

DERRICK DAVIS
PRESENTS



EXCAVATED

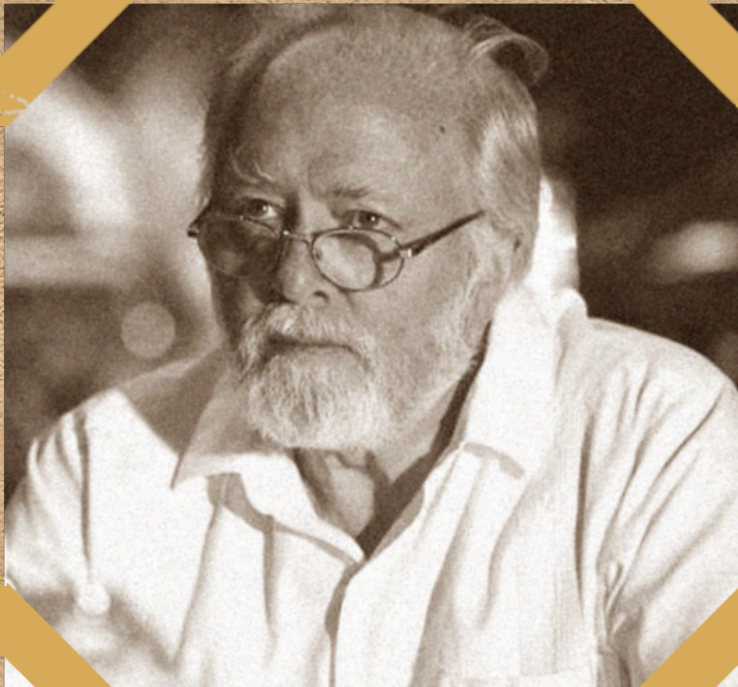
WRITTEN BY AUSTIN GROSSMAN
RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH AS JOHN PARKER HAMMOND
CREATED BY DERRICK DAVIS

John Hammond, the creator of Jurassic Park, and the safeguard of a Lost World, once wrote a memoir that recalled the rise and fall of a dream almost fulfilled...

Flip through the pages of his long-lost notes documenting just what really happened on the remote islands off the west coast of Costa Rica...

John Parker Hammond

My name is John Parker Hammond. I was born on March 14th, 1928. What follows is a record of certain events in which I took part, between the years 1980 and 1997, on an island I will call "Site B". Site B was not to be a theme park, but a research station. This was where we did the real work.



By 1989, International Genetic Technologies had succeeded in their design, to genetically recreate the dinosaurs. It was an unprecedented accomplishment, the pinnacle of 20th-century science, a work to rank achievements of Galileo, or Einstein. But it was not all so easy or so simple as it appeared. One seldom hears the true story of such events - what happened at the place where the world changed? How it began, what were the reasons, what was the cost?

Conception Of The Century

A Nobel Prize, or a financial empire awaits somewhere in a darkened room, in a dirty derelict building somewhere in the pacific. It was the flowering of an ambition born 50 years ago - 50 years struggle come to this.



When I was little I dreamed of a time when the entire world was covered by an ancient first-growth forest. Great hunters stalked in the cool darkness, among silent, huge columnar trees - oaks, and sequoias. In school they showed me a picture of a swamp, with giant lizards fighting. They said, "This is the way the world once was, long ago." They saw the first mornings of the world, and lived through the closing of the first great age.



I left home at 15, with the rather romantic idea of seeking my fortune. I remember the train ride south, in my best clothes, eating an apple. The entire world before me. When I came to London I had neither fortune nor education nor connections. Nothing!

It was 1979, and the biotech industry was just beginning to boom. Genetech and BioSyn were making hundreds of millions.

The mysterious John Hammond - shady investor, multimillionaire, jovial mad scientist.

An idea brought me awake one morning in New York. I almost didn't write it down. What if a mosquito sucked the blood of a dinosaur, one hundred million years ago. The insect is then covered in tree sap which, over the millennia, becomes amber. The insect is preserved, perfectly. But -- you see, here's the clever part -- wouldn't the dinosaur blood be preserved as well? The blood holds DNA, a tiny spiral of genetic code. Abra cadabra!

I took my idea to the two Stanford geneticists, Norman Atherton and Henry Wu. Norman was tops in the field, a man of my generation; Henry, his protégé. Sunlight angled down through the dusty air of Norman's office. I leaned against a solid

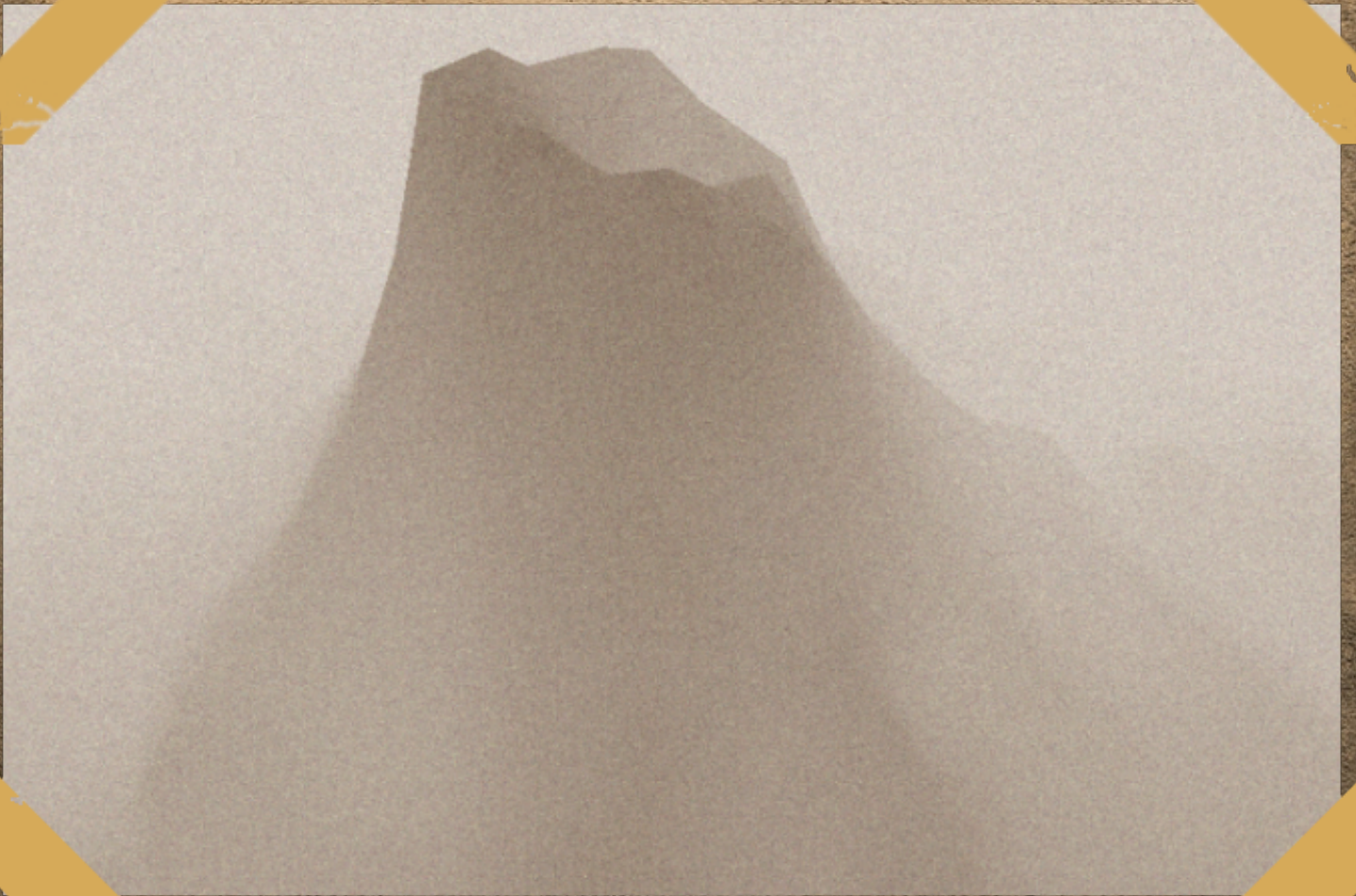
oak table as I outlined my plans for International Genetic Technologies. I met with a group of Japanese investors, Hamaguri and Denaska. In the end, only the Japanese had the patience for my 8-year plan.

The first task was genetic recovery -- acquiring Jurassic or Cretaceous amber, extracting preserved DNA, and reassembling the completed sequences. "Bringing it up the well," we called it. The tiny amber jewel held an ancient world. Jurassic DNA is rather thin on the ground in our times -- and in 1980 there was no way to be sure it existed at all. My agents brought insect-bearing amber from the shores of the Baltic Sea, from African bazaars, from museums in Warsaw and Leningrad, even New Jersey. I spared no expense, permitted no failures.

