majesty, in wood covered with silver plates, is the subject of a famous pilgrim.

Waters of fire

In the heart of France, volcanoes let their belly escape from many springs, waterfalls, rivers and lakes.

In the Massif du Sancy, the water drolls, sinks, gushes and sometimes rests.

In these spaces, in the protected and varied environment, some stories around the water element are told to you.

The Dordogne River : Duranus...Dorononia...Dordonia...? Born in the Sancy

The Dordogne is 472 km long, draining a basin of about 24,000 km². Its flow is 400m³ per second on average, but can reach 57 000m³ per second...

The Dordogne is first and foremost an ample and gentle river that crosses France from the center to the west. Yet at its source is the tumult of two mountain streams. The Dordogne is born in the Massif du Sancy at 1350m between gentians and rocks, mouflons and circaetes. A few meters of open-air race and the Dore in one last waterfall joins the Dogne. Both, vague in wave, impertinently hurt the flanks of the highest peak of the Massif Central.

The Dordogne springs up and lives, it jostles stones, tickles the belly of trout, leaps and foam. A frightened filly, she crosses Mont-Dore then reaches La Bourboule where she widens and settles down temporarily. A few kilometers further, here it is, through gorges, high volcanic and granitic plateaus.

The valley which sees it born keeps its name, the valley of Haute Dordogne. Set with volcanoes, mountains and peaks, this valley has covered its heart with green and flowers. Its heights make it possible to follow a long time the course of the river, offer a superb panorama on the neighboring reliefs.

The lake Pavin : *Pavens, dixitis Pavens !*

The Pavin lake of the Latin "pavens" means "the dreadful". The legend tells that this cursed city, because of its light daughters, would be engulfed there. It is rumored that, under the sun's rays, the translucent waters give a glimpse of the steeples. Woe to the imprudent who would throw a stone in the waves, they would rise then in formidable waves, letting escape thick and threatening clouds.

Located at 1190m above sea level, in an explosion crater or maar, this lake has a simpler history. He was born 6,000 years ago to the marriage of lava and water, an explosive love whose son, Lake Pavin, retains all the power.

Its stole of centuries-old beeches adorns itself with shimmering colors according to the seasons. It is a deep lake, revealing itself as a white soul with hypnotized eyes. Emerald or mercury, its reflections suck you and inspire you. His beauty is legendary, his scientific interest unfulfilled but his strength lies in the sensations he gives you.

This lake, still young, benefits from slightly mineralized waters, well oxygenated, clear, conducive to salmonids. Its waters shelter, on the surface, many trout while deeper, in the cool, reign since a century a lord with the fine flesh, the Omble Chevalier.

LEGENDS

The story of fairy rock in La Bourboule

At that time, far, far from us, neither the Romans, nor even the Gauls had discovered the prodigious thermal springs that spring up everywhere in Auvergne, for our greater well-being to us, poor humans constantly overwhelmed with evils of all kinds.

These crystalline springs secretly boiled in the opulent and excessive belly of the Earth, where the sovereign fire liquefies the pasty rock, where the red blood of the lava powerfully irrigates its deep bowels.

On the surface only a few shimmering lakes stood out here and there among the grass and pebbles. In the Massif des Monts Dorés (Massif du Sancy), wild among all, the inhabitants were rare and nature triumphant.

Many rocks, huge and steep, dotted the landscape. Guardians faithful of Haute-Auvergne, they always proudly dominate pastures, forests, towns and villages. The one that occupies us today stands above La Bourboule and bears a symbolic name: the Rock of the Fairies.

Why this name? Here is a legend that will entrust you.

Do you know that, even today, many geniuses are the vigilant guards of the underground furnace? If not, how can we explain that our volcanoes, dormant stone gloves, can contain in their formidable flanks the incandescent waves?

Yes, they are geniuses, attentive and devoted, who constantly repress them as best they can. Let them neglect for a moment their task and the fire of the earth will spring again! Formerly, these genies were the allies of the many fairies of water trapped under the mountains. Alas, these benevolent magicians have all disappeared from our region.

One evening, at their feast they were frightened, and they fled forever. But, as proof of their distant presence, the gray stone of La Roche bears the imprint of their plates, dishes and goblets and also the huge pan where they cooked, it seems, the omelette. These traces, you can easily see, each Bourboulie is able to show you.

