The following year, Charles was sent to a boarding school. It was rules, rules, rules. He hated all the lessons he had to learn, and continued to get up to mischief instead. Charles was happiest when he was alone outdoors.

The headmaster got cross with Charles for wasting his time outside when he should have been learning Latin and Greek. But Charles was developing a passion for collecting and an eye for detail that would one day help him to understand nature in a brand-new way.

