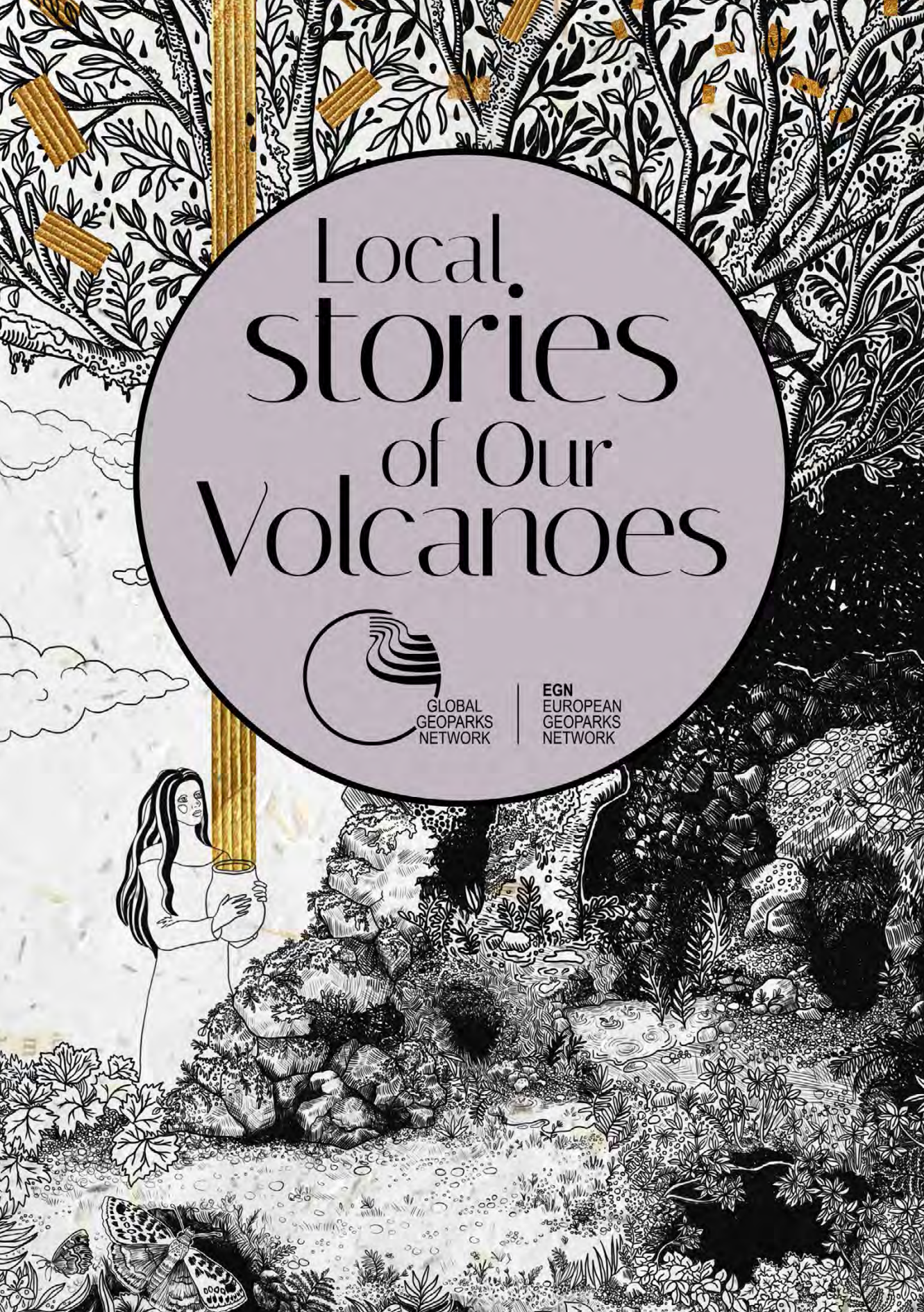
Local stories of Our Volcanoes

GLOBAL GEOPARKS NETWORK

EGN EUROPEAN GEOPARKS NETWORK



Title
Local Stories of Our Volcanoes

Editors
El Hierro UNESCO Global Geopark

Coordination and Revision
Olaya García Pérez[1,3]
Yurena Pérez Candelario[1]
João Carlos Carreiro Nunes[2,4]
Salomé Meneses[2]
Graciela Armas Palma[1]

Affiliations
[1]El Hierro UNESCO Global Geopark
[2]Azores UNESCO Global Geopark
[3]University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria
[4]University of the Azores

Layout Design
Juan Francisco Rodríguez García

Illustrations
Adriana Sandec

Edition
January 2026

Print run
50 copies

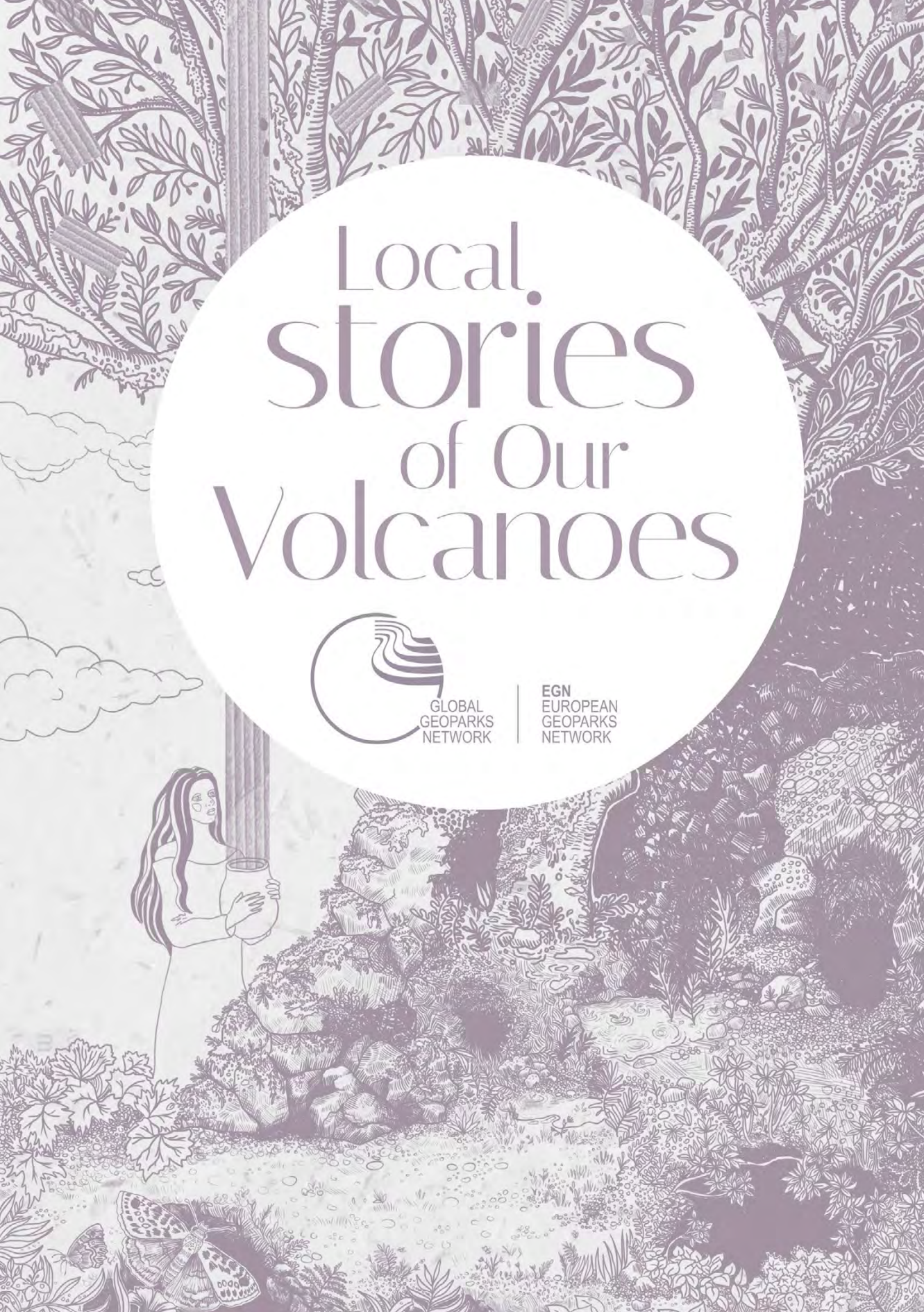
Printing
Rótulos Meridiano, El Hierro, Spain

Bibliographic code
TF 325-2023

Publication certificate number

Legal Deposit: TF 109-2026

Local stories of Our Volcanoes

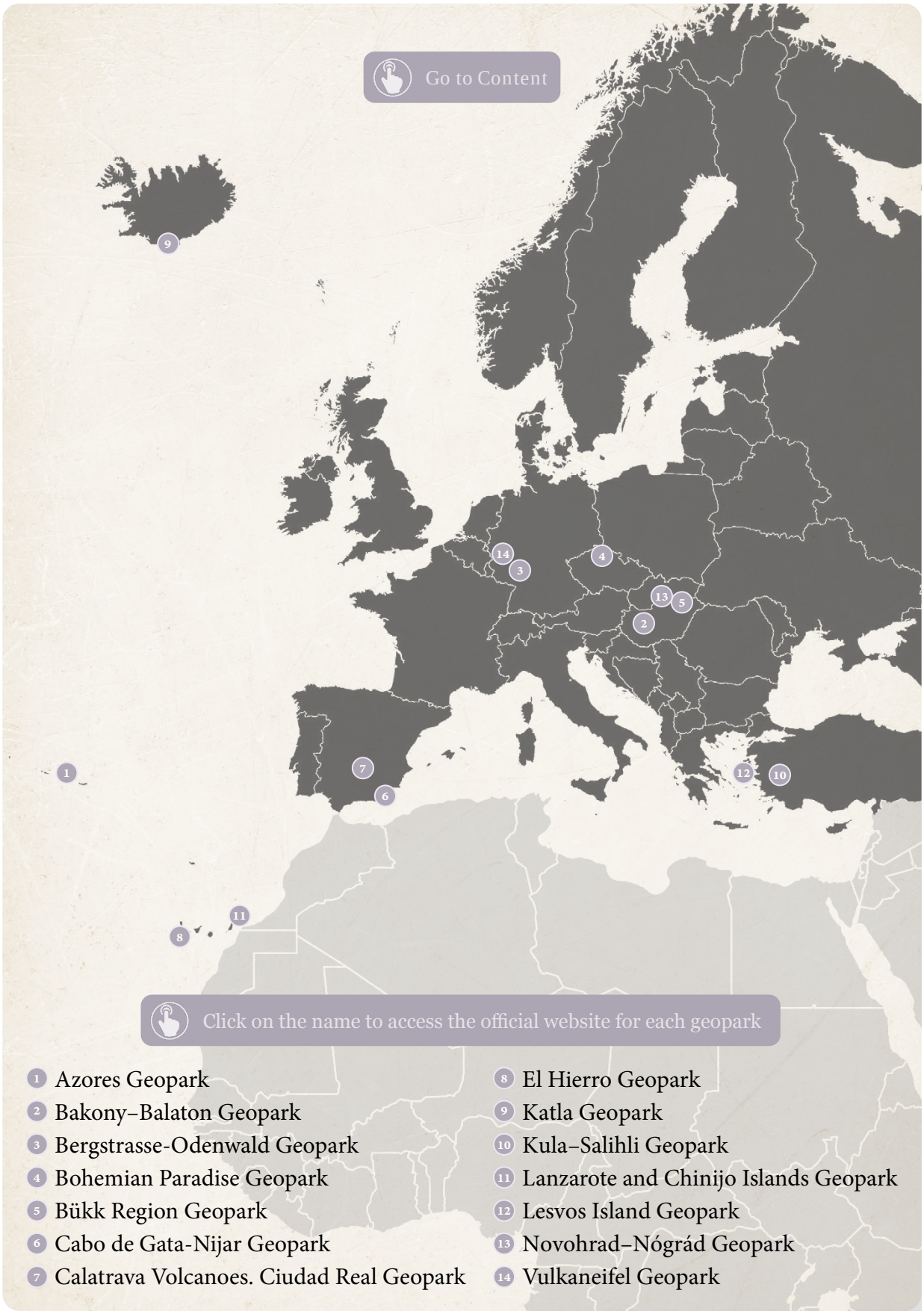


GLOBAL GEOPARKS NETWORK

EGN EUROPEAN GEOPARKS NETWORK

Content

Click or tap the geopark names to browse this book



1. Azores Geopark
2. Bakony–Balaton Geopark
3. Bergstrasse-Odenwald Geopark
4. Bohemian Paradise Geopark
5. Bükk Region Geopark
6. Cabo de Gata-Nijar Geopark
7. Calatrava Volcanoes. Ciudad Real Geopark
8. El Hierro Geopark
9. Katla Geopark
10. Kula–Salihli Geopark
11. Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands Geopark
12. Lesvos Island Geopark
13. Novohrad–Nógrád Geopark
14. Vulkaneifel Geopark

Foreword

Go to Content

Our life on planet Earth is intrinsically connected to its dynamics. It is evident in the landscape forms and elements of the UNESCO Global Geoparks in numerous and very diverse testimonies such as rocks, processes and imprinted documents such as fossils. Usually changing over long periods of time, we often regard those testimonies as unchanging, unless they dramatically change our lives, for example through a volcanic eruption or a flood. Due to our technological development, our perception of our home planet has faded into the background, even though we recognise its treasures: water, air, vegetation, soil and the diversity of its raw materials needed for our existence today and tomorrow. Many people are barely aware of the geological processes and phenomena that occur on it and rarely experience its fascination directly, even though this is often possible virtually next door. However, the components of our Earth, phenomena, and processes that occur can be seen in and on geosites, natural as well as artificially created sections of landscapes. The climatic elements of wind, water, air pressure and temperatures turn them into "genius locii" places of specific, emotional experience. Their special atmosphere makes them places of experience where everyone can feel the "breath of the earth" and experience it in a special way, regardless of age, origin or skin colour.

In many regions of the world, this is reflected in legends and/or myths in which the history of the landscape, their rocks, landforms or events that have taken place or are taking place in it are included as part of a story with people. We may tell stories differently today than we did 100 or 200 years ago, but we humans love them. So, it makes sense to tell people who want to learn more about their planet old and new stories in which the Earth and its dynamics touch us in a new way.

Fourteen UNESCO certified Global Geoparks in Europe from the nine nations: Czech Republic, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Portugal, Spain, Turkey and Slovakia participate in this innovative approach using ten different languages in one single publication and invite you to share a new perspective on geolandscape and humans.

Welcome in this book now to a world full of geopoetic stories that reflect the Earth in all its facets and life itself. This book invites you to immerse yourself in a collection of stories that are sometimes touching, sometimes exciting and sometimes surprising but always with a spark of truth and descriptions of natural elements that connect us all, bring us humans joy and are important for our future on Earth.

Each story is a window into a different world, imbue with emotion, courage, love and the challenges of life: difficult situations, courageous decisions, unexpected twists and turns and moments that touch our hearts, embedded in the impressive forces of nature on planet Earth. Some stories may make you laugh; others may make you think and perhaps you will find yourself in the lines.

This book is a journey through the diversity of planet Earth and human needs and experiences, written with the aim of inspiring, entertaining and sometimes challenging young and "not so young" readers. The stories in this book are more than mere narratives. They are windows into the soul of the Earth and its inhabitants. They show us how human destinies are interwoven with the powerful forces of the Earth' nature and how this connection shapes our lives. The challenges in them not only test our own strength, but also reveal the unpredictable power of the Earth's nature. We learn that love, courage, friendship and respect for every living being and the world around us are the keys to overcoming even the greatest obstacles.

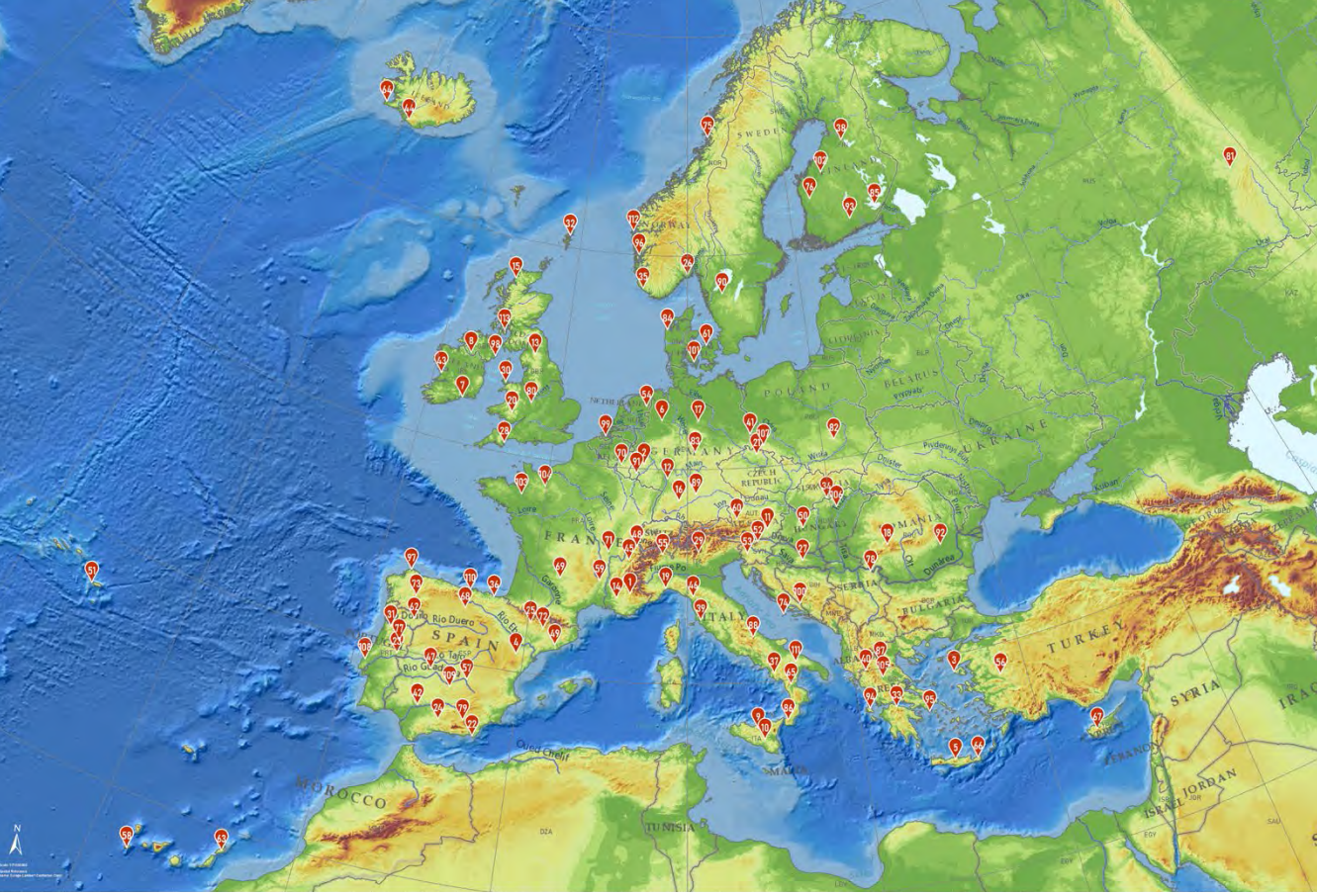
This book is a tribute to the beauty, wildness and power of our Earth and the stories it tells us. Let yourself be enchanted by the stories. Immerse yourself in a world of fire, water and forces full of magic and mythology a world in which every landscape carries its own story and every story reveals its own truth.

