"My God," Ellie said softly. They were all staring at the animal above the trees. "My God." Her first thought was that the dinosaur was extraordinarily beautiful. Books portrayed them as oversize, dumpy creatures, but this long-necked animal had a gracefulness, almost a dignity, about its movements. And it was quick—there was nothing lumbering or dull in its behavior. The sauropod peered alertly at them, and made a low trumpeting sound, rather like an elephant. A moment later, a second head rose above the foliage, and then a third, and a fourth.

"My God," Ellie said again. Gennaro was speechless. He had known all along what to expect—he had known about it for years—but he had somehow never believed it would happen, and now, he was shocked into silence. These animals were so big! They were enormous! Big as a house! And so many of them! Actual damned dinosaurs! Just as real as you could want.

Gennaro thought: We are going to make a fortune on this place. A fortune. He hoped to God the island was safe.

Grant stood on the path on the side of the hill, with the mist on his face, staring at the gray necks craning above the palms. He felt dizzy, as if the ground were sloping away too steeply. He had trouble getting his breath. Because he was looking at something he had never expected to see in his life. Yet he was seeing it. The animals in the mist were perfect apatosaurus, medium-size sauropods. His stunned mind made academic associations: North American herbivores, late Jurassic horizon. Commonly called "brontosaurs." First discovered by E. D. Cope in Montana in 1876. Specimens associated with Morrison formation strata in Colorado, Utah, and Oklahoma. Recently Berman and McIntosh had reclassified it a diplodocus based on skull appearance. Traditionally, Brontosaurus was thought to spend most of its time in shallow water, which would help support its large bulk. Although this animal was clearly not in the water, it was moving much too quickly, the head and neck shifting above the palms in a very active manner—a surprisingly active manner. Grant began to laugh.

"What is it?" Hammond said, worried. "Is something wrong?" Grant just shook his head, and continued to laugh. He couldn't tell them that what was funny was that he had seen the animal for only a few seconds, but he had already begun to accept it and to use his observations to answer long-standing questions in the field. He was still laughing as he saw a fifth and a sixth neck crane up above the palm trees. The sauropods watched the people arrive. They reminded Grant of oversize giraffes—they had the same pleasant, rather stupid gaze. "I take it they're not animatronic," Malcolm said. "They're very lifelike." "Yes, they certainly are," Hammond said. "Well, they should be, shouldn't they?"

From the distance, they heard the trumpeting sound again. First one animal made it, and then the others joined in. "That's their call," Ed Regis said. "Welcoming us to the island." Grant stood and listened for a moment, entranced. "You probably want to know what happens next," Hammond was saying, continuing down the path. "We've scheduled a complete tour of the facilities for you, and a trip to see the dinosaurs in the park later this afternoon. I'll be joining you for dinner, and will answer any remaining questions you may have then. Now, if you'll go with Mr. Regis . . ."

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