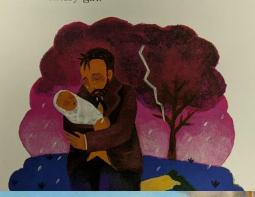
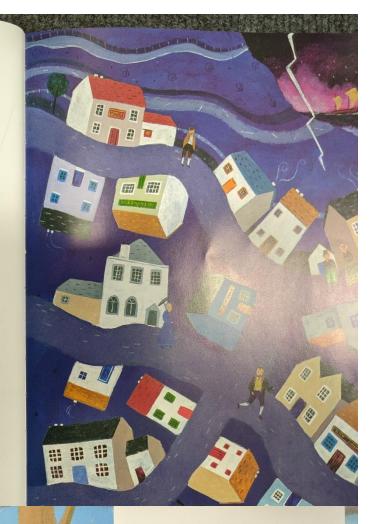
hen Mary Anning was a baby she was struck by lightning. It split a huge elm tree and threw Mary right out of her nurse's arms.

Her father was in his carpenter's shop when he heard the terrible news. He dropped his hammer and ran through the stormy streets of Lyme Regis. Gently, he lifted the limp body of his little daughter and his tears flowed like rain.

But then, an extraordinary thing happened...
Mary Anning slowly opened her eyes. She reached out a tiny hand and touched the amazed face of her father. And the little girl began to smile.

It was then her father realised - Mary Anning was no ordinary girl.







The years rolled by like waves.

Mary grew into a clever girl.

"A mind as quick as lightning!"
her mother teased.

Mary had few friends, except her father, whom she adored. Like everyone else in the town, she called him "Pepper" because of his speckled beard.

One Saturday, Pepper closed his workshop early. He took Mary down to the cliffs by the crashing sea. She held tightly to his hand because she knew how dangerous it could be. The clay cliffs at Lyme Regis are soft as melting chocolate. Mary had sometimes seen huge slabs of land slipping and tumbling to the beach below.

Pepper had stories of whole fields on the cliff tops which had disappeared beneath the feet of grazing cattle. He knew a place, he said, where half a farmhouse sat balanced on the cliff edge. He and his quarrymen friends had peered over and seen the remains of the kitchen and even the garden gate, smashed to splinters on the rocks below.