Get ready for a journey into the fiery Earth, through craters, maars, lakes, bogs, rivers, tropical rainforests and laurel and beech petrified forests, valleys, cliffs, landscape like giant organs, atolls with reefs and volcanic mountains a journey full of adventure, emotions and insights into the Earth and life itself.

Let yourself be carried away by the landscapes, the rocks and processes with phenomena in them, the characters and their experiences and discover the magic of the stories that let us get to know the planet from a different view and connect us as people.

Make yourself comfortable, open the first page and let yourself be enchanted by landscapes, events and testimonies on our planet Earth and the people who live on, accompanied by beautiful, creative illustrations and pictures!

Maria-Luise Frey
Geologist – GGN Individual Member



Introduction

Go to Content

UNESCO Global Geoparks are unique territories where the Earth reveals its deepest memories. Within them, we can explore the ancient connections between humans and the landscapes they inhabit, and read, in privileged settings, fascinating chapters of the planet's history etched into every rock. These are sustainable spaces, home to exceptional natural and cultural heritage, that tell the story of Earth's evolution through an integrative lens.

Volcanic landscapes, with their awe-inspiring forms and transformative power, have long been a source of wonder, fear, and inspiration. Their fiery manifestations glowing lava, smoking craters, trembling ground sparked tales where nature and the supernatural merge. For centuries, volcanoes were believed to be gateways to the underworld, the domain of eternal fire and the dwelling place of demons. This idea, still echoing in collective memory, speaks to the profound impact these landscapes have had on the human psyche.

From these dramatic terrains also sprang legends of gods, sorcerers, tragic lovers, enchanted castles, and wandering shepherds. Such stories link us to oral traditions and to the identity of the communities that have lived in harmony with volcanic territories, reflecting a symbolic and emotional bond with nature.

This illustrated book brings together local tales born in the heart of our Geoparks, aiming to build bridges between cultures through the interpretation of volcanic landscapes and to keep alive the oral heritage tied to these lands. In doing so, we affirm popular culture as an essential part of our legacy worthy of preservation, just like the remarkable volcanic geological heritage that inspires it.

Go to Content

Azores

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Portugal)

GEOPARQUE AÇORES

UNESCO

unesco
Global Geopark

The Legend of the Sete Cidades Lagoon (São Miguel Island)

A long time ago, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, there were magical kingdoms dominated by the beauty of their landscapes. The most beautiful of these kingdoms was the Kingdom of Sete Cidades. The King and Queen had a daughter so beautiful and intelligent that she charmed everyone she met. The princess had light hair and eyes of such a beautiful blue that they blended in with the sea. Full of beauty and grace, the young princess did not like to feel trapped in the palace and took every opportunity to walk around the kingdom and explore the natural wonders of that magical place. She walked through the forests among the endemic vegetation, swam in the kingdom's beautiful lagoons, talked to animals and flowers and ended her day contemplating the sunset on the horizon, sitting on a large rock by the sea.

One day, she heard, in the distance, the sound of a flute, a melody so beautiful that touched her heart. As she approached, she discovered that it was a young shepherd, with beautifull large green eyes, who was playing his flute while guarding his herds. The shepherd, son of humble families, approached the princess, enchanted by each other's beauty, they began to talk. They quickly realized that they had so many things in common, such as love for nature and a fondness for the kingdom's beautiful lakes. From then on, they started meeting every day. They talked, walked, and over time, their love for each other grew and grew. When the king realized what was happening, he forbade the princess from meeting the shepherd, as she was promised in marriage to a prince from a neighboring kingdom. The last meeting of the two lovers took place in the same place where they first met. Overwhelmed by sadness, the shepherd and the princess cried together. The tears that fell from the princess's beautiful blue eyes formed the blue lagoon while the tears that flowed from the shepherd's green eyes formed the green lagoon. Even today, the Sete Cidades lagoon, in its shades of green and blue, bears witness to the impossible love between the beautiful princess and the young shepherd.

A Lenda da Lagoa das Sete Cidades (Ilha de São Miguel)

Há muito tempo, no meio do Oceano Atlântico, existiam reinos mágicos dominados pela beleza das suas paisagens. O mais belo desses reinos era o Reino das Sete Cidades. O rei e a rainha tinham uma filha tão bonita e inteligente que encantava todos os que conhecia. A princesa tinha o cabelo claro e os olhos de um azul tão bonito que se confundiam com o mar. Cheia de beleza e graciosidade, a jovem princesa não gostava de se sentir presa no palácio, e aproveitava todas as oportunidades para passear pelo reino e explorar as maravilhas naturais daquele lugar mágico. Caminhava pelas florestas por entre a vegetação endémica, nadava nas belas lagoas do reino, conversava com animais e flores e terminava o dia a contemplar o pôr do sol no horizonte, sentada numa grande pedra à beira-mar.

Um dia, ela ouviu, ao longe, o som de uma flauta, uma melodia tão bela que lhe tocou o coração. Ao aproximar-se, descobriu que era um jovem pastor, com uns belos olhos verdes, que tocava flauta enquanto guardava os seus rebanhos. O pastor, filho de famílias humildes, aproximou-se da princesa, e encantados pela beleza um do outro, começaram a conversar. Rapidamente perceberam que tinham muitas coisas em comum, como o amor pela natureza e a atracão pelas belas lagoas do reino. A partir desse momento, começaram a encontrar-se todos os dias. Conversaram, caminharam e, com o tempo, o amor um pelo outro cresceu cada vez mais. Quando o rei se apercebeu do que estava a acontecer, proibiu a princesa de se encontrar com o pastor, pois estava prometida em casamento a um príncipe de um reino vizinho. O último encontro dos dois amantes aconteceu no mesmo local onde se conheceram. Dominados pela tristeza, o pastor e a princesa choraram juntos. As lágrimas que caíram dos belos olhos azuis da princesa formaram a lagoa azul, enquanto as lágrimas que correram dos olhos verdes do pastor formaram a lagoa verde. Ainda hoje, a lagoa das Sete Cidades, nos seus tons de verde e azul, testemunha o amor impossível entre a bela princesa e o jovem pastor.

The Caldera of the Sete Cidades Volcano and its Lagoons

The Sete Cidades Lagoon is located in the caldera of a large trachytic volcano, the Sete Cidades Volcano, which constitutes a geosite on the island of São Miguel, in the Azores UNESCO Global Geopark. The Sete Cidades volcanic caldera is around 5.3 km in diameter and was formed about 36,000 years ago, following a very explosive eruption of this volcano.

Within this caldera, there are two main lagoons: Lagoa Azul and Lagoa Verde. The Blue Lagoon is larger and deeper, which makes the water a very beautiful sky blue. Lagoa Verde, shallower, smaller and surrounded by lots of vegetation, has a green colour, because the water better reflects its lush surroundings.

These lagoons are 260 meters above sea level and are surrounded by a wonderful landscape. In addition to these two lagoons, within the caldera there are other small volcanoes, some of them with small lagoons in their craters, such as Lagoa de Santiago and Lagoa Rasa.

In the year 1439, there was an eruption in one of these small volcanoes within the caldera, known as Caldeira Seca.

All of this makes Lagoa das Sete Cidades a unique and special place, a geosite where natural beauty mixes with history and science. Just as volcanoes and lagoons are formed by natural processes, the love of the princess and the shepherd also symbolizes the power of nature, something that overpasses time!

The Sete Cidades Volcano caldera and its main lagoons, the Blue ("Azul") and the Green ("Verde") lagoons.
Caldeira do vulcão das Sete Cidades e suas lagoas principais, a lagoa Verde e a lagoa Azul.

Photo: Paulo Henrique/SIARAM.

Photo: Paulo García.

The Rasa and Santiago volcanic craters and lagoons (foreground), emplaced in the Sete Cidades Volcano caldera.
Crateras das lagoas Rasa e Santiago (em primeiro plano), implantadas na caldeira do Vulcão das Sete Cidades.

A Caldeira do Vulcão das Sete Cidades e as suas Lagoas

A Lagoa das Sete Cidades está localizada na caldeira de um grande vulcão traquítico, o Vulcão das Sete Cidades, que constitui um geossítio na ilha de São Miguel, no Açores Geoparque Mundial da UNESCO. A caldeira dovulcão das Sete Cidades tem cerca de 5,3 km de diâmetro e formou-se há cerca de 36.000 anos, após uma erupção muito explosiva deste vulcão.

No interior desta caldeira, existem duas lagoas principais: a Lagoa Azul e a Lagoa Verde. A Lagoa Azul é maior e mais profunda, o que confere à água um tom azul-celeste muito bonito. A Lagoa Verde, mais rasa, mais pequena e rodeada de muita vegetação, tem uma cor verde, pois a água reflete melhor a vegetação envolvente.

Estas lagoas estão a 260 metros acima do nível do mar e estão rodeadas por uma paisagem maravilhosa. Para além destas duas lagoas, no interior da caldeira existem outros pequenos vulcões, alguns deles com pequenas lagoas nas suas crateras, como a Lagoa de Santiago e a Lagoa Rasa.

No ano de 1439, ocorreu uma erupção num destes pequenos vulcões no interior da caldeira, conhecido por Caldeira Seca.

Tudo isto faz da Lagoa das Sete Cidades um lugar único e especial, um geossítio onde a beleza natural se mistura com a história e a ciência. Tal como os vulcões e as lagoas são formados por processos naturais, também o amor da princesa e do pastor simboliza o poder da natureza, algo que perdura no tempo!

Go to Content

Bakony–Balaton

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Hungary)

Bakony-Balaton Geopark

unesco
Global Geopark

The Legend of Mount St. George

Once upon a time, at the top of what was then Mount Magos, which means high mountain, a very deep and dark cave opened up between the pipes of the 'basalt organ'. In the cave lived a huge, green-coloured seven-headed dragon. It had huge pointed teeth in its enormous mouth, which could have held a loaded cart with a horse! From its massive paws protruded terrible claws, with which it could crush even rock to dust. It happened one autumn, when the vines on the hillside were just beginning to ripen into sweet golden bunches of grape, that the dragon knew, as he did every year, that people would soon come up the vineyard to harvest. His time had come again, so he descended to the lord of the vineyards, the wine community magistrate, and demanded his share! He demanded twelve innocent girls from the surrounding villages to be taken up to his cave and enslaved for the rest of their lives! In return, he gave the villages a rest for another year. The magistrate and the people began to round up the unmarried with a great crying shout. The rosy-cheeked, peachy-skinned girls knew what fate awaited them, never to be found again. On the mountain they would serve their lord and master, the dragon. Once again, the monster got what he wanted, and the bunches of grapes were unharmed, and the people enjoyed a good harvest. The people of the villages knew that the dragon had magic powers. It could beat the grapes with ice, rockfall, frost, burning heat or send a devastating disease. It could really happen, the oldest people remembered that. Thus the people of the surrounding villages lived and languished under the dragon's reign of terror, in peace for most of the year, until Knight St. George, famous far and wide, appeared in the area. He listened to the bitter lamentations of the mothers who had lost their daughters, and then decided to fight with the dragon. He took his giant spear, which reached higher than the towers of the churches, held it tight and rode up the hilltop. In a triumphant fight, he took on the dragon and defeated the ugly beast! He cut off all its seven heads! And so, there was a big celebration. For seventy days they rejoiced, and the freed maidens danced in a circle! From that day on, which no one knows exactly, this mountain is called Mount St. George. In the valiant struggle, the dragon's cave collapsed, leaving only the frozen soul of the dead monster to mark its former location. To pay their respects, the inhabitants built a church on the mountain, with a statue of the noble knight. If you don't believe it, walk up the hill to the chapel and see for yourself!

A Szent György-hegy legendája

Egyszer réges-régen, az akkori Magos-hegy tetején, egy nagyon mély és sötét barlang nyílott a bazaltorgonák között. A barlangban lakott egy hatalmas, zöld színű hétfejű sárkány. Óriási hegyes fogak ültek méretes szájában, amiben egy megrakott szekér lovastul is elfért volna! Jókora mancsaiból rettenetes karmok álltak ki, melyekkel még a sziklát is képes volt porrá törni. Történt egyik ősszel, mikor a hegy oldalán termő szőlőtőkéken még éppen csak megértek a mézédes, aranyló fürtök, hogy a sárkány – mint minden évben – tudta, hogy az emberek hamarosan feljönnek a hegyre szüretelni. Ismét eljött az ő ideje, leereszkedett hát a szőlők urához, a hegybíróhoz, és a jussát követelte! Kereken tizenkét ártatlan leányt követelt a környező falvak lakói közül, hogy felvigye őket a barlangjába, és a rabszolgájává tegye őket az életük végéig! Cserébe nyugvást hagyott a falvaknak egy újabb esztendeig. A hegybíró és a nép nagy sírás-rívás közepette elkezdte összeterelni a hajadonokat. A rózsás arcú, hamvas bőrű leányok tudták, hogy milyen sors vár rájuk, soha többé nem kerülnek elő. A hegyen fogják szolgálni legfőbb urukat és parancsolójukat, a sárkányt. A szörnyeteg ismét megkapta, amit kívánt, és a szőlőfürtöknek nem esett baja, jó szüretet élhetett meg a nép. A falvak népe tudta, hogy a sárkánynak varázsereje van. A szőlőt elverette volna jéggel, kőomlással, faggyal, égető forrósággal vagy pusztító kórságot küldött volna. Volt rá példa, a legaggastyánabbak még emlékeztek rá. Így élt és senyvedett a sárkány rémuralma alatt a környező falvak népe, az év nagy részében békességben, amíg meg nem jelent a környéken a hetedhétországban híres Szent György lovag. Meghallgatta a leányukat vesztett anyák keserves panaszát, majd elhatározta, hogy megmérkőzik a sárkánnyal. Fogta óriási lándzsáját, mely magasabbra ért, mint a templomok tornya, szorosra fogta, és fellovagolt a hegy ormára. Diadalmas küzdelemben megmérkőzött a sárkánnyal, és legyőzte a rút fenevadat! Levágta mind a hét fejét! Nosza, volt is nagy dínomdánom, örömünneplés. Hetven napon át vigadtak, a kiszabadított leányok pedig körtáncot jártak! E naptól fogva, amelyet pontosan senki sem tud, ezt a hegyet Szent György hegyének nevezik. A derekas küzdelemben a sárkány barlangja beomlott, csak az elhalt szörnyeteg kilehelt fagyos lelke jelzi egykori helyét. Kegyeletből a lakosság a hegyen templomot is állíttatott, rajta a nemes lovag szobrával. Aki nem hiszi, sétáljon föl a hegyre a kápolnához, és győződjön meg róla saját maga!

The Mountain of the Dragon Slayer: Mount St. George

The basalt volcanoes of the Tapolca Basin are part of an extensive volcanic field. Volcanism in this area lasted for a relatively long time, five and a half million years, but individual volcanoes were active for only a short period.

One of the most unique natural features of Mount St. George is the so-called 'Basalt Organ'. The slow cooling of the lava lake that formed in the former crater resulted in a network of cracks, mostly hexagonal in pattern, and along these cracks basalt columns had formed. Subsequent erosion processes (temperature fluctuations, water and wind erosion) formed the tall, rounded, sometimes separated 'organ pipes' we see today.

Lava lakes are some of the most unique phenomena on Earth. They are formed in craters, where the very hot molten rock that rises to the surface is connected to the shallow magma chamber through a vent. Continuous magma recharge can maintain this condition for long time.

The winter landscape reveals the form of the 4.2 million-year-old eroded volcano.
A téli tájkép felfedi a 4,2 millió éves lepusztult vulkán formáját.

Photo: Norbert Mészáros.

Photo: Norbert Mészáros.

The 'Basalt Organ' of St. George Hill is an iconic volcanic feature of the Tapolca Basin (the Badacsony Hill and the Lake Balaton in the background).
A Szent György-hegy bazaltorgonája a Tapolcai-medence különleges vulkanológiai értéke (háttérben a Badacsony és a Balaton).

A sárkányölő hegye: a Szent György-hegy

A Tapolcai-medence bazalttűzhányói egy kiterjedt vulkáni mező részei. Ezen a területen a vulkanizmus viszonylag hosszú ideig, öt és fél millió évig tartott, de az egyes vulkánok csupán rövid ideig működtek.

A Szent György-hegy egyik legkülönlegesebb természeti értéke az úgynevezett Bazaltorgona. Az egykori kráterben kialakult lávató lassú hűlése következtében többnyire hatszöges mintázatú repedéshálózat, majd ezek mentén bazaltoszlopok alakultak ki. A későbbi lepusztulási folyamatok (hőmérsékletingadozás, víz- és szélerózió) ezekből formálták a ma látható, legömbölyített, egymástól olykor elváló, hosszú „orgonasípokat".

A lávatavak a Föld legkülönlegesebb képződményei közé tartoznak. Kráterekben alakulnak ki, ahol a felszínre jutó nagyon forró kőzetolvadék egy kürtőn keresztül összeköttetésben van a sekély mélységű magmakamrával. A folyamatos magmautánpótlás, lüktető keveredés akár hosszú időn keresztül fenntarthatja ezt az állapotot.

Go to Content

Bergstrasse-Odenwald

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Germany)

The Gemstone of Schriesheim

A long time ago, a baker called Völler lived in Schriesheim on the Bergstrasse. He was not popular in the town because of his greed and charged exorbitant prices for his rolls and bread. But he had a beautiful daughter. When the Hutzelmann, a forest spirit, saw the beautiful child, he immediately fell in love with her. One day he met the baker in the forest and promised him as many precious stones as he wanted if he could have his daughter. The baker's eyes lit up with greed and he did not hesitate for long before making his decision.

One beautiful clear morning, he told his daughter that he wanted to show her the Rhine at sunrise. They climbed the „Ölberg" together. There they met the forest spirit, who was already waiting for them impatiently. The Hutzelmann placed the heavy sack he was carrying on his back on the ground, opened it and handed the baker one sparkling gemstone after another.

At the end, he held a particularly large one in his hands, which the baker also asked for. The Hutzelmann warned him and said that something bad would happen if he had this large piece. The baker, however, was so greedy that he did not hear the warning and insisted on the stone. As he grabbed it, the ghost let go. A loud roar of thunder was heard, the stone killed the baker and the precious stones turned into a large brown cliff, which has stood above Schriesheim on the „Ölberg" ever since.

The rock, which was called a gemstone by the local population, was a landmark of the municipality of Schriesheim for a long time until it fell victim to unintentional blasting in the quarry at the beginning of the 20th century.

Der Edelstein von Schriesheim

Vor langer Zeit lebte in Schriesheim an der Bergstraße ein Bäcker namens Völler. Er war wegen seiner Raffgier im Ort nicht beliebt und verlangte für seine Brötchen und Brote Wucherpreise. Aber er hatte eine schöne Tochter. Als der Hutzelmann, ein Waldgeist, das wunderschöne Kind sah, verliebte er sich sofort in sie. Eines Tages traf er den Bäcker im Wald und versprach ihm so viele Edelsteine, wie dieser nur wolle, wenn er seine Tochter bekäme. Die Augen des Bäckers leuchteten daraufhin vor Gier und er zögerte nicht lange mit seiner Entscheidung.

An einem schönen klaren Morgen sagte er zu seiner Tochter, dass er ihr den Rhein bei Sonnenaufgang zeigen wolle. Sie stiegen gemeinsam den Ölberg hinauf. Dort trafen sie auf den Waldgeist, der sie schon ungeduldig erwartete. Der Hutzelmann setzte den schweren Sack, den er auf dem Rücken trug, auf den Boden, öffnete ihn und übergab dem Bäcker einen funkelnden Edelstein nach dem anderen.

