**Shut the Door**

“Open the door,” said elderly stool “Unlock it quick, don’t wait at all!” “We’ve got to let her in, don’t make a rumpus.” “Come on come on!” cried cracked compass

“Wait stop!” said the golden pot

“don’t open that door, she might have an evil plot.”

“Where is she now? I don’t want her anymore!”

“Come close me now!” yelled partially open door

By Anna Quiroga

**Shut the Door – Stubbington version**

“I can hear them coming,” said locked door

“I am sure! I am sure!”

“I hope they like our dorms at stubby,”

“they’re coming down!” cried blue cubby

“No stop! no stop!” said bright light

“they’re coming quickly, looking round the site.”

“Beware of them beware,” said open window

“How do we know that we are safe from them though?”

“I know their puny voices,” said tired bed

“I really do remember one’s heavy head”

“They must come,” commanded old pillow

“yes” said dorm “soon they’ll be in willow”

By Anna Quiroga.