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amis ON



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

BOOK 1 ~ DAWN OF THE AMIS.

2. SHOWER.

He showered vigourously and hot, like a man half his age, before donning *The Suit* and cradling *The Cigarette*, as he sat in a haze of ideas and smoke - an ever pervading sense of writing soaking through his still warm, still damp skin. A rush of sounds followed. Sounds and sights all around him. The noise of ages, all crunched and hollow, accompanied by a virtuoso display of smudged and broken colours - smudged and broken dreams - as his wife did the washing up and the kids departed, like shallow ghosts, to school.

3. HAND JOB.

The house was his. Amis spent what was left of the morning and the early afternoon sat slumped, all shoulders and spit, jacking off in front of the bedroom mirror. Climax after shuddering climax left the author reeling and roaring for more. He really made a feast of himself, beasting himself that afternoon. When he was drained and spent and out of fuel he trotted nimbly down the stairs like some sexy cat sucking on a roll-up. Time to work. Yeah, time to do his thing.

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