Am Ende hielt er noch ein besonders großes Exemplar in den Händen, das der Bäcker ebenfalls verlangte. Da warnte ihn der Hutzelmann und sagte, dass etwas Schlimmes passieren würde, wenn er dieses große Stück besäße. Der Bäcker jedoch hörte vor lauter Habgier die Warnung nicht und beharrte auf dem Stein. Als er ihn griff, ließ der Geist ihn los. Ein lautes Donnergeröll war zu hören, der Stein erschlug den Bäcker und die Edelsteine verwandelte sich in eine große braune Felsklippe, die seither oberhalb von Schriesheim am Ölberg stand.

Der Fels, der von der lokalen Bevölkerung als Edelstein bezeichnet wurde, war lange Zeit Wahrzeichen der Gemeinde Schriesheim bis er Anfang des 20. Jahrhunderts unbeabsichtigten Sprengungen im Steinbruch zum Opfer fiel.

Volcanism 290 Million Years Ago

Whether Wachenberg, Veste Otzberg, the Katzenbuckel or the UNESCO World Heritage Site Messel Pit: relicts of former volcanoes that still shape the landscape today can be found in the Bergstrasse-Odenwald Geo-Nature Park. The rhyolite on the Ölberg near Schriesheim was deposited there around 290 million years ago during the Permian period, when a large volcano, the Wachenberg, erupted around ten kilometers to the north in Weinheim, spewing lava far into the surrounding area. Rhyolite is a rock formed by the rapid cooling of very quartz-rich magma.

After the end of volcanism, in the Triassic period, a layer of red sandstone around 500 m thick was deposited over the rhyolite rock. It was only when the Upper Rhine Graben was formed around 50 million years ago, the edge rose and sediment was removed, that the volcanic remains came to the surface again. This also applies to the rhyolite hilltop and cliff of the Ölberg in Schriesheim.

The rhyolite in Schriesheim was quarried from the end of the 19th to the middle of the 20th century and was primarily used as ballast for track and road construction. The disused quarry is now a nature reserve and contains many rare animal and plant species.

View of the Odenwald.
Blick auf den Odenwald.

Photo: Bernd Dörwald.

Photo: Polibil, CC BY-SA 4.0, Wikimedia.

Schriesheim Quarry.
Steinbruch Schriesheim.

Vulkanismus vor 290 Millionen Jahren

Ob Wachenberg, Veste Otzberg, der Katzenbuckel oder das UNESCO Welterbe Grube Messel: Relikte ehemaliger Vulkane, die heute noch die Landschaft prägen, findet man viele im Geo-Naturpark Bergstraße-Odenwald. Der Rhyolith am Ölberg bei Schriesheim hatte sich dort vor rund 290 Millionen Jahren im Erdzeitalter Perm abgelagert, als im rund zehn Kilometer nördlich gelegenen Weinheim mit dem Wachenberg ein großer Vulkan ausgebrochen war, der Lava weit in die Umgebung schleuderte. Der Rhyolith ist ein Gestein, das durch die schnelle Abkühlung von sehr quarzreichem Magma entsteht.

Nach dem Ende des Vulkanismus, im Erdzeitalter Trias, lagerte sich eine rund 500 m dicke Buntsandstein-Schicht über dem Ryolithgestein ab. Erst als der Oberrheingraben vor rund 50 Millionen Jahren entstand, sich der Rand hob und Sediment abtragen wurde, kamen die vulkanischen Reste wieder an die Oberfläche. So auch die aus Rhyolith bestehende Kuppe mit Felsklippe des Ölbergs in Schriesheim.

Der Rhyolith in Schriesheim wurde von Ende des 19. bis Mitte des 20. Jahrhunderts abgebaut und in erster Linie als Schotter für den Gleis- und Straßenbau verwendet. Der stillgelegte Steinbruch ist heute Naturschutzgebiet und enthält viele seltene Tier- und Pflanzenarten.

Go to Content

Bohemian Paradise

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Czech Republic)

Bohemian Paradise
UNESCO GLOBAL GEOPARK

unesco
Global Geopark

Trosky Castle, Home of Devils

Once upon a time, the devils wandered around the Bohemian Paradise, seeking a place to stay. At that time, there were many sinners living in the Bohemian Paradise, and the devils wanted to keep track of all their evil deeds and wrongdoings. Because the devils love fire and heat, their favorite residences were extinct volcanoes formed by hot lava.

Besides other hills, they also settled on two volcanic rocks called Trosky (Ruins). Devils were proud of these rocks because they resembled the devil horns in shape. However, they were not the only beings who wanted to seize these rocks. The wealthy lord Čeněk from Vartemberk decided to build an impenetrable castle there. He knew nothing about devils, who were invisible to all human beings. Čeněk felt strong and fearless. He hired hundreds of men to build his fortress. Those men broke and processed the local stone, carried it up the hill, and built strong walls of the new castle and its towers. Devils quickly realized that their stone home was under threat. And they took revenge on Čeněk. During the construction, they stormed, pulled down the scaffoldings, and demolished almost finished walls. It happened that the lime burned the eyes of the masons, and some of them died by falling from the rock. Čeněk soon recognized that these troubles were not a coincidence but the work of dark forces. He wanted to finish the castle at any cost. He spent all his gold, but the fortress was still far from complete. The devils' mischief turned the construction into a costly nightmare. Luckily, Čeněk was a friend of the king, who granted him a generous loan. The king also gave him good advice: „If some hellhounds are harming you, you should build a chapel at the highest point of your castle. Get it consecrated soon. With God's protection over the castle, the devils will be powerless."

Čeněk obeyed. He used the loan to build a chapel in the tower and invited the priest to consecrate it. The devils screamed, cursed, and spat fire, nevertheless, they lost all their power. They ran away from Trosky with shame, probably to some other volcano, and finally, Čeněk could complete his castle.

To this day, two rock towers of the castle are called Panna (Maiden) and Baba (Crone), after the daughter and mother of the former castle owner, lord from Berga. These women squabbled so fiercely over the castle that their angry curses echoed through the hills. What happened to them? Nobody knows. Maybe the devils took them away.

Trosky - sídlo čertů

Vypráví se, že v dávných dobách přicházeli do Českého ráje čerti a hledali, kde se usídlit. V tomto kraji totiž žilo mnoho hříšných lidí a peklo chtělo vědět o každém jejich zlém skutku a prohřešku.

Ze všeho nejvíc je přitahovaly vyhaslé sopky. Snad proto, že oheň a sálavé teplo jim dodává sílu. Není proto divu, že se zabydleli i na Troskách. Dvou skalách, které vyčnívaly ze zdejší krajiny a odnepaměti nesly toto jméno. Navíc připomínaly čertí rohy a peklo na ně bylo náležitě pyšné.

Dlouho zde však klid na sledování hříšníků neměli. Mocný a bohatý pán Čeněk z Vartemberka se rozhodl mezi těmito skalami postavit pevný, nedobytný hrad. Cítil se silný a neohrožený a o čertech nevěděl. Byli neviditelní. Na stavbu pevnosti najal stovky silných mužů. Ti v okolí lámali a opracovávali kámen a vozili jej na kopec. A brzy se začaly rýsovat základy hradu s dvojicí mohutných věží. Čerti záhy pochopili, že je jejich skalní sídlo v ohrožení. Za to, že je na jejich pozorovatelně vyrušuje, se Čeňkovi začali mstít. Během stavby škodili, strhávali lešení, bořili již hotové kusy zdí. Nejednou se stalo, že zedníkům vápno vypálilo oči. Někteří se dokonce zabili pádem ze skály. Čeněk tušil, že nezdary se stavbou nejsou náhoda, ale dílo temných sil, hrad však chtěl dostavět za každou cenu. Řádění čertů ale stavbu prodražovalo. Čeněk již utratil všechno svoje zlato a dílo zdaleka nebylo dokončeně. Měl štěstí, že byl přítelem krále a ten mu na stavbu hradu půjčoval další a další zlaťáky. A také dal Čeňkovi dobrou radu: „Škodí-li ti temné síly z pekla, nech na nejvyšším místě svého nového hradu zbudovat kapli a dej ji co nejdříve vysvětit. Tvůj hrad získá Boží ochranu a čerti Ti přestanou škodit.“

Čeněk uposlechl. Za královy peníze vybudoval v jedné z věží kapli a pozval kněze, který ji vysvětil. Čerti křičeli, nadávali, plivali oheň, ale nebylo jim to nic platné. V okamžiku vysvěcení kaple přišli o veškerou moc a sílu. S ostudou z Trosek odtáhli, asi na nějakou jinou sopku, a Čeněk mohl stavbu zdárně dokončit.

Ještě jednou se ale čerti na Trosky vrátili. Bylo to tehdy, když se dcera a matka pozdějšího majitele hradu pána z Bergova jen hádaly a hašteřily, namísto toho, aby se zodpovědně staraly o hrad a poddané. Když už peklu došla trpělivost, vzteklý křik a nadávky jednoho dne utichly. A po těch dvou zůstalo jen pojmenování věží: Panna a Baba.

Trosky volcano

In the Miocene, the climate in the Bohemian Paradise was pleasant. On the vast meadows ancestors of horses, rhinos and elephants were grazing, bears and giant amphibians ruled in the forests and the air was occupied by a multitude of birds. But a mighty power slumbered underground. Hot magma began to wire to the surface through crust fractures and caused huge explosions and tuff (volcanic ash) ejections. It also created high lava cones from which lava spilled into the surroundings.

From a geological point of view, it happened a while ago, yet it was a very, very long time, more than 20 million years ago (20 Ma).

A lot of material was eroded and carried away and only ruins of the volcanoes remained. We don't know what the Trosky looked like originally. From the giant volcano with two craters, only two lava plugs are preserved, formerly the fillings of the lava vents. They are made of dark basalt with a beautiful columnar jointing lined with volcanic ash (tuff) including volcanic bombs.

Two towers of the castle have been a symbol of the Bohemian Paradise for ages. However, only new geological data revealed that the old settlers were right by naming them. Baba (Crone) is actually quite a bit older than its related vent Panna (Maiden).

Winter morning at Trosky Castle.
Zimní ráno na Troskách.

Photo: Josef Podzimek.

Photo: Josef Podzimek.

Two towers of the Trosky Castle, the Crone on the left and the Maiden on the right. View from the south.
Dvě věže hradu Trosky, Baba (vlevo) a Panna (vpravo). Pohled od jihu.

Trosky - vyhaslý vulkán

V miocénu panovala na území Českého ráje zdánlivá pohoda. V teplém podnebí se na rozsáhlých travnatých rovinách popásali prapředci slonů, nosorožců či koní, na zemi rejdili hlodavci, v močálech a tůních žáby a vzduchem kroužili ptáci. Klid občas narušili jen medvědi či jiní predátoři lovící kořist. V hlubinách Země se však probouzela mocná síla, kterou už nešlo nijak zastavit. Rozžhavené magma se zlomy v zemské kůře začalo drát na povrch spolu s častými výbuchy a vyvrhováním tufu (sopečného popelu). Vytvořilo vysoké kopce, z kterých se láva rozlévala do okolí.

Z geologického pohledu se to stalo před chvílí, přesto je to již velmi, velmi dávno, více než 20 milionů let. Spousta materiálu byla erozí odnesena a ze sopek zůstaly jen zbytky. Jak vypadaly Trosky původně, nevíme. Z mohutného vulkánu s dvěma krátery jsou zachované jen dva suky, výplně kanálů, kterými magma vytékalo na povrch. Tvoří je odolný čedič s krásnou sloupcovitou odlučností a lemovány jsou zbytky sopečných popelů (tufů) se sopečnými bombami.

Nezaměnitelná silueta Trosek je odpradávna symbolem Českého ráje. Až moderní geologické měření však odhalilo, že pojmenováním věží se starousedlíci nevědomky přesně trefili. Baba je skutečně o něco starší než její sesterský kanál Panna.

Go to Content

Bükk Region

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Hungary)

unesco
Global Geopark

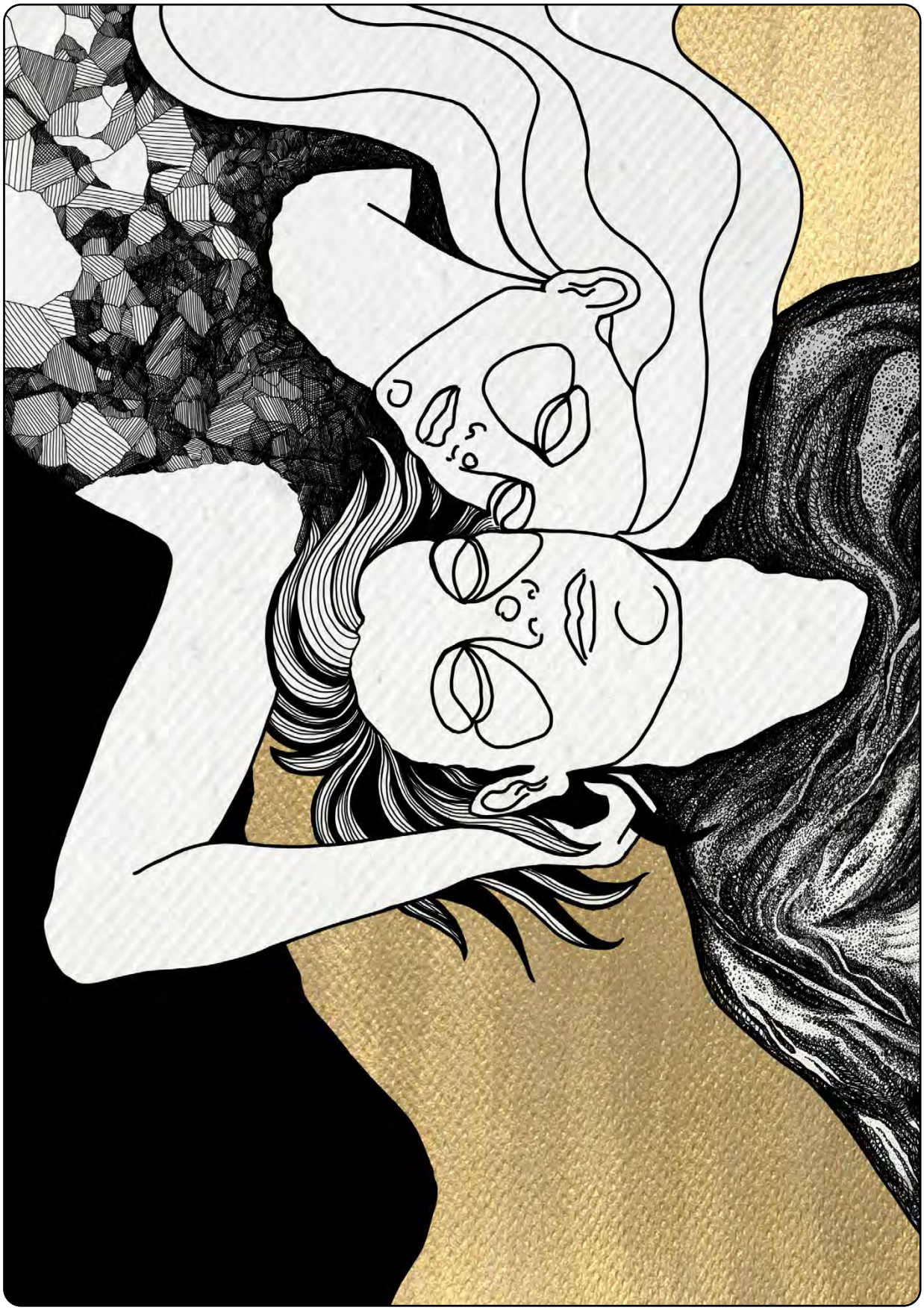
The Legend of the Damasa Gorge

In 1280, the Damasa family moved to the Bárius-bank, near Bánhorváti. Nearly seventy years later, this wealthy family owned the land down to the foot of what is now known as Damasa Hill and became the owners of the Bán Valley, which boasted excellent pastures and a fresh spring. Named after Miklós, the eldest member of the Damasa family and an archpriest of Eger (1453), this spring was once located beneath the massive cliffs of Damasa Hill. The water, especially during heavy rains, carried the fine sand eroded from the rocks all the way to the village, eventually deepening the base of the cliffs so much that the sheep were sheltered there during the day and spent the night there as well. A handsome young man named Péterke Bodó looked after this flock of sheep, playing his pipe by the evening campfire, sometimes merrily, sometimes sadly.

Rózsika Damasa, the young daughter of the Damasa family, was walking on the hillside when she heard the beautiful pipe playing of the shepherd boy. The girl followed the sound to see who was playing so beautifully. Péter and Rózsika fell in love at first sight. Rózsika often listened to the boy's music, but old Damasa would not hear of this love and forbade his daughter to meet him. Since her father opposed this relationship, the lovers met secretly in the forest where they could be alone. The young couple could not be happy, their hearts consumed by sorrow. Perhaps it was the great sadness of the lovers that caused the earth to move, separating the rocky layer from the earthy part, and creating a huge chasm. However, it is certain that it was caused by an earthquake that also buried the huge beech trees of the forest.

Later, Péterke grazed his flock above this chasm and played his pipe. His sound carried all the way to the village, where his beloved listened longingly in the watchtower. The inviting melodies, despite her father's prohibition, lured the girl to the chasm, into which she fell, either intentionally or unintentionally. Her body was found only days later, and as an unhappy lover, she was buried next to the watchtower. (In 1936, when the foundation of the tower's support column was being dug, her bones were found, the position of which indicated that she had been buried with her feet towards the wall.) Péter no longer went to the top of the chasm, but mourned his love on the opposite hill, and from his tears a lake was formed, which is still known today as Bodó Lake, and the part of the forest was named after Péter. The chasm and the lake are the eternal memory of their love.

Interestingly, the lake never dries up, even though it is not fed by a spring.



A Damasa-szakadék legendája

1280-at írtak, amikor a Damasa család a Bánhorvátihoz közeli Bárius-padra költözött. A tehetős család közel hetven évvel később már a mai Damasa-hegy lábáig birtokolta a földet és lett a Bán-völgy gazdája, amely kiváló legelőkkel és üde forrással is bírt, amelyet a Damasa család legidősebb tagjáról, Miklós egri prépostról (1453) Miklós kútjának neveztek el. A forrás egykoron a Damasa-hegy hatalmas sziklái alatt csörgedezett. A víz - különösen nagy esőzések idején - a kövek közül kiázott finom homokot egészen a faluig vitte, és végül addig mélyítette a sziklák tövét, hogy a juhnyájat benne deleltették, illetve az éjszakai szálláshelyük is ott volt. Erre a juhnyájra egy szép szál legény, Bodó Péterke vigyázott, aki az esti pásztortűz mellett fújta tilinkóját, hol vígan, hol szomorúan.

Damasa-család ifjú leánya, Damasa Rózsika a hegy oldalában sétált, amikor meghallotta a juhászfiú gyönyörű tilinkózását. A lány a hang irányába ment, hogy megnézze ki játszik ilyen szépen. Péterrel első látásra egymásba szerettek. Rózsika sokat hallgatta a fiú muzsikáját, de az öreg Damasa hallani sem akart erről a szerelemről, és megtiltotta a lányának, hogy találkozzanak. Mivel apja ellenezte ezt a kapcsolatot, ezért a szerelmesek titokban találkoztak az erdőben, ahol maguk lehettek. A fiatal pár nem lehetett boldog, szívüket a bánat emésztette. Talán a szerelmesek nagy szomorúságától indult meg a föld, amelytől a kőréteg elvált a földes résztől, és egy hatalmas szakadékot hozott létre, de bizonyos, hogy egy földrengés következtében keletkezett, amely maga alá temette az erdő hatalmas bükkfáit is.