If we succeeded, the InGen technology would be historic. We were planning to conquer time's power over life, its power to extinguish and erase. It would change all of our lives, as profoundly, as irrevocably as the atomic bomb.

Arriving At Isla Sorna

In early 1980 I surveyed a number of small islands in the Caribbean and Pacific. As I peered from the window of a survey plane, Isla Sorna came into view, untouched since the Spanish Colonial era.



Isla Sorna. Costa Rica lay to the east, a quiet neighbor. To the west, open water and the shipping lanes of the Pacific.

1981. I stumbled out of the helicopter, already beginning to sweat, and looked around at the lush forest, the wet leaves. A forest this wild, this unknown, has not been seen by any human since the great hunters of the early Pliocene. The forest smelled of wet leaves, damp earth, rotting wood. The sky at noon was like nothing in Europe. Hot, tropical, a new world.



...cameras, and seismic instruments in yellow crates. They set them in the dust as the helicopters rose.

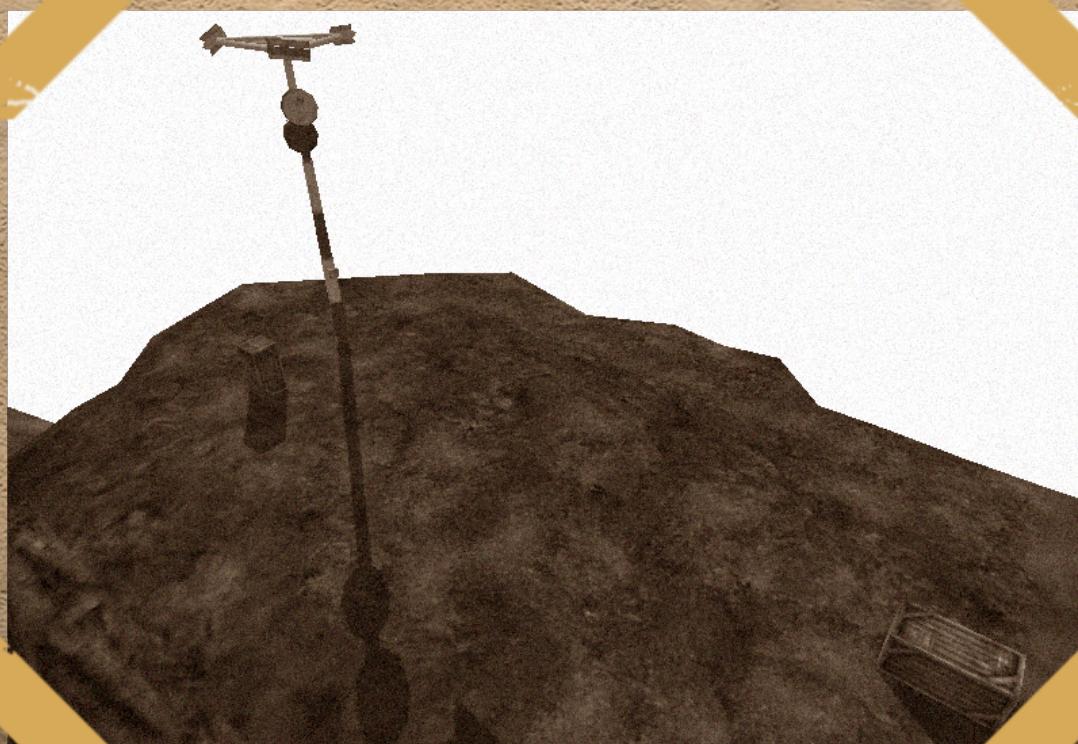
A few days after the landing, Robert and I hiked south through the jungle. Over the years, the summer rains had carved deep channels in the volcanic rock. The gorge was shadowed even at midday.

A few weeks after we first landed, we went to the summit to put up a crude satellite link. We went by helicopter. Young technicians scrambled to set up the dish as the wind howled. High-speed uplink... state of the art. The mountaintop uplink was vital to our operations. To maintain it, we blasted a road winding clockwise up the eastern face.

In May the rains began. The smell of the jungle was everywhere.

The jungle canopy hung over us. There was an utter silence. Far away I could hear a jeep engine idling. InGen Standard Safari Vehicle. State of the art.

As I journeyed south along the coast, the air grew moist and heavy. Metal and concrete lay rotting in the sun and rain.







A failed coffee plantation of the 1860's. Fields were marked out by stone walls. To the west, the ruins of the plantation house still stand. We took a shortcut south to reach the site -- west along the stream, until a tall tree shows itself, with a cluster of boulders at its base. Then walk northward, until the path appears. Who had decided to build a plantation on this lonely island, so far out to sea? What were the circumstances of their departure? We were never to find any answers. It is a chilling thought that someday the same questions will be asked about our town, our lab, our power station.



We shared the island with the crumbling remains of a vanished Mayan splinter civilization. The buildings followed a scheme I only vaguely understood, marking seasons, the lunar year, and the movements of the stars...



Two old stone pillars, with a cryptic monogram; we opted to let them stand. Oddly, an inscription read:

"...and there they will raise the temple of the moon, and its roots shall know the depths of time..."



On the plain the heat was extraordinary, like a solid wall. The party took shelter in the shade, by a still pool under a rock cliff. We had been hiking most of the day.

I stepped out of the jeep and stretched my legs. The two guards attended to the wheel, and just for an instant I stood alone, unprotected in the Jurassic wilderness. I felt the air currents around me, heard a single tree rustle. I stood on the lip of the cliff, the wind blowing my hair. It might have been a morning in the early Jurassic.



We built our main buildings inland, to hide the extent of our operation. We began the secondary roads and walls. From our first encampment, the complex spread out in great circles or waves. In the plains to the northeast, we cultivated a different style of ecosystem. The first trees fell. Meter by meter, we pushed our way through the jungle.



Where Our Secrets Lie

1982. Robert Muldoon I already knew. Dennis Nedry I found in Cambridge - despite his idiosyncrasies, he was years ahead of his competition. Dennis fancied himself quite the hacker. He had his own locks for his doors. His office decorations were quite outside company regulations. Henry Wu was an only child, from Ohio. A prodigy, he gained early attention for his undergraduate thesis at MIT. Doctor Wu's laboratory was a mystery to me. I never finished my schooling -- I had a child's idea of science. Test tubes, explosions, and miracles.

The main laboratory and administrative buildings. This was where we made our discovery, where the real magic trick happened. When they come to dig up our secrets, they will come here. The lab I showed them in Jurassic Park was too good to be true- I had to do the dirty work elsewhere. This was to be the center of my empire, a gigantic spidery lattice of money, science, and shadowy agreements.

Requisitions for laboratory supplies; personnel uniforms; amber samples; prefabricated housing; trucks; kilometers of fencing...



It was strange to move from the field; the hot sun, dirt on one's trouser-cuffs; into the cool, sterile darkness of the lab. The scientists fascinated me - each working alone in the night, seeming to seek some central revelation. Acolytes of a strange, lonely, futile passion.

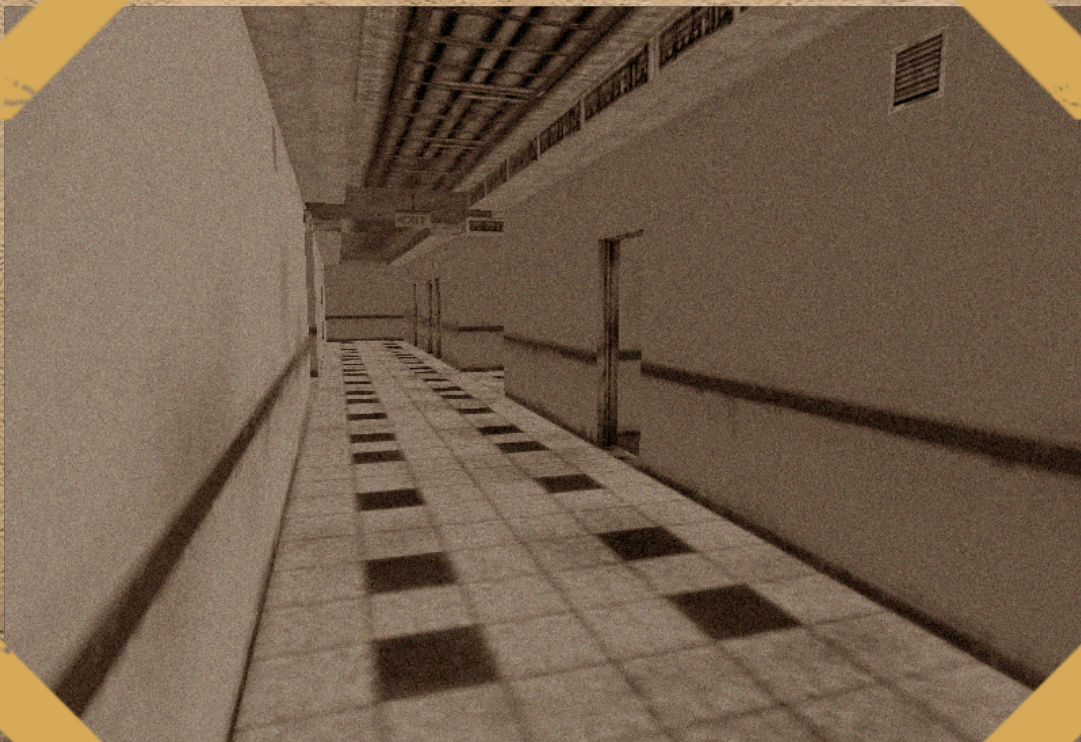
The Hamachi-Hood gene sequencers were fat boxes in dirty white casings, terribly heavy and damnably expensive. The sharp tang of the preservative chemicals. The coolness and hush of the sterile chamber. The daily ritual of decontamination. The centrifuge whirred night and day. The slow alchemy of genetic replication. The clear fluid held a cloudy layer of DNA strands. Adenine. Cytosine. Thymine. Guanine. Uracil.

