



1990

## Enid Is at the Door

Mette Ivie

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Ivie, Mette (1990) "Enid Is at the Door," *Inscape*: Vol. 10: No. 1, Article 17.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol10/iss1/17>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Inscape* by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact [ellen\\_amatangelo@byu.edu](mailto:ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu).



*Carolyn Fisher*

## Enid Is at the Door

---

*Mette Ivie*

ENID IS AT THE DOOR. SHE HAS BEEN THERE for a long time now. At first she just knocked politely. But we didn't answer the door. We didn't want to. Enid was out there, and we didn't want to play with her. We never wanted to play with Enid. She wanted to play with us, though. So she rang the doorbell.

Still we didn't let her in. Instead, we stood behind the door giggling. I think she heard us giggling. The door wasn't very thick. So Enid tried the doorbell again. She pushed very long and hard on the doorbell. We heard the chimes, but instead of ending like they usually did, they just kept starting. Over and over again,

we heard the chimes play their little song. And still Enid stayed outside.

Behind the door, we made faces at each other, mocking Enid's futile attempts to enter our house. It was warm inside the house. If we opened the door, the cold wind would rush in. Enid wasn't worth the cold wind. Enid was worth making faces at, especially if she couldn't see them.

Enid got tired of ringing the doorbell. She knew we were behind the door. She could hear us. She knew we were standing there, not letting her in. We were ignoring the doorbell, ignoring the signal that meant she wanted to play with us. That made her mad. Enid stopped pushing hard on the doorbell and started on the door. She was heavy for a ten-year-old. But she wasn't heavy enough to break down the door. Our door was big and strong and heavy, too heavy for Enid to break down and come into our house. But just to make sure, we hid behind the door and pushed against it the other way. The door would move a little bit, popping inward. Then we would push back, enjoying the sound of the creaking wood, enjoying the sound of Enid grunting.

Enid grunted like a pig. She looked like a pig, too—a pig with big, taped glasses. Why didn't Enid buy new glasses? She looked awful in the ones she wore, even worse than she did without them. She always seemed like she was ready to cry. That was Enid. She never did cry, though. She only looked like she was going to. Instead Enid just got mad and hit us. Then we would go tell our mom, and she would call Enid's, and Enid couldn't come over for a while. We weren't sad.

Enid was still pushing on the door, trying to break in. We wouldn't let her. But she kept trying. She grunted more and more and pressed harder and harder against the door. One strong push knocked us away from the door. Then we got mad. Enid couldn't do this to our door! We had a plan. I kept pushing against the door while the others sneaked out of our back door. They would

circle around and make Enid stop trying to get into our house. I waited. It didn't take long for them to get behind her. I watched from out of the corner of my eye. I didn't want Enid to be suspicious. But I couldn't stop a big smile when I saw them reach up to grab both of Enid's pigtails. Enid saw me and started to turn around. But she was too late. They pulled hard. And as Enid turned around, mad as a bull, ready to sock anyone she could lay her hands on, they ran away. She was too mad to catch them. She tried, running around to the other door, but she didn't make it.

I met them at the other door. They were laughing hard and I joined in. Enid was screaming behind the door. She threatened to tell our mother. But we weren't afraid; Enid always lied. This was just one of those times. Suddenly Enid got up from the door and ran away. We were too quick for her, though. We knew she wanted to go around to the front door. We knew she wanted to break into our house now that we weren't guarding the door. But we got there first. She banged on the door again. We just laughed at her. She would never get into our house.

Enid started again with the knocking, the ringing, the pounding and the pushing. We were getting tired of holding the door shut. But Enid went on. And on. One push after another, pounding and ringing the doorbell. Then the doorbell broke. It never stopped ringing, even when Enid was pushing against the door. The ringing sounded in my head. We all had headaches, so we went upstairs, where the broken chime was quieter. But we could still watch Enid from our bedroom window.

Suddenly Enid stopped. She just looked up at our window and our laughing faces and stopped. Slowly she sat down on our doorstep. I thought she would cry. But she didn't. Enid never cried. Instead, she just sat there, looking up at our faces. I couldn't turn away.

She is still out there now. She still isn't crying. She is just sitting on the steps, looking up at my bedroom window, wanting to come into our house.