



# THE DOOR



by E.B. White



depicted by Mari Nakano



**EVERYTHING  
IS SOMETHING**

**IT ISN'T.**

**EVERYBODY  
IS ALWAYS**

**SOMEWHERE**



**ELSE.**





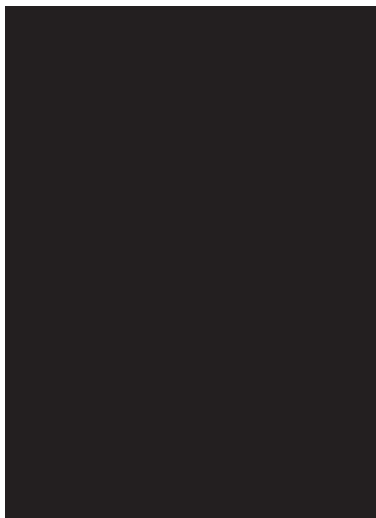
Maybe it was the city, being in the city

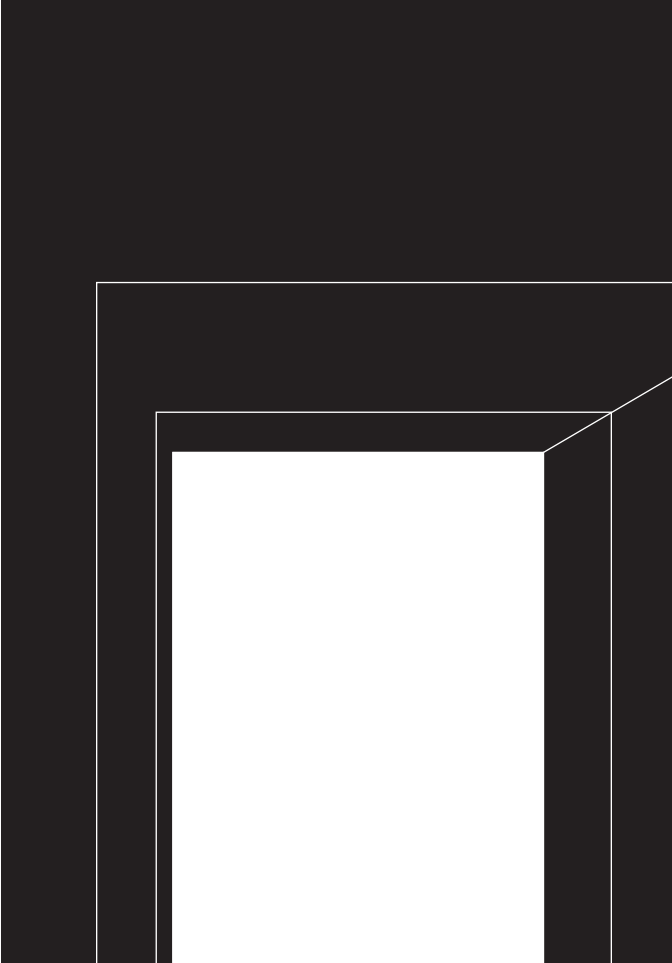


THEY  
FLEES  
DUE

Maybe it was the names of things.







100

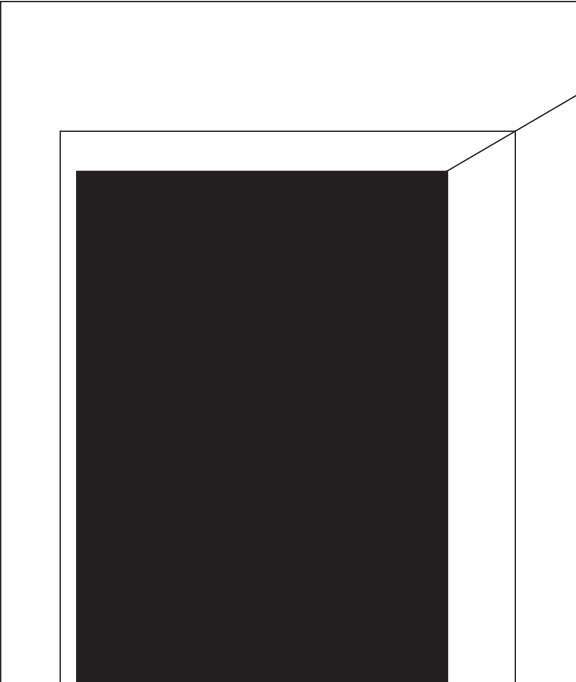
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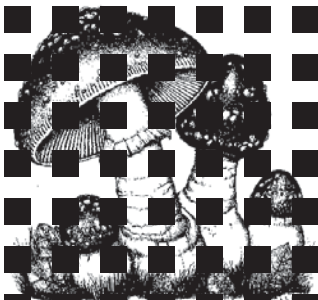
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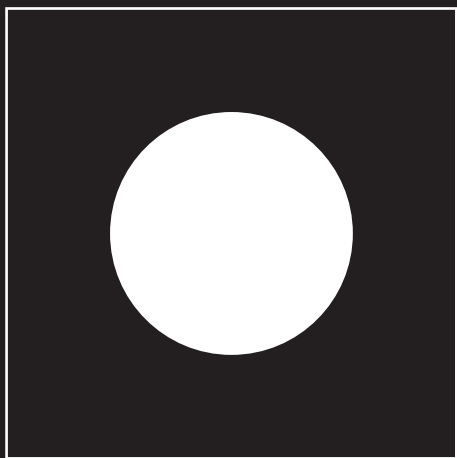




