

## **The Legend of Bowerman's Nose – Retold by Richard Johnson**

High up on the peaks of Dartmoor is a marvellous granite column, three times the height of a man, called Bowerman's Nose. For many years now, it has roused the curiosity of passers-by who have wondered at its origins. I will tell you one old moorland story of how this fascinating rock came to be.

Many, many years ago, up on Dartmoor, lived a tall, powerful hunter called Bowerman. He rode on the east of the moor, hunting with his pack of mighty hounds. Bowerman was famed for his eagerness as a hunter and he and his hounds would often be found charging around the moor in search of their quarry.

However, this was all to change. One day, Bowerman was out hunting and his hounds caught the scent of a hare. Bowerman gave a cheer and encouraged his hounds to take up the chase. They chased the hare right across the moor, uphill and downhill, wherever the hare tried to scarp. Desperate, the hare vanished into a wood followed by Bowerman and his hounds.

But a coven of witches was holding a secret meeting in this wood. Suddenly, they were disturbed by the hare, which shot through their meeting, followed by Bowerman's pack. The witches were incensed and screamed at Bowerman.

The tall hunter laughed and cried, "Oh, stop your moaning and muttering."

The witches decided to plot their revenge. One of them would change their form and give Bowerman a lesson that no-one would ever forget.

Weeks later, Bowerman was out hunting again with his hounds. Once again, his hounds picked up the scent of a hare and Bowerman called on them to lead the chase. Only, this time, Bowerman did not know the true identity of the hare for it was a witch transformed. Bowerman and his hounds chased this hare for mile after mile, uphill and downhill. This time, though, the hare seemed impossible to catch. Every time that Bowerman thought it was beaten, it found another burst of energy to spring away and lead them on.

Just as Bowerman's energies drained, the hare shot round a corner. There, waiting, was the coven of witches. They raised their arms and cast a spell on Bowerman who was too tired to resist. As he stood, he and his hounds became a column of stone and that column, with his nose sticking out, has been there ever since.

**Writer's note:** This story is aimed at year 5/6 children and includes several of the year 5/6 spelling words in context. The story has been used to great effect with the children innovating their own event that brought Bowerman's Nose into being before inventing a story for a more local landmark.