Később Péterke e szakadék felett legeltette nyáját, és fújta tilinkóját. Hangja egészen a faluig szállt, amelynek őrtornyában szerelmese vágyakozva hallgatta a fiú játékát. A hívogató dallamok az apai tiltás ellenére is kicsalták a lányt a szakadékhoz, amelybe akarva vagy akaratlanul, de belezuhant. Holttestét csak napokkal később találták meg, és mint boldogtalan szerelmest az őrtorony mellé temették. (1936-ban a torony támoszlopának alapásásakor rá is találtak a lány csontjaira, amelynek elhelyezkedése arra utalt, talppal a falhoz téve temették el.) Péter nem ment többé a szakadék fölé, a szemközti hegyen siratta szerelmét, könnyeiből aztán tó keletkezett, amit a ma napig is Bodó-tóként ismerünk, az erdőrészt pedig Péternek nevezték el. A szakadék és a tó az ő örök szerelmük emléke.

A tó érdekessége, hogy sosem szárad ki, még annak ellenére sem, hogy forrás nem táplálja.

Damasa Gorge

Located in the northeastern part of the Uppony Mountains, near Bánhorváti, lies the Damasa Gorge. This winding gorge, nearly 170 meters long and 25 meters high, is a geological curiosity formed by the interplay of several geological factors.

Approximately 12-13 million years ago, a violent volcanic eruption of andesitic composition left behind a deposit of andesitic breccia on the surface. Over time, the Csom stream flowing through the area carved out a steep-walled valley, undermining the massive rocks supported by the underlying sandy and gravelly layers. The thin clay layers between these strata acted as a slip plane, triggering a high-speed mass movement that, according to written records, was initiated by an earthquake in 1834. However, this collapse would have eventually occurred even without the earthquake.

At least 140,000 tons of material were set in motion, a significant event that must have had a profound impact on the lives of the local inhabitants. Several local legends speak of the formation of the gorge, which according to the records, was accompanied by a tremendous roar.

Research suggests that the gorge is the result of multiple collapses. A network of crevices, passable by humans, has formed in many places between the fallen rock masses, creating a non-karst, pseudo-tectonic cave system.

Mysterious Damasa Gorge.
A rejtélyes Damasa-szakadék.

Photo: Balázs Megyeri.

Photo: Balázs Megyeri.

Zig-zag ways of pseudotectonic crevices.
Zegzugos pszeudotektonikus hasadékok.

Damasa-szakadék emlékezete

Az Upponyi-hegység északkeleti részén, Bánhorváti mellett található a Damasa-szakadék. Ez a közel 170 méter hosszú és 25 méter magas zegzugos sziklaszoros, földtani kuriózum, amelynek létrejöttében több geológiai tényező is szerepet játszott.

12-13 millió évvel ezelőtti heves andezites összetételű vulkánkitörés andezitbreccsát hagyott hátra a felszínen. Az itt folyó Csom-patak az idők folyamán meredek falú völgyet alakított ki, amely alámosta a hatalmas sziklákat alátámasztó homokos, kavicsos rétegeket. A rétegek közötti vékony agyagsávok alkotta csúszópályán indult meg a nagy sebességű tömegmozgás, amelyet az írásos feljegyzések szerint egy 1834-es földrengés idézett elő, de idővel, e nélkül is megtörtént volna a leszakadás.

Legalább 140 ezer tonna anyag lendült itt mozgásba, ami nagy jelentőségű esemény lehetett a környéken élők életében: több helyi legenda is szól a szakadék keletkezéséről, ami a feljegyzések szerint hatalmas robajjal ment végbe.

A kutatások szerint a szakadék több leszakadás következménye. A leomlott kőzetanyag tömbjei között sok helyen az ember számára is járható hasadékhálózat alakult ki, amely nem karsztos áltektonikus barlangrendszert alkot.

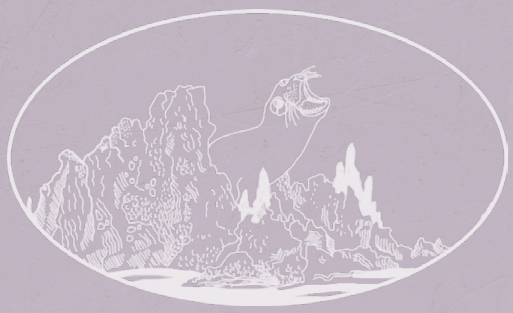
Go to Content

Cabo de Gata-Nijar

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Spain)

unesco
Global Geopark

The Legend of Sirens´ Reef



I I have been asked to tell you about the Mermaids Reef and its strange inhabitants and I have decided that, no matter how terrible it may seem, I am going to tell you the truth, because you are brave and I hope you don't get scared and because what has happened here so far over the centuries, it has saved the lives of many sailors.

The Mermaids Reef has capricious shapes that are very dangerous for boats, that could not only crash, but also crack its hull with their sharp rocks. Was this the favorite place of mermaids along with mermen, dragons and other beings that existed or perhaps they were the fruit of the imagination.

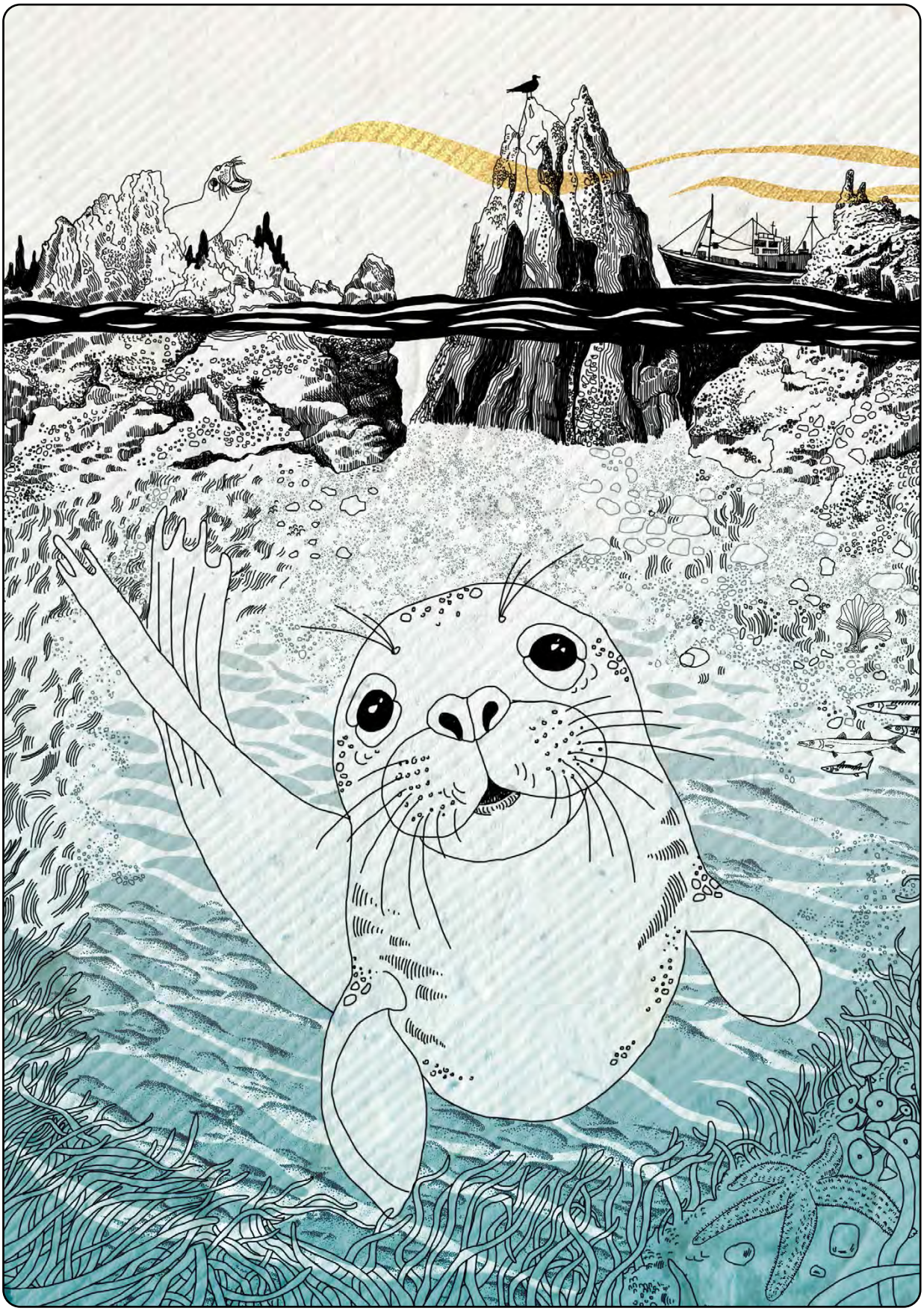
Know that ancient stories do not talk about beautiful and kind mermaids, no. Ulysses and other mythological heroes covered their ears to avoid hearing a song that hypnotized them, sailors until they shipwreck. Some terrible sirens that seemed from afar extremely attractive but, up close, showed the sharp scales of its tail, the viscosity of his verdigris-covered mane and during his incessant singing, teeth sharp like those of fish.

Its fame was such that sailors fled from that coast and that saved them from those dark beings and a shipwreck near the Cape, when the winds and the The sharp rocks of the Reef only advised looking for a cove to take shelter.

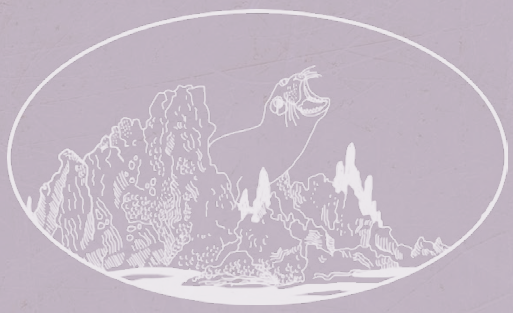
Hundreds of years passed and the mermaids disappeared. They only left their name on it Reef, which was populated by Monk Seals, extraordinary beings of large size that They threw their cries into the air and sounded, distorted by the winds, like the ancient songs of the sirens.

What magnificent animals of more than two meters, that is longer than two children lying one after the other. And they often weighed more than two hundred kilos, which I would weigh half the children in a first class or older. These great animals, which As children they were curious and playful children, when they grew up they sang from this coast with their herds.

Last century Monge Seals became extinct in the Reef. We have thought much in mind if it were the seals that were heard on the shore or did those ones ever exist? terrible sirens What is true is that we never get to see the mermaids, but we do see them. the heavy and funny seals and, perhaps, one day they will return to this place, where millions of years ago for years only one volcano existed.



La leyenda del Arrecife de Las Sirenas



Me han pedido que os hable sobre el Arrecife de las Sirenas y sus extraños habitantes y he decidido que, por muy terrible que parezca, os voy a contar la verdad, porque sois valientes y espero que no os asustéis y porque lo que ha ocurrido aquí a lo largo de los siglos, ha salvado la vida de muchos navegantes.

Tiene el Arrecife de Las Sirenas formas caprichosas muy peligrosas para los barcos, que no sólo podrían estrellarse, también rajar su casco con sus afiladas rocas. Era este el lugar favorito de las sirenas junto a tritones, dragones y otros seres que existieron o tal vez fueron fruto de la imaginación. Sabed que las historias antiguas no hablan de sirenas guapas y amables, no. Ulises y otros héroes mitológicos se tapaban los oídos para no oír un canto que hipnotizaba a los navegantes hasta hacerlos naufragar. Unas sirenas terribles que parecían de lejos sumamente atractivas pero que, de cerca, mostraban las escamas cortantes de su cola, la viscosidad de su melena cubierta de verdín y durante su canto incesante, unos dientes afilados como los de los peces.

Era tal su fama, que los navegantes huían de aquella costa y eso les salvó de aquellos seres oscuros y de un naufragio junto al Cabo, cuando los vientos y las puntiagudas rocas del Arrecife sólo aconsejaban buscar una ensenada para resguardarse.

Pasaron cientos de años y desaparecieron las sirenas. Sólo dejaron su nombre en el Arrecife, que fue poblado por Focas Monje, unos seres extraordinarios de gran tamaño que lanzaban sus gritos al aire y sonaban, distorsionados por los vientos, como los antiguos cantos de las sirenas.

Qué magníficos animales de más de dos metros, eso es más largo que dos niños tumbados uno a continuación de otro. Y a menudo pesaban más de doscientos kilos, lo que pesaría la mitad de los niños de una clase de primero o más. Estos grandes animales, que de pequeños eran crías curiosas y juguetonas, cuando crecían cantaban desde esta costa con sus manadas.

El siglo pasado las Focas Monge se extinguieron en el Arrecife. Hemos pensado mucho en sí serían las focas las que se oían en la orilla o alguna vez existieron aquellas terribles sirenas. Lo que sí es cierto es que a las sirenas nunca llegamos a verlas pero sí a las pesadas y divertidas focas y, tal vez, un día vuelvan a este lugar, donde hace millones de años sólo existió un volcán.

Sirens´Reef

In the Cabo de Gata-Níjar Geopark, in Almería, Spain, there is a magical place where the sea and land come together to create amazing views. This UNESCO Global Geopark is famous for its ancient volcanic rocks, sandy beaches, and crystal-clear waters. One of its most special spots is the Sirens' Reef, named because sailors long ago believed they saw mermaids there. But, in fact, they were actually monk seals!

The Sirens' Reef was formed millions of years ago when a volcano erupted in this area. The hot lava that came from the volcano touched the sea and quickly cooled down, creating the dark, hard rocks we see sticking out of the water today.

The rocks here are called andesite and volcanic tuff, and they have shades of grey and brown that shine in the sun.

This place is home to fish, starfish, and other sea creatures that swim among the rocks. It's important to protect this special place so animals and nature stay beautiful and we can visit it for many years to come.

El Faro de Cabo de Gata y El Arrecife de Las Sirenas desde el mar.
Cabo de Gata Lighthouse and Sirens' Reef from the sea.

Photo: Junta de Andalucía.

Photo: Junta de Andalucía.

El Arrecife de las Sirenas.
Sirens' Reef.

El Arrecife de Las Sirenas

En el Geoparque Mundial UNESC Cabo de Gata-Níjar, en Almería, España, se encuentra un lugar mágico donde el mar y la tierra se juntan en paisajes asombrosos. Este parque natural es famoso por sus antiguas rocas volcánicas, playas de arena y aguas cristalinas. Uno de los sitios más especiales es el Arrecife de las Sirenas, llamado así porque, hace mucho tiempo, los marineros creían ver sirenas.

El Arrecife de las Sirenas se formó hace millones de años, cuando un volcán hizo erupción en esta zona. La lava caliente que salió del volcán tocó el agua del mar y se enfrió rápidamente, formando rocas oscuras y duras que hoy vemos sobresaliendo del agua. Las rocas aquí se llaman andesitas y tobas volcánicas, y tienen colores grises y marrones que brillan al sol.

Este lugar es hogar de peces, estrellas de mar y otras criaturas marinas que nadan entre las rocas. Es importante cuidar este sitio tan especial, para que los animales y la naturaleza sigan siendo hermosos y podamos visitarlos durante muchos años.

Go to Content

Calatrava Volcanoes. Ciudad Real

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Spain)

The Water of the Shepherds

Imagine, many years ago, on a December day in the land of Campo de Calatrava, under a holm oak tree, Pablo was still facing the greatest challenge of his life. Shielded from the afternoon chill, he pondered that soon, at the end of autumn, he would turn fourteen and complete his fourth year as youngh shepherd lad (zagal). A shepherd could not be a shepherd unless he had first been a zagal for four years.
The owner of the transhumant flock that Pablo cared for was named Alonso and was a chief shepherd a very experienced shepherd. Pablo would become a shepherd if he passed a tough test: he had to guide a small flock alone from the "Puerto Majales" to the "Fuente Pizarra". If he managed to get all the sheep there, he would become a shepherd the following winter solstice.

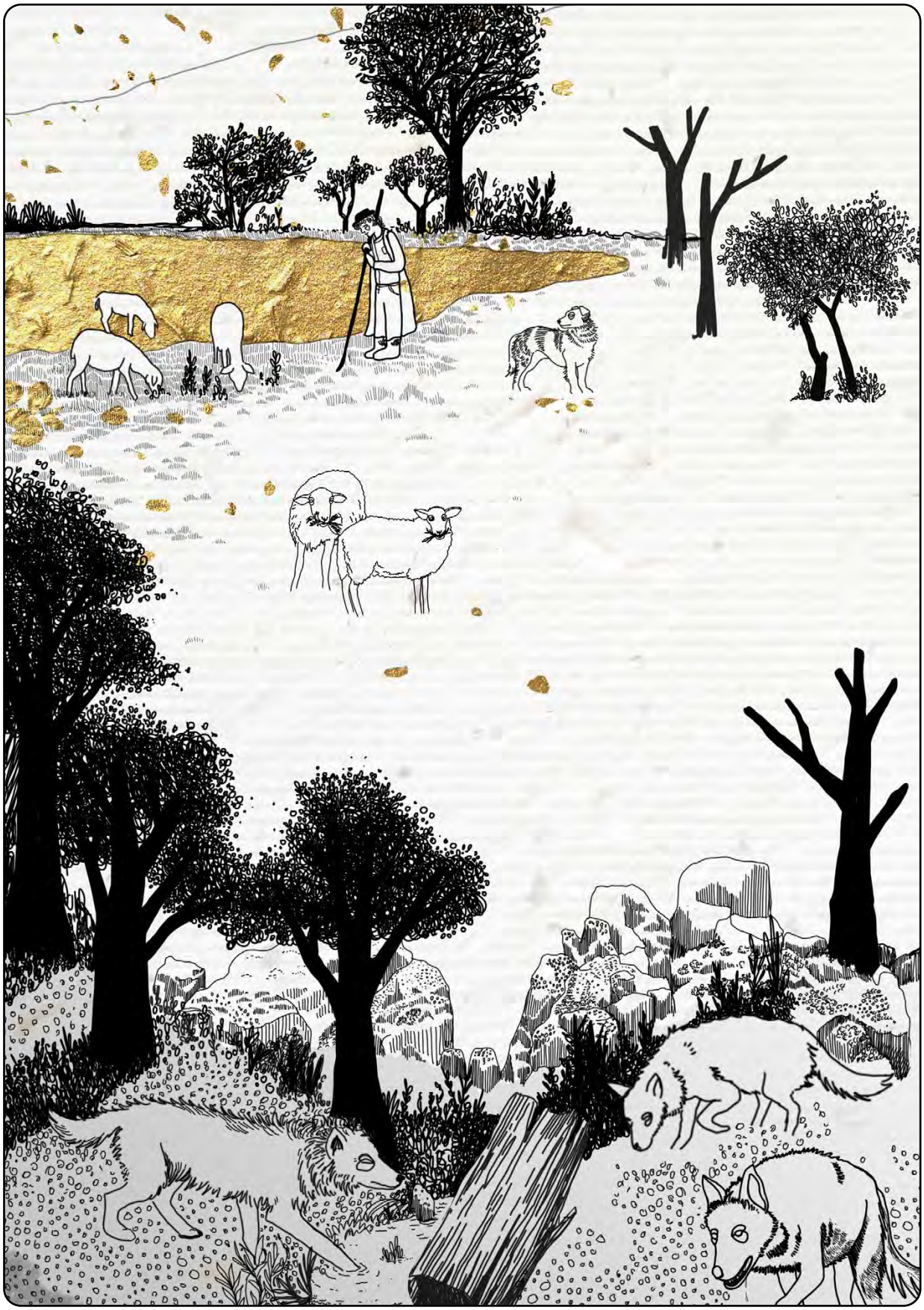
Before he began his adventure, Alonso explained to him that: he must not stray from the cañada, following a route of "rare" peaks drawn on a map; they must not go near a spring that was next to an old, dry trunk; and he must protect himself from wolves by reaching the sheepfolds before nightfall. There, with the help of "Luno," they could rest safely. "Luno" was an old and wise dog.

