

## 7: Text excerpts from David Bezmozgis's "Roman Berman, Massage Therapist," 2004.

I. Seated across the table from the rabbi, my father wrestled language and dignity to express need. I sat quietly beside him, looking **appropriately** forlorn. I was sufficiently aware of our predicament to feel the various permutations of shame [...] (25)

II. He [Kornblum] was smiling broadly. He put a hand on my father's shoulder and told us **who we must be**. My father must be Roman, my mother must be Bella, and I must be little Mark. He ushered us into the house. (31)

III. As Rhonda returned from the kitchen, Kornblum started to introduce us to the other family. Genady and Freda and their son, Simon, from Kharkov, **wasn't that right?** Genady said it was right. His English was better than my father's, **but** he had more gold teeth. (32)