

Kafka's Hand

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Summer in Berlin was nearing its peak, and I had almost wandered past the fine Martin-Gropius-Bau when I caught sight of a familiar pair of eyes on the canvas banners out front. Franz Kafka. Der ganze Prozess. The exhibition promised the handwritten manuscript of *The Trial*. I'd seen an ad for it in a *Deutsch als Fremdsprache* magazine (for students of German), and thought I could spare the five euros—