If all went well for Pablo, next to the sheepfold at the "Fuente Pizarra" spring, he could drink a special water from a magic well: a water that would tickle his throat and his belly! It was the "water of the shepherds," and it turned zagal boys into shepherd men.

And so, under the tree, Pablo remembered what had happened those days. He remembered his legs trembling as he saw the old trunk, he remembered "Luno" scared while forcing the sheep not to go near there, and he remembered running very fast to reach the sheepfold of the "Fuente Piojo" spring, almost at night, because "Luno" was growling: the wolves were very close!

Now, Pablo saw the silhouette of the magic well on the horizon. He called everyone with a whistle and they walked towards the place where they would rest and wait for Alonso and the rest of the flock. Upon reaching the well, he used the bucket to fill a trough. The sheep drank and bleated as they entered the sheepfold: they were laughing! "Luno" also drank and barked happily, then resting next to the door of the enclosure.

Finally, Pablo drank water from the bucket slowly: it was fresh and had bubbles! It was delicious! Suddenly, he felt a tingling in his throat and in his belly; after that, he burped and, at that moment, began to laugh uncontrollably. Soon, he thought happily, I will be a shepherd.



El agua de los pastores

Imaginad que, hace muchos años, un día de diciembre, en la tierra de Campo de Calatrava y bajo una encina, Pablo aún se enfrentaba al mayor reto de su vida. Protegido del frío de la tarde, Pablo meditaba que, pronto, al finalizar el otoño cumpliría catorce años y concluiría su cuarto año como zagal. Un pastor de ovejas no podía ser pastor si antes no había sido zagal durante cuatro años.

El dueño del rebaño trashumante que cuidaba Pablo se llamaba Alonso y era un rabadán: un pastor muy experimentado. Pablo sería pastor si superaba una dura prueba: debía guiar solo a un pequeño rebaño desde el "Puerto de los Majales" hasta la "Fuente de la Pizarra". Si lograba llegar con todas las ovejas hasta allá, se convertiría en pastor el próximo solsticio de invierno.

Antes de que Pablo iniciara su aventura, Alonso le explicó que: No debía extraviarse de la cañada, siguiendo una ruta de cumbres "raras" dibujada en un mapa. No debían acercarse a un manantial que había junto a un tronco viejo seco. Debía protegerse de los lobos alcanzando antes del anochecer los rediles. Allí, y gracias a la ayuda de "Luno", podrían descansar seguros. "Luno" era un perro mastín viejo y sabio.

Si todo iba bien para Pablo, junto al redil de la "Fuente de la Pizarra" podría beber un agua especial de un pozo mágico: ¡un agua que haría cosquillas en su garganta y en su barriga!, era el "agua de los pastores", y convertía a los niños zagales en hombres pastores.

Y así, bajo la encina, Pablo recordó lo ocurrido esos días. Recordó sus piernas temblando al ver al tronco viejo, recordó a "Luno" asustado mientras obligaba a las ovejas a no acercarse allí, y recordó correr muy deprisa para llegar al redil de la "Fuente del Piojo", ya casi de noche, pues "Luno" gruñía: ¡los lobos estaban muy cerca!

Ahora, Pablo veía en el horizonte la silueta del pozo mágico. Llamó a todos con un silbido y caminaron hacia el lugar donde descansarían y esperarían a Alonso y al resto del rebaño. Al llegar al pozo usó el cubo para llenar de agua un pilón. Las ovejas bebieron y balaron mientras se metían en el redil: ¡estaban riendo! También "Luno" bebió y ladró alegre, descansando luego junto a la puerta del cercado.

Por último, Pablo bebió agua del cubo lentamente: ¡estaba fresca y tenía burbujas!, ¡estaba buenísima! De repente, sintió un cosquilleo por su garganta y en su barriga; tras esto, eructó y, al momento, comenzó a reírse sin parar. Pronto, pensó feliz, seré un pastor.

The Laguna de Caracuel

The Laguna de Caracuel, a remarkably beautiful volcanic crater, is located between Caracuel de Calatrava and Corral de Calatrava. This crater, classified in volcanology as a maar due to its origin in an explosion involving water interaction (that is, a phreatomagmatic explosion), appears as a depressed area with an ellipsoidal shape and a long axis stretching 1.4 kilometers, surrounded by a tuff ring.

Additionally, this geosite corresponds to an important seasonal wetland, which holds great significance within the territory of the "Volcanoes of Calatrava, Ciudad Real" Geopark. It reflects a longstanding relationship of interdependence between humans, their socioeconomy, geology, and the landscape. One example of this relationship is transhumance, which involves the herding of large flocks of sheep in search of seasonal pastures, following ancient routes known as glens or rural paths.

The herds avoided the cold winters of central and northern Spain by moving to the warmer southern regions, with shepherds and livestock traveling on foot along these glens. Before the arrival of the hot, dry summer, the flocks would return to the northern lands year after year, in a recurring cycle.

During these journeys, shepherds and flocks faced various hardships, such as water scarcity. Therefore, the presence of wells and these water-filled maars some of which emitted gas-rich waters (remnants of recent volcanic activity in the Campo de Calatrava) as well as the presence of volcanoes with their distinctive shapes, helped shepherds navigate their routes and allowed the livestock to drink.

La laguna ayudaba a los pastores a orientarse en su recorrido y proporcionaba agua para que el ganado pudiera abrevar.
The lagoon helped the shepherds orient themselves on their route and provided water so the livestock could drink.

Photo: Pedro José Rincón Calero.

Photo: Rafael Ubaldo Gosálvez Rey.

La Laguna de Caracuel es un cráter de explosión hidromagmático o maar de gran belleza paisajística.
Caracuel shallow lake is a hydromagmatic explosion crater or maar of great scenic beauty.

La Laguna de Caracuel

La Laguna de Caracuel, un cráter volcánico de gran belleza, está ubicado entre Caracuel de Calatrava y Corral de Calatrava. Este cráter, designado en volcanología como un maar por su origen en una explosión con interferencia de agua (es decir, una explosión hidromagmática), se presenta como una zona deprimida, de planta elipsoidal y con un eje largo que alcanza 1,4 kilómetros, rodeada por un anillo de depósitos hidromagmáticos.

Además, este geositio alberga una importante laguna de carácter estacional, un área de gran relevancia dentro del territorio del Geoparque "Volcanes de Calatrava, Ciudad Real", que refleja una relación secular de dependencia entre el ser humano, su socioeconomía, la geología y el paisaje del territorio. Una de estas relaciones es la trashumancia, que consiste en el pastoreo de grandes rebaños de ovejas en busca de pastos de temporada, a través de caminos milenarios denominados cañadas o veredas.

Los rebaños evitaban los fríos inviernos del centro y norte de España desplazándose hacia zonas más cálidas del sur, transitando pastores y ganado a pie por estas cañadas. Antes de la llegada del verano seco y caluroso, los rebaños regresaban a las tierras del norte. Así, año tras año.

En estos viajes, pastores y rebaños enfrentaban diversas dificultades, como la escasez de agua. Por ello, la presencia de pozos y de estos maares llenos de agua, algunos de los cuales manaban aguas gasificadas; así como la presencia de los volcanes, con sus formas tan características, ayudaban a los pastores a orientarse en su recorrido y a que el ganado pudiera abrevar.

Go to Content

El Hierro

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Spain)

The Garoé, the Magic Tree of the Island of a Thousand Volcanoes

Long before maps traced the Atlantic, the island of El Hierro was a quiet land sheltered by mist-covered mountains. In one of its high places stood a striking tree the Bimbaches, the island's first inhabitants, called Garoé. Its crown seemed to embrace the clouds, and its presence carried a calm the people read as a sign of protection.

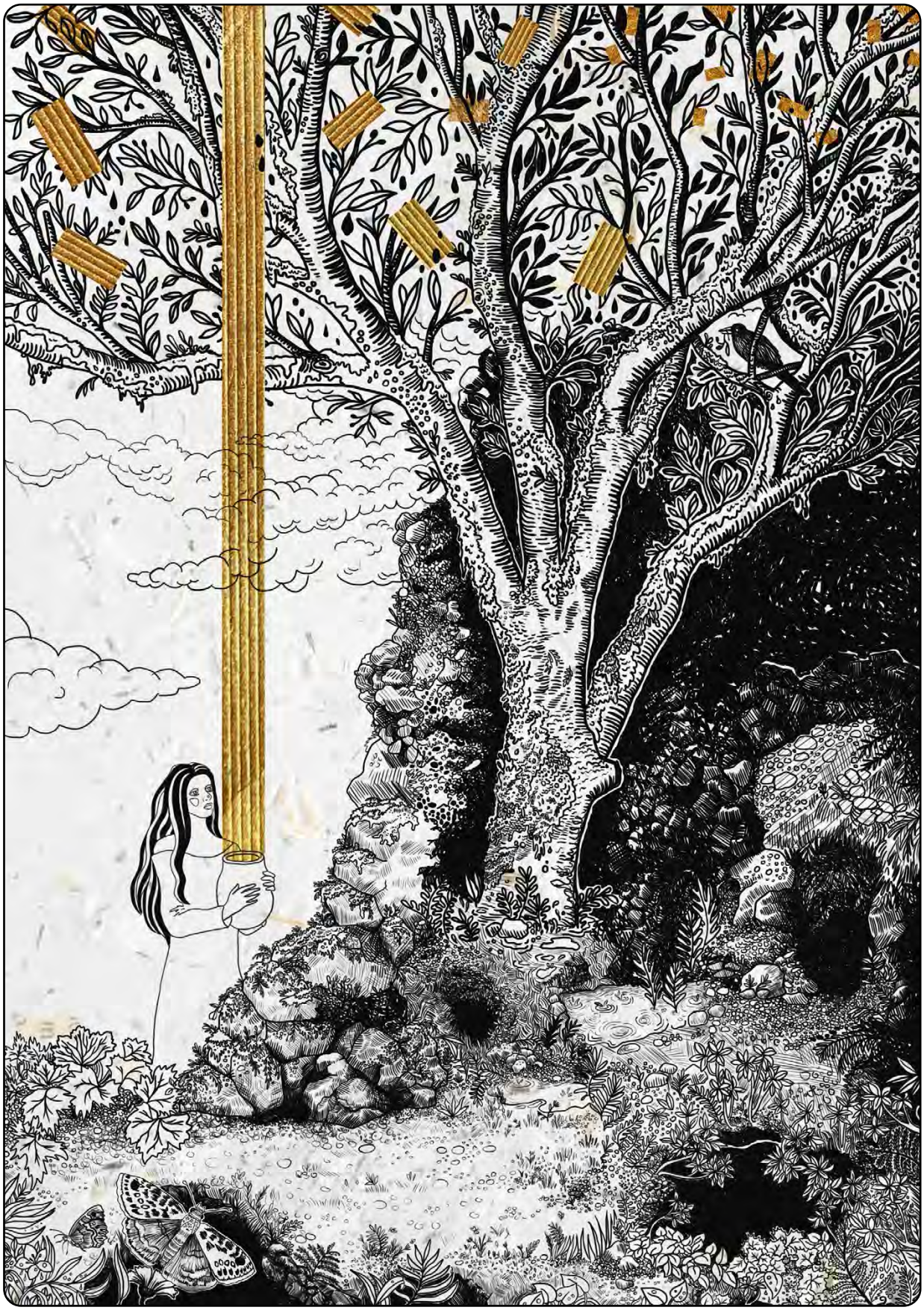
The island was poor in rainfall, and water was as precious as it was scarce. Yet each time the trade winds slipped through the mountains, they brought a veil of moisture that wrapped around the Garoé. The tree's leaves caught the drifting mist, turning it into tiny droplets that slowly fell to the ground. There, in basins carved by the Bimbaches, the water gathered and ensured life in harsh times. To them, the tree was not just a plant, but a symbol of endurance and a silent guardian.

Under its shade they shared stories, made decisions, and strengthened the bonds of their community. The place was respected, almost sacred, and no one revealed its location to outsiders. Keeping it secret was their way of protecting what allowed them to survive on the island.

But one day, the horizon filled with white sails. Ships from distant lands arrived seeking resources, puzzled that such an arid island could sustain life. The Bimbaches avoided contact, fearing the newcomers would discover the source of their sustenance. They hid in caves and ravines while watching every move the foreigners made.

Legend says a young Bimbache fell in love with one of those men who came from the sea. Trusting him, she guided him to the Garoé to quench his thirst. Without knowing it, she broke the vow of silence her people had kept for generations. That gesture shaped the island's fate, as the visitors understood the tree's strategic value and eventually imposed themselves on its inhabitants.

Decades later, a storm tore the Garoé from the earth, bringing deep sorrow to those who still revered it. In time, another til tree was planted in its memory, recalling the story of a people, a sacred tree, and an island that learned to live from the mist.



El Garoé, el árbol mágico de la isla de los mil volcanes

Mucho antes de que los mapas dibujaran el Atlántico, la isla de El Hierro era un territorio silencioso, protegido por montañas cubiertas de bruma. En uno de sus altos parajes crecía un árbol imponente al que los bimbaches, primeros pobladores de la isla, llamaban Garoé. Su copa parecía abrazar las nubes, y su presencia transmitía una calma que los habitantes interpretaban como un signo de protección.

La isla era austera en lluvias, y el agua era un bien tan valioso como escaso. Sin embargo, cada vez que los vientos alisios se internaban entre las montañas, traían consigo un velo de humedad que rodeaba al Garoé. Las hojas del árbol atrapaban aquella niebla, convirtiéndola en diminutas gotas que descendían lentamente hasta el suelo. Allí, en pozas excavadas por los bimbaches, el agua se acumulaba y garantizaba la vida en tiempos difíciles. Para ellos, el árbol no era solo un ser vegetal, sino un símbolo de continuidad y un guardián silencioso.

Bajo su sombra se contaban historias, se tomaban decisiones y se fortalecían los lazos de la comunidad. El lugar era respetado, casi sagrado, y nadie revelaba su ubicación a los forasteros. Ese secreto era su manera de proteger aquello que les permitía sobrevivir en la isla.

Pero un día, el horizonte se llenó de velas blancas. Los barcos de tierras lejanas llegaron buscando recursos, sorprendidos de que aquella isla árida pudiera sostener vida. Los bimbaches evitaron el contacto, temerosos de que los recién llegados descubrieran la fuente de su sustento. Se ocultaron en cuevas y barrancos mientras vigilaban los movimientos de los extranjeros.

La leyenda cuenta que una joven bimbache se enamoró de uno de esos hombres venidos del mar. Confiada, lo guio hasta el Garoé para calmar su sed. Sin saberlo, rompió la promesa de silencio que su pueblo había mantenido durante generaciones. Ese gesto marcó el destino de la isla, pues los visitantes comprendieron el valor estratégico del árbol y terminaron imponiéndose sobre los habitantes.

Décadas más tarde, un temporal arrancó el Garoé de la tierra, provocando una profunda tristeza entre quienes aún lo veneraban. Con el tiempo, otro til fue plantado en su memoria, recordando la historia de un pueblo, un árbol sagrado y una isla que aprendió a vivir de la niebla.

The Garoé, Geological Site of Interest

El Hierro is one of the youngest territories in the Canary Islands. It emerged roughly 1.12 million years ago after a series of volcanic eruptions that rose from the ocean floor. The island's volcanic structure climbs thousands of meters from the seabed, which explains its steep landscape, the abundance of volcanic cones, and the variety of lava flows that shape its surface today.

The soils of El Hierro are highly porous due to the accumulation of lapilli, scoria, and ash. These materials allow rainwater to seep quickly into deeper layers. This permeability limits the formation of surface streams and makes access to fresh water difficult, a challenge that shaped life on the island for centuries. In this setting, the Garoé appears, a tree that managed to turn a common atmospheric phenomenon into an essential water source.

The Garoé stood in a high area where the trade winds, heavy with moisture, rose along the slopes and cooled, forming low clouds. Through this process, known as horizontal precipitation, the leaves of the til tree captured the mist. Tiny droplets clung to the foliage, gathered together, and slowly trickled down the branches and trunk until they reached the ground.

The soil beneath the tree contained a thin layer of reddish clay created by the thermal alteration of lapilli beneath ancient scoria deposits. This layer acted as a natural barrier, slowing infiltration and allowing water to collect in small depressions carved out by the island's early inhabitants. Thanks to this unique interplay of volcanic geology, humid climate, and vegetation, the Garoé became a key element for understanding El Hierro's hydrological history and remains today a notable Geological Site of Interest.

Place where the Garoé tree once stood; a new lime tree is now planted here.
Lugar donde se localizaba el árbol Garoé; actualmente se encuentra plantado un nuevo tilo.

Photo: Horacio Artehar.

Photo: Horacio Artehar.

Pools created to collect water filtered through the soil, supplied by horizontal rain.
Pozas creadas para recoger el agua filtrada por el suelo, que aporta la lluvia horizontal.

El Garoé, Lugar de Interés Geológico

La isla de El Hierro es uno de los territorios más jóvenes del archipiélago canario. Surgió hace aproximadamente 1,12 millones de años a partir de múltiples erupciones volcánicas que emergieron desde el fondo del océano. Su edificio insular se eleva miles de metros desde el lecho marino, lo que explica su relieve abrupto, la presencia de numerosos conos volcánicos y la diversidad de coladas que moldean su superficie actual.

Los suelos herreños son muy porosos debido a la acumulación de lapilli, escorias y cenizas. Estos materiales facilitan que la lluvia se filtre con rapidez hacia capas profundas. Esta permeabilidad limita la existencia de cauces superficiales y dificulta el acceso al agua dulce, un rasgo que condicionó la vida en la isla durante siglos. En ese escenario aparece el Garoé, un árbol que convirtió un fenómeno atmosférico habitual en una fuente esencial.

El Garoé se encontraba en una zona elevada donde los vientos alisios, cargados de humedad, ascendían por las laderas y se enfriaban, generando nubes bajas. Gracias a ese proceso, conocido como captación horizontal, las hojas del til interceptaban la niebla. Las diminutas gotas quedaban retenidas en el follaje, se unían entre sí y descendían lentamente por las ramas y el tronco hasta alcanzar el suelo.

El terreno donde se alzaba el árbol incluía una fina capa de arcilla rojiza, formada por la transformación térmica del lapilli bajo antiguas escorias. Esa capa actuaba como una barrera natural que reducía la infiltración y permitía acumular el agua en pequeñas depresiones excavadas por los primeros habitantes. Por la singular interacción entre la geología volcánica, el clima húmedo y la vegetación, el Garoé se convirtió en un referente para comprender la historia hidrológica de El Hierro y hoy permanece como un destacado Lugar de Interés Geológico.

Go to Content

Katla

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Iceland)

The Story of Katla

Once upon a time in a monastery Þykkvabæjarklaustur in Álftaver there was an abbot who had a housekeeper named Katla. Katla was well known for two things her bad temper and a pair of magic trousers she owned. The trousers allowed whoever wore them to run endlessly without ever getting tired. Katla used them herself only in emergencies. Because of these magic trousers and her bad temper, many people were afraid of Katla even the abbot himself.

In Þykkvabæjarklaustur, there was also a shepherd named Barði. If any of the abbot's sheep were missing when Barði got home from the mountain, he often faced hard reprimands from Katla.

One day in the autumn, Katla and the abbot left the monastery to go to a gathering. In the meantime, Barði was asked to bring all the sheep home from the mountain. But the task was hard and Barði was afraid he would not manage to fetch all the sheep in time. Most of all, he was afraid of what Katla might do to him if she noticed some of the sheep were missing when she came back. Desperate to finish his work on time, Barði stole Katla's trousers from her pantry and set off running over lakes, hills and mountains, until he managed to find every single sheep and bring them all home to the monastery. When Katla came home and noticed someone had worn her trousers, she was furious.

