

## Version 1

Kambili, Jaja, come and join me in the kitchen until your cousins come back, Auntie Ifeoma commanded. Jaja led the way into the kitchen, large and surrounded by clean white walls, and sat down on a low wooden stool. I stood by the door and watched as she drained rice at the sink and then walked to the stainless steel stove to check on the cooking meat. Auntie Ifeoma mumbled to herself as she put the rice back on the stove and chopped two purple onions, often reaching up to brush away the onion tears with the back of her hand.

# Original

"Nne, Jaja, come and join me in the kitchen until your cousins come back.' Aunty Ifeoma sounded so casual, as if it were completely normal to have us visit, as if we had visited so many times in the past. Jaja led the way into the kitchen and sat down on a low wooden stool. I stood by the door because there was hardly enough room in the kitchen not to get in her way, as she drained rice at the sink, checked on the cooking meat, blended tomatoes in a mortar. The light blue kitchen tiles were worn and chipped at the corners, but they looked scrubbed clean, as did the pots, whose lids did not fit, one side slipping crookedly into the pot. The kerosene stove was on a wooden table by the window. The walls near the window and the threadbare curtains had turned black-gray from the kerosene smoke. Aunty Ifeoma chattered as she put the rice back on the stove and chopped two purple onions, her stream of sentences punctuated by her cackling laughter. She seemed to be laughing and crying at the same time because she reached up often to brush away the onion tears with the back of her hand." (p. 115)

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