

# Sustainable Stories Inspired by Dartmoor National Park

A collection of stories written by children  
and families.

August 2025



A collection of stories written by participants of the Plymouth Sustainable Stories Workshop, delivered as part of the New Perspectives Storytelling programme.

These stories were created by participants and their families, and have been read, transcribed, and compiled by Emily Barrett, who organised and ran the workshop.

With thanks to our speakers and volunteers – Andy, Becky, Pippa, and Chloe – for your support, and to our participants and families for their creativity and generosity in sharing their stories.

We would also like to thank our venue sponsor, Real Ideas Organisation, and the team at Campaign for National Parks for their support with this project.

# Sustainable stories inspired by Dartmoor National Park

## A Polar Bear on Dartmoor

Humans have caused death and devastation to the world.

Air pollution such as the greenhouse effect caused destruction to the animal world, humans were creating nuclear plants, so my story is about a polar bear with children who had to find their way to a new home.

Chapter one the travel...

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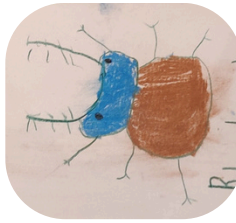
## Hope

One baby alone on the moors, crawled so far her feet got sore. When she was just about to give up hope, a butterfly came and landed on her nose. She was excited and named her Hope.

The butterfly led her to a road, just then a car stopped, and drove her home.

—





## Blue brown beetle

There was once a blue brown beetle who lived on top of the moors. On the moors, the windy air would blow away the blue brown beetle. [He] would always try to go down and down, so after a few hours he would go down very slowly and walk down. When there was wind he would [...]

Another day, the beetle was trekking across through narrow, towering grass, searching for water. After quite a while he found [an] opening, but little did he know he came across a bog.

—

## Miner

Miners dig for crystals.

They mine for them to sell to make medicine and buildings and jewellery.

Mining could destroy habitat for animals but also create them.

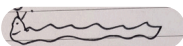


## Micheal went missing

There was a cow called Lucy!  
She had a calf cow called micheal!  
One day Micheal went missing...Duh Duh Duh!

Farmer Tommy went looking for Micheal on his adventures he saw:

- The longest slug
- The Curlew
- The Elephant Moth



But he couldn't find Micheal so he went to sleep zzzz.

In the morning he searched again and found Micheal in a tree house on Dartmoor?!

He took Micheal home to Lucy. Lucy was happy, they ate lots of grass and fell asleep zzzz. When they woke up... Micheal was gone again!!

The End! By Finn and Abbie



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Once upon a time, there were four animals, there were a pig, a sheep, a moth and a cow. One day, they were looking for a home in dartmoor. One of them said to the pig do you know where a home is no said the pig.

—

## Butterflies

There once was a egg and in that egg was a butterfly, the days last and it grew, and grew until it started eating the egg shell and started eating the leaves until one day it turned into a cocoon and rested. It waited and inside the cacoon, a butterfly forms and is free...

—



Colin was a slug, he lived on a tree  
He was the longest in the world, but as slow as could be.

Every day he'd move himself to the end of his twig  
And look out over Dartmoor, it was ever so big.

He saw people running, and climbing the boulders  
Cloud spotting, bird spotting, with packs on their  
shoulders

Kit flying, swimming and orienteering,  
Colin was so envious of what he was seeing.

—

A girl sheep called skippy and she was left out because  
of her spots but when she starts to skip she gets braver  
and has more friends.

—

## Fluff the cow



His crew are the minions  
He likes to swim in the fluff  
He live in the middle of nowhere.

—

Pickle the pony finds his pall fluff the cow. The next day they play. Minions and Chicken come to play just wait until the end of the day.

At the end of the day they stop and wait and they find the dinner by eight.

At the moors the grass is more like hay so they stop eating for a few days so it is green again.

—

In the Dartmoor rainforest there was a bright orange caterpillar. The caterpillar wished for there to be more orange food. And then she made herself into a cocoon and waited and waited until out went a beautiful butterfly.



## By Rosalie

Among the bushes and mud  
A cow crouched down in the sun  
A frog will hop  
A bee will buzz  
And a fox will clamber over a horse.  
Its fur will glisten  
Its hooves will bang  
All among the bushes  
The sheep will baaa  
The plant will rise  
The ivy will affect you  
And the fish will drown  
A cow will drink  
A ant will eat  
All among the bushes  
The hare will wear a hat  
While bug will blop down  
All because the cow did a backflip  
The pony swallowed the linkon  
And bee gulped down a bug  
All among the bushes.



## Changes

Once the world was as proud as it could be.  
But then the changes came stronger than ice,  
Stronger than a gorilla. Too powerful for the world...  
Melted ice caps polluted are seas devastated in people!  
We need to stand up for our world. We were being  
defeated but thanks to our national parks we have rose  
up against it to bring animals back and we did it now it  
still attacks but we help, the end.

Inspired by conversations with speakers and planning the workshop, the organiser Emily Barrett, also had a go at writing something of her own:

### **If the trees could talk**

If the trees could talk, what would they say,  
Would they help with the problem, or just stand and  
sway,  
Might they offer a hand, or look in dismay,  
At the state of it all, we humans at play.

If the wasps could talk, would they protest,  
“Save the bees” people say, but what of our nest?  
“Save the bees, save the bees,”  
Those wasps are a pest.

If the fish piped up, what would they think?  
We’re polluting their rivers, we’re making them stink,  
Do they mind the otter, the heron, or mink?  
Or just us, poisoning their home, what do you think?

If the wind sang a song, what would it be?  
What would it sing of? What does it see?  
Can it bear to sing? Or Would it whisper to me,  
Of an earth that’s getting hotter, that we can’t just let be.

If the land could murmur, of what would it speak,  
Would it stand up for the mice, the small and the meek,  
Should it open up and swallow us whole,  
Because this mess is ours, we dug the hole.

If all the animals had a voice, what would they say,  
Would they scream, would they stomp, would they keep  
us at bay,  
If I could speak to the animals on earth today,  
I'd say we're sorry, please can we stay?

