

Version 1

I strolled down the bright corridor as far as the oak door, which was wide open to let in the sunlight. I turned into the brightly lit hall toward the kitchen when I heard laughter ringing from the library or dining room. The sound came through clear and warm—chairs being moved out of the way for dancing and the pleasant hum of a lively conversation. A moment later, I heard the happy voices drifting closer down the passage that led from those rooms toward the door. Smiling, I gently closed the door to keep the noise from interrupting Irene's peaceful knitting. Luckily, the key was right there on our side; I turned it with a soft click, just to be sure. I went down to the sunny kitchen, heated the kettle, and when I got back with the tray of mate, I told Irene with a laugh, "I had to close the door to the passage. Our friends have turned the back part into a dance party!"

Original

"I went down the corridor as far as the oak door, which was ajar, then turned into the hall toward the kitchen, when I heard something in the library or the dining room. The sound came through muted and indistinct, a chair being knocked over onto the carpet or the muffled buzzing of a conversation. At the same time or a second later, I heard it at the end of the passage which led from those two rooms toward the door. I hurled myself against the door before it was too late and shut it, leaned on it with the weight of my body; luckily, the key was on our side; moreover, I ran the great bolt into place, just to be safe. I went down to the kitchen, heated the kettle, and when I got back with the tray of mate, I told Irene: 'I had to shut the door to the passage. They've taken over the back part.'" (par. 6)

Cortázar, J. (1946). House Taken Over. *The Short Story Project*. <https://shortstoryproject.com/stories/house-taken-over/>.

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