She took Barði by the collar and drowned him in a barrel of whey, which was used to preserve food in those times. Nobody in the monastery knew what had happened to Barði. As the winter came to an end, people sometimes heard Katla say, "Barði will soon be found". She was afraid that somebody would soon find his body, as the level of whey in the barrel got lower and lower.

She decided to run away before anybody realized that she was the one who had killed Barði. She put on her trousers and ran to the glacier above the monastery and jumped into a crack in the ice. Shortly after she disappeared, the ice started melting from beneath, as if heated by a great fire. The flood from the melting glacier wiped out all evidence of her crime. Today, Katla volcano still sleeps under the glacier, but people fear the moment she wakes up and starts fuming with anger again.

Sagan af Kötlu

Einu sinni fyrir langa löngu í Þykkvabæjarklaustri í Álftaveri, bjó ábóti og bústýran hans sem hét Katla. Katla var þekkt fyrir tvennt, hversu skapvond hún var og buxurnar sem hún átti. Buxurnar höfðu þann kraft, að hver sá sem fór í þær þreyttist aldrei á hlaupum. Katla notaði buxurnar sínar aðeins þegar hún virkilega þurfti á þeim að halda. Morgum stóð ógn af skaplyndi Kötlu, og jafnvel ábóta sjálfum þótti nóg um tröllskap kerlingar.

Sauðamann hélt ábóti, er Barði hét. Hann var oft skammaður af Kötlu ef nokkuð vantaði af fénu.

Eitt haustið bar svo til, að ábóti og Katla fóru í heimboð, en heim skyldu þau ríða um kvöldið. Féð átti að vera til taks þegar Katla kæmi heim, því hún vildi sjálf mjólka það eins og venjulega. Barði leitaði fjárins um daginn, en fann hvergi. Tók hann það því til bragðs, að fara í brók Kötlu, hljóp svo sem mest hann mátti þangað til hann hafði fundið allt féð.

Þegar Katla kemur heim, verður hún þess vör, að Barði hafi brúkað brókina góðu; verður hún þá svo reið, að hún tekur Barða og drekkir honum í sýrukeri í klaustrinu og lét hann liggja þar. Vissi enginn hvað varð af Barða, en er á leið veturinn, og sýran tók að minnka, heyrðu menn Kötlu segja, þegar hún fór í kerið: „Senn bryddir á Barða".

En þegar hún sá að allt mundi komast upp, tók hún brók sína og hljóp út úr klaustrinu og stefndi upp til jökulsins, og steypti sér ofan í gjá í honum, sem síðan heitir Kötlugjá. Litlu þar eftir kom vatnsflóð úr jöklinum, sem stefndi á Álftaverið. Varð það síðan trú manna, að hlaupin væru að kenna fjölkynngi Kötlu.

Eldfjallið Katla blundar enn undir Mýrdalsjökli en fólk óttast að Katla vakni einn daginn í vondu skapi með tilheyrandi jökulhlaupi.

Geology of Katla

In Iceland there are now considered to be just over 30 volcanic systems, with most of them having a central volcano within the system. Katla volcanic system consists of the central volcano Katla and an 80 km long fissure swarm, mostly ice free, that extends mainly to the north-east in the direction of the Vatnajökull glacier.

The glacier is 535 km^2 in area and has a volume of 140 km^3. The caldera of Katla is 110 km^2 and is filled by the glacier. The thickness of the glacier is partially controlled by the depth of the caldera, as the glacier is at its thickest within the caldera where it can be up to about 750 m deep.

The caldera has been breached in at least three locations by erosion from the glacier and those breaches feed Kötlujökull, Entujökull and Sólheimajökull outlet glaciers which are the main outlet glaciers from the Mýrdalsjökull glacier.

Most eruptions in Katla happen under the ice which causes it to melt, and the meltwater creates enormous outbursts floods called Jökulhlaup. During the last 1200 years, Katla has erupted 21 times, 20 times under the glacier but once outside of the caldera, the huge eruption of Eldgjá in the year 939. Several settlements were buried under Jökulhlaup during the first centuries of settlement in Iceland.

Kötlujökull outlet glacier, with Mýrdalsjökull Ice Cap and the caldera rim of Katla Volcano in the distance.
Kötlujökull og í fjarska sést í Mýrdalsjökul og hluta af öskjubrún Kötlu.

Photo: Katla UGGp.

Photo: Katla UGGp.

Sandfellsjökull outlet glacier breaks up as it approaches the lowland, creating large crevasses in the ice.
Þegar Sandfellsjökull nálgast láglendið byrjar jökulinn að brotna upp og við það myndast stórar sprungur í honum.

Jarðfræði Kötlu

Á Íslandi eru talin vera rúmlega 30 eldstöðvakerfi, flest með megineldstöð. Eldstöðvakerfi Kötlu er með megineldstöðina Kötlu og 80 km langan sprungusveim, að mestu utan jökulsins, og teygist í norðaustur í átt að Vatnajökli.

Mýrdalsjökull er um 535 km^2 að flatarmáli, og rúmmál hans er talið vera 140 km^3. Askjan er 110 km^2 og er full af ís. Þykkt íssins helgast einkum af dýpt öskjunnar en hún er allt að 750 metra djúp.

Það eru þrjú skörð í öskjuveggnum og þar flæða út þrír skriðjöklar; Kötlujökull, Entujökull og Sólheimajökull, en þetta eru stærstu skriðjöklarnir í Mýrdalsjökli.

Flest eldgos í Kötlu eiga upptök undir jöklinum og við það bráðnar mikið af ísnum, bræðsluvatnið myndar síðan gríðarleg jökulhlaup þegar það finnur sér farveg til sjávar. Talið er að síðustu 1200 árin hafi gosið 21 sinni í Kötlu, í 20 skipti undir jöklinum en einu sinni utan öskjunnar, þ.e. risagosið kennt við Eldgjá árið 939. Nokkur byggðarlög grófust undir jökulhlaupunum á fyrstu öldum Íslandsbyggðar.

Go to Content

Kula - Salihli

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Türkiye)

unesco
Global Geopark

A Story with the Brave Girl Named Maya

Long, long ago a beautiful, clever and brave girl Maya lived in a small village which is known as Kula today, a village nestled near a giant, sleepy mountain. But this wasn't any mountain it was Mount Divlit, a volcano! Unlike other mountains, Mount Divlit held a fiery secret deep inside.

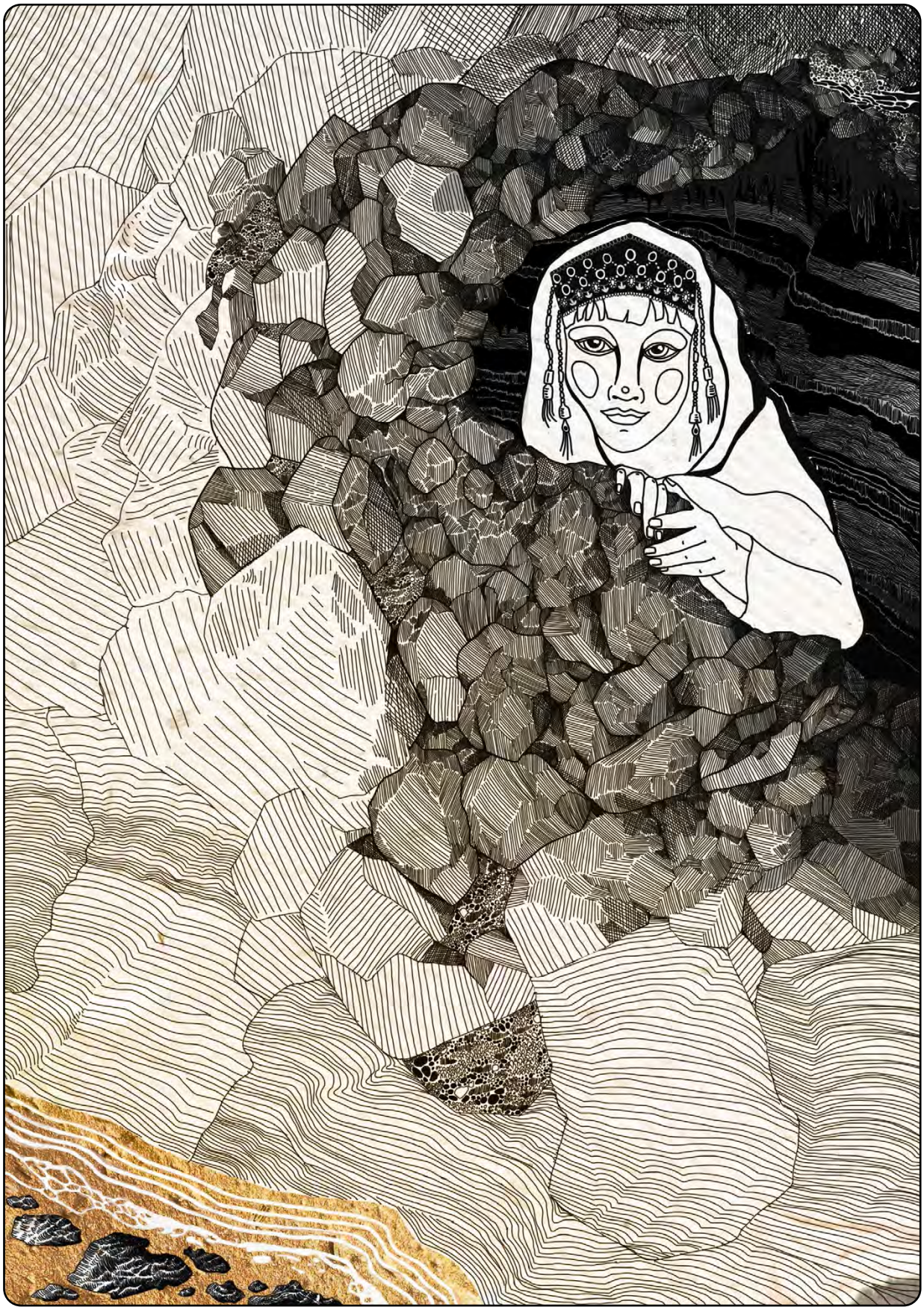
Imagine Earth is a giant apple. In its core, it's super hot, like where the apple's core with the seeds is! This heat melts rock into a glowing, liquid called magma. That's like the melted sugary center of a yummy baked apple! Sometimes, Earth's crust cracks a little, letting the magma ooze out like hot, sticky syrup. On the surface, the hot liquid cools and hardens that's how mountains like Mount Divlit are born!

One day, Maya felt the ground shake. Startled, as a brave curious girl, she followed the rumbling sound to a hidden cave. Peeking inside, she saw an orange glow and a big pool of melty, hot rock lava! Then, a deep voice surprised her it was Mount Divlit itself! The volcano explained that sometimes it gets a little full of hot, bubbly rock. This pressure needs to escape, so the volcano erupts, coughing up ash and letting lava flow down its sides.

Though eruptions can be scary, they also bring benefits! Ash, when it settles, mixes with soil, making it super fertile for growing crops. Volcanoes even heat underground water, creating warm springs perfect for a relaxing bath!

Maya returned to the village, sharing her adventure and newfound knowledge. The children, amazed, vowed to respect Mount Divlit's power. This time Mount Divlit eruptions made a beautiful lake near Maya's village which is named as Lava Dammed lake. In this way children knew this fiery giant, Mount Divlit though powerful, also helped their village thrive.

After long, long time, the Greek geographer Strabon, while traveling in this region noticed black rocks, ash layers and smoking volcanoes here, so he named this region as "Katakekaumene" or "Burnt Contry".



Maya Ve Fisildayan Volkanr

Oldukça uzun bir zaman önce, bugün Kula olarak bilinen yerleşmenin doğu ucunda, devasa ve uykuda olan bir dağın hemen yakınında kurulmuş küçük bir köyde güzel, zeki ve cesur bir kız olan Maya yaşardı. Ama köy yakınındaki bu dağ sıradan bir dağ değildi bu dağ, bir volkan olan Divlit Dağı'ydı! Diğer dağlardan farklı olarak, Divlit Dağı'nın derinlerinde ateşli bir sır gizliydi (Şekil 1).

Dünyayı dev bir elma olarak hayal edin. Dünyanın da tıpkı bir elma gibi bir çekirdeği var ama bu çekirdek kısmının sıcaklığı çok yüksektir! Bu sıcaklık, çekirdekteki kayaları akkor bir sıvı madde olan magmaya dönüştürür. Tıpkı fırında pişmiş nefis bir elmanın erimiş şekerli merkezi gibi! Bazen, Dünya'nın dış kabuğu bazen çatlar ve sıcak magma, bu çatlaklardan yapışkan bir şurup gibi dışarı süzülür ve yüzeyde zamanla soğur ve sertleşir işte Divlit Dağı gibi dağlar böyle oluşur!

Bir gün, Maya yerin sallandığını hissetti. Cesur ve meraklı bir kız olarak, bu gürültüyü takip ederek gizli bir mağaraya ulaşır (Şekil 2). İçeriye göz attığında turuncu bir parıltı ve erimiş, sıcak kayalardan oluşan büyük bir lav gölü görür (Şekil 3). Ardından, derin bir ses onu şaşırtır bu ses, Divlit Dağı'ndan geliyordu! Volkan, bazen içinde biriken oldukça sıcak, kabarcıklı ve akkor halindeki kayaların dışarı çıkması gerektiğini, bu yüzden lavlar püskürttüğünü ve kül kusarak yamaçlarından aktığını söyler (Şekil 4).

Patlamalar korkutucu olabilir ama aynı zamanda faydalar da sağlar! Küller, toprağa karışarak ürün yetiştirmek için çok verimli hale getirir. Hatta volkanlar yeraltı sularını ısıtarak sıcak su kaynakları oluşturur dinlendirici bir banyo için mükemmel!

Maya köyüne dönerek yaşadıklarını ve öğrendiklerini arkadaşlarıyla paylaşır. Çocuklar hayranlıkla Divlit Dağı'nın gücüne saygı duymaya söz verdirler. Divlit Dağı'nın patlamaları sonucu akışa geçen sıcak lavlar, Maya'nın köyünün yakınında Lav Setti gölü adında güzel bir göl oluşturur (Şekil 5). Böylece çocuklar, yıkıcı etkisine rağmen, Divlit Dağı'nın köylerinin gelişmesine de yardımcı olduğunu öğrenirler. Uzun zaman sonra, bölgeden geçen Yunan coğrafyacı Strabon, burada siyah kayaları, kül tabakalarını ve tüten volkanları fark eder, bu yüzden bölgeyi "Katakekaumene" yani "Yanık Ülke" olarak adlandırır.

The Divlit Volcano

The Divlit Volcano, on the eastern edge of Kula District, is a scoria cone formed about 3,000 years ago. It stands as a small, steep hill made primarily of scoria, a porous volcanic rock darkened by gas bubbles. Divlit was created by a single, powerful eruption that blasted magma into the air; the magma cooled quickly, solidified, and fell around the vent, building the cone shape. Like other scoria cones, Divlit has steep sides and is modest in height compared to larger volcanic structures. Being monogenetic, it erupted once and has remained dormant since. Lava from Divlit flowed northward, reaching the Gediz River, where it blocked sections of the river and formed several lava-dammed lakes in the past. This makes Divlit an impressive part of Kula's volcanic landscape, showcasing the unique characteristics and influence of scoria cones.

Mount Divlit scoria cone and associated lava flows.
Divlit Dağı curuf konisi ve lav akıntıları.

Photo: Kamil Altıparmak.

Photo: Kamil Altıparmak.

Mount Divlit volcano in winter time.
Kış mevsiminde Divlit Volkanı.

Divlit Volkanı

Divlit Volkanı Kula İlçesi'nin doğu ucunda, yaklaşık 3.000 yıl önce oluşmuş bir volkan konisi örneğidir. Gaz kabarcıklarıyla dolu, koyu renkli, gözenekli volkanik kayaç olan skorya ile kaplı, küçük ve dik bir tepe olarak yükselir. Divlit, tek bir güçlü patlamayla oluşmuştur; bu patlama sırasında magma havaya fırlayıp hızla soğuyarak katılaşmış ve volkanın ağzının etrafında birikerek koni şeklini almıştır. Diğer skorya konileri gibi, Divlit dik yamaçlara sahiptir ve büyük volkanik yapılara göre daha mütevazı bir yüksekliğe sahiptir. Monojenik bir volkan olan Divlit, bir kez patlayıp o zamandan beri sönmüştür. Divlit'ten çıkan lavlar kuzeye doğru akarak Gediz Nehri'ne ulaşmış ve bazı bölümlerini tıkayarak geçmişte birkaç lav setti gölü oluşumuna neden olmuştur. Bu özellikleriyle Divlit, Kula'nın volkanik peyzajının etkileyici bir parçası olup skorya konilerinin benzersiz özelliklerini sergilemektedir.

Go to Content

Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Spain)

Olivina and her Magic Tears

Once upon a time on the island of Lanzarote, there lived a farmer named Don Tomás, known for his goats, which gave the finest milk and the best cheese. Every morning, Don Tomás would take them out to beak, but ever since the Timanfaya volcano had covered the land in lava, the green pastures were no more. To find food, he had to walk all the way to the beach, where the ashes hadn't reached.

One hot summer day, Don Tomás came home exhausted and suffered a severe heatstroke. His beloved granddaughter Olivina, a girl with dark hair and large green eyes, cared for him tenderly. Seeing her grandfather so weak, she decided that the next day she would take the goats to graze.

At dawn, Olivina set out with her grandfather's twenty goats. As they walked, she counted them again and again, determined not to lose a single one. But when they returned home, she counted once more and realized one was missing. Heart pounding, she searched the area until she saw the lost goat high up on a cliff. Although it was dangerous, she didn't want to leave it behind, so she began to climb. Just as she was about to reach it, the goat got scared, stumbled, and fell off the cliff.

Olivina burst into tears. Her green tears, as bright as her eyes, fell to the ground and rolled into the sea. Some seagulls, guardians of Lanzarote's ocean, saw the shining tears and gathered them in their break waves, carrying them to Chimanfaya, the Goddess of the volcano.

The Goddess, moved by Olivina's love and bravery, wished to turn her sorrow into something beautiful. She cast the tears into the wind, and they landed on the still-warm volcanic rock. The island's magic did the rest, and the tears fused with the stone, creating crystals of deep green, just like Olivina's eyes.

And so, the goddess Chimanfaya transformed Olivina's sorrow into a brilliant green treasure: the olivine stones, which people all over Lanzarote admire today, a reminder of a brave young girl who loved her grandfather and his goats.

Olivina y sus lágrimas mágicas

Érase una vez en la isla de Lanzarote un granjero llamado Don Tomás, conocido por sus cabras que daban la mejor leche y el mejor queso. Todas las mañanas, Don Tomás las llevaba a pastar, pero desde que el volcán Timanfaya había cubierto la tierra de lava, los verdes pastos ya no existían. Para encontrar comida, tenía que caminar hasta la playa, donde no llegaban las cenizas.

Un caluroso día de verano, Don Tomás llegó a casa muy cansado y sufrió una fuerte insolación. Su querida nieta Olivina, una niña de pelo oscuro y grandes ojos verdes, le cuidó con ternura. Al ver a su abuelo tan débil, decidió que al día siguiente ella llevaría las cabras a pastar.
Al amanecer, Olivina salió con las veinte cabras de su abuelo. Mientras caminaban, las contaba una y otra vez, decidida a no perder ninguna. Pero al regresar a casa, al contarlas de nuevo, notó que faltaba una. Con el corazón en la garganta, buscó a su alrededor hasta que vio a la cabra perdida en lo alto de un acantilado. Aunque era peligroso, no quería dejarla atrás, así que empezó a trepar. Cuando estaba a punto de alcanzarla, la cabra se asustó, tropezó y cayó por el acantilado.

