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# amis ON



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

## BOOK 2 ~ DAY OF THE AMIS.

### 3. GUY

Amis strode - tall but jagged - kids in tow, through the gates of London Zoo and stopped suddenly. He took in the skewed scene. All those cages. All those rages. I've got a whole fistfull of problems myself sister, he thought. He couldn't be sure yet, but as he dragged the twins past a brutal black likeness of an ape he paused. Guy the gorilla or the Gorilla guy? Something was growing; a dusty, stillbirth of unborn shape and shot substance in the back of Amis' furtive, ever crackling mind. An idea, another perfect thought. The grey ocean sky banked and swelled high. It turned like a hunter on the scent and swooped, uncaring with its drizzle.

### 4. THE MEETING

Somewhere in the lower westside of the Zoo, somewhere near the parrots, two writers met. Amis and Self collided. Hard. William Self; cool, tall, rambling and mumbling for mother. Martin Amis; distant, aloof but still focused and intent on nothing else but his craft, casually ignoring the inevitable compliments which, like a greasy fat torrent, poured from the other's gaping slit only to slide and squelch, squelch and slide slugstyle down the side of Amis' tense, wiry frame.

"Do you feel the hate and the sickened whole of all this pretence to fun, this captured beauty and need to destroy?" babbled Self as one of his kids shattered a display of postcards.

"I have existed from the morning of the world," Amis said, as they cleared up the mess, "and I shall exist until the last star falls from the night. I am all men - as I am no man, a writer. I am Martin..." Self stopped Amis in his literate tracks.

"Do you know where the polar bears are?" he spluttered.

Amis knew. He knew, but no way was he gonna tell. No way.

**Martin Amis.**

**~ THE END? ~**