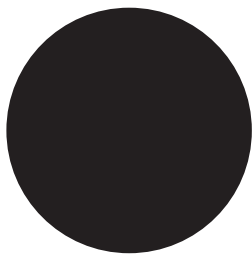
And what he had eaten not having agreed with him.







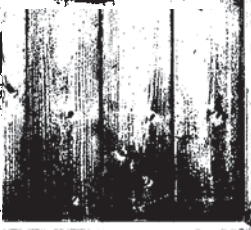


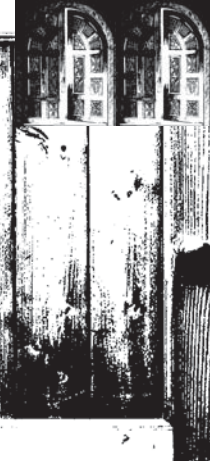








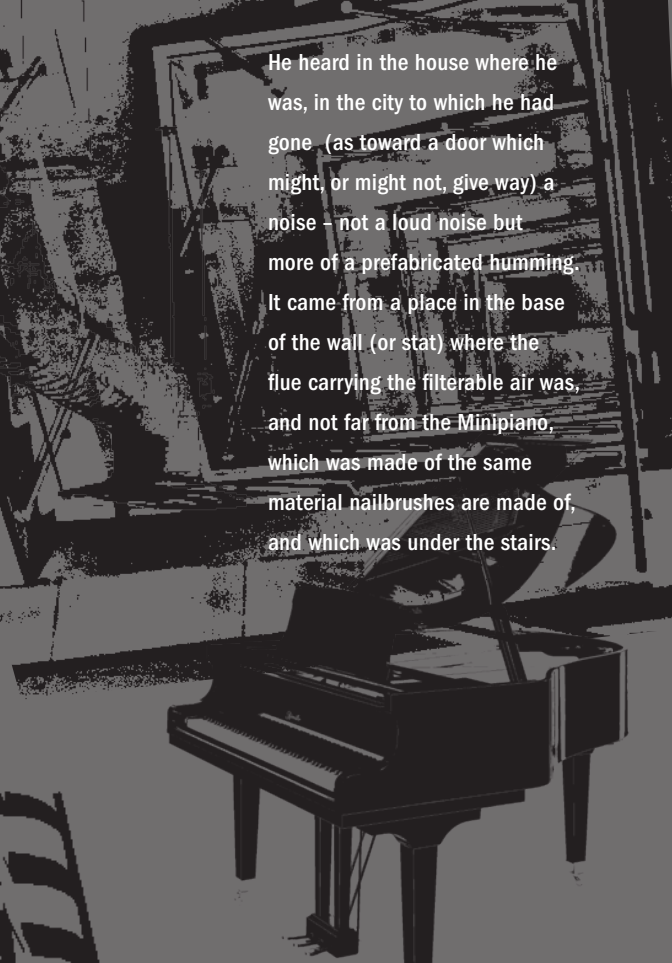




He didn't know  
which door (or wall)  
or opening in the house  
to jump at, to get through





A black and white photograph of a grand piano in a room. The piano is in the foreground, angled towards the left. In the background, there is a large window with a painting or a view of a building. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

He heard in the house where he was, in the city to which he had gone (as toward a door which might, or might not, give way) a noise – not a loud noise but more of a prefabricated humming. It came from a place in the base of the wall (or stat) where the flue carrying the filterable air was, and not far from the Minipiano, which was made of the same material nailbrushes are made of, and which was under the stairs.