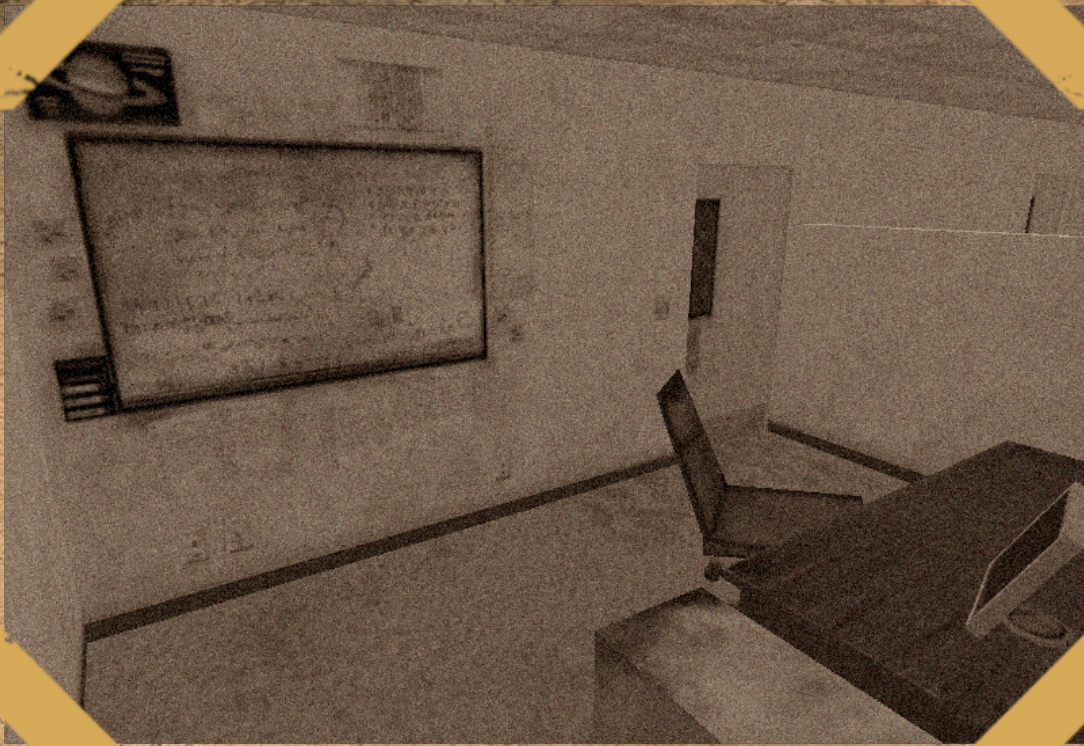
Keyboards rattled into the early morning. Ranks of green CRT screens displayed collated genetic data.

Three Cray-XMP's moved more data, faster, than any computer center in the Americas. Site B was fully centralized and computer-controlled. The same design that became the Achilles heel of Jurassic Park. Diagnostics, communications, security, all ran through the computer. Accordingly, computer security was paramount; the tightest on the island. Left to itself, the facility reverts to minimal power -- chiefly battery-powered security systems. It can sustain itself almost indefinitely.

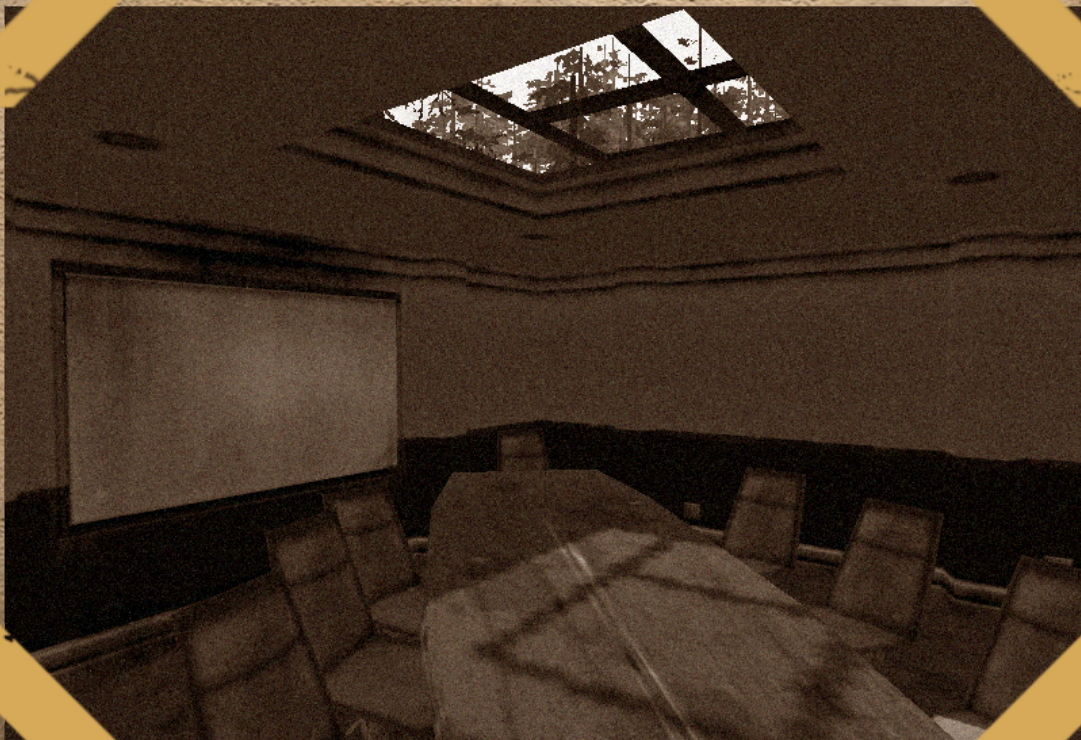


We worked long into the night. Feeling at times as if the whole of the earth had fallen away outside, leaving only the darkness, the work, the endless questing into the past. Understand, we were attempting to read a code far older than humanity itself. The darkness of the laboratory at night seemed like home to me. The intricate structure of the DNA, the interplay of markets and corporate holdings, the pixels on a computer monitor. It is something one can become lost in. Dennis was playing a dungeon game of his own devising, running it at fantastic speed on our network. Walking corridors sketched in lines of light, stealing treasures from ancient kings.





"We must all of us be conscious that we are creating the future. We will be remembered for this forever."



Bringing It Up The Well

It was in the last days of genetic recovery, and at this point nothing was certain. Was the DNA there? Could we bring it back, up the well?

In a quiet, locked room, the extinction of species, the history of life on earth was being methodically reversed. It was 3 AM. The room was strewn with soda cans. For the hundredth time we ran the extraction sequence. As Nedry typed, the world seemed to hold its breath. For a moment we stood at the turning point between two great planetary eras - the million-year reign of man, and the age of the dinosaurs.

"Dennis? What are we looking at here?"

All my life I had waited for something great, something extraordinary. And right then it opened up. The barrier of time was, for an instant, opened. Nedry and I stared into the monitor, straight back through 65 thousand centuries. I began to have my first inkling of the seriousness of our work - how deep the well was. This was life from 65 or 100 million years before mankind.

By the end of the second year, there was a buzz, a tiny buzz in the highest of academic circles. No definite word, nothing published. But they knew something was happening. We had gone beyond CalTech, beyond Stanford or Princeton. There was no precedent, no reference point in the field.