Olivina rompió en llanto. Sus lágrimas verdes, tan brillantes como sus ojos, cayeron al suelo y rodaron hasta el mar. Unas gaviotas, guardianas del océano de Lanzarote, vieron aquellas lágrimas brillantes y las recogieron con sus picos, llevándoselas a Chimanfaya, la diosa del volcán.

La diosa, al ver el amor y la valentía de Olivina, quiso transformar su tristeza en algo hermoso. Lanzó sus lágrimas al viento, y estas cayeron sobre la roca volcánica aún caliente. La magia de la isla hizo el resto, y las lágrimas se fundieron con la roca, creando cristales de un verde intenso, como los ojos de Olivina.

Así, la diosa Chimanfaya transformó la tristeza de Olivina en un brillante tesoro verde: las piedras de olivino, que hoy todo el mundo en Lanzarote admira y que recuerdan la historia de una niña valiente que amaba a su abuelo y a sus cabras.

Caldera of Los Cuervos

To speak of Lanzarote and Chinijo islands is to speak of fire, lava, and transformation. The Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands UNESCO Global Geopark is home to unique landscapes that seem otherworldly, shaped by the powerful forces of nature. Among its many breathtaking and geologically singular locations, one event stands out as having forever altered the face of the island: the great Timanfaya eruption.

Between 1730 and 1736, for more than six years, the island experienced one of the longest and most spectacular volcanic episodes in the history of the Canary Islands. Lava covered nearly a quarter of the territory, giving rise to dozens of cones, lava flows, and formations of great scientific and scenic value.

This phenomenon left a geological legacy that is now preserved in Timanfaya National Park and other Geological Sites of Interest (LIGs). One of the most representative is the Caldera de Los Cuervos, the first volcano to erupt, on September 1st, 1730. Its large crater once held a lava pool that suddenly drained after the partial collapse of the cone, displacing a massive erratic block that remains visible today on the lava fields, about 200 meters from the eruption center.

The lava from this volcano is notable for its richness in olivine, a deep green mineral that ranges in color from yellowish-green to more intense shades, due to its composition of magnesium, iron, and silicon. This provides a striking contrast to the dark basaltic lava. A place that silently tells the profound story of the Earth's inner heart.

Volcán El Cuervo.
El Cuervo Volcano.

Photo: Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands UGGp.

Photo: Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands UGGp.

Roca volcánica con cristales de olivina.
Volcanic rock with embedded olivine.

Caldera de Los Cuervos

Hablar de Lanzarote y el archipiélago Chinijo es hablar de fuego, lava y transformación. El Geoparque Mundial de la UNESCO de Lanzarote y archipiélago Chinijo alberga paisajes únicos que parecen de otro planeta, modelados por la fuerza de la naturaleza. Entre sus numerosos rincones de belleza sobrecogedora y singularidad geológica, destaca un episodio que marcó para siempre el rostro de la isla: la gran erupción de Timanfaya.

Entre 1730 y 1736, durante más de seis años, la isla vivió uno de los episodios volcánicos más largos y espectaculares de la historia de Canarias. La lava cubrió cerca de una cuarta parte del territorio, dando lugar a decenas de conos, coladas y formaciones de gran valor científico y paisajístico.

Este fenómeno dejó un legado geológico que hoy se conserva en el Parque Nacional de Timanfaya y en otros Lugares de Interés Geológico (LIG). Uno de los más representativos es la Caldera de Los Cuervos, el primer volcán en entrar en erupción, el 1 de septiembre de 1730. Su gran cráter albergó una charca de lava que se vació repentinamente tras el colapso parcial del edificio, desplazando un enorme bloque errático visible hoy sobre las coladas a unos 200 metros del centro emisor.

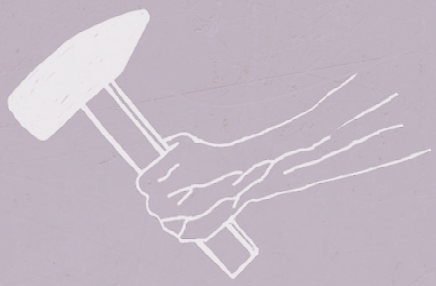
Las lavas de este volcán destacan por su riqueza en olivino, un mineral de color verde intenso que puede variar desde un verde amarillento hasta un verde más intenso, se debe a su composición de magnesio, hierro y silicio, que aporta un atractivo contraste al color de las lavas basálticas. Un lugar que cuenta, en silencio, la historia profunda del corazón de la Tierra.

Go to Content

Lesvos Island

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Greece)

Hephaestus: The God of Volcanoes



Terrible volcanic eruptions shook the area of Lesvos UNESCO Global Geopark 21.5 to 16.5 million years ago, and large volcanoes, such as Lepetymnos, Vatousa, Agra, Mesotopos, and Anemotia were formed. Huge amounts of hot volcanic ash, lava, rocks, and gases were released from the inside the Earth and shot into the atmosphere.

A long time ago mountains that spewed smoke, fire, and deafening sounds, large volcanoes such as Lepetymnos, according to Greek mythology, was the workshop of a god, Hephaestus, the god of volcanoes, fire, and metallurgy.

Hephaestus was the son of Zeus the 'father of gods and men' and Hera, who ruled the Gods of Olympus, and Hera. Hephaestus was unlike the other gods of Olympus. He was lame, with weak legs and ugly. His ugliness often caused the laughter and mockery of the other Gods, which saddened him greatly.

One day, as on many others, the divine couple Zeus and Hera were arguing. Hephaestus took his mother's side in this quarrel. Zeus then became very angry with him, grabbed him, and threw him with all his strength from Olympus. Hephaestus spun in the atmosphere for a whole day and finally landed with force in the area of the northeastern Aegean. His body crashed into some rocks of the island, and from then on Hephaestus limped for the rest of his life.

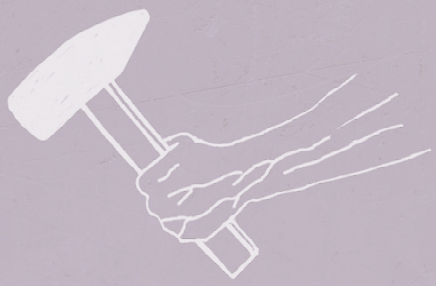
There, Hephaestus made his laboratory inside the earth. In this underground laboratory, Hephaestus stands all day in front of the anvil, works the hot iron, and becomes the first craftsman among the Gods of Olympus.

One day, Hera, jealous of Thetis's jewelry, inquired about its origin. Upon discovering that her son Hephaestus had crafted it, she went, took him with her, and brought him back to Olympus Mountain. There, she offered him a laboratory with twenty bellows and gave him Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty, as a wife.

Hephaestus, together with Athena, Goddess of war and wisdom, taught humans the arts related to metals and all the work done with the help of fire.

On Olympus, Hephaestus continued his craft and created a multitude of admirable works, such as the palace of Zeus and the palaces of the other gods of Olympus, the arrows of Apollo and Artemis, the golden armor of Heracles, and the first woman in the world, Pandora. He formed Pandora from soil and water and gave her beauty and a human voice.

Ήφαιστος: Ο θεός των ηφαιστείων



Τρομερές ηφαιστειακές εκρήξεις συντάρασσαν την περιοχή του σημερινού Γεωπάρκου Λέσβου αλλά και την ευρύτερη περιοχή του βορειανατολικού Αιγαίου πριν από 21,5 με 16,5 εκατομμύρια χρόνια και μεγάλα ηφαίστεια, όπως του Λεπέτυμνου, της Βατούσας, της Άγρας, του Μεσότοπου και της Ανεμότιας δημιουργήθηκαν. Τεράστιες ποσότητες καυτής ηφαιστειακής στάχτης, λάβας, πετρωμάτων και αερίων έβγαιναν από το εσωτερικό της γης και εκτοξεύονταν στην ατμόσφαιρα.

Κάτω από αυτά τα βουνά που έβγαζαν καπνό, φωτιά και εκκωφαντικούς ήχους σύμφωνα με την Ελληνική Μυθολογία είχε το εργαστήριό του ένας θεός, ο Ήφαιστος, ο θεός των ηφαιστείων, της φωτιάς και της μεταλλουργίας.

Ο Ήφαιστος ήταν γιος του Δία, του 'πατέρα των θεών και των ανθρώπων', που κυβερνούσε τους Θεούς του Ολύμπου και της Ήρας. Ο Ήφαιστος δεν έμοιαζε καθόλου με τους υπόλοιπους θεούς του Ολύμπου. Ήταν κουτσός, με αδύνατα πόδια και άσχημος. Η ασχήμια του πολλές φορές προκαλούσε τα γέλια και τις κοροϊδίες των υπόλοιπων θεών, πράγμα που τον πίκραινε πάρα πολύ.

΄Ηταν μια μέρα, όπως πολλές άλλες, που το θεϊκό ζευγάρι ο Δίας και η Ήρα μάλωναν. Ο Ήφαιστος σ' αυτόν τον καβγά πήρε το μέρος της μητέρας του. Ο Δίας τότε οργίστηκε παρά πολύ μαζί του, τον άρπαξε και τον πέταξε μ' όλη του τη δύναμη κάτω από τον Όλυμπο. Ο Ήφαιστος μια ολόκληρη μέρα στροβιλιζόταν στην ατμόσφαιρα και τελικά κατέληξε με ορμή πάνω στο νησί της Λήμνου. Το σώμα του βρόντηξε σε κάποια βράχια του νησιού και από τότε ο Ήφαιστος κουτσάθηκε για όλη του τη ζωή. Εκεί ο Ήφαιστος έφτιαξε στο εσωτερικό της γης το εργαστήριό του. Στο υπόγειο αυτό σιδηρουργείο, ο Ήφαιστος όλη μέρα στέκεται μπροστά στο αμόνι, δουλεύει το ζεστό σίδερο και γίνεται ο πρώτος τεχνίτης ανάμεσα στους θεούς.

Μια ημέρα, η Ήρα, ζηλεύοντας τα κοσμήματα της Θέτιδας, ρώτησε για την προέλευσή τους και, όταν ανακάλυψε ότι τα είχε φιλοτεχνήσει ο γιός της ο Ήφαιστος, πήγε, τον πήρε μαζί της και τον ξανάφερε στον Όλυμπο. Εκεί, του προσέφερε ένα σιδηρουργείο με 20 φυσερά και του έδωσε για σύζυγο την Αφροδίτη, τη θεά της ομορφιάς.

Ο Ήφαιστος μαζί με την Αθηνά δίδαξαν στους ανθρώπους τις τέχνες σχετικές με τα μέταλλα και όλες τις δουλειές που γίνονται με τη βοήθεια της φωτιάς.

Στον Όλυμπο, ο Ήφαιστος συνέχισε την τέχνη του και έφτιαξε πλήθος αξιοθαύμαστων έργων, όπως το παλάτι του Δία και τα παλάτια των υπολοίπων Θεών του Ολύμπου, τα βέλη του Απόλλωνα και της Άρτεμης, τον ολόχρυσο θώρακα του Ηρακλή αλλά και την πρώτη γυναίκα του κόσμου, την Πανδώρα, την οποία έπλασε από χώμα και νερό και της έδωσε ομορφιά και φωνή ανθρώπου.

Lepetymnos Volcano

Did you know that Lepetymnos is not a simple mountain but a volcano, a unique 'gift' from the God Hephaestus to people?

Lepetymnos is the largest volcanic center in Lesvos. Its history began approximately 18.5 million years ago when a large stratovolcano, an impressive but dangerous type of volcano, was formed in northern Lesvos. It was cone shape and built up from many layers of lava, pumice and volcanic ash. Violent volcanic eruptions that followed created a large caldera, a depression formed by the collapse of the rock. Volcanic activity continued, and two large volcanic domes were formed inside the large caldera, reaching a height of 968 meters, forming the peaks of Prophet Elias and Vigla.

The hydrothermal activity that followed the volcanic activity caused the weathering of rocks inside the caldera, creating deposits of alum. These deposits were of strategic importance during the Middle Ages due to the hemostatic properties of alum.

A significant part of Lepetymnos is included in the Natura 2000 protection areas, and parts of it are included in Important Bird Areas, while it also hosts wildlife refuges.

Impressive columnar joints at the flanks of the Lepetymnos Volcano.
Εντυπωσιακές στηλοειδείς λάβες στις πλαγιές του ηφαιστείου του Λεπέτυμνου.

Photo: Natural History Museum of the Lesvos Petrified Forest.

Lepetymnos Volcano, the largest volcanic center in Lesvos.
Το ηφαίστειο του Λεπέτυμνου, το μεγαλύτερο ηφαιστειακό κέντρο της Λέσβου.

Photo: Natural History Museum of the Lesvos Petrified Forest.

Ηφαίστειο Λεπέτυμνου

Γνωρίζετε ότι ο Λεπέτυμνος δεν είναι ένα απλό βουνό αλλά ένα ηφαίστειο και ένα μοναδικό 'δώρο' από τον θεό Ήφαιστο στους ανθρώπους;

Ο Λεπέτυμνος είναι το μεγαλύτερο ηφαιστειακό κέντρο της Λέσβου. Η ιστορία του ξεκινάει πριν από 18,5 περίπου εκατομμύρια χρόνια, όταν στη βόρεια Λέσβο δημιουργήθηκε ένα μεγάλο στρωματοηφαίστειο, δηλαδή ένα εντυπωσιακό αλλά και επικίνδυνο ηφαίστειο. Είχε σχήμα κώνου και χτίστηκε από πολλά στρώματα λάβας, ελαφρόπετρας, στάχτης και τέφρας. Βίαιες ηφαιστειακές εκρήξεις που ακολούθησαν δημιούργησαν μια μεγάλη καλδέρα, δηλαδή ένα βύθισμα που δημιουργήθηκε από την κατάρρευση των πετρωμάτων. Η ηφαιστειακή δραστηριότητα συνεχίσθηκε, και στο εσωτερικό της μεγάλης καλδέρας δημιουργήθηκαν δύο μεγάλοι ηφαιστειακοί δόμοι που έφτασαν σε ύψος τα 968 μέτρα, σχηματίζοντας τις κορυφές Προφήτης Ηλίας και Βίγλα.

Η υδροθερμική δραστηριότητα που ακολούθησε την ηφαιστειακή δράση προκάλεσε την απομάθρωση των πετρωμάτων στο εσωτερικό της καλδέρας δημιουργώντας τα κοιτάσματα στυπτηρίας. Τα κοιτάσματα αυτά είχαν στρατηγική σημασία κατά τη διάρκεια του Μεσαίωνα λόγω της αιμοστατικής δράσης της στυπτηρίας.

Σημαντικό τμήμα του είναι ενταγμένο στο καθεστώς προστασίας Φύση 2000 και τις Σημαντικές Περιοχές Πουλιών ενώ παράλληλα φιλοξενεί Καταφύγια Άγριας Ζωής

Go to Content

Novohrad-Nógrád

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Hungary and Slovakia)

Volcano Wizard of Ipolytarnóc and the Petrified Life

A long time ago, in the region of Ipolytarnóc, it is said that a powerful magician was walking the lonely roads when he came across a young local girl of dazzling beauty. When he saw her, a flame burned in his heart: he fell in love instantly. But when he tried to confess his love to her, she ignored him without even looking at him. Humiliated and hurt, the magician let his anger get the better of him. And in his desire to erase that shame, he unleashed a spell that turned the whole field to stone.

Centuries passed, and beneath the layers of time and volcanic dust, a gigantic petrified tree slowly emerged. Its trunk formed a natural stone bridge across a deep ravine. The locals recognised the tree: they said that it had witnessed the wizard's failed attempt to lure the young woman, and that he himself had turned it to stone as part of his curse.

But the tree was not completely dead. According to local lore, the wizard's ancient magic still lived within it. It was said that if someone laid the palm of their hand on the trunk and their heart was pure, the magic would be activated and their heart's desire would come true. However, those with dark intentions would be punished: the tree would absorb their coldness, freeze their heart and deny them love in all their future lives.

Fossilised footprints were found near the tree. Locals believe they belonged to ancient creatures fleeing the wizard's spell. Only the clean-spirited ones managed to escape and continue their existence in distant lands.

The tree remains a sacred place to this day. There is a tradition among lovers that if a couple dances at dusk on the sandstone marked by these footprints, their steps, now united as husband and wife, will continue in harmony throughout their lives, even in old age. Because, as the inhabitants of Ipolytarnóc say: 'Faith can keep communities together'.

Az Ipolytarnóci Vulkán Mágus és a megkövesedett élet

Réges-régen, Ipolytarnóc környékén egy hatalmas varázsló magányos útjain sétálva egy káprázatos szépségű fiatal helyi lánnyal találkozott. Amikor meglátta, szíve egyből lángra lobbant, azonnal beleszeretett. De szerelmi vallomását a lány semmibe se vette, még pillantásra se méltatta a mágust. Megalázottságában a megbántott varázsló irdatlan dühbe gurult. Hogy ne legyen élő tanúja szégyenének, gonosz varázslattal kővé dermesztette a vidéket.

Évszázadok teltek el, és az idő és a vulkáni por rétegei alól lassan egy hatalmas megkövesedett fa bukkant elő. Törzse természetes kőhídként ívelte át az alatta kialakult mély vízmosást. A helyiek felismerték a fa eredetét: azt fűzték hozzá, hogy bizonyára tanúja lehetett a gonosz varázsló sikertelen udvarlásának, átka a famatuzsálemre is lesújtott, amely így kővé dermedt.

De a helybéliek szerint fa nem vált teljesen halottá. A helyi legendák szerint a varázsló ősi mágiája még mindig ott él benne. Úgy vélték, hogy ha valaki a tenyerét a kőfára teszi, a varázslat feléledve aktiválódik, és a tiszta szívűek kívánságát valóra váltja. A sötét szándékkal rosszat akarókat azonban megbünteti: a kőfa rideggé dermeszti szívüket, szerelem nélkül kell tengődniük hátralevő életükben.

A megkövesedett fa közelében kővé dermedt lábnyomokat is találtak. A helyiek szerint ezek a mágus varázslata elől menekülő állatokhoz tartozhattak. Csak a tiszta lelkűeknek sikerült elmenekülniük, hogy távoli vidékeken éljenek tovább.

A fa környezete a mai napig szent hely. A szerelmesek között él még az a babona, hogy ha párként, alkonyatkor táncot lejtenek a lábnyomokkal tarkított homokkövön, szerelmük ki fog tartani, lépteik házassághoz vezetnek, férjként és feleségként még öregkorukban is harmóniában fognak együtt élni. Lám, nem mese az, amit az ipolytarnóciak mondanak: „a hit közösségeket formáló, összetartó erő".

Sopkový Čarodejník Z Ipolytarnóca A Skamenený Život

Kedysi dávno, v regióne Ipolytarnóc, sa hovorí, že mocný čarodejník kráčal po opustených cestách, keď narazil na mladé miestne dievča oslnivej krásy. Keď ju uvidel, v jeho srdci vzplanul plameň: okamžite sa zamiloval. Ale keď sa jej pokúsil vyznať lásku, ignorovala ho bez toho, aby sa naňho čo i len pozrela. Poníženého a zraneného čarodejníka premohol hnev. A v túžbe vymazať túto hanbu vypustil kúzlo, ktoré premenilo celé pole na kameň. Ubehli storočia a pod vrstvami času a sopečného prachu sa pomaly vynoril obrovský skamenený strom. Jeho kmeň tvoril prirodzený skalný most cez hlbokú roklinu. Miestni obyvatelia strom spoznali: hovorili, že bol svedkom neúspešného pokusu čarodejníka zlákať mladú ženu a že ho sám premenil na kameň ako súčasť svojej kliatby. Ale strom nebol úplne mŕtvy. Podľa miestnych povestí v ňom stále žila starodávna mágia čarodejníka. Hovorilo sa, že ak niekto položí dlaň na kmeň a jeho srdce bude čisté, mágia sa aktivuje a túžba jeho srdca sa splní. Tí s temnými úmyslami však budú potrestaní: strom absorbuje ich chlad, zmrazí im srdce a odoprie im lásku v celom ich budúcom živote.

