

Doorface

by James Knight

Doorface has a door for a face. Thus his name. He was born with it. The door in his face, not his name. No one is born with a name. The naming comes later.

Doorface finds his unusual physiognomy mildly inconvenient. People keep trying to enter his head. No one likes it when someone tries to get inside their head. It's intrusive. Worse if the unwelcome visitor leave his shoes on. Of course, not everyone who passes opens the door. Some are more polite. Some rap gently on it first, or press an ear to it.

How is Doorface supposed to eat his lunch with people knocking on his face? It beggars belief.

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Often when Doorface wakes up in the night, desperate for a piss, he finds his face slightly ajar. Odd. He closes it and goes to the bathroom.

Sometimes he wonders why his face is ajar. He's always careful to close it at bedtime. The implications are disturbing. Could someone be sneaking into his head at night and making themselves at home in his dreams? Talk about liberties!

Maybe it's nothing. Maybe his face opens a bit as some sort of reflex, in response to the general relaxation of his body when asleep.