...the greatest discovery of the 20th century...

Rulers Of The Island

In 11 months, Site B became the most powerful genetics facility in the world. We were neither the only covert business to thrive in Central America, nor the most dangerous.

By 1983 we held 13 new patents. November 1983. Test fertilization of an artificial ovum. My hands shook as I held the tiny eye dropper. One drop, two drops. There! The genie was out of the bottle.

1985. The first dinosaur to prove viable in the modern age was a small albertosaur, revision three-oh-eight. It had behavioral quirks, and a chronic skin infection, but it lived.

The raptor took shape inside its egg. I watched it on the ultrasound monitor. It looked like a ghost, or a puff of smoke. Velociraptor, a small therapod. Native to China and Mongolia. Pack-hunter, quite vicious, and quite intelligent.

Our preparations were exhaustive: concrete moats; seismic sensors; 24-hour guard; electrical fencing, video monitors...

Dinosaurs do not thrive in captivity. They grow vicious and stop eating, pacing their cages. We had no choice but to release them into the wild. Site B was not a zoo, like Jurassic Park. It was more of a colony in a dangerous wilderness. Our buildings were outposts in another era.

SEC 02
GRD 03
CH 02



1985/04/22
13:15

SEC 02
GRD 05
CH 02



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13:19

We released the first raptor on April 22nd, 1985. It wandered back and forth near the wall for four minutes and twenty-two seconds, before hearing a noise which drew it further off into the brush. The raptor padded in towards sundown. It drank nervously, careful of the dangers of the Jurassic waterhole. The raptor preened itself, utterly confident of its right to be there. Absolutely no consciousness that it was not the sovereign ruler of this earth. Several hours later, we discovered that it had come in through the sewage pipes.

When the alarm sounded, workers threw down their tools and fled. Muldoon went into the field to investigate. We retreated, landing by landing. Robert stood at the third level, coolly aiming and firing. He focused on the distant raptor, sighted down the barrel with his clear, perfect eye.

I fired once, twice, thrice. The raptor thrashed in the dust.

At first it was only an affection, a plaything. I hardly expected to be involved in gunplay.

For four months we had monitored it while it preyed on herds in the southern forest. We never knew why it grew so large. In the summer of 1988 it began moving north.



Not all the original species survived. In the end, only a few adjusted to the new world. These became dominant.

Brachiosaur - oldest of our re-creations by 50 millions years. The only true Jurassic native. One of the largest creatures ever to live, the brachiosaur moved like planets among the smaller species.

Tyrannosaurus Rex. Tyrant lizard, they reigned for 25 million years. We grew 7 of them, the 7 rulers of the island. Despite what we had been led to believe, the T-rex was not a scavenger after all. We clocked one at 50 kilometers an hour. A t-rex wins against anything except a brachiosaur, or several triceratops, or a good jeep on a good road.

Triceratops. With the tyrannosaur, one of the last dinosaurs to live naturally on our planet.

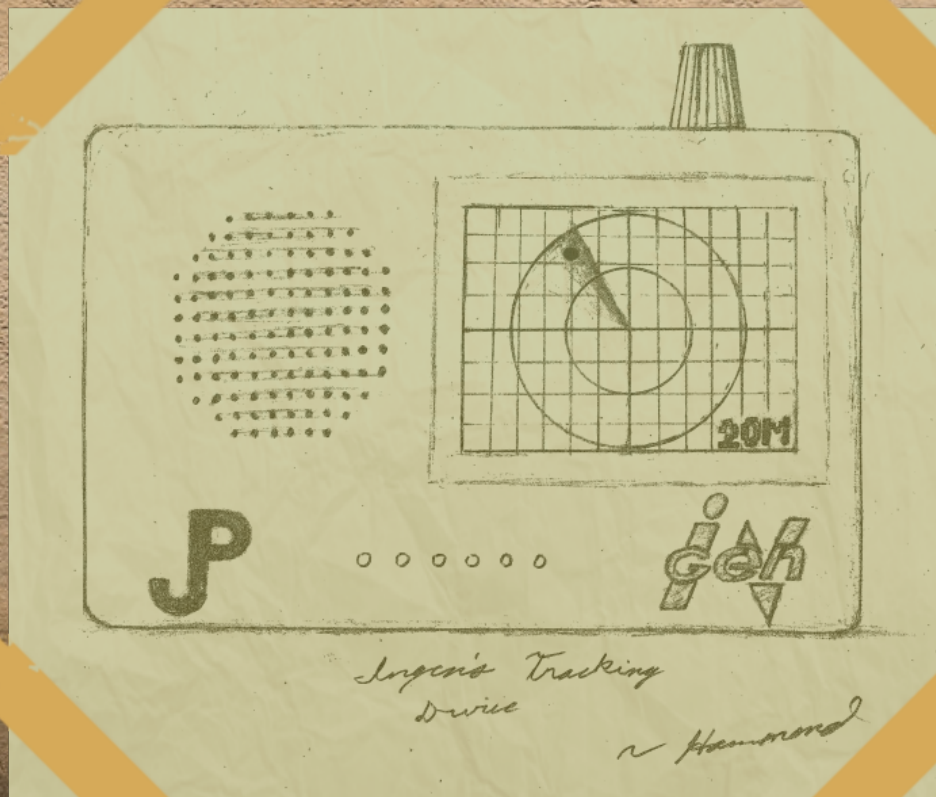
Gallimimus, "chicken-mimic." Fastest runner on the island, an eater of insects, eggs, and small mammals.

Albertosaur. A loner, fast and strong, eking out a living between the seven tyrannosaur and the three raptor tribes. The albertosaurs took to the open fields like lions to the Serengeti.



In the jungle, the forest, and the mountain three raptor tribes staked out territory. Albertosaurs and the seven t-rexes chose their dominions. Uneasy borders drawn around forests, ridges, and ponds. The fossil record shows raptors living like wolves or lions, hunting in groups. Ours did the same - perhaps a genetically coded social trait. A third tribe of raptors took the mountain for their territory. A leaner, tougher breed, quick, living on birds and tiny lizards.

We tagged the most dangerous animals with radio collars that transmitted a warning signal. Workmen carried little boxes that played a tone when a tagged animal came near... at which point they would panic and flee in terror. The battery would last at least 20 years and wear like iron.



By 1987, the first of them had reached full size. The ecosystem of another era began to reassert itself. Occasionally we brought a specimen in for observation. I regret to say a sort of dinosaur rodeo would often develop. Muldoon did some ground hunting by jeep. Even with military hardware, it was a messy enterprise.



1988. The raptor watched me through the reinforced glass of the holding room. This was the alpha female. It seemed to know me; its partner in a nameless, endless, conflict.

Expanding The New Empire

Building the town was hard. Costa Rican contractors were competent people, but they had to be transported, fed, housed; and afterwards, bound to silence. Workers smuggled in weapons for their own protection. The biotechnicians were compensated for living in exile; high pay, luxury housing. Dennis wanted computer time, and money; Henry wanted his state of the art entertainments. These were the elite, who could have gone anywhere to work. I had to keep them here.

The residential protective wall was a Site B institution. As it was under constant observation, it was a prized target for graffiti artists. The security officers formed their own social group, swapping war stories and discussing reaction speeds.







Once the island was made known to the world, it would be a permanent settlement, perhaps even a sovereign island. Waking to the smell of the jungle, the distant call of an apatosaur.

The third dam in a planned system of five, which would have regulated the flow of water throughout the island. The only one ever built.