V blízkosti stromu sa našli skamenené stopy. Miestni obyvatelia veria, že patrili starodávnym tvorom, ktoré utekali pred kúzlom čarodejníka. Iba tým s čistou dušou sa podarilo uniknúť a pokračovať v existencii v ďalekých krajinách.

Strom zostáva dodnes posvätným miestom. Medzi zaľúbencami existuje tradícia, že ak pár za súmraku tancuje na pieskovci označenom týmito stopami, ich kroky, teraz zjednotení ako manžel a manželka, budú pokračovať v harmónii po celý život, dokonca aj v starobe. Pretože, ako hovoria obyvatelia Ipolytarnócu: „Viera dokáže udržať komunity pohromade.“

The “prehistoric Pompeii” of Ipolytarnoc

The Slovak-Hungarian Novohrad-Nógrád UNESCO Global Geopark contains almost all types of volcanic rocks, reflecting the extensive and very diverse volcanism of the region over the past 20 million years. Its gateway, the Ipolytarnóc Fossil Nature Reserve, documents one of the most devastating rhyolite volcanic eruptions, which buried a subtropical rainforest with a thick pyroclastic flow, preserving the ancient habitat together with its petrified trees and footprints of prehistoric creatures.

The violent and explosive eruptions toppled giant trees and quickly covered the landscape with volcanic debris, similar to an ash avalanche. The unusual rocks caught the attention of the locals, who tried to interpret the nature of the remains of the petrified forest and the fossil tracks of exotic creatures, including extinct crocodiles, rhinos and bear dogs. Thus were born the stories of the fossils that emerged from under the 17 million year old volcanic veil.

17-million-year-old predator and rhinoceros footprints under volcanic debris in Ipolytarnóc.
A vulkáni törmelék alatti 17 millió éves ragadozó és orrszarvú lábnyomok Ipolytarnócon.
17 miliónov rokov staré stopy predátora a nosorožca pod sopečnými troskami v Ipolytarnóc.

Photo: Imre Szarvas.

Fragment of the legendary stone bridge (petrified tree) on volcanic ash at Ipolytarnóc.

Az ipolytarnóci legenda kőhídjának (megkövesedett fa) töredéke a vulkáni hamun.

Fragment legendárneho kamenného mosta (skamenený strom) na sopečnom popole v Ipolytarnóc.

Photo: Imre Szarvas.

Ipolytarnóc “Ősvilági Pompeji”

A szlovák-magyar Novohrad-Nógrád UNESCO Globális Geoparkban szinte mindenféle vulkáni kőzet megtalálható, jelezve a régió kiterjedt és rendkívül változatos vulkanizmusát az elmúlt 20 millió évben. Beléptető kapuja az Ipolytarnóci Ősmaradványok természetvédelmi terület, az egyik legpusztítóbb vulkánkitörést dokumentálja. Riolitos vulkáni törmelékár temette be az egykori szubtrópusi esőerdőt, megőrizve az ősi élőhelyet megkövesedett fákkal és őslények lábnyomaival együtt.

A robbanásszerű vulkánkitörések alapi torlóárja óriási fákat döntött ki és lavinához hasonló gyorsasággal fedte be az ősi felszínt. Az évmilliókkal később felszínre került furcsa kövek felkeltették a helyiek figyelmét, akik megpróbálták értelmezni őket, a megkövesedett őserdő maradványainak természetét és az ősvilági szörnyek, köztük kihalt krokodil-félék, ősorrszarvúak és medvekutyák megkövült lábnyomainak mibenlétét. Így születtek meg a 17 millió éves vulkáni törmeléktakaró alól előbukkanó ősmaradványok, kövületek mesés eredetmondái.

“Prehistorické Pompeje” Ipolytarnóc

Slovensko-maďarský Novohrad-Nógrádsky globálny geopark UNESCO obsahuje takmer všetky typy sopečných hornín, ktoré odrážajú rozsiahly a veľmi rozmanitý vulkanizmus regiónu za posledných 20 miliónov rokov. Jeho vstupnou bránou je Ipolytarnócka prírodná rezervácia fosílií, ktorá dokumentuje jednu z najničivejších ryolitových sopečných erupcií, ktoré pochovali subtropický dažďový prales s hustým pyroklastickým prúdom a zachovali starobylé prostredie spolu s jeho skamenenými stromami a stopami prehistorických živočíchov.

Prudké a explozívne sopečné erupcie vo forme lavíny popola strhli obrovské stromy a rýchlo pokryli krajinu.

Nezvyčajné skaly upútali pozornosť miestnych obyvateľov, ktorí sa snažili interpretovať povahu zvyškov skameneného lesa a fosílne stopy exotických živočíchov vrátane vyhynutých krokodílov, nosorožcov a medvedích psov. Tak sa zrodili príbehy o fosíliách, ktoré sa vynorili spod 17 miliónov rokov starého sopečného pokryvu.

Thousands of fossil footprints of various animals are preserved in protective buildings in Ipolytarnóc.
Ipolytarnócon különböző ősállatok több ezernyi lábnyomát védőépületek őrzik.
V ochranných budovách v Ipolytarnóci sú uchované tisíce fosílnych stôp rôznych zvierat.

Photo: ARKER Mérnökiroda Kft - 3DPano™.

Go to Content

Vulkaneifel

UNESCO Global Geopark
(Germany)

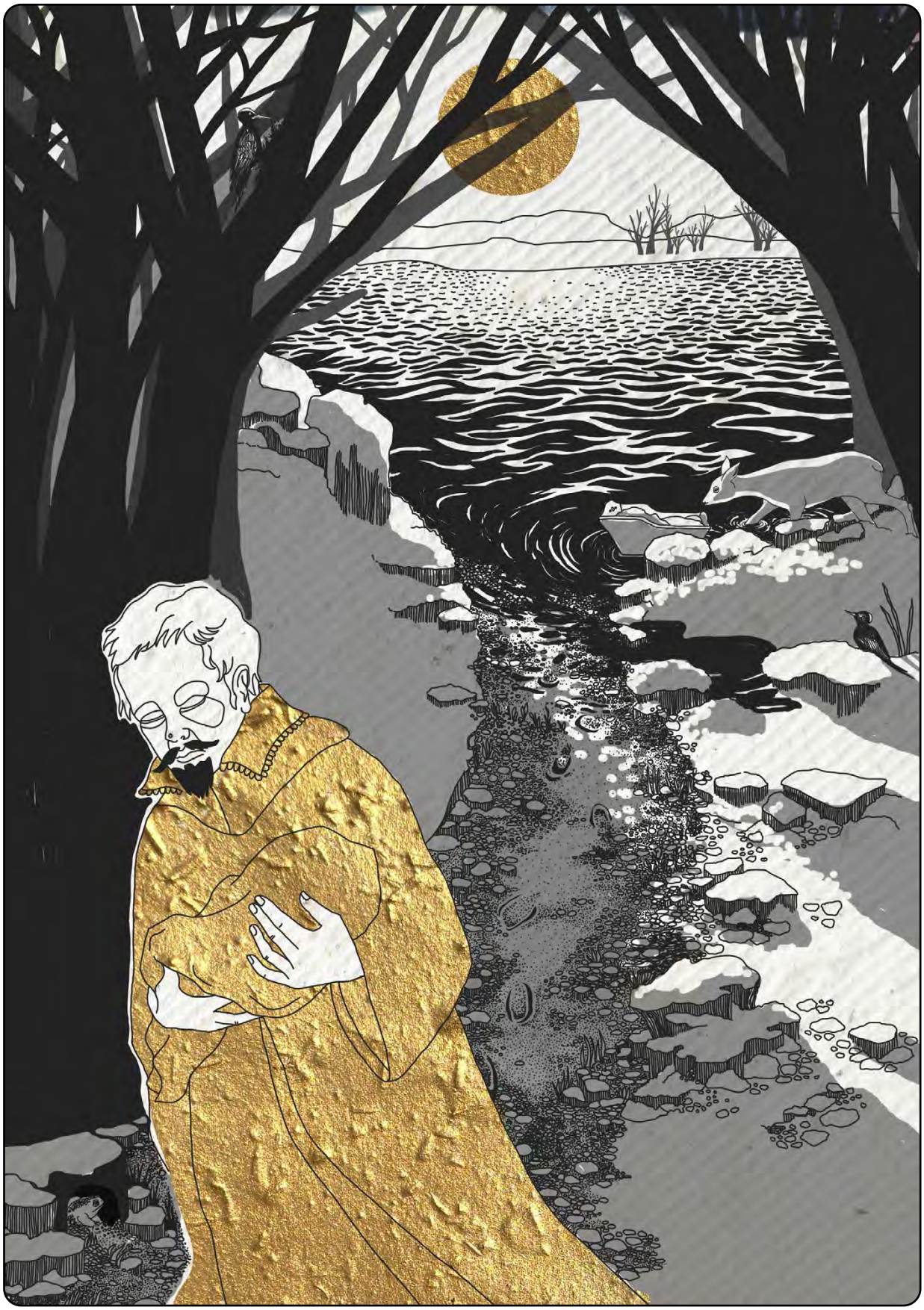
The Legend of the Weinfelder Maar

Once upon a time, there was a magnificent castle in the Vulkaneifel region, near the town of Daun. A count lived there with his wife, who had little compassion for the poorer people. She preferred to give the leftovers from their feasts to the dogs and pigs rather than feed the hungry people. The servants in the castle followed her example.

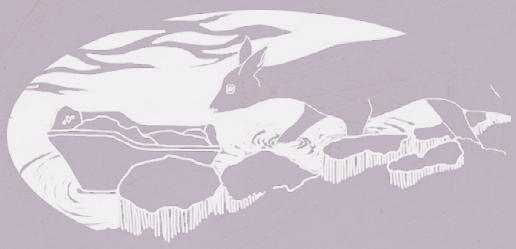
One cold winter morning, the count went hunting with his men. After a while, he realized that he had forgotten his gloves. He sent a squire back to fetch them. But when the squire reached the castle, it had disappeared. In its place was a silent, dark lake. There was no trace of the castle or its inhabitants. Horrified, the squire returned and reported what he had seen to the count.
"That can't be!" exclaimed the count. "My horse would sooner uncover a spring from the ground than I would believe you!" At that moment, the horse began pawing the ground, and suddenly, a clear spring gushed forth. This spring, still known today as the Falchertsborn, greatly impressed the count.

He immediately rode back as fast as he could. When he arrived, he reined in his horse and stared in disbelief at the water. Everything was gone, and only the dark lake remained. As he tried to comprehend what had happened, a cradle suddenly floated on the water. The count leapt from his horse, ran to the cradle, and lifted out a baby – it was his own child! He hugged the baby tightly to his chest and disappeared into the woods with it. No one has seen him since.

People now call this lake the Totenmaar (Lake of the Dead). It is said that not only the castle but also the village of Weinfeld sank here because the people had turned away from compassion and charity. That's why the lake is also called the Weinfelder Maar. Only the small village church remains, surrounded by a quiet cemetery.
They say that on dark nights, you can still see the lights of the sunken castle shimmering in the lake. This story reminds us that pride and indifference can sometimes have unexpected and mysterious consequences.



Die Legende vom Weinfelder Maar



Es war einmal ein prächtiges Schloss in der Vulkaneifel, nahe der Stadt Daun. Dort lebte ein Graf mit seiner Frau, die wenig Mitgefühl für ärmere Leute hatte. Reste vom Festessen ließ sie lieber den Hunden und Schweinen geben, anstatt die hungrigen Menschen damit zu versorgen. Auch die Diener im Schloss folgten ihrem Beispiel.

Eines kalten Wintermorgens zog der Graf mit seinen Knechten zur Jagd aus. Nach einer Weile stellte er fest, dass er seine Handschuhe vergessen hatte. Er schickte einen Knappen zurück, um sie zu holen. Doch als der Knappe das Schloss erreichte, war es verschwunden. An seiner Stelle lag ein stiller, dunkler See. Vom Schloss und seinen Bewohnern war keine Spur mehr zu finden. Der entsetzte Knappe kehrte zurück und berichtete dem Grafen, was er gesehen hatte.

„Das kann nicht sein!“, rief der Graf. „Eher scharrt mein Pferd eine Quelle aus dem Boden, als dass ich dir glaube!“ In dem Moment begann das Pferd mit den Hufen zu scharren, und plötzlich sprudelte eine klare Quelle aus dem Boden. Diese Quelle, die bis heute als der Falchertsborn bekannt ist, beeindruckte den Grafen sehr.

Sofort ritt er so schnell wie möglich zurück. Als er dort ankam, hielt er sein Pferd an und starrte fassungslos auf das Wasser. Alles war verschwunden, nur der düstere See war geblieben. Während er noch versuchte, das Geschehene zu begreifen, trieb plötzlich eine Wiege auf dem Wasser. Der Graf sprang vom Pferd, lief zur Wiege und hob ein Baby heraus – es war sein eigenes Kind! Er drückte es fest an seine Brust und verschwand mit dem Kind in den Wäldern. Seitdem hat ihn niemand mehr gesehen.

Die Leute nennen diesen See heute das Totenmaar. Es heißt, nicht nur das Schloss, sondern auch das Dorf namens Weinfeld sei hier untergegangen, weil die Menschen sich von Mitgefühl und Nächstenliebe abgewandt hatten. Der See wird deshalb auch Weinfelder Maar genannt. Nur das kleine Kirchlein des Dorfes blieb erhalten, umgeben von einem stillen Friedhof.

Man sagt, dass man an dunklen Nächten im See noch immer das Funkeln der Lichter des untergegangenen Schlosses sehen kann. Diese Geschichte erinnert uns daran, dass Hochmut und Gleichgültigkeit manchmal unerwartete und geheimnisvolle Folgen haben können.

Weinfelder Maar

The Weinfelder Maar is one of the three water-filled maar volcanos near Daun. The maars are impressive examples of the volcanic history of the Eifel region. Maars are volcanoes that form through explosive contact between magma, gas, and groundwater in the subsurface. These powerful explosions leave behind a crater, which sometimes fills with water or remains dry. With a diameter of 525 metres and a water depth of 51 metres, the Weinfelder Maar is the deepest and youngest of the three water-filled Daun Maars, which formed around 25,000 years ago.

At the Weinfelder Maar, the Dronke Tower offers a magnificent view over the vast volcanic landscape of the Vulkaneifel. The name says it all: the hilly landscape was shaped by volcanic activity!

The Weinfelder Maar is a protected natural paradise, and the numerous hiking trails tell the story of its volcanic past. Although swimming is not permitted, the beautiful landscape captivates visitors and provides valuable habitat for rare plant and animal species.

The famous bird's-eye view of the Dauner Maars: The Gemündener Maar is on the right, the Weinfelder Maar is on the left, and the Schalkenmehrener Maar is in the background. *Der berühmte Blick aus der Vogelperspektive auf die Dauner Maare: Rechts liegt das Gemündener Maar, links das Weinfelder Maar und im Hintergrund das Schalkenmehrener Maar.*

Photo: Natur- und Geopark Vulkaneifel.

Photo: Natur- und Geopark Vulkaneifel.

When there is no wind, the Weinfelder Chapel and the surrounding area are reflected on the calm waters of the Weinfelder Maar.
Wenn es windstill ist, spiegeln sich die Weinfelder Kapelle und die Umgebung auf dem ruhigen Wasser des Weinfelder Maars.

Weinfelder Maar

Das Weinfelder Maar ist eines der drei wassergefüllten Dauner Maare. Die Maare sind beeindruckende Beispiele für die vulkanische Geschichte der Eifel. Maare sind Vulkane, die durch explosiven Kontakt zwischen Magma, Gas und Grundwasser im Untergrund entstehen. Diese gewaltigen Explosionen hinterlassen einen Krater, der sich manchmal auch mit Wasser füllt oder trocken bleibt. Mit einem Durchmesser von 525 Metern und einer Wassertiefe von 51 Metern ist das Weinfelder Maar das tiefste und jüngste der drei wassergefüllten Dauner Maare, die vor rund 25.000 Jahren entstanden sind.

Am Weinfelder Maar beeindruckt der Dronketurm mit einem herrlichen Ausblick über die Weiten der Vulkaneifel. Hier ist der Name Programm: die hügelige Landschaft ist vom Vulkanismus geschaffen worden!

Das Weinfelder Maar ist ein geschütztes Naturparadies, das entlang der vielfältigen Wanderwege von der vulkanischen Vergangenheit erzählt. Obwohl das Baden nicht erlaubt ist, begeistert die wunderschöne Landschaft und bietet wertvollen Lebensraum für seltene Pflanzen- und Tierarten.

Acknowledgements

Go to Content

This book, a collaborative work within the EGN Working Group "Volcanic Areas", was born from a deep desire to unite, in a single voice, the volcanic identity shared by the fourteen territories that belong to the EGN, European Network of UNESCO Global Geoparks. We present this work as a gesture of connection between places that, though separated by borders, share the same mineral heartbeat and the burning memory of the fire that shaped their landscapes.

Each story collected here is more than a tale: it is a way of listening to how the land speaks through languages, legends, and popular culture. In these territories, the volcano is not just a geological feature, but a symbol that inspires, protects, challenges, and unites the communities that inhabit it.

Adriana Sandec's illustrations accompany these stories with a visual language full of intention: black and gold evoke the power and glow of lava, while white suggests the rebirth that always follows transformation.

This book, available in both physical and digital formats, will be distributed free of charge to schools and regions across all participating geoparks, as a symbol of unity and recognition of our shared diversity.

We extend our gratitude to all the people and teams who made this project possible. In particular, we acknowledge the contributors from each participating UNESCO Global Geopark:

- Azores UNESCO Global Geopark: Salomé Meneses and João Carlos Nunes
- Bakony–Balaton UNESCO Global Geopark: Gergely Ancsin and Barnabás Korbély
- Bergstrasse–Odenwald UNESCO Global Geopark: Jochen Babist and Susanne Brendle
- Bohemian Paradise UNESCO Global Geopark: Pavlína Suchomelová and Václav Mencl
- Bükk Region UNESCO Global Geopark: Erika Kereskényi
- Cabo de Gata–Níjar UNESCO Global Geopark: Gloria García Hoyo
- El Hierro UNESCO Global Geopark: Olaya García and Yurena Pérez
- Katla UNESCO Global Geopark: Sigurður Sigursveinsson and Jóhannes M. Jóhannesson
- Kula–Salihli UNESCO Global Geopark: Tuncer Demir and Ali Karatas
- Lanzarote and Chinijo Islands UNESCO Global Geopark: Elena Mateo
- Lesvos Island UNESCO Global Geopark: Konstantina Bentana, Nickolas Zouros and Ilias Valiakos
- Novohrad–Nógrád UNESCO Global Geopark: Imre Szarvas
- Calatrava Volcanoes, Ciudad Real UNESCO Global Geopark: Pedro José Rincón Calero and Rafael Gosálvez
- Vulkaneifel UNESCO Global Geopark: Sabine Kummer

Thanks to everyone for the work, commitment, and passion that have brought together the sensitive and illuminating depth and beauty of each geopark.

Local stories of Our Volcanoes

Edition:

GEOPARQUE EL HIERRO

unesco Global Geopark

Sponsor:

GLOBAL GEOPARKS NETWORK

EGN EUROPEAN GEOPARKS NETWORK

Partner:

10 years

UNESCO Global Geoparks 10th Anniversary

unesco International Geoscience and Geoparks Programme