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# amis ON



# AMIS

A day in the life of a literary giant. By literary giant Martin Amis.

## BOOK 1 ~ DAWN OF THE AMIS.

### 1. AWAKE.

Amis woke with a startled scream. He recalled the events of the previous evening and, as he did so, allowed himself one of his satisfied, satisfying, almost reptilian smiles. That was better. That was good. Yeah. He sighed and peeled back the sticky layer of bedsheets in order to survey his (as yet) dormant rig. One helluva night. One helluva bitch.

She lay there twitched and pulled by dreams, her tight little mouth drawn back over her hooker's teeth. Perfect teeth. Teeth safe from the drawn arrow of Arab horror. Each ivory tower yet still standing resplendent next to its twin and no way some bearded gook gonna sidle up and smash a plane in to that mouthful. NO way. Amis shook and sniffed and hauled his frame from the four-poster, his movements both manly and balletic, like a Rambo dancing naked for his Tchaikovsky.

She stirred too now and greeted him with a smile, all wide and accommodating.

"No time Isabel babe", he said simply, " I have to work". Like she mattered. Like he cared at all.



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