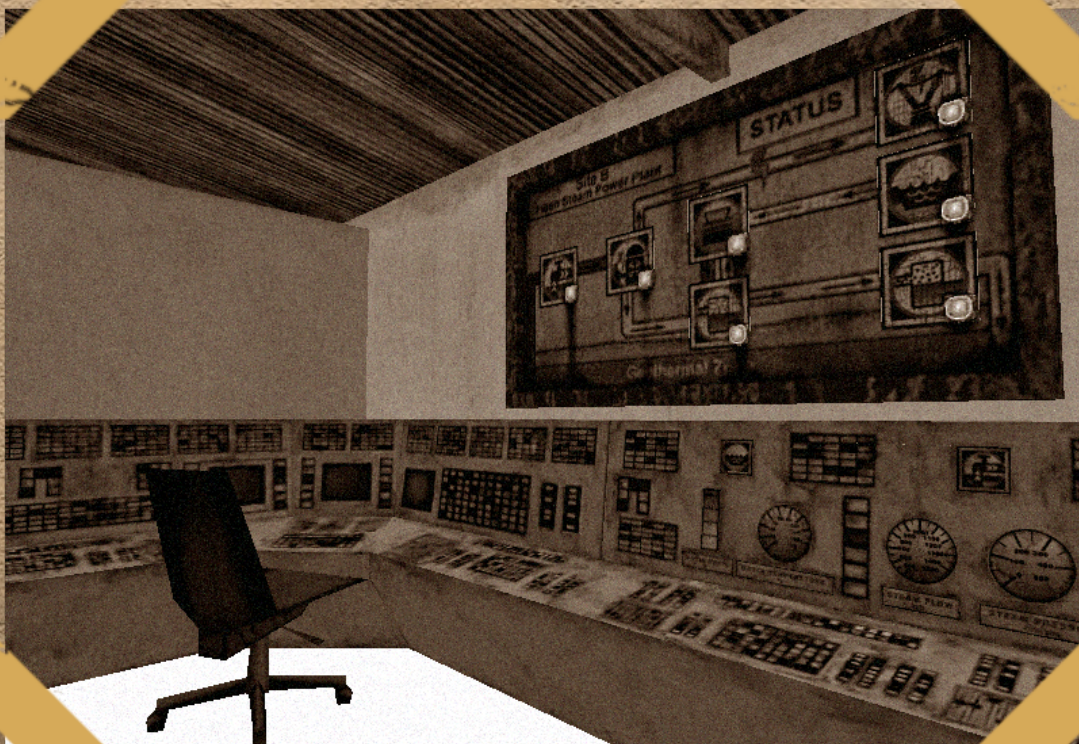


A passcode let us control access to the valley and the power station beyond.

The power station was situated on the western coast; residences were southeast and inland.



A tank of greenish water, tinted by an algae-killing chemical, circulated through the massive cooling tower. This reservoir was filled from a pump in the valley, some ways away. The steam pipes hissed and spat. Water pumped deep into the earth came back superheated.



The pylons ran for kilometers, one every hundred meters or so. I built them to last. Running east from the plant, they climbed the valley, before descending south into the plains.



1988. Workers from the mainland were pouring concrete supports, for a rail system running north to the settlement. The workmen sweated and complained in the sun. Armed guards stood round, pacing warily, and we drove the road south. A clap of thunder -- ancient predators looked up to see dust rising from a dynamite explosion.

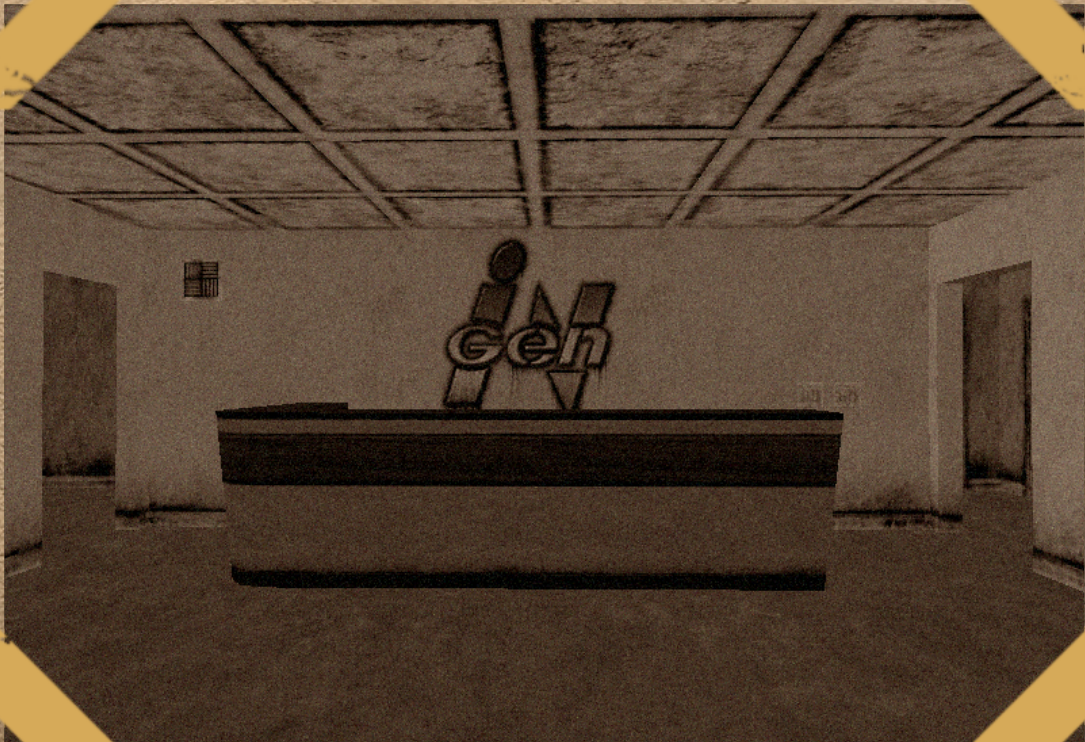
In the winter we began building the supports for the elevated transit system that would unify the island. Concrete towers rose through the jungle canopy. Curving up out of the southern basin, the Atherton Causeway would bring visiting scientists north from the southern beach.







May, 1989. We began laying the foundations on the south beach for a hotel for visiting scientists and businessmen. A year hence, I thought, the island would be quite famous. InGen Reception. I had planned that someday visitors - scientists and politicians - would be welcomed here. The southern beach looked out over trackless ocean; down past Peru, all the way to Antarctica.



The main harbor for Site B.

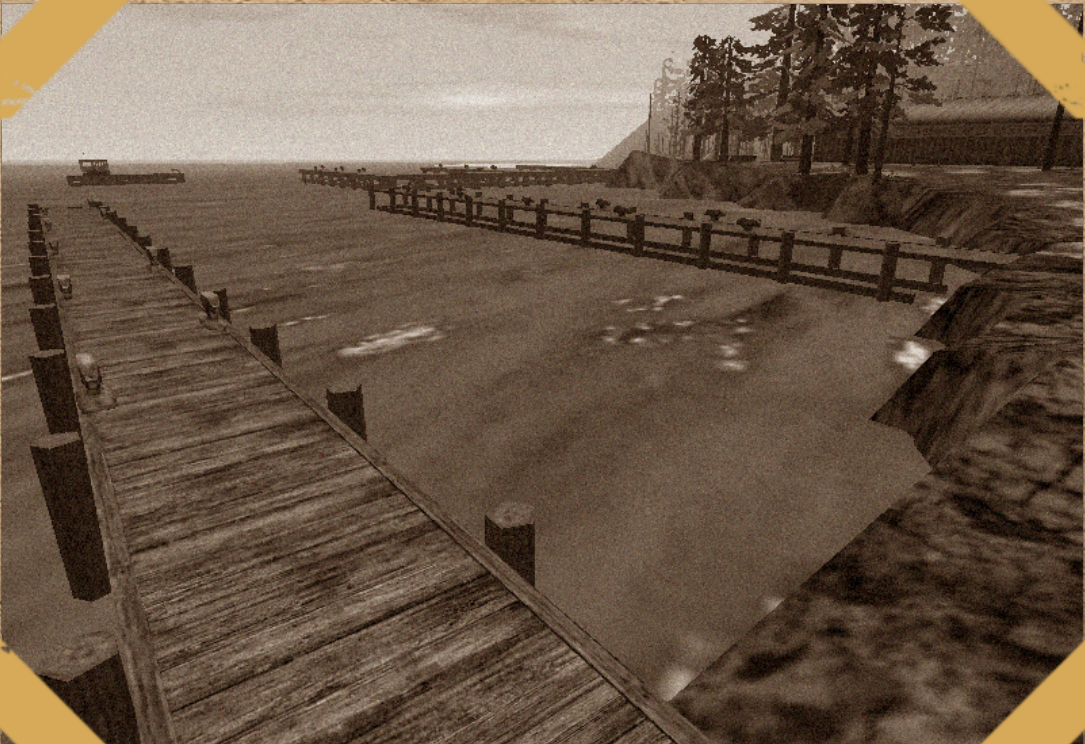


The docks were the lifeblood of Site B. Amber, synthetic eggshell, and livestock came from all over the Pacific Rim. I would often walk out on the piers when we received shipments. The mingled languages, the salt of the sea air, the burnt-oil smell of the industry... Chinese sailors singing in a curious keening falsetto as they unloaded the synthetic polymer eggs... the smells of salt water and gasoline. A sea like glass...





The "Emily" was a tug for bringing in the bigger freighters. Occasionally we took it out to observe specimens from offshore, or to sweep the tide for traces of our operation. Far out to sea we would sometimes glimpse the U.S. Coast Guard units assigned to observe our activity. The U.S. watches its imports and exports too carefully for my purposes. We dealt mainly with China and Russia; trading on the grey market. It was scuttled in 1989, as a quarantine measure soon after I gave the government my testimony.



