

The Rillaton Cup

A Druid sat on his daily seat offering a drink to all who passed by. He held a beautiful gold cup which would mysteriously refill after every drink.

One day, three huntsmen rode across the marshes. The Druid offered them a drink and each rider drank a long draft as it had been a hard ride across the moors. The third huntsman drank and drank until he felt quite sick and still the Druid's cup was full of a fine golden liquid. The huntsman became angry that the cup wouldn't empty. He spat out the wine, threw some at the startled Druid and galloped off with the cup in his hand.

The Huntsman didn't get far; his horse stumbled as it ran down the stony hill, the huntsman tumbled off and cracked his head, dented his skull, broke his bones. The cup landed soft in a grassy hollow - no cracks or breaks or dents to mar its gold.

Many years later, the Huntsman was found buried in a barrow, the cup lay by his side along with a bronze sword. For a while it was used as a shaving mug by a king, but today the Druid's cup is kept very safe in a museum. It's now known as The Rillaton Cup, but without the Druid it remains empty to this day.