**FIRST WILL COME  
THE CONVULSIONS,  
THEN THE EXHAUSTION,  
THEN THE WILLINGNESS**

**TO LET ANYTHING  
BE DONE.**

BE DONE.

BE DONE.

BE DONE.

BE DONE.

BE DONE.

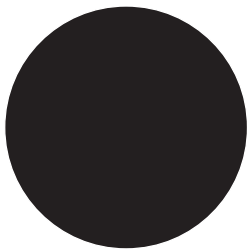
BE DONE.

BE DONE.

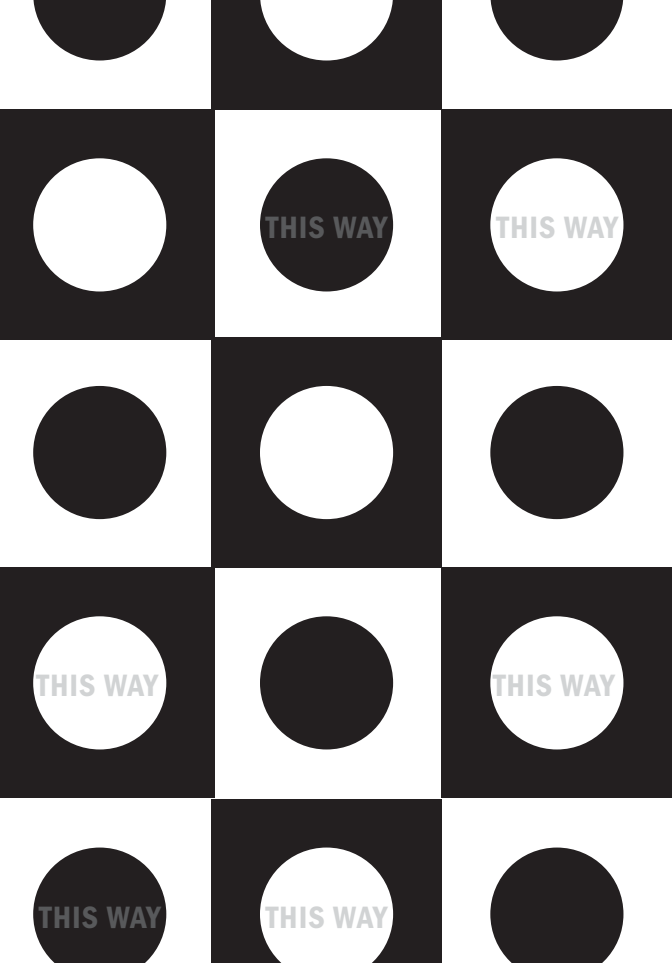
BE DONE.

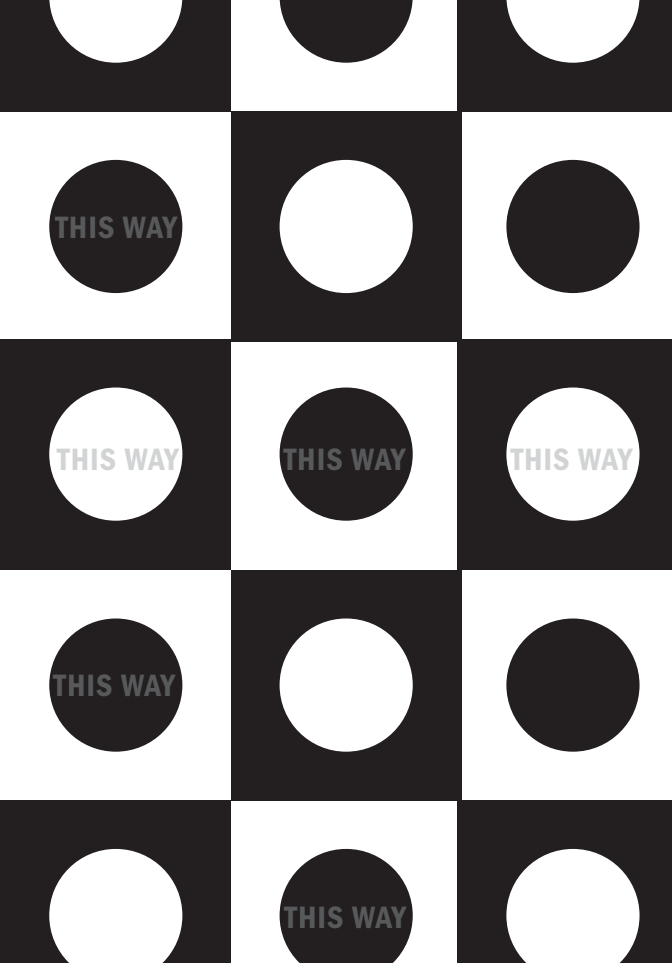
BE DONE.

