**Shut the door.**

“Secure the door,” said crystal chandelier,

“To keep her away and not near,”

“Keep her out, keep her out,” shouted velvet chaise,

“We may enter a complex phase.”

“She is near, she is near,” said oil painting,

“Let her in, the door is waiting.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” agreed silk tapestry,

“I need someone to admire me!”

By Axl Luckhurst

**Shut the door Stubbington version.**

“We hear the crunch,” said green hangers,

“I hope they have manners; I hope they have manners.”

“At last, they are here, they will be inside in no time,”

“I hope they’re with us,” growled badger door sign.

“No, no, no, no, no,” green rimmed cubby hole said,

“Their dirty cloths will make me half dead!”

“Very true,” clanked metal top bunk.

“Their grubby skin will make me equivalent of a dump.”

By Axl Luckhurst