**The Bolted Door**

The bolted door.

It’s black in colour,

A far, long corridor,

So distant and dark.

The bolted door.

Please go and see.

With its silver shiny handle,

What could there be?

The bolted door.

I might just touch,

I hear a noise,

Tick…tick…tick.

The bolted door.

The tick noise fades,

Clouds come flooding,

Grey dark and haze.

The bolted door.

So curious to see,

What lies behind?

Is there light of any?

Go search for a secret.

Behind the door you may find,

Darkness ticking, light blinding!

Fun, laughter, NEVER ENDING.

**Jake Avis (Year 5)**