

[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 2 ~ DAY OF THE AMIS.

1. WRENCH

Amis wrenched himself belly-first from the deep blue coma-like state which had occupied his past eight hours. Sleep. That's for girls, right? Right. He sat up, sniffed once, and surveyed the sprawling prairie of the room. Isabel (all prissy buttonlip but with those cold whore-dead eyes) rose up, stiff and sudden, clouding Amis' own darling-blues with promises of brittle peace and untold speechless upheaval. A long and brutal scene with superbly improvised (but entirely heatfelt) bedroom violations followed. Fucking his goddamn wife. Stars shattered and span as he climaxed hard, hot and true.

2. TOOTHPASTE

"Five minutes. Just five fucking minutes. Five minutes with the fuck - the royal fuck - who left this Colgate uncapped and I'll make this sorry world a little easier to hold to my heart," thought Amis quietly as he struggled in the bathroom haze and gloom, like Nabokov weaving - nymph-like - through the long grass and hidden stumble of morality. A quick, but necessary, flossing followed as the Author planned his big day out with the kids.



~ NEXT ~