


The emperor's new clothes pdf

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Any, many years ago lived an emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money to get them; his only goal was to be always well dressed. He did not care about his soldiers, and the theatre did not entertain him; The only thing that, in fact, he thought anything was to go out and show off a new suit of clothing. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and, as one might say of the king He is in his office, so one could say of him: the Emperor in his dressing room. The great city where he lived was very gay; every day many strangers from all corners of the globe arrived. Once in this city came two crooks; they made people believe they were weavers, and said they could produce the best fabric imaginable. Their colors and patterns, they said, were not only exceptionally beautiful, but the clothes from their material had the perfect quality to be invisible to anyone who was unfit for their office or unforgivably stupid. It must be a wonderful fabric, the emperor thought. If I was wearing a suit made of this fabric I should be able to figure out which people in my empire were unfit for their places and I could distinguish the smart from the stupid. I must have this fabric woven for me without delay. And he gave a large sum of money to the scammers in advance so they got to work without wasting time. They installed two looms, and pretended to be very difficult at work, but they did nothing at all that on the looms. They asked for the best silk and the most valuable gold canvas; all they got they were completely off, and worked on empty looms late into the night. I would really like to know how they turn out, thought the emperor. But he felt rather uncomfortable when he remembered that someone who wasn't fit for his office couldn't see it. Personally, he thought he had nothing to fear, but he thought it was appropriate to send someone else first to see how things were worth. Everyone in town knew what a wonderful quality things possessed and everyone wanted to see how bad or stupid their neighbors were. I will send my honest old minister to the weavers, the emperor thought. He can judge better how things look because he's smart and no one understands his office better than he does. The good old minister entered the room where the crooks were sitting in front of empty looms. Heaven save us! He thought, and opened his eyes wide: I can't see anything at all, but he didn't say it. Both scammers asked him to come up and asked if he admired the exquisite pattern and beautiful flowers, pointing to the empty looms. The poor old minister tried his best but he saw nothing because there was nothing to be seen. Oh my God, he thought, can I be so stupid? I should never so thought, and no one should know about it! Is it possible that I am not suitable for my office? No, no, I can't say I wasn't able to see the fabric. Now, you have nothing to say? Said one of the scammers while he pretended to be busily weaving. Oh, it's very beautiful, it's extremely beautiful, the old minister replied, looking into his glasses. What a beautiful pattern, what brilliant colors! I will tell the emperor that I really like the fabric. We are glad to hear that, said the two weavers, and described him colors and explained the curious pattern. The old minister listened attentively that he could relate to the emperor, what they said; and so he did. Now the scammers were asking for more money, silk and gold cloth, which they demanded for weaving. They kept everything for themselves, and the thread did not approach the loom, but continued, as still, to work on empty looms. Shortly thereafter, the emperor sent another honest courtier to the weavers to see how they turn out, and if the cloth was almost finished. Like the old minister, he watched and watched, but saw nothing, as there was nothing that could be seen. Isn't that a beautiful piece of cloth? Asked by two scammers, showing and explaining the magnificent pattern, which, however, does not exist. I'm not stupid, the man said. -So this is my good appointment, for which I am not fit. It's very strange, but I don't have to know anyone about it; and he praised the fabric he had not seen, and expressed his joy at the beautiful colors and the delicate pattern. It's very excellent, he told the emperor. Everyone in town was talking about precious fabric. At last the emperor wanted to see him himself while he was still on the loom. With a number of courtiers, including two who were already there, he went to two clever crooks who now worked as hard as they could, but without using any thread. Isn't that great? They said two old statesmen who had been there before. Your Majesty should admire the colors and patterns. And then they pointed to the empty looms, because they imagined that others could see the fabric. What's it? Thought the emperor, I don't see anything at all. It's terrible! Am I stupid? Am I unfit to be emperor? It really would be the worst thing that could happen to me. Indeed, he said, addressing the weavers, your fabric has our most gracious approval; and nodding with contented, he looked at the empty loom, for he did not want to say that he had not seen anything. All his attendants who were with him looked and watched, and although they could not see anything more than others, they said, as emperor, it is very beautiful. And everyone advised him to wear new gorgeous clothes on a large procession, which was about to take place. This is gorgeous, beautiful, excellent, one heard them say, but he was all seemed to be delighted, and the Emperor appointed two crooks Imperial Court weavers. All night before the day before the procession was to take place, the crooks pretended to work and burned more than sixteen candles. People need to see that they were busy to finish the emperor's new suit. They pretended to take the fabric out of the loom, and worked in the air with large scissors, and sewed needles without