In those distant times, in the Massif only a few huts of mud and branches sheltered a handful of humans. The obliging fairies protected the Massif in total secrecy.

Every day these fades came to bathe invisible in one of the many lakes with pure water, only swirls and wavelets betrayed their presence.

The older woman reported the end of the swim and all flew into the air with grace and lightness. The poor humans did not suspect their presence. The accomplice moon of fades then attended their supper. Then satiated with dishes that were probably incomparable, quenched with fresh beer and sweet mead, they faded into the protective night to sleep in the underground chambers or the steaming waters among the molten rocks and the boiling lava.

Then the geniuses in their turn in the mountains, tasted the freshness of the fragrant herbage of gentians and wild carnations. Thus, thanks to their good expectations, the passion of the volcanoes was night and day muzzled.

But one evening it happened that a man wandering in the country stopped at the foot of the Rock of the Fairies. Overwhelmed with grief, his head lowered, he sat down on a gray stone, ruminating dark and very sad thoughts. His child was sick and despite all the care, this little one year old was dying slowly, he refused the breast of his mother.

That evening, three fairies had remained playing, without hearing the signal from the farthest vigil of the fades, in the waters of the nearest lake, that of Guery, no doubt. One of them seeing the distress of the man, approached.

"What have you, then, my good man to mope in this way? Can not I help you?"

At the sound of that soft voice like the music of the summer wind in the reeds, the surprised man raised his head and remained amazed. Standing in front of him, the fade was dressed in moving veils of a sweet pearly pink; her long hair, the blonde of the straw, behind her, floated slowly. But his immaterial body had the transparency of glass; the man, through him, saw meadows, trees, stones and brooms. The fairy had to repeat her question three times, so the man spoke of his pain. He could not restrain bitter tears. And here, where his tears fell, a spring began to spring; all limpid.

"Fill your son with water from this spring," said the fairy, "in a few days he will come to life."

At that moment, the second of the fairies saw the man and took pity on him:

- What is your concern? If you'll give it to me, maybe I can help you. A second time he told his misfortune. He could not repress his tears and another spring came from the ground at his feet.

- Take this water to wash your son, in a few days, he will come back to life.

On this, like the first, the fairy disappeared. The man hesitated. The last of the youngest fades saw him.

- What pain is oppressing you, my friend? asked the fairy with the greatest kindness. Tell me without fear I will do anything to help you.

The man this time did not hesitate to confide in her. The pain of his story tears him and for the third time, clear water began to flow where his tears had fallen.

- Come and bathe your child in this spring every morning. In a few days, I promise you, your son will be healed.

So he took the water from the first spring and was amazed to see his son eagerly drinking it. Then

he took the water of the second. O surprise she was lukewarm! For a long time, the father washed his baby and rose to his cheeks. He took the boy with him to plunge him into the third source. O wonder, the water was hot! And the child, at this touch, opened his eyes and smiled at his father.

Day after day, the little one regained strength. Soon her cheeks rounded and her eyes shone. He greedily took his mother's breast and happily waved her little arms.

The man, all happy, had told his wife the three appearances and the words of the good fairies. But when both of them climbed the Rock to go and thank them, only a few traces of them remained in the stone.

Seeing the miraculous healing of this child, the inhabitants of the region wanted to enjoy the beneficial sources. They laid out the edges, dug ponds to preserve the gift of fads. They took the habit of drinking these magical waters, bathing in them, breathing their vapors. Since then, people have come from far and wide to benefit from their fabulous virtues.

Thus, thanks to the good fairies the hot springs were born. If, by chance, one of you encounters a bland on the edge of one of our lakes or a fiery torrent, he does not fail to tell you our gratitude. Because, it is high time, I think, to thank the fairies.

The wolf of Courlande

Mysterious, sinister, bushy and wild forests extended as far as the view of the mountains of Auvergne.

Always hunted by the invaders, Sarrazins, Normans, the men of that time lived on raising a handful of goats and sheep.

Life was rough, like the climate. No one ever ventured into the dark undergrowth. Populated by wild animals, these impenetrable high forests were the domain of wolves.

The story takes place in a hamlet under the Curonian Rock, forgotten over the centuries, covered by vegetation. Filled in the soil like a large tooth in the gum, this mount is the high mount of the Dore; it stands a little below the mountain range.