IS  
VULSIONS,  
NS,  
S,  
SE, CONVULSIONS,  
VULSIONS,  
VULSIONS,



‘and you better believe it will be.’





THIS WAY

THIS WAY

THIS WAY

THIS WAY

THIS WAY

THIS WAY





IS  
VULSIONS



I don't know whether to tell her about the door they substituted or not, he said, the one with the equation on it and the picture of the amoeba reproducing itself by division.

THIS WAY

$$\begin{array}{r} -i\gamma_2\gamma_3 \\ \hline 4i \\ +\gamma_2\gamma_3 + \end{array}$$

IS  
VULSIONS,  
CONVULSIONS,  
THE EXHAUSTION SETS  
THE EXHAUSTION  
THE EXHAUSTION

**EVERYBODY  
HAS TO  
KEEP  
JUMPING**

**NOBODY CAN NOT JUMP.**

**KEEP**

**THERE WILL BE NO NOT-JUMPING.**

**JUMPING**

the same time, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) has been the most influential journal in the field of internal medicine. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is a weekly journal that publishes research, clinical practice, and medical education. It is the most widely read journal in the field of internal medicine. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is published by the American Medical Association (AMA). The AMA is a professional organization that represents the interests of physicians in the United States. The AMA is the largest and most influential of the medical associations in the United States. The AMA is a non-profit organization that is dedicated to the promotion of the health and welfare of the public. The AMA is the largest and most influential of the medical associations in the United States. The AMA is a non-profit organization that is dedicated to the promotion of the health and welfare of the public.



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I REMEMBER THE DOOR WITH THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL ON IT (ONLY IT WAS SPRING), HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN LOVELINESS, HER DRESS (IT WAS THE ONE WITH THE CIRCLE ON IT UNCAUGHT, BEGINNING THE SLOW, CLEAR, BLINDING CASCADE – AND I GUESS WE WOULD ALL LIKE TO TRY THAT DOOR AGAIN, FOR IT SEEMED LIKE THE WAY AND FOR A WHILE IT WAS THE WAY, THE DOOR WOULD OPEN AND YOU WOULD GO THROUGH WINGED AND EXALTED (LIKE ANY RAT) AND THE FOOD WOULD BE THERE, THE WAY THE PROFESSOR HAD IT ARRANGED, EVERYTHING O.K., AND YOU HAD CHOSEN THE RIGHT DOOR FOR THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.





