**Write an epic narration of a single combat between Ignatius J. Reilly and a pterodactyl, in the style of John Kennedy Toole.**

Ignatius readjusted his hat for the fourth time as he waited for his mother. He’d already filled out two pages of observations in his notebook, documenting the security guard that patrolled the museum entrance. Every few minutes he would check his watch, puff his cheeks with disappointment and breathe out loudly, annoyed at the slow progress of time. The sky was filling with clouds and unsettling the crows that flew overhead and cried loudly.

While routine pacing may seem trivial to the untrained eye, Ignatius could judge the quality of one’s character through careful observation. His notes were detailed with additional footnotes about the guard’s slouched posture, the way his feet dragged along the cobblestones and the uneven loops on his shoelaces.

A young woman walked towards Ignatius and smiled.

‘Do you mind if I rest a minute? My feet are killing me,’ she said, as she fell onto the bench beside him and began adjusting the strap on her sandals. ‘Oh, are you a journalist?’ she asked peering over at his notebook.

‘I do mind.’ He barked in response as he rested his notebook on his bulging gut and ironed his tweed trousers with his palm.

The young woman sat up tall and looked him straight in the eyes. ‘I’m sorry, what?’

‘You asked whether I mind if you sat down? But you sat down regardless. Obviously, you don’t know basic courtesy.’

She reached out to touch his shoulder. ‘Oh dear, I didn’t mean to upset–’

‘There’s no need to touch,’ Ignatius cut her off as he flinched back. ‘Just stay to your side.’ His abrupt move towards the end of the bench made the metal handle press into the rolls of his side making him feel even more uncomfortable. He flared his nostrils and wiggled his large bushy moustache. He puffed his cheeks once more and flipped the page of his notebook to continue with more notes.

She smiled meekly and turned her attention to her handbag. The rummaging and produced a fair amount of clanging and clinking. It was when she started humming that Ignatius could not contain himself any longer.

‘Must you be so obnoxiously loud?’

‘Are you always this sensitive?’

‘You are making my stomach sensitive,’ said Ignatius.

Then the rain started to come down. Ignatius decided he’d had enough. He jumped out of his seat – and that was when the real trouble started.

Ignatius jumped right into a pterodactyl. The yellow of his eyes reflected the yellow in Ignatius’.

Ignatius screamed and the dinosaur responded with a piercing squawk. He flapped his velvet wings that had become entwined with Ignatius’ arms and together they fell into a heap on the floor. The pterodactyl flapped wildly and tried to free himself, but Ignatius’ large body was pressing down on him. His long beak snapped up and down and knocked off Ignatius’ hat. Ignatius rolled towards the ground to retrieve it, but instead had his arm trapped in the beak. With his other arm, he grabbed hold of the head and pulled with all his might. The dinosaur’s feet kicked and shoved in an attempt to separate himself. With a mighty tug, Ignatius ripped the head right off. He rolled onto his back.

‘What is wrong with you? You’ve ruined everything.’ The headless pterodactyl yelled out. A man in his early 20s sat up, his feet still stuck beneath Ignatius. He pulled his hand out from beneath one of the wings and rubbed his neck when Ignatius had scratched it during the beheading.

Ignatius placed the pterodactyl head on his chest as he strained with breath. Too bewildered to talk and too tired to sit up.

A set of footsteps neared them. A scent of flowery perfume and beer hit them as Mrs. Reilly crouched above the bundled mess of half-man-half-pterodactyl.

‘Ignatius? Honey? Is that you?’ She asked.

Ignatius lay on the floor like a beached whale feeling the rain soak his face.

‘Love, say something,’ she held her breast with one hand, and stroked his cheek with the other. Tears fill her eyes. ‘My boy, are you injured? Darling?’

‘You took so long, Mother. Look what you made happen.’