There were only a few cottages there. One of the houses was that of Raoul, the father of little Tiennette, the youngest of these children, but the most cunning and daring.

Winter was coming fast for five months until April, when the gusts of snow swept away everything. But the worst winter, all winter, were the wolves.

When, in the whirlwinds of snow, their howling yells tore at night, hearts froze with terror. Barricaded in their shed, the sheep bleated with terror.

The ferocious wolf pack was led by an extraordinary wolf. A colossal beast with a broad, well-filled chest, with enormous, hairy legs, a tufted tail like a fox, a powerful muzzle, and flaming yellow eyes full of cruel ruse.

One summer evening a peasant had seen a beast lurking in the glistening fur undergrowth of such a singular color: a golden wolf! A wolf of this size, and all gilded! Sure, this is some devilishness!

One morning, towards the end of the autumn, Tiennette left as every day with his sheep and his cattail. She went to the pasture and started to spin.

To keep an eye on these animals, Tiennette had settled near the edge trees.

Suddenly, the sheep fled in all directions with panicked bleating. The little girl ran behind her scattered flock. She felt a presence and turned, standing at the edge of the wood, huge and splendid was the wolf with gold fur.

The monster wanted to make a mouthful of the girl with the surely delicate taste of the meat of a newborn fawn. The girl quickly broke the thread that tied the spindle and took in her hands the beautiful ball already made and wrapped a portion around his arm.

"Well," she cried in a voice that was not trembling, "what are you waiting for, Wolf, to devour me? Come, come, I'm not afraid of you, You're just a big yellow dog!"

Sure of him, he approached and opened his huge mouth and jumped on the girl, it launched with all its strength the ball of wool in the mouth of the wolf where it exceeded a little the tip of the spindle which got stuck in the gullet of the beast.

The wolf shook himself away like a devil, he tried to clear his throat, and tried to snatch the diabolical ball that smothered him. The girl followed the shaking of the wolf by the thread attached to her wrist. The exhausted wolf lay down in the grass, he saw himself already dead succumbing to the forks of the farmers alerted by the cries of the girl.

Tiennette did not warn anybody she said to the wolf: "Curly wolf, I'll let you save your life if you swear that your pack and you, summer and winter, will not leave the forests. The vanquished wolf bowed his head to say yes.

- If you dedicate yourself to it, added Tiennette, the next swallowed ball will sign your death sentence, warn your brothers, you will not save yourself twice.

She approached the beast, plunged the blade of a knife into the ball and pulled it dry. The beast moved away with his head down.

Since then, the wolves remained in the forest, Tiennette admired by all of them lived long at the foot of its mountains and the autumn grass on the spine of the Curonian Rock took golden reflections, it still tells the story of the triumphant girl of the monster.

The good giant who loved flowers

This tale tells us the desire of a nice giant Gentigian, living in a cave atop the Monts Dore, to breathe the scent of flowers! Which was impossible considering its size much higher than that of a house!

He could have been lying down to breathe the flowers but under his huge body he would have crushed thousands of plants. So he was content to admire the flowers. All were beautiful: bluebells and gentians, wild thoughts and carnations, primroses and hyacinths, gold buttons and sweet peas ...

It was to save them that he did not drink water from the springs. The wind sometimes carrying his wonderful perfumes he breathed with delight and sometimes cried. Hiding his hands, he had not seen a curious young shepherd arrive on his way to this form never seen before. He then saw the giant, it was certainly one, the shepherd saw great tears flow between the fingers of the giant who crashed with a sound of rain storm and splashed.

Despite the fear at the sight of this giant, the shepherd took pity on him and asked him why he cried so much. Without success, he then hit the leg of the giant who finally saw him and carried him to his ear and heard the shepherd offer his help, he almost laughed how a man could help a giant! The giant told him of his misfortunes, the man replied that he promised to think about a solution and come back the next day. The shepherd says nothing to these companions lest they make fun of him.

Back at the sheepfold, he saw an empty bottle of milk and had an idea, he climbed quickly back to the giant's mountain and picked up flowers in the meantime, he did not pick them but removed only the petals of flowers whose fragrance was the strongest. At each picking he closed the bottle to keep the aroma. He went to the giant who took the bottle between his fingers and removed the cap with the help of the shepherd and could smell the extraordinary scent of the thousands of flowers on the mountain, tears of happiness rose to these eyes. - Thank you, I offer you in exchange my friendship, say the giant. The shepherd regularly filled the bottle and they remained faithful friends until the end of their day.

