

## **Chapter 01**

### **An adaptation of the story**

### **The Emperor's New Clothes**

by Hans Christian Andersen

There was great excitement in the palace and the Emperor's new clothes were the talk of the kingdom. At last the weavers declared that the clothes were ready. Then the Emperor, accompanied by the most distinguished gentlemen of the court, came to the weavers. Each of the weavers, who were nothing more than clever swindlers, lifted up an arm as if he were holding something. "Here are Your Majesty's trousers," said one. "This is Your Majesty's mantle," said the other. "The whole suit is as light as a spider's web. Why, you might almost feel as if you had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it."

"Magnificent," cried the ministers, but they could see nothing at all. Indeed there was nothing to be seen.

"Now if your Imperial Majesty would graciously consent to take off your clothes," said the weavers, "we could fit on the new ones." So the Emperor laid aside his clothes and the swindlers pretended to help him into the new ones they were supposed to have made.

The Emperor turned from side to side in front of the long glass as if admiring himself.

"How well they fit. How splendid Your Majesty's robes look: What gorgeous colors!" they all said.

"The canopy which is to be held over Your Majesty in the procession is waiting," announced the Lord High Chamberlain.

"I am quite ready," announced the Emperor, and he looked at himself again in the mirror, turning from side to side as if carefully examining his handsome attire.

The courtiers who were to carry the train felt about on the ground pretending to lift it: they walked on, solemnly pretending to be carrying it. Nothing would have persuaded them to admit they could not see the clothes, for fear they would be thought stupid or unfit for their posts.

And so, the Emperor set off under the high canopy, at the head of the great procession. It was a great success. All the people standing by along his path and from windows along the route cheered and cried, "Oh, how splendid are the Emperor's new clothes. What a magnificent train! How well the clothes fit!" No one dared to admit that they couldn't see anything, for who would want it to be known that he was stupid?

None of the Emperor's clothes had ever met with such success.

But among the crowd a little child cried out, "But he hasn't got anything on." And the people began to whisper to one another, repeating what the child had said. "He hasn't got anything on." "There's a little child saying he hasn't got anything on." Till everyone was saying, "But he hasn't got anything on." The Emperor himself had the uncomfortable feeling that what they were whispering was only too true. "But I will have to go through with the procession," he said to himself.

So he drew himself up and walked boldly on holding his head higher than before, and the courtiers held on to the train that wasn't there at all.