

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



By Hayley (14)



By Hayley (14)

By Yanqing (13)



Plymouth

Lazing on the Waterfront,
Playing in the park,
Having ice-creams on the hood,
And go to see a shark



See tropical fish and eels
All at the aquarium,
Go to the fudge shop and then just go
And sunbathe down the barbican.



Go shopping with your mates;
Go to the ABC,
Go swimming at the Pavillions
Or ice-skating with me.

By Hayley Savage

By Hayley (14)

Local Legends



By Anna (12)

The Hairy Hands

If you travel along the B3212 between Postbridge and Two Bridges you may like to keep a wary eye out for the 'Hairy Hands' which have plagued for many other motorists along this stretch of road since the early part of the 20th century. It only happens on a Friday. This large pair of Hairy Hands are said to grip the driver's hands and wrench the steering wheel to force the person off the road. Between 1920-1970 a series of accidents, involving pony-traps and cyclists, occurred which were unaccountable, but all featured the Hairy Hands. It also happens to cars and lorries. Reporters came to investigate. But still it went on even to stationary vehicles.

By Emily (12)



The Dartmoor Spooks!

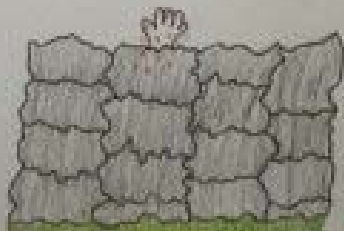
By Alice Gerry

There was once a man who was very isolated in the moorlands of Dartmoor. Whenever a party of men past he would offer them to let the night and something to eat.

After a while the man became so isolated that he turned to mad he would start to kill people. The next person, who went past, was not offered in, they would be made to kneel down and pray, he would then stab them in the back,

One day a strong party went by, he was made to kneel and pray. The party by knew what he was going to do, so he suddenly turned around and stabbed the mad man in the back, the poor man fell to his knees. The party by threw him down a well.

If you go to the well now you are supposed to be able to hear the scratches of the mad man trying to get out of the well.



By Bryony (12)

Childe's Tomb

Ordulf was a man who lived in the 11th century. Ordulf was a religious man who had given his lands to whichever church took his body when he died. Ordulf was interested in hunting deer and took his band up with him to the high moors. One day Ordulf went hunting on an early in the dawn lighting sky. Ordulf a huge man over 7 foot led the hunt at the front of all of them. He could see the deer tracks in front of him as he struggled forward against the cold wind blowing in his face. As he lay down to see where he thought the deer would be. He felt the snowflakes melt through his clothes and lay on his skin. He soon noticed that they were not there as he looked around him he could only see a metre from him as the fog grew worse in seconds. Not knowing where came from or where to go home. He was running out of options and saw the only option was to inside of donkey as he knifed it open he finally crawled inside. He escaped from the wind but the bitter cold he could not escape from.

A few days later monks came up to where he was lying and when they saw him dead inside this donkey the first thing that came to their minds was the land he had promised for the church that buried him.

No one knows what exactly happened to his body but when you go there but apparently you can still the deer breathing at the distance.

By Alice (12)

Our Natural Area



By Hannah (13)



By Emma-Louise (14)



By Erin (12)



By Michaela (14)



By Harriet (12)