**Shut the Door**

“Watch out, she’s coming,” said dusty book.

“Hide, hide, hide from the crook!”

“Conceal yourselves from the rotten woman,” said red candle

“But someone please help our straining handle”

“Someone let her in, let her in,” chimed analogue clock.

“We can’t delay, so open the door please, golden lock.”

“I agree, we must welcome our guest,” whispered the purple curtain.

“It must be the time I’m certain, I’m certain.”

By Flora Thomas

**Shut the Door – Stubbington version**

“The gravels moving,” said carpet floor.

“Children are rushing out the coach door!”

“Their running down without fright,”

“They look amazed,” said silver light.

“Stop fussing, stop fussing,” clanked old hangers,

“Since no child has ever had manners!”

“I know they crease me every day,” said bunk bed,

“they’re so heavy from chocolate I’m nearly dead!”

“I recognise the clatter,” white wall said,

“Too silly for words from toe to head.”

“Invite them in for now,” whispered wooden door,

“Only five days,” said dark room,” No less no more…”

By Flora Thomas