Shattering Of A Dream

In 1989, the park was nearly complete. Our investors demanded on-site approval. I, idiotically as it now turned out, believed we were ready. I left in the morning for Choteau, Montana; buoyant and slightly desperate. I would find Drs. Grant and Sattler; get a statement of some sort.

The debacle of August 27th, 1989, is now quite well known. The legal consequences were as you may imagine rather extensive.





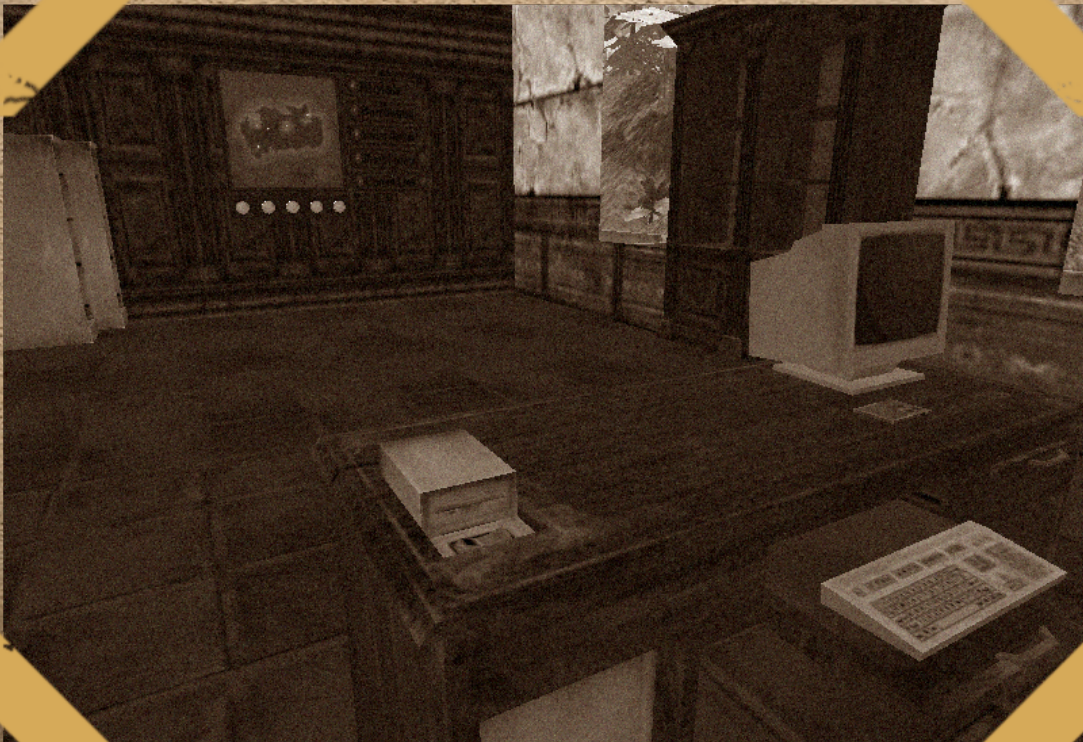
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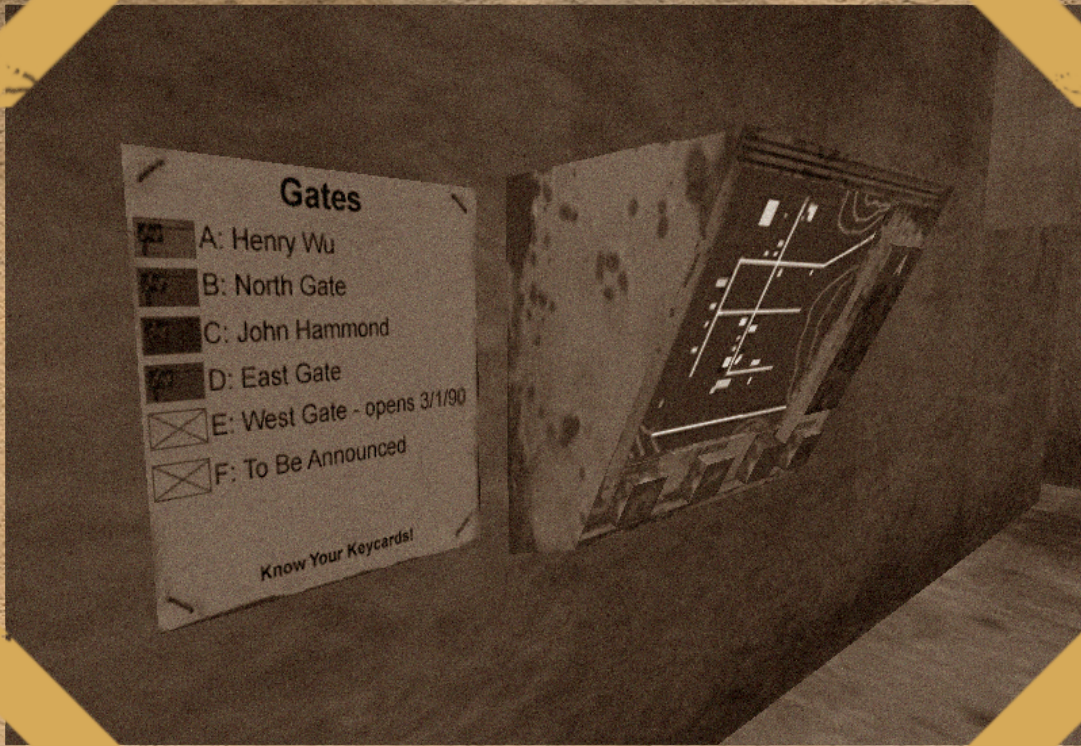
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I still believe Nedry left himself a backdoor -- something about the hobbits or god knows what.

On October the 3rd, 1989, I sat on a wooden bench in the waiting room in Washington, D.C. A government panel put me on the stand. As my name was read out, the session-room went silent. I was being called to account. But I had no clear explanation to give. I'm sure you've heard the rest of the story on the television news, or in the tabloids.

Bankruptcy! I leaned against the wall; my whole body shook. I dropped the mug; it shattered. I let it lie there; we would be leaving soon. Economics! The bankruptcy struck Site B with more force than the hurricane. When it became known that I was bankrupt, workers simply dropped their tools and walked away. Buildings were stripped of everything valuable.





We sealed off the town, save for a few crucial gates -- southward to the lowlands, eastward to the power plant and laboratory. The last of the worker team came in, and we rushed to shut the gate behind them. Later that day we sealed the Eastern Gate for the last time. Gazing from my study window, I hit on a simple mnemonic, and left it in a hidden place. Like Nedry, I felt like I had to keep backdoor open...

As we left we vandalized our own locking mechanisms. InGen tolerates no trespassers.

We drove east with a heavy escort, in a light rain -- no one felt safe on the plains anymore. For some reason no one has ever explained to me, the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods bred a surplus of large, aggressive carnivores. By '88, the flat land east of the town was a veritable Olympic Games of predation.

Technicians and workmen crowded around the docks, fearing they might be left behind when the security ring collapsed. Armed guards stood watch. Two German technicians were accused of conspiring to walk out with crucial research materials. David Graff and Hans Tubke were caught at midnight by the waterfront. In the hysteria of the final days, they were nearly shot. They had planned to breach the main computer vault and remove some of the data stored there. No proof was ever found.

I gave myself over to the strange, lonely discipline of the market -- investment strategies and profit. I stood apart; master of codes and lost worlds, of heat and cold and the sleep of a hundred million years.

A "Lost World" is a sort of scientific myth. An evolutionary scenario in which an ecosystem is isolated and preserved. The rest of the world changes, leaving a tiny, fragile pocket where ancient species survive.

Hunted Hunters

October, 1996. The InGen corporation is taken out of my hands, by a vote of the board of directors. My nephew dispatches his team.