It is thus thanks to the kindness of a young shepherd for a good unhappy giant that perfumes were born.

The peat bog

Once upon a time there was a lord's daughter, Aurore, more beautiful than the early morning, she had pale golden curls, blondes, eyes of the most beautiful azure. His father, Baron de La Tour was very disappointed, his mother unfortunately died while the girl was still in the cradle. The baron, overcome by grief, pretended to ignore the existence of his daughter and refused to take a wife, thus losing any chance of one day giving a male heir to the barony.

Aurore was raised by a nanny, Bertille who considered her as her own daughter. Bertille taught her the science of "simple", the medicine of plants. The nurse knew how to cure a lot of ills, and no one in the barony would ever call on his good services one day to another.

Aurore learned to distinguish between beneficial and poisonous plants. She knew that:

The tree of peephole, the elder, brought with him woe;

- Verbena, befriended him who received it in a bouquet;
- The capillary removed the children from the werewolf;
- Angelica preserved all the evils;
- The hazel, was the best shrub counted many beneficial virtues: flowers, leaves, fruits protected you from everything: snakes and thieves, spellcasters and wizards and even yes, even the devil!
- The pulmonary, the veronica, the primrose, the white broth and the serpolet of the shepherds: to cure coughing and sore throat;
- Arnica and Houseleek: to heal wounds;
- Meadow cumin and gentianelle: for bloating;
- Potentilla and Greater Celandine: for stomach upset;
- The street stopped nosebleeds;
- Colchicum and chickweed cured gout and rheumatism;
- The mauve against the inflammation of the gullet;
- Mugwort wild sorrel against diarrhea.

Bertille, when Aurore was 16 years old, feeling her near death, revealed to her a great secret. A miraculous potion that can transform the person who drinks it so wonderfully. The components have been forgotten so far, it would take 3 days to realize it and go get an extraordinary plant far in the mountains where the peat bogs are.

The peat bogs were like a marsh bristling with gorse, where they say a team of oxen and its wooden cart were once buried.

They are very dangerous but it is there where grows the drosera, carnivorous plant whose small fleshy leaves, covered with red and sticky hairs, attract the insects, trap them and digest them!

Arrived at the peat bogs, Aurore saw with horror emerge from the slimy earth a huge beast of donkey body, legs of a wolf, a dragon's tail. However, the beast did not move, she was not threatening and her look with something painful.

Suddenly, the beast spoke:

- Do not be afraid of me, I do not want you any harm. Are you really looking for the drosera? Do you come from the baron's castle to pick it? My ugliness is repulsive, but do not trust my appearance. My body, you see, so monstrous, so horrible to see, is only false appearance. A bad spell made me what I am, but if you want it, beautiful Aurore, you can save me, you alone.

The girl agreed to help him to do it, he sought with her the drosera. The beast told him that those days were numbered. At these words the girl understood the words of her nurse and flees prepare the miraculous potion for 3 days to return the fourth day give it to drink to the beast.

The fourth day Aurore left for the peat bogs got lost in the scum and reached the meeting place only in the evening. The dying beast was lying down saying: - It is too late, see the sun goes down.

Her great fatigue did not allow her to drink the prepared potion so, Aurore gently took the head of the beast in the crook of her arm to help her drink. As soon as the vial has been emptied, the beast transforms into a young man so handsome and so well dressed, so well dressed and so handsome that the girl feels her heart throb. He takes his hands, he tells him everything:

- A bad fairy, by jealousy, changed me into a monster since a long time already. From this misfortune my father and my mother died, alas, in their castle of the county of Toulouse. As you can see, I come from far away. I wandered days and nights looking for someone who could break the spell. To put an end to it, a lord's daughter had to know the secret formula. The young lady had to make the marvelous potion herself. Finally, overcoming her horror and repulsion, she alone could give it to the monstrous beast. Only then would the charm be conjured. You have come, Aurore, and you have not feared to lift my head in your hands to drink the magic liquid: be thanked a thousand times. Will you love me?

The answer was the one he was waiting for: - I already love you!

Aurore and Florian lived a long time in their castle of La Tour.

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