

## The West Coast Wizard and the Books of Dark Magic.

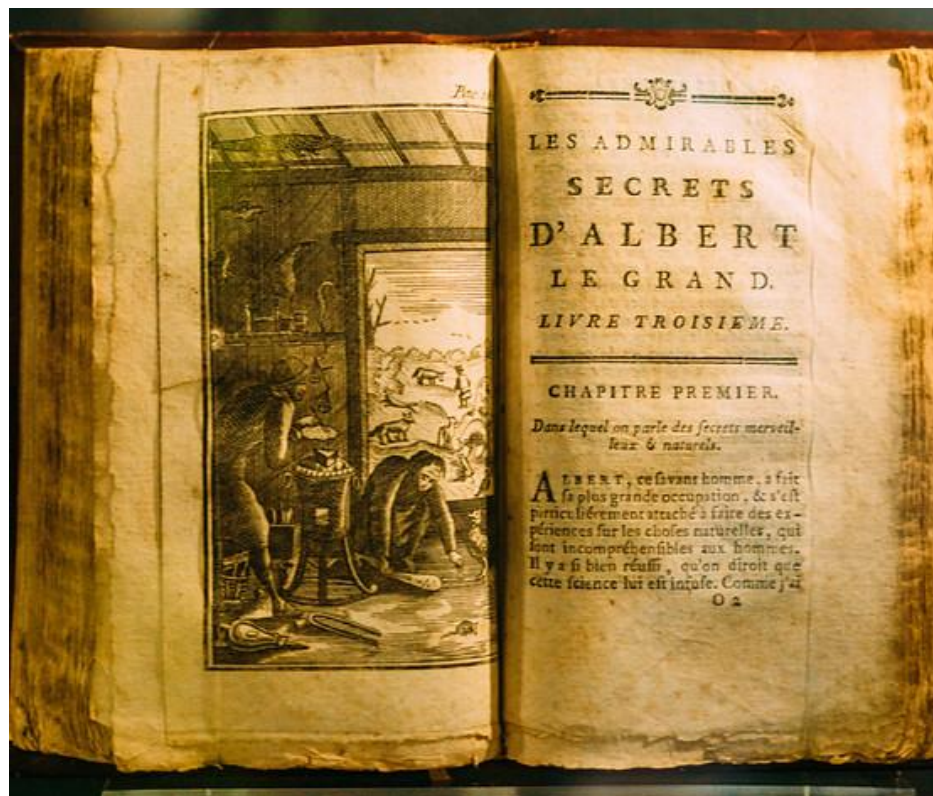
There was once a man by the name of Mr Sarre who lived on the West Coast of the Island. People in the area believed that he was a Wizard, and that he used books of dark magic. Some of his neighbours even claimed that they had suffered from his dark spells.

The Rector of Torteval decided to try and mend Sarre's wicked ways. He visited the Wizard several times, and spent hours pleading with him. The preacher told Sarre how dabbling with dark powers could cost him both his body and his soul.

Mysteriously, no sooner had the preacher begun his attempt to save Sarre, when the Wizard was visited by a black cat. The animal watched him day and night and followed him wherever he went. No matter how hard he tried he could not drive it away. Sarre began to fear that the creature had been sent by the Devil to fight with the preacher for his very soul.

The Wizard was utterly terrified and knew he had to redeem himself. He decided that he must get rid of the dark books. The very next night, under cover of darkness, Sarre took the volumes from his house and carried them onto the beach and down to the low-water mark. There he dug a deep hole and buried them in the sand. As the tide rose and covered the spot, Sarre felt a huge sense of relief. Walking home he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

However, when he got back to his house his mouth fell open in shock. There, waiting for him in his kitchen, were the very same books he had buried under many feet of sand not an hour before. Sitting beside them, with one paw placed on top of the books, was the black cat.



*Le Grand Albert, one of the books nicknamed the 'black books'. You can see these books on display in The Folkore Gallery at Candie.*

Sarre's neighbours said that after that he sank into a deep depression. He took to aimlessly wandering the cliffs and seashore. Eventually he disappeared without trace, and some people thought he had finally thrown himself in despair from the cliffs of Pleinmont. But there were others who said that his dark studies had brought him to the attention of the Devil himself, and he had come and claimed Sarre as his own.

Artwork by David Wyatt. © Guernsey Museums & Art Gallery

Story by Guernsey Museums, adapted from Marie de Garis' *Folklore of Guernsey*