threads, and said at last: The emperor's new suit is ready now. The Emperor and all his barons then came to the hall; The crooks held their hands up as if they were holding something in their hands and said: It's pants! It's a coat! And here's the cloak! And so on. They are all as light as a cobweb, and one must feel as if no one had anything at all on the body. But that's just the beauty of them. Indeed!, said all the courtiers; but they saw nothing because there was nothing to be seen. Is your Majesty now kind enough to undress, the crooks said, that we can help Your Majesty put on a new suit in front of the big glass? and the emperor looked at himself in a glass from all sides. How good they look! How well they fit! He said it all. What a beautiful pattern! What beautiful colors! It's a gorgeous costume! The host of the ceremony announced that the bearers of the canopy, which was to be held in the procession, were ready. I'm ready, the emperor said. Doesn't my suit fit me wonderfully? Then he turned again to the glass that people should think he admired his clothes. The cameramen, who were supposed to carry the train, stretched their hands to the ground as if they had lifted the train, and pretended to hold something in their hands; they didn't want people to know that they didn't see anything. The Emperor walked in a procession under a beautiful canopy, and all who saw him in the street and from the windows exclaimed, Indeed, the emperor's new suit is incomparable! What a long train he has! How well it suits him! No one wanted others to know that he saw nothing, because then he would be unfit for his office or too stupid. Never has the emperor's clothes been more revered. But he has nothing at all, said the little child at last. My god! listen to the voice of an innocent child, said the father, and one whispered to the other what the child had said. But he has nothing at all, the whole nation exclaimed at last. This made a profound impression on the emperor, because he thought they were right; but he thought to himself: Now I must carry up And the chamberlains walked with even greater dignity, as if they were carrying a train that did not exist. HCA-Gilead.org.il copyright © Tsvi Har'El \$Date: 2007/12/13 20:45:27 Hans Christian AndersenHans Christian Anderson published this eye-opening story in 1837, although his message sounds clear today. The emperor's new clothes are about two poor and opportunistic weavers to make a fool of the king and his entourage. Fortunately, not everyone buys in. He didn't bother himself at last about his soldiers, and he and he didn't want to go to the theater or chase, except for the opportunities he was then given to show off new clothes. He had a different suit for every hour of the day; and, like any other king or emperor, used to say: He sits in the council, he always said of him: The Emperor sits in his wardrobe. Time passed cheerfully in the big city, which was its capital. Strangers arrived every day in court. Once there were two crooks, calling themselves weavers. They issued what they knew how to weave things from the most beautiful colors and complex models, clothes made of which must have a wonderful property to remain invisible to all who were unfit for the office he occupied, or who was extremely simple in nature. It really has to be gorgeous clothes! The emperor thought. If I had such a suit, I could immediately find out that men in my spheres are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish between the wise and the stupid! This stuff should be gossip for me immediately. And he caused large sums of money to be transferred to both weavers so that they could start their work directly. Thus, two feigned weavers created two looms, and the victims work very busily, although in fact they did nothing at all. They asked for the thinnest silk and purest golden thread; Put both in your backpacks; and then continued his feigned work on empty looms until late at night. I would like to know how weavers go with my cloth, the emperor said to himself, having stretched out for a while; he was, however, rather confused when he remembered that The Simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would not be able to see the production. Of course, he thought he had nothing to risk in his own persona; but still, he would rather send someone else to bring him intelligence about the weavers and their work before he bothered himself in the case. All the people across the city had heard of the remarkable property the fabric was to possess; and everyone wanted to know how wise or ignorant their neighbors could be. I will send my faithful old minister weaver, said the emperor on After some discussion, it will be best to see how the fabric looks; for he is a man of meaning, and no one could be more suitable for his office than he is. So the faithful old minister went to the hall, where the nails worked with all their might, on their empty looms. What could be the point of this? The old man thought, opening his eyes very broadly. I can't find any threads on the looms. However, he did not express his thoughts out loud. The imposters asked him very politely to be so good to come closer to their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the blank shots. