

Once upon a late night weary, as I studied chaos theory,
Reading in the journals dreary, things I'd mostly read before,
Til my eyes both weak and tired, as a pair they both conspired,
To tell me sleep was most admired, and they drifted to the floor.
Suddenly there came a knocking, knocking on my office door,
Science building, number four.

"Go!", said I, "You shades or powers. For it is not office hours!"
"Leave me in my ivory towers, go away and let me snore!"
When suddenly a lawyer striding, my entreaties not abiding,
With their usual slickness sliding, strode to my desk across the floor,
Not bothering to shut the door.

"Son," he said, "we need your knowledge. Come away now, from this college,"
"To a place I can acknowledge, holds many a curious dinosaur."
"Nay," said I, "I hear no calls, for to forsake these hallowed halls,"
"For right within these very walls, dwell many a curious dinosaur."
"Now go away, and let me snore!"

Still the lawyer did entreat me, til in interest he did meet me,
And finally he did defeat me, with tales of funding yet in store.
And so it was that he was able, to pry me up from lamp and table,
And with a posse most unstable, travel to that distant shore.
To that park of dinosaur.

All the rest I know you've seen, painted on that silver screen,
And how in manners most unclean, we struggled on that fateful shore.
In the end, raptors were beaten, and in a scene from Buster Keaton,
That fine lawyer, he was eaten. All in all, a perfect score.

But as for fieldwork? *NEVERMORE!*

