

## Welcome

“My god,” Ellie said softly. They were all staring at the animal above the trees. “My god.”

Her first thought was that the animal was extraordinary beautiful. Books portrayed them as oversize, dumpy creatures, but this long-necked animal had a gracefulness, almost a dignity, about its movement. Genaro was speechless (...) he was shocked into silence. He thought: We are going to make a fortune on this place. *A fortune*. Grand stood on the path on the side of the hill, with the mist on his face, looking at the grey necks craning above the palms. He had trouble getting his breath. Because he was looking at something he had never expected to see in his life. (...) From the distance, they heard the trumpeting sound again. First, one animal made it, and then the others joined in. Grand stood and listened for a moment, entranced.

“You probably want to know what happens next. We’ve scheduled a complete tour of the facilities for you and a trip to see the animals in the park.” Hammond said.

The group followed Ed. Regis toward the nearest buildings. Over the path, a crude hand-painted sign read: “Welcome to Jurassic Park.”

Michael Crichton, *Jurassic Park*, 1991

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