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not detect anything on the looms, for a very good reason, Wiz: there was nothing there. A what! I thought he was back. Is it possible that I'm a simpleton? I never thought so for myself, and no one should know it now, if I am. Could it be that I am unfit for my office? No, you can't say that either. I never admit that I couldn't see things. Well, Sir Minister!, said one of the knaves, still pretending to work. You don't say if you're happy with the material. Oh, that's great! - answered the old minister, looking at the loom through the glasses. This pattern, and the colors, yes, I will tell the emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think they are. We will be very indebted to you, - said the imposters, and then named different colors and described the pattern of the feigned material. The old minister listened carefully to their words so that he could repeat them to the council, and then the nails asked for more silk and gold, saying it was necessary to complete what they started. However, they put everything that was given to them in their backpacks; and continued to work with the same obvious diligence as before in their empty looms. The Emperor sent another officer of his trial to see how the people turned out, and to find out if the cloth would be ready soon. It was the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he examined the looms from all sides, but could not see anything but empty frames. Don't things seem as beautiful to you as they were with my Lord Minister? The imposters of the emperor's second ambassador asked, at the same time make the same gestures as before and talk about design and colors that weren't there. I'm not stupid, of course! The messenger thought. It must be that I am not suitable for my good, profitable office! It is very strange; however, no one should know anything about it. And accordingly, he praised things he could not see, and stated that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. Indeed, please your Imperial Majesty, he said to his sovereign when he returned, the cloth which Prepare extraordinarily magnificently. The whole city spoke of the magnificent fabric that the emperor ordered to weave at his own expense. And now the emperor himself wanted to see expensive production while it was still in the loom. Accompanied by a select number of courtiers, among whom were two honest men who already admired the fabric, he went to the cunning imposters, who, as soon as they knew of the Emperor's approach, continued to work harder than ever; though they still haven't passed a single strand through the looms. Isn't the job absolutely magnificent?, said two Crown officers, already mentioned. If Your Majesty will only be happy to look at it! What a gorgeous design! What nice colors! and at the same time they pointed to the blank frames; for they imagined that everyone else could see this exquisite piece of skill. How is that?, said the emperor to himself. I don't see anything! It's a really horrible thing! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be emperor? That would be the worst thing that could happen. . . the cloth is charming, he said, aloud. He has my full approval. And he smiled most kindly, and looked intently at the empty looms; for in no case would he say that he could not see what two of his court staff praised so much. His whole entourage now strained his eyes, hoping to find something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, Oh, how beautiful! and advised his majesty to make new clothes from this magnificent material for the approaching procession. Gorgeous! Charming! It's cool! It sounded on all sides; and everyone was extraordinarily gay. The Emperor shared the general satisfaction; and introduced imposters with riband orders of chivalry that would be worn in their button holes, and the name Gentlemen Weavers. The robbers sat all night before the day before the procession, and sixteen lights were lit so that everyone could see how they wanted to finish the emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the fabric from the looms; Cut air with scissors; and sewn with needles without any thread in them. See! They exclaimed at last. The emperor's new clothes are ready! And so the emperor, with all the grantees of his court, came to the weavers; and the robbers raised their hands, as if in the act of holding something up, saying: Here are your Majesty's trousers! Here's the scarf! Here's the mantle! The whole costume is as easy as the cobwebs; one might fancy one has nothing at all when dressed in it, and that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate fabric. Yes, indeed, said all the courtiers, though none of them could see any of this exquisite production. If your imperial Will be kindly happy to take off the clothes, we will fit on a new suit, before looking glass. The emperor was accordingly undressed, and the crooks pretended to array him in his new suit; The emperor turns, from side to side, before looking glass. How gorgeous his Majesty looks in her new clothes, and how well they fit! Everyone was screaming. What a design! What colors! It really is royal clothes! The canopy, which will be carried over your Majesty, in a procession, awaits - announced the chief master of ceremonies. I'm quite ready, the emperor replied. Do my new clothes fit well? He asked, turning again before looking glass, so that he might seem to be studying his beautiful costume. The lords of the bed-seat who were to carry the train His Majesty felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting the ends of the mantle; and pretended to be holding something; for they do not in any way betray anything of this kind of simplicity or unsuitability for their office. So now the emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capital; and all the people standing next to each other, and those at the windows, shouted, Oh! How beautiful is our emperor's new clothes! What a magnificent train there is in the mantle; and how elegantly the scarf hangs! In short, no one would allow that he could not see these much admired garments; because, in doing so, he would declare himself either a simpleton or unfit for his office. Of course, none of the emperor's various costumes has ever made such a great impression as these invisible. But the emperor has nothing at all! Said a small child. Listen to the voice of innocence! His father exclaimed; and what the child said whispered from one to the other. But he doesn't have anything at all! All the people have finally screamed. The emperor was vexing because he knew that people were right; but he thought the procession should continue now! 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