**Shut the Door**

‘’Don’t open it!’’ said the oil lamp.

‘’We don’t know who is on the ramp.’’

‘’Lock it quick, lock it quick!’’ said the stained wall.

“I don’t want her here now, not at all.”

“Let her in, let her in!” exclaimed the old books.

“Unlock the window, open all nooks.”

“I see her little feet.” Said dusty floor.

“Yes, yes open the door!”

“Lock the door!” said the grand fireplace.

“Let’s not meet her face to face.”

“I agree!” announced broken comb.

“Don’t let her in send her home!”

By Annabel DAvis

**Shut the Door - Stubbington version**

“The coach is here!” said the large door.

“I hear the roar; I hear the roar!”

“I’m so excited they’re staying the night.”

“Why are they late?” asked the bright light.

“Oh no, oh no!” said the blue cubby square.

“I don’t think they’ll play very fair.”

“I agree.” whispered folded sheet,

“All children have stinky feet!”

“I know it’s the children.” fuzzy carpet said.

“Who else knows their light tread?”

“It will be fun!” answered little lost teddy.

“But also,” said the dorm.” We will be ready.”

By Annabel Davis