

And now for something completely different. No more about the red car, or yellow car, or blue car, or any other car. Bike, no more about any bike either. Nothing much about colors and mass-transit systems. How about this: Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be heard hitting the pane, which made him feel quite sad. How about if I sleep a little bit longer and forget all this nonsense, he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position.

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Now a little weird stuff. Weird because it's just stuck at the end of something meaningful. Good kind of weird? Bad kind of weird?!! Just plain weird? Does it matter? It's just weird, and that's it.