

[Home](#)[Community](#)[Archive of humour sites](#)[Magazines](#)[Subscribe](#)[Links](#)[Contactica](#)[Who is us?](#)

# amis ON



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

## BOOK 1 ~ DAWN OF THE AMIS.

Amis snapped to attention at the desk. He'd been sleeping. The lunchtime wine/nurofen cocktail had rendered him fucked and faulted. He was never going to finish this piece for *The Spectator* if he persisted in gorging himself on second rate narcotica. Isabel drifted in to view with a tea tray.

### 4. TEA-TIME.

Tea time held little joy for Amis, and it was in a joyless bubble he sat as he pondered his evening, all forgotten, smacked and raging. He declined a further useless cup of tea and a dying lifetime of sponge fingers. It was time. It was time for Amis and the sodden, angry London streets to meet.

He left without a word. So what? This was his town. His town, and some unique, wild rush took hold. He pawed the streets, a tiger hungry for night thawed flesh. He stole past the newsagents, running now, pregnant with anticipation, breathing for two. He soared past the pub, the wine drenched inhabitants clamouring encouragement. He was free and part of this world - part of everything.



Martin Amis.

~ CONTINUE TO BOOK 2 ~