

# Soft and Hard

Whitney's pillow was soft. Her blanket was soft too. The bed felt spongy under her fingers.

"Are all the things in my bedroom soft?" she wondered.

She sat up. She held her stuffed bear. His name was Fuzzy Bear. Her fingers dug into his fur. "You're very soft, Fuzzy Bear," she said.

Fuzzy Bear's eyes were black and shiny. *Tick, tick.* Whitney tapped them with her nails. "Most of you is soft. But your eyes are hard." She gave Fuzzy Bear a squeeze. His hard nose touched her cheek.

Whitney stood up. Her bare feet touched the floor. It was cold and hard. She put on her slippers. They were fuzzy and soft.

On the hard floor was a rug. Whitney bent over and touched it. The green rug felt soft.

She walked to the window. The glass was as cold as ice. Pretty green curtains hung down. They felt soft in her hand.

Whitney said to Fuzzy Bear, “My bedroom is just like you. Some of it is soft. Some of it is hard.”