Little by little, the noise and confusion ceased: everyone had taken their places, even the illustrious chaplain, a priest just a meter and thirty centimeter tall, very red in face, very cheerful, who whistled arias and sang songs almost like a coffee concert.

The horses were taken to pasture; the hotbeds were lit; and the magnificent prior and the women of the tribe began to cook certain frightening soup boilers seasoned with fresh cheese.

(from the novel *Elias Portolu*, 1903).

Probably in the large pots for the feast of St. Francis, a soup typical of the cuisine of Nuoro was cooked, made with fresh cheese, which abounded in the agropastoral society, that went on pilgrimage to the sanctuary of St. Francis. The prioress mentioned in the text became the wife of the prior, a term used to designate the person who, year after year, organized the feast in the rural sanctuary. Being a prior – and prioress – was a great honor, but also a reasonable financial burden, so this role could only be played by rich landowners and shepherds.