



THE LEGEND OF THE CHEESE-WRING.

The Legend of The Cheesewring

Retold by Tina Barrett

Many years ago, the giants ruled Cornwall just as they had for centuries past. That was until the pesky Saints moved in. Pesky for the giants because the people of Cornwall began to like those Saints a bit too much. They began to take them presents of fish on Fridays and listen to their preaching. This would never do. The giants wanted them gone!

So, a council of giants, led by the biggest giant of them all named Uther, called a meeting to decide how to deal with things. They held it on top of the High Moor on a cold, damp day. The tiniest of the Saints, named St

Tue, also attended even though it took him some time to

climb to the top of the High Moor. Whilst the giants argued and squabbled amongst themselves about the best way to rid Cornwall of the wretched Saints, little St Tue challenged them to a duel of strength to decide the matter. If they won, then he and all the other Saints would leave Cornwall forever. If he won, then they would stay and all the giants would bow down and be baptised. What did they think?

Well, the giants agreed at once. After all they were big and mighty strong. It was laughable. How could this puny little Saint stand a chance against all their muscle?

So, the scene was set. 12 huge granite boulders— six each to be thrown across Bodmin Moor in a contest of strength. Uther went first. Laughing, he picked up the first boulder as if it were nothing and tossed it clean through the air where it came to land several miles away on top of Stowe Hill. But little St Tue was not to be defeated. He sat awhile and prayed, drawing on the God's strength. Then he stood, and, whether it was the angels or God himself, he picked up the first of his boulders as easily as if it were a bag of feathers and threw it easily through the air where it came to land on top of Uther's first stone on Stowe Hill.

Uther was rattled but he guessed it was a fluke, so tossed his second boulder as easily as the first. It came to rest on St Tue's stone atop of Stowe Hill where an untidy stack started to form.

St Tue merely put his hands together in prayer before reaching for his second boulder and flinging it easily on top of Uthers. The stack was growing tall and Uther wiped his brow. He was beginning to tire. Surely, this puny little Saint would soon crumple and he flung the third boulder with all his might. Again it was matched by St Tue who gave a small smile and thanks to the heavenly help of God and his angels.

Uther's back was aching now and his biceps burning. He was buckling but he would not be beaten by a weedy man in sandals. He kept tossing his boulders until all six were on top of the great untidy stack on top of Stowe Hill but St Tue matched him easily until the pair were even. One more boulder would decide it.

Uther stretched. He took a deep breath and braced himself. His arms hugged the granite boulder but his efforts were in vain. The giant was spent. He had no strength left. He looked over at the Saint who sat once more deep in prayer. Surely he could not lift another?

But St Tue *could* lift another and with God and the angel's help, he threw the final boulder on top of that great stack. The Saints were the victors. With God's help, they had won the day and would stay in Cornwall.

Yes, the giants did grumble, but they were true to their word and bent down and were baptised and for a small while at least, a kind of peace reigned between the Giants and Saints of Cornwall.



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