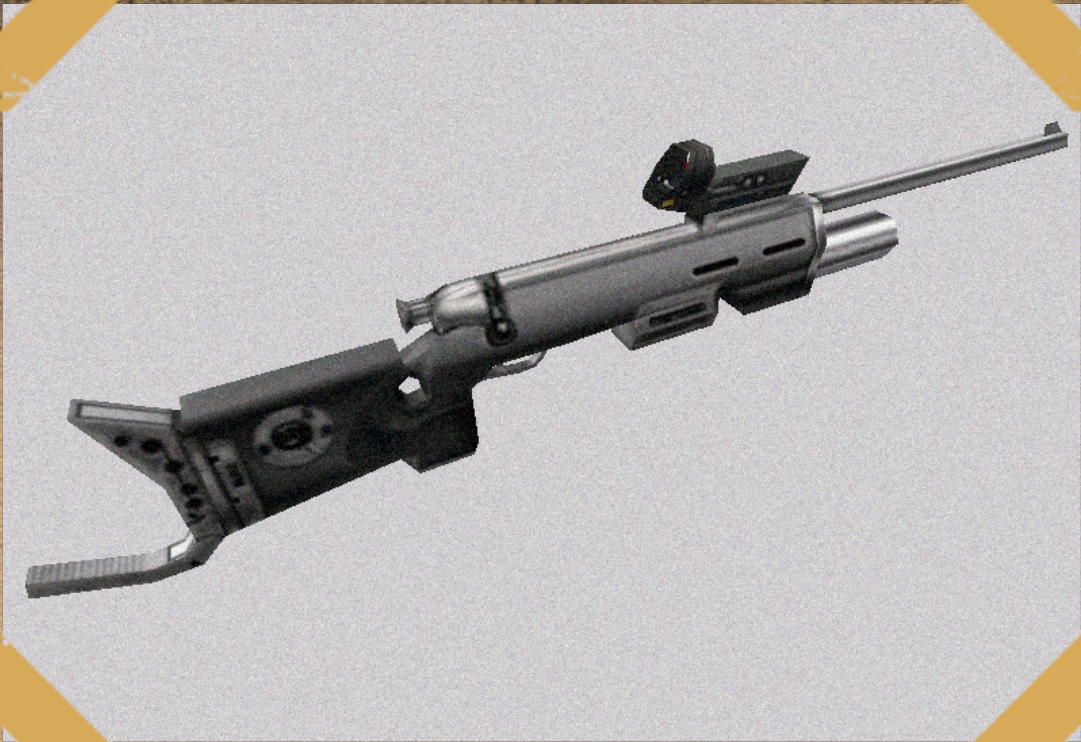
Fortunately the Bowmans settled out of court, but the damage had been done.

The hunters landed on May 13th, 1997, deep in the island's southwest. Most of them had worked at my African parks for years; they never stood a chance. Hunting dinosaurs is quite a tricky business. I recommend helicopters, if you've got them.

Lindstradt air guns, by the way. Swedish-made; unbeatable for accuracy and rate of fire. American-made tranquilizer darts. The effect changes with the target's body mass, temperament, and mood. I believe the phrase is, "Results may vary."

The InGen hunting party carried the passcodes for our perimeter fences.

The hunters scattered, their prearranged hunting routes forgotten. Only a third of their number appeared at the rendezvous. Mankind is no match for the dinosaur. To be caught out alone on the plains -- no one survives that.



Marden, A. S.: still missing.

Karamcheti, V.: still missing.

Sullivan, R. M.: still missing.

LaSalle, P.: still missing.

Van Horn, S. T.: also, still missing.

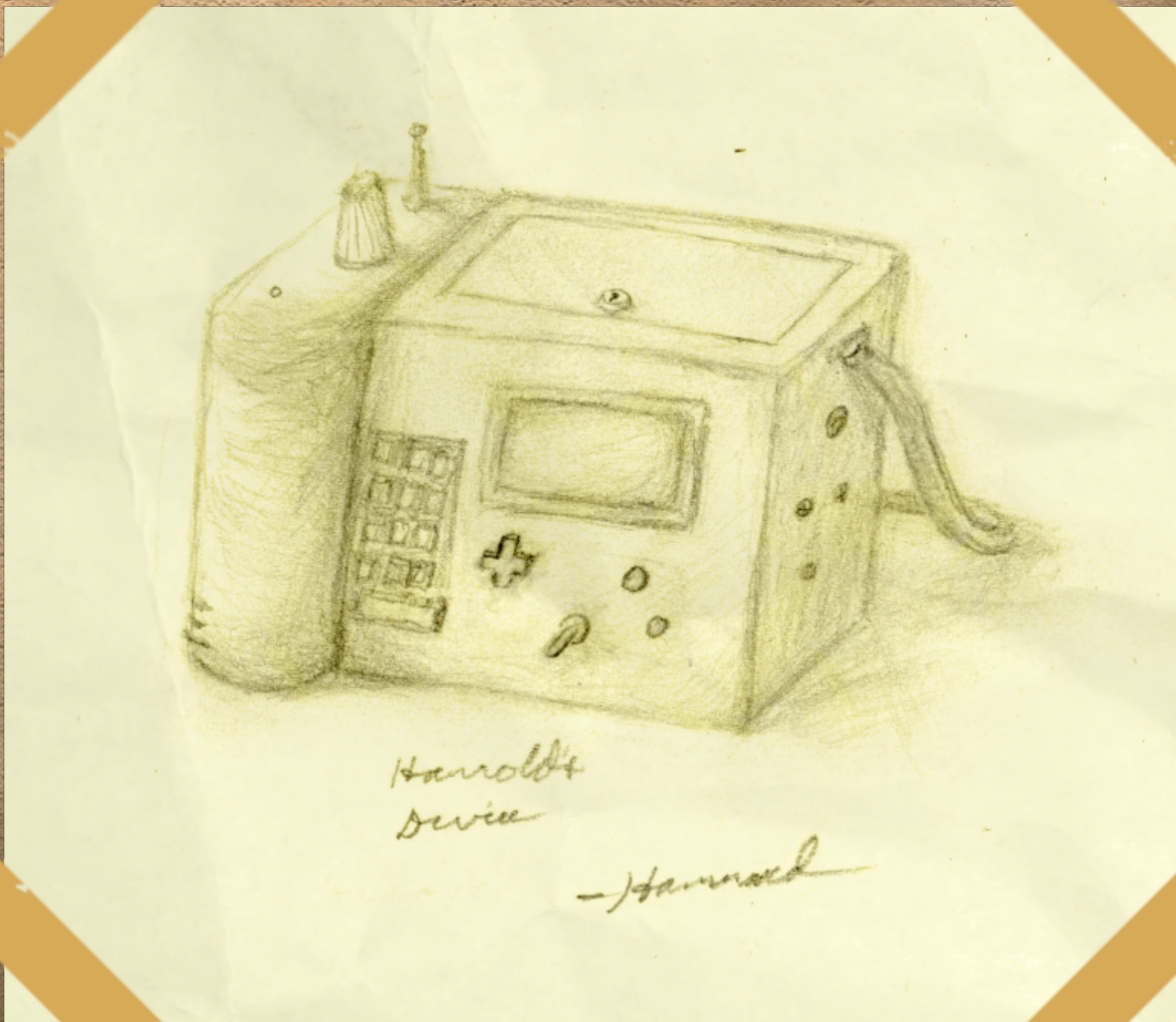
Lystrata, A. L.: deceased.

A mere lad from Ontario, where he had enjoyed some success controlling wildlife overpopulation in the national parks. He was out of his element on Isla Sorna.

I was unable to find any records whatsoever on Michael Sullivan; beyond the sole fact that his flight to the rendezvous originated in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

LaSalle was a disciple of Roland's. A sometime poacher; fancied himself a master hunter. An ex-policeman from South Africa, a sort of solider-of-fortune character. Known as "The Maharajah" to his fellows; highly skilled, but only works alone. He was meant to radio for pickup from the comm. station.

I first met Harold Greenwood in 1992. He was an American; introduced to me as a former Green Beret. He asked a number of questions about the disposition of the InGen technology. Harry claimed to be a friend of my former son-in-law. I liked him -- he was confident, dashing. A background check on Harry Greenwood revealed nothing out of the ordinary: a community college education, a gun permit. Greenwood carried some sort of electronic device, which we were told he built himself, based on plans he found on the internet.



Sources say Harry later attempted to penetrate the interior of the island. His plan was to reactivate the geothermal plant, then to gain access to protected data at the main lab. Some effort was made to track Mr. Greenwood, but we never discovered what happened to him.

He thought he would be a hero, an explorer, a Lawrence of Arabia braving danger. He did not understand what danger really is; how easily and unexpectedly death can come.

Looking Back



My work. My work lies where I left it. If there is anyone brave enough and clever enough to take it and return - the keys to time, perhaps the foundation of a new empire.



Sooner or later, someone will come -- BioSyn or American intelligence; or some godforsaken treasure hunter. Our research data have become unthinkableably valuable. Our computers are obsolete, and our network links are down. If they want it, they will have to come for it. But I believe it is too well hidden, and in far too dangerous a place. I picture the Americans searching our wreckage. Awash with that particular feeling that comes from a ruin. The physical remnant of a lost world. I can picture them moving cautiously through the dusty rooms in bulky biohazard gear, clutching rifles, poring over our records, reading our files.



As I write this, tiles are cracking, smeared with windblown dirt and animal tracks. Thick tree roots are pushing up through the asphalt. The island settles itself, beginning to erase all trace of us...







