

“There Was A Knock at the Door and ...”

There was a knock at the door and though I was busy cleaning the oven, I laid down the cleanser, took off my gloves, and went to see who it was. I opened the door, but no one was there. So I closed it and went back to finish the oven.

A few minutes later I heard the knock again. This time I hurried to the door, not wanting to miss however it was. I figured that it must be important if they came back and knocked again. As I approached the door, I glanced through the small diamond shaped glass window in the top of the door. I wanted to see whom it was that was doing the knocking. I didn't see anyone, maybe they're too short to be seen through the diamond shaped window.

Opening the door a second time I discovered, yet again, there was no one there. Thinking out loud I said, “Who's doing this? More than that, why are they doing this? It must be kids pulling a prank on me, but why?” I couldn't figure out whom or why anyone would want to keep me running back and forth to the door. It has to be the neighborhood kids.

“I'll fix them! The next time they knock, I just won't answer it. Maybe they'll get bored and go aggravate someone else, “I thought to myself.

After closing the door, I realized I was letting that knocking get the best of me. I picked up my gloves and headed toward the oven. Then that familiar knocking started again, I ignored it and waited.

“Knock, knock. Knock, knock, knock.” Then again, “Knock, knock. Knock, knock, knock.” Finally it quit. I was glad I had not answered the door that time.

Thinking the kids had given up I sighed a sigh of relief. After ten minutes went by, there it was again, that annoying knocking at the front door. Only this time it sounded more rhythm like. Short knocks at first, “Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock.” Then harder knocks. ***“KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!”***

I stood my ground and didn't go to the door, but the more I ignored it, the more persistent the knocking became. Finally I couldn't take it anymore. I tiptoed out of the kitchen and down the hallway. Then down on my knees I crawled across

the living-room floor to the far side of the front door. I grinned a little imagining the look on their faces when I push open the door and scare the socks off of them.

Pushing open the door, I jumped up yelling, "A-Hah! I caught you!" The only face with a surprise look on it was mine. Once again there was no one there. They must have heard me coming. Although I don't know how they could have known, I moved quietly. I guess I wasn't as quiet as I thought I was.

After looking around and seeing nothing but butterflies and bumblebees visiting the flowerbeds, I went back inside. I am going to forget all about those irritating kids. After all, they're just having a big laugh at my expense. I really need to get that oven cleaned before dinner.

I continued cleaning the oven. Low and behold, I heard it again. The knocking. Just like before, rhythm like. "Knock, knock-knock, knock." Then "**KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**" It was hard not to open the door, but I thought, "If I ever want those kids to go home, I have got to ignore that constant knocking."

Suddenly I got an idea. I will go out the back door and sneak around to the front door. They won't escape me this time! So out the back door I went. Creeping around the side of the house, I moved one step at a time. Slowly, very slowly I crept until I had reached the front porch. Quietly I peered through the banister slates.

"Oh my goodness!" I said to myself as I giggled under my breath. There above the door, beside the porch light hung the rain gutter hitting the door frame each time a strong wind blew. It must have broken loose during the thunderstorm last night, making that short knock, knock-knock, knock. However the loud "**KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK,**" was Old Loner Dog, the big blonde neighborhood stray, sitting in front of the door, hitting it with his back paw every time he scratched his fleas. I never paid any attention to him standing on the porch when I opened the door. He must have gotten up every time I opened it. Afraid he would be stepped on or tripped over again. Two year ago Old Loner's throat was injured when Mr. Sands tripped over him, landing with his knee across Loner's neck. The poor dog has to have surgery to fix his larynx. It took weeks to recover leaving him with damaged vocal chords, preventing him from being able to bark

I began to laugh out loud as I remembered how I had let those annoying knocks aggravate me. As I stood there listening to the sounds of the knocking, it began to sound more like music to me. They were both right on key. I listened until I realized that the door frame would need to be painted if I didn't fix the gutter and the door would be covered with scratches if I didn't get Loner away from it.

I call Old Loner to me. Then went to the shed to get a wire to tie the gutter with and the flea spray that we keep on hand for the nights that Old Loner decided to spend with us. You never knew from day to day whose porch Loner would pick for the night or how long he would stay there. After spraying him for fleas, I wired the rain gutter back in place, and sat down in the rocking chair on the porch. Old Loner was peacefully sleeping beside me. The spray had killed his fleas and he was not longer scratching.

I smiled thinking about my morning, then remembered the oven. I had lost all interest in cleaning it for the moment. I just wanted to sit in my chair rocking, enjoying the sweet smell of the roses blowing in the breeze, while a songbird sang his special song to the rustling of the trees. After rocking for an hour I reluctantly returned to finish the oven, leaving Old Loner quietly sleeping beside the rocker.