

The Village of Talking Doors



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In the village of Doorwick, every door can talk. Each one has its own personality. Some doors are cheerful and greet you with a happy creak. Some are shy and only whisper. A few complain loudly whenever someone slams them shut. Alice, a curious girl with curly puff-bun hair and a yellow raincoat, loved listening to them all. She wore a small brass key on a ribbon around her neck, just in case a door ever needed a friend.



Alice knew every door by name. There was Grandpa Oak, the oldest door, tall and wide with deep honey-brown wood and round brass knob eyes. He wore a crooked grey wool scarf over his top hinge and often grumbled when the wind banged him. Then there was Pip, a small sky-blue bedroom door with big peephole eyes and a red ribbon bow. Pip was shy and hid from loud voices, but Alice always said hello.



The villagers of Doorwick were busy people. They rushed through doorways without a word. They let doors slam behind them. They never said please or thank you. The doors began to feel sad and forgotten. Grandpa Oak sighed. Pip whispered, "Nobody listens to us." Even the cheerful doors stopped creaking hello. Alice noticed the quiet and wondered what was wrong.



One morning, something strange happened. Nobody could open a single door. Grandpa Oak stayed shut tight. Pip would not budge. Every door in Doorwick refused to open. People were trapped inside their homes. They knocked and called, but the doors stayed silent. Alice pressed her ear to her bedroom door and heard a tiny snuffle. "Pip?" she whispered. "Are you okay?"



Pip's small voice trembled. "We're tired of being slammed and ignored," the little blue door said. "Nobody treats us kindly. So we decided to stay closed until someone listens." Alice felt a pang in her heart. She had never thought about how the doors might feel. She promised Pip she would help. "I'll find a way," she said gently. "But first, I need to understand."



Alice called through the mail slot to Grandpa Oak. The old door's brass knob eyes blinked slowly. "We doors have feelings too," he said in a deep, creaky voice. "We like to be treated with respect. A gentle push, a kind word—that's all we ask." Alice nodded. She knew what she had to do. She asked Grandpa Oak to spread the word: a village meeting would be held in the square, and everyone was invited.



Getting everyone to the square was tricky. People were still stuck behind closed doors. Alice knocked on each door and explained the plan. “The doors want to share their feelings,” she said. “Please come to the meeting.” One by one, the doors creaked open just enough for people to squeeze out. They gathered in the square, looking confused. Alice stood on a crate so everyone could see her.



Grandpa Oak spoke first. His silver mail-slot mouth moved slowly. "We doors have feelings," he said. "When you slam us, it hurts. When you ignore us, we feel invisible. We want to be treated with kindness." Pip peeked out from behind him. "I'm shy," Pip whispered. "Loud voices scare me. But I'd like to say hello if you say hello first." The villagers listened quietly.



Alice asked everyone to share how they felt too. A woman said she was always in a hurry. A boy said he didn't know doors had feelings. An old man said he was sorry for slamming. The doors listened. Grandpa Oak's brass knob eyes softened. "We don't want to trap you," he said. "We just want to be respected." The villagers nodded. They began to understand.



Together, they made a plan. They would practice gentle habits. Knock softly. Open slowly. Say please and thank you. Use two hands instead of a slam. Alice taught them a little rhyme: "Knock, knock, gently please, open slow and say thank you." The villagers practiced on each other, laughing as they bowed and opened imaginary doors. Even the grumpy doors began to creak with something like a smile.



The next morning, Alice woke up early. She tiptoed to Pip's door and knocked softly. "Good morning, Pip," she said. "May I come in?" Pip's peephole eyes blinked. The little blue door swung open with a happy creak. "Good morning, Alice!" Pip chirped. "You remembered!" Alice grinned. "Of course I did." She gave the door a gentle pat. "Thank you for opening."



All over Doorwick, doors began to open. Grandpa Oak swung wide for the baker, who said, “Thank you, Grandpa Oak.” The old door’s brass knob eyes twinkled. “You’re welcome,” he rumbled. Pip opened for the children, who whispered hello and tied a fresh ribbon on the handle. The whole village was moving again, but this time with kindness. The doors felt seen and heard.



The villagers kept their new habits. They knocked softly and opened slowly. They said please and thank you. They listened when a door creaked a complaint. Alice's brass key necklace became a symbol of their promise: to treat every door with respect. The doors, in turn, greeted everyone cheerfully. Doorwick became known as the village where every doorway had a friend.



Alice sat on her front step with Pip's red ribbon in her hand. She thought about how a little kindness had changed everything. Grandpa Oak creaked softly. "You did well, Alice," he said. "You helped us share our feelings." Alice smiled her gap-toothed smile. "We all did," she said. "Teamwork and respect make everyone happier." The sun shone on the talking doors of Doorwick.



From that day on, the villagers of Doorwick remembered that doors have feelings too. They practiced gentle habits every day. They knocked softly, opened slowly, and always said thank you. And if a door ever felt grumpy, someone would ask, “What’s wrong?” and listen. Kindness and respect helped everyone share their feelings and get along. And that is the story of the village of talking doors.



Alice still wears her little brass key on a ribbon, just in case a door ever needs a friend. She knows that every door—cheerful, shy, or grumpy—has a voice worth hearing. And in Doorwick, every doorway is a friend. The doors still talk, and the people still listen. Because when we treat each other with kindness, everyone feels at home. And that is the best feeling of all.