## Find our fiends and answer these questions...ask a guide if you need help?



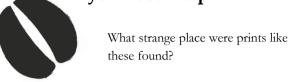
Who were	the	water	barrels
for?			

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Who did the stolen chicken	^
belong to?	
	A DO
	( E Wee Stary)

Who was prescribed milk as part of their daily diet?

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Where did the Reverend's wheelbarrow end up?	



What replaced	the skittle
COLUMN )	

 •••••	 •••••

## Find our Furry & Feathered Fiends





Use the clues inside to discover more about Port Arthur's non-human residents.

Where am I?





Where am I?

I once stood here tall and proud, high upon the hill, My inhabitants all uniformed, trained to shoot to kill. My buildings are all gone, a retaining wall still stands,

Those who once lived here set sail for Maori lands.

See me whilst sailing on the Marana you are, No need to leave the boat, you can see me from afar. The prisoners once here, some small, cunning and coy, My name is Latin for juvenile, youth, youngster or boy.

On the edge of the site, separated from the settlement main, Is an area where an oak tree, dairy and cottage remain.

This land once supplied food to those living near,

Old MacDonald had one of these, and we had one here.

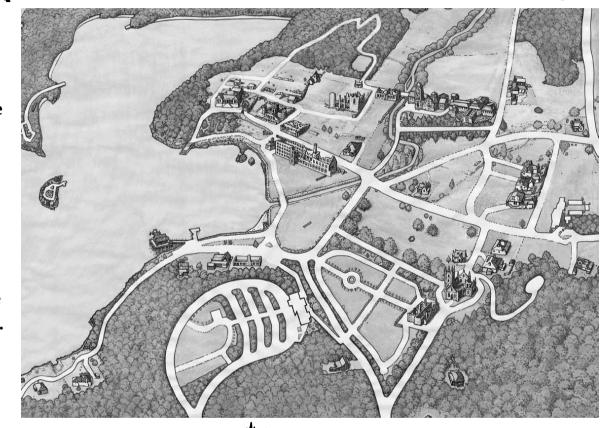
Of all the civil houses here, ones with basements are few, This building has a large one and several outbuildings too. Once home to a magistrate and a medical man as well, Closed in the day, but at night I have ghostly stories to tell.

Of five in a row I'm number two or possibly number four, My colour is not exciting and you cannot open my door. My resident once did pray for the souls of the convicts here, but 'twas the Catholics out of everyone who he did hold dear!

Once filled with working convicts, a kiln and pits of clay, I'm hiding behind trees, hidden from view by spires today. Now a green grassy slope, bunnies and pademelons abound, If you stand behind the church, simply look around.

Draw a line between the animal and where they are hiding on the map.

Then write their locations on the dotted lines.





Where am I?



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