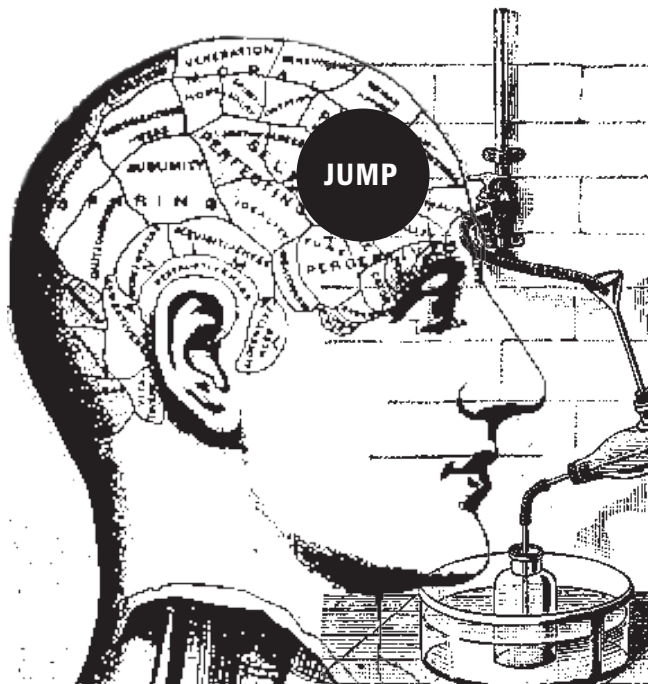




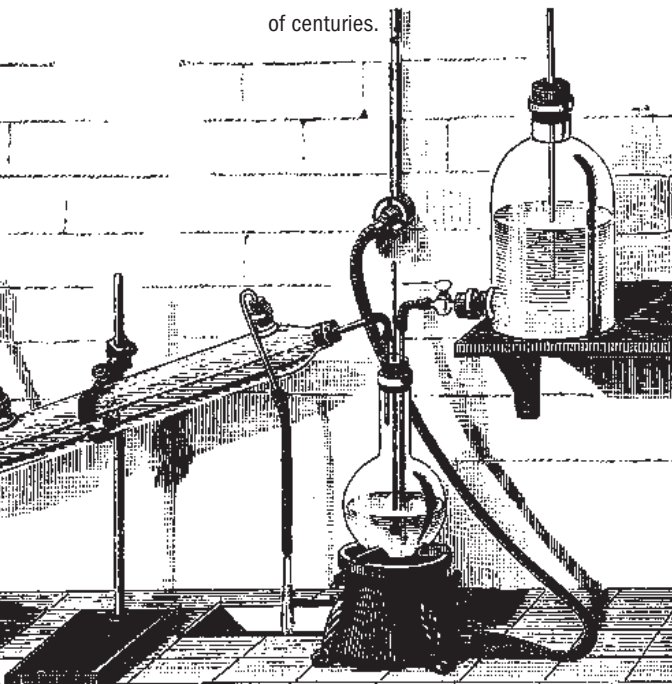
**JUMP**

**‘Here you have the maximum of openness in a small room.’**

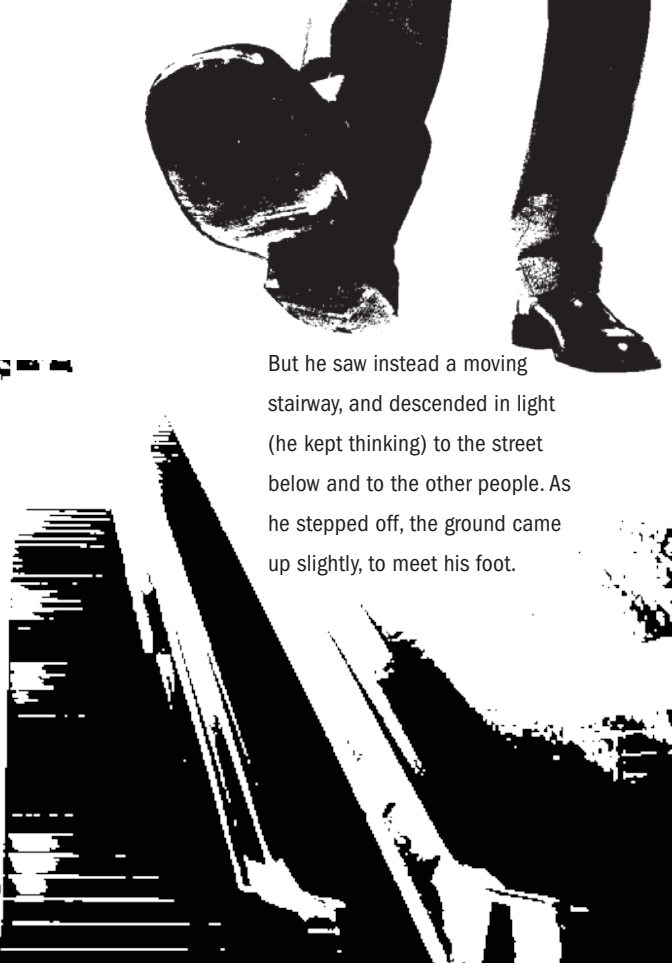




The doctors, they know how many there are, they even know where the trouble is only they don't like to tell you about the prefrontal lobe beacuse that means making a hole in your skull and removing the work of centuries.







But he saw instead a moving stairway, and descended in light (he kept thinking) to the street below and to the other people. As he stepped off, the ground came up slightly, to meet his foot.