

# La Cajarina de Cuca

Cristl da Coi was always enjoyed hunting. He poached or he wore that permission to which he had sometimes been one year.

But in the past the people didn't give very much on permissions. Cristl was also a good Hunter. One of the best even. In the golden age he told how he missed only two times a game still. And it was not his fault; the first time on Sëurasas as he wanted to shoot a deer had happened apparently the following. A man from St. Jakob followed him and as Cristl aimed on the deer the man shouted out loud intentionally. Cristl troubled and missed the animal. The second time in Ciaulonch as he was looking to a grouse. Hunters of the count came down on a slope, and because Cristl had no hunting permit and had to disappear quickly he didn't aim correctly and so the shot went wrong.

As fared Cristl on "Cuca" when he was still a young unmarried man, I must tell you. One day in winter, on the first Thursday in advent, he went on to the "Stevia" and from there "Col dala Pieres" hunt chamois. Throughout the day he dragged himself a mountain on the other but there has been no trace of a chamois or a deer. He came down on the "Pizascharte" "Stevia" and probably something had been delayed because when he arrived at the source of the Cisles river twilight had already begun. A few steps further he suddenly saw a beautiful deer. Cristl shot at the animal and not missed it. But the deer was still alive and began to flee. About the "Piëralongia" on the "Seceda" towards "Cuca". A deer can proceed sometimes several hours with a bullet in the body.

Cristl, young and fast, followed the animal far upwards on the Seceda, but because it was already dark he was forced to retire when he could no longer see the footnotes and blood of the animal in the fresh snow. Bordering the Cuca advocated ultimately total darkness. Then thought Cristl that best it would now probably here up somewhere to stay to resume the track of the animal in the morning. He went to the first hut that he saw, made a small fire to warm and out of his backpack he took some Bacon and some shaking bread to eat dinner. After he had eaten this a little, he discharged the fire with some snow and went to the hay barn to sleep in the hay. Cristl was not long in the Hay, and he neither warmed up his nest when he heard how the hut's door opened slowly. He was to have locked the door, but he was sure that this might not be the wind that made that sound.

"Who might be around up here at this time?" he wondered. Although Cristl was quite scared he stood up to watch through the bars of the barn to see who probably could be around at this time of the year and so late. The only but what he could see was the hut door was open but he heard loud and clear that someone with the help of any tools at it was slightly trimming wood to make a fire. When the fire kindled he saw a beautiful young and very beautifully dressed woman. This young woman took a pan for a mash, from the mill some flour and a bowl with some butter and she took a can with milk and prepared everything to make a mash.

Cristl made big eyes. Really big eyes. Half an hour before himself has even been there sat and looked up over the walls. Pans, flour, butter or milk was nothing to see. When the woman with cooking was done she took the pan with the mash came to the hay barn. Opened the door and shouted: "Come to dinner, young man!"

Cristl has scared so much that he didn't dare to answer, yet to come down from the heap. "For goodness sake, come on!" "Eat something else you going bad" the young woman shouted again and

now a bit louder. Despite the great fear that Cristl felt, he came down and followed the beautiful woman in the hut. Behind the door sat Cristl on a Bank, the young woman deposed the Pan on the table, gave him a beautiful clean new spoon in hand, sat down at the table and began to eat. The mash was excellent and although the young woman didn't let the mash cool down, it was still not too hot.

Without one of them said even a word they ate the must. Cristl arose and went back over in the hay, he didn't dare just to say thank you or ask anything. He was just glad that nothing bad happened. Arrived to the barn he saw the woman cleaning the pan and the spoon and the bowl with some snow and put everything back on its place. She put out the fire, locked the door and came up to the hay barn. Arrived at the door, she began to cry. Cristl was afraid but because he felt very sorry for the woman he dared and asked: "Tell, what can I do for you? How can I help you, beautiful woman?"

"Would you said only a single Thank You, for dinner, then I would been redeemed!" replied the woman howling. "You need to know. A long time ago this hut has been a home and I was the housekeeper." "My boyfriend was from St. Jakob and he came every day on my balcony, but on the Thursdays I forbade it him."

The Cristl thought immediately that today was Thursday and so he asked: "Why the Thursdays?"

"Every Thursday came another young man to me on the balcony to stay with me and to bring away the butter and cheese which I had stolen the man of the house, and because I have cheated my host and my friend so I was damned and banished forever in this hut." Years over years will I still stay here, only a young, unmarried man can redeem me, with a Thank You for the food I cooked him and that only on the first Thursday in advent, between eight and 12 o'clock evening with fresh snow. It was up to you!!"

When she had said these words she went away crying and vanished behind the hut. Cristl had not dared to ask yet anything or to follow her to see where the beautiful woman vanished, although it was very close to his heart.

All night long Cristl had get no eye closed. Once entered the dawn, he got up and went to the hut. Since all looked quite different. No pan, no flour, no butter and no milk was there. Cristl left the place and resumed the track of the deer and shortly afterwards it was there dead in a bush. He took it on his back and made through Balest and St. Jakob down home.

All day, all week long he couldn't get the destiny of the woman out of his mind. On Sunday he went to church. He told the Lord curat, priest of the municipality. But he knew no further recommend for the young Cristl as a Capuchin in Klausen to visit. Cristl was of course not long considering and attended the Capuchins in Chiusa. The old man advised as soon as possible to return on Cuca to the hut and the hay barn where he has been in that night and he should remember the place exactly, so he would know where it is located, because on the next first Thursday in the advent in next winter will surely fall a little snow and so he could release the poor woman on Cuca.

Cristl came quickly back and even the next day and throughout the winter and even in the summer he made himself looking, but to no avail. He couldn't remember anymore how the hut and the hay barn had looked or even where they were.

Next winter, on the first Thursday in advent, it snowed actually. But Cristl neither found the cottage in the summer. And you still do not know whether the poor woman of the Cuca has been released or not.