

Dinosaur assistants ran on with buckets of fresh sand to replace what had been swept aside. This new sand contained broken shells that would add to the hazards of the duellists.

Guy X. Ample had to fight Herman Melville and this was an elaborate bout, because Herman occupied an elaborate boat, a canoe on wheels powered by a small motor, while Guy was dressed in a tight-fitting fish skin suit. The idea was for the canoeist to impale his victim on the point of a harpoon launched from a spring-loaded gun. Steering the canoe and firing at the same time was tricky.

“How am I doing so far?” called Herman cheerfully.

“Are you angling for compliments?” asked Guy.

“No, I’m angling for you, my friend!” And Herman Melville aimed and pressed the trigger. The harpoon embedded itself in Guy X. Ample’s shoulder and he was pulled off his feet.

Although he struggled valiantly, he was dragged in the sand behind the canoe. The motor whined and began to smoke, overworked by the load. Clearly worried that it might explode, Herman Melville jumped out of the canoe, holding an oar that must have been for emergency use. He rushed to the side of his opponent and began striking him with it. “I prefer my fish battered!” he spat.

Guy X. Ample eventually stopped screaming.

Ernest Hemingway was sent out with a shotgun to fight Noel Coward, but when the bearded savant aimed this weapon and squeezed the trigger it turned out to be a harpoon gun that couldn't be reloaded. The projectile missed its target and Noel seized the opportunity to belie his surname and tenderise his opponent with