On my last visit the iron was beginning to rust, and part of the stairway had cracked and fallen away. Water seeped into everything.

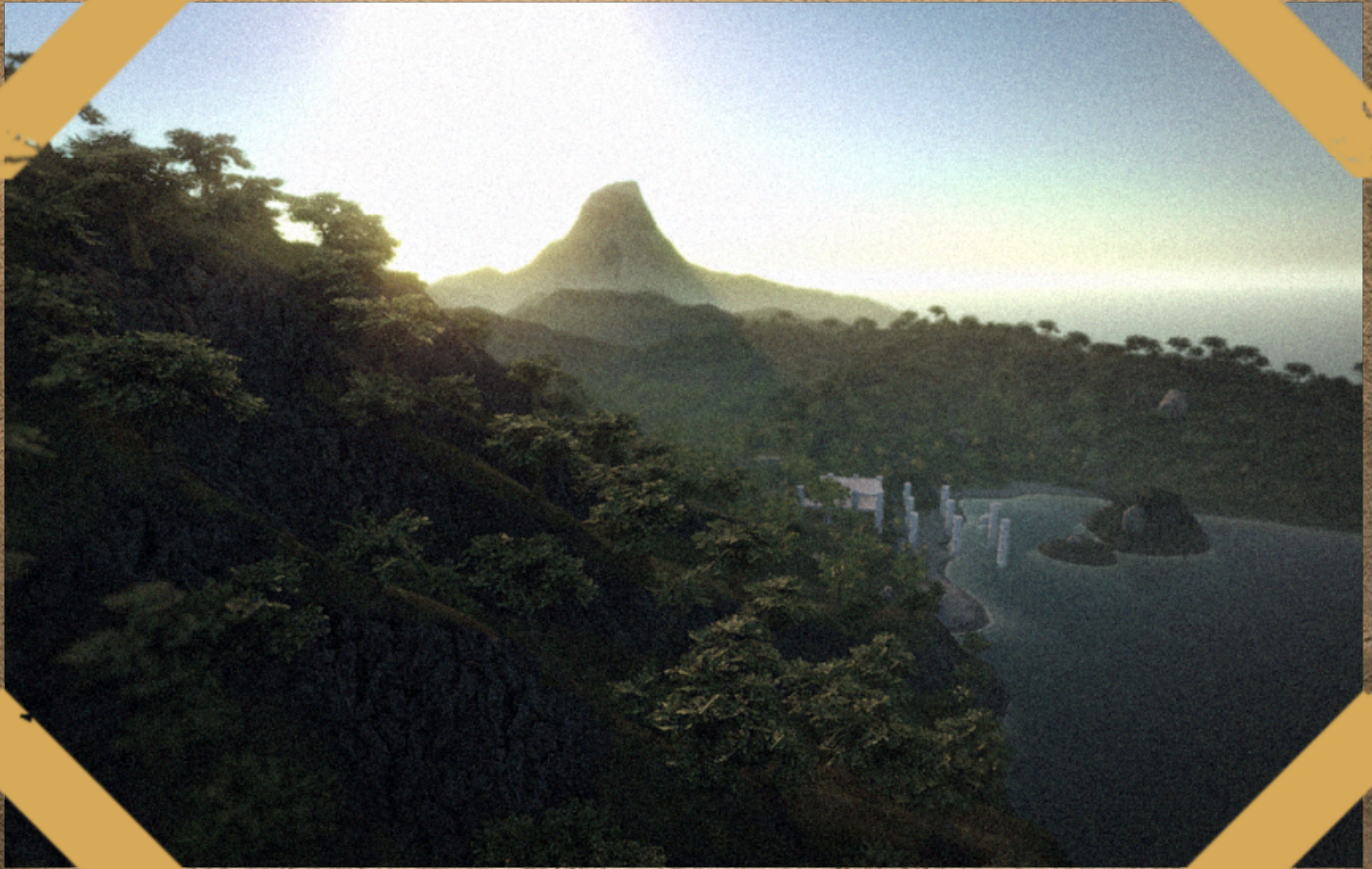


The technology, the real trick of it is still in there. In a darkened room, in an empty building with a dirty floor, it waits. The flashpoint; the origin of Jurassic Park.



Creation is an act of sheer will. Next time, it'll be flawless!

On that last day, I stood apart from the rest of them. The helicopters were setting down. Before me the jungle spread out, and I saw that a savage, primal age had begun again.



"Come on, son. Get us out of here."



Some of my personal papers had been transferred to diskette.

1951

Lord Darley's charity luncheon, a society event, £200 a ticket. A bit of a step up for me, socially. I was seated with a very pleasant young woman. I would gaze at her, at dinner parties, in moments when she was distracted. The hair on her upper lip. The way she exhaled the smoke from her cigarette. Save that... in her voice or her walk, there was a world of grace and sophistication that I knew I was forever barred from.

She would not answer me at first. I asked her again. Partygoers glanced curiously in my direction. Candle light blurred in my vision. I stammered, I was not certain what I should say. She laughed, though, and seemed charmed. She asked me to call again tomorrow.

At two AM I called once again. She had still not come home, nor did they know where she was. I didn't leave my name.

I will never forget this, and I will never forgive, I swear it. This is the last time.

Never again.

I had an odd dream, of a mighty wizard who lived his life alone.

In Greek myth, Daedalus was a master artificer. The king of Crete commissioned from him a great labyrinth. Daedalus labored for 10 years to produce this thing. It was so bewildering that one could not take a single step inside without losing one's way. Having built the maze, Daedalus himself became entrapped within it.

"And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons..."

Isaiah 34:13

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said - " Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor, well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

1989

You know the first attraction I ever built when I came down from Scotland? Was a flea circus, Petticoat Lane. Really quite wonderful. We had a wee trapeze, a -- a merry-go -- cara -- carousel - - and a seesaw. They all moved, motorized of course, but people would say they could see the fleas. "Oh, I can see the fleas, mummy! Can't you see the fleas?" Clown fleas, and high-wire fleas, and fleas on parade...

But this place... I wanted to show them something that wasn't an illusion. Something that was real. Something that they could... see and touch. An aim not devoid of merit.

Hiring Nedry was a mistake, that's obvious. We're over-dependent on automation, I can see that now. Now, the next time, everything's correctable.

Creation... is an act of sheer will. Next time, it will be flawless.

Spared no expense.

1997

It is absolutely imperative that we work with the Costa Rican Department of Biological Preserves to establish a set of rules... for the preservation and isolation of that island. These creatures require our absence to survive, not our help. And, if we could only step aside... and trust in nature...

...life will find a way...

Derrick Davis was born and raised in Southern California ever since March 10th, 1987. When he saw the motion picture Jurassic Park back in 1993, he found his love for film, film music, and writing.

He has made quite a number of creative works over the years, written novel-length tales, worked on websites, and conducted several interviews for various websites pertaining to Jurassic Park. He hopes to someday either work in the film industry or expand into journalism and churn out more novels.

Currently, he is in the process of completing his first true novel: Invertiverse. It features a story about two bickering co-workers in a small town who accidentally get sent to alternate universes. It will feature extensive artwork and even its own original music score album.



Austin Grossman is the author of Soon I Will Be Invincible and YOU. His writing has also appeared in Granta, the Wall Street Journal, and the New York Times.

He is also a game developer. His first job after college was as a writer and video game designer at Looking Glass Studios. Some of the games he worked on were; Ultima Underworld II: Labyrinth of Worlds, System Shock, Flight Unlimited, Trespasser: Jurassic Park, Clive Barker's Undying, Deus Ex, Tomb Raider Legend, Epic Mickey, and Dishonored.



Ameen Syed, a creative artist, has worked on many different forms of art throughout the years. His work has included anything from drawings to model building, and has even gone as far as customizing his car and personalizing it to suit him.

Ameen has been a fan of Jurassic Park from a very young age (considers the first film to be his 'favorite film of all time'), and loves Tresspasser for its original story and dialogue. Jurassic Time has given him the opportunity to help Derrick Davis bring fans of the game a unique approach to the game's narrative with his creative additional images.



CREDITS

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Based On

Jurassic Park and The Lost World: Jurassic Park novels written by Michael Crichton, and films directed by Steven Spielberg with screenplays by David Koepp

"Ozymandias"

Percy Bysshe Shelley

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Shot and modified by Derrick Davis using TresEd: The Trespasser Level Editor

Other Photos

Pg. 3: Richard Attenborough from Universal Pictures' Jurassic Park

Pg. 5: By Zdeněk Burian

Pgs. 32 and 58: By Ameen Syed

Pgs. 49 and 50: From Telltale Games' Jurassic Park: The Game

Pgs. 66 and 67: From the remake/mod Trespassing by "s13n1"

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