Riley Traut

Cheezus had never really felt special in any way, just always a little stranger than the other kids in the village. He never shared their love for the many rock-stick games and stone throwing contests, instead he just had a love for the pretty gals and animals. Cheezus was a sleepy boy, often dozing off in stone chipping class and wood cutting workshop. On several of these occasions he’d pass out staring at a glass of water sitting on the table in front of him, only to wake up to the water having been replaced by a sweet grapey juice. Only after entering his rebellious teen years was Cheezus able to pinpoint that sweet juice as the same wine him and his peers drank to loosen their robes and sandals. He was overcome with confusion, how had this wonderful social lubricant found its way into his glass all these years? He looked at the cup of water sitting in front of him on his desk at that moment and pondered the cause. Staring deep into the muddy water, from the local creek, he willed it to turn into that beverage he holds so dear. Out of the bottom of the cup he saw a swirl of crimson seep, convinced he was going mad he looked closer. To the teen’s astonishment the rest of the glass filled with the ripe red liquid, the mud seeming to have disappeared! He raised the cup to his lips and took a sip. Warmth enveloped his body as the sweet wine hit his throat. With a deep sigh, Cheezus emptied the glass and rushed for another glass of water. This time he tried the big basin his mum uses to shower and with nothing more than a sweaty brow he turned the whole thing to wine. Finally! Cheezus thought to himself, no more sneaking into the parent’s dirt hole to steal wine. Cheezus paraded around the village showing all the people and ladies his new skill, bragging of his endless supplies of the finest barefoot bubbly. With that all the village people cheered and became infatuated with Cheezus and his wonderful powers that would bring happiness to the land for the next 30 or so years. With that Cheezus had restored the shame his family had undergone from the townspeople refuting his scandalous virgin birth. The townspeople no longer needed any whine to go with their cheez.