



Ken's Feather Bed



The weather had turned cold, and Ken could not sleep. His bedspread was too thin to keep him warm.



He tucked it up to his chin, but his teeth still went click, click, click. After breakfast, Ken went to see his pal Jane.



"I am too cold to sleep in my bed," he said. "I wish I had a thick, heavy bedspread instead." Jane thought about it. Then she grinned. "I have a plan," she said.



"Get a big sack and come with me." They headed to the meadow. A flock of ducks had stopped there to rest, and they had dropped a lot of white feathers in the grass.



Ken and Jane picked up feathers until the sack was full. A cold gust came and made the sack shake. Ken held his breath, but Jane kept a steady grip on the sack.



Back at home, Jane cut a slit in the side of the bedspread. She pushed the feathers in until the bedspread was fat and puffed up.



Then she shut the slit with red thread. "It is ready," she said. "Hop in!" Ken got into bed, and Jane spread the bedspread over him.



He was snug and warm at last. "Thank you, Jane," he said with a big smile. Jane laughed. There was still one white feather stuck on top of Ken's head.