



## ACTIVITY 15

### THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN INVISIBLE THREAD

Hans Christian Anderson's *The Emperor's New Clothes* Retold by George L. Rogers

The Emperor,  
From his head to his toes,  
Was constantly,  
Dressed in the finest of clothes.

For he truly believed,  
If believe this you can,  
It's fashionable clothes  
That make the man.

So he held frequent processions,  
To show off his attire,  
And prove to his subjects,  
He was a king to admire.

One day, two swindlers,  
Came to visit the King,  
To tell him they had invented,  
A most wonderful thing.

It was a magical thread,  
Invisible to fools,  
And therefore quite valuable,  
To anyone who rules.

Said they to the King,  
"With this thread thou can't tell,  
Who is fit for his post,  
And who is dishonest as well.

"So to thy Highness,  
The thing we propose,  
Is to make thee a set,  
Of the finest of clothes.

"Then thou can't be certain,  
There are no fools in thy court,  
When thou seekest advice,  
Of the most difficult sort.

"They will be exquisite,  
In their elegance and beauty,  
Yet, ever so helpful,  
In fulfilling thy duty.

"For those who are foolish,  
Will be unable to see,  
The wonderful fabric,  
We'll have woven for thee."

Filled with wonder and delight,  
The king thought with a sigh,  
"With such beautiful garments,  
Who could be wiser than I?"

And so, for a princely sum,  
He hired this nefarious pair,  
To weave him some clothes,  
From nothing but air.

Then high in the castle,  
He ordered a room,  
Prepared for the weavers,  
Their thread and their loom.

Soon, these two scoundrels,  
With a smile and a smirk,  
Had their loom humming,  
And were busy at work.

Clack, clack, swish, swish,  
Hour after hour, and into the night,  
They worked day after day,  
With all of their might.

After some time,  
The King wanted to know,  
How the work was progressing,  
How fast or how slow.

But afraid he could not see,  
This invisible thread,  
He sent his wisest minister,  
To go in his stead.

“Ah, wonderful, marvelous,”  
The minister said with a stare,  
Though there was nothing to see,  
But only thin air.

For the thing the minister,  
Feared first and foremost,  
Was to admit he saw nothing,  
And was unfit for his post.

So he reported to the King,  
With a wave of his hand,  
“Thy new clothes are exquisite,  
They’re beautiful and grand.”

“Splendid,” cried the King,  
“Then, we shall have a parade,  
In which my new clothes,  
Shall be grandly displayed.”

So the date was set,  
For only two weeks away,  
And anxiously the King’s subjects,  
Awaited the day.

Frequently the King,  
With his ministers, and queen,  
Now visited the weavers,  
To see what could be seen.

“Marvelous, exquisite,  
and wonderful,” they all said,  
“Are these beautiful garments,  
Made from this magnificent thread.”

So day after day,  
Never leaving their room,  
The weavers kept weaving,  
Thin air on their loom.

While all the King’s subjects,  
Anxiously waited to see,  
The Emperor’s new clothes,  
And how beautiful they’d be

When the day finally came,  
People lined up the street,  
For all wanted to see,  
This spectacular treat.

While back in the castle,  
Our unscrupulous pair,  
Were carefully dressing,  
The King in thin air.

“The fabric is so light,”  
Said they to the King,  
“You will feel like you are naked,  
And not wearing a thing.

“But isn’t it beautiful,  
And wonderful to behold,  
With the intricate patterns,  
And the colors so bold?”

“Um, yes,” mumbled the King,  
For the thing he feared most,  
They would think him a fool,  
And unfit for his post.

Soon procession got started,  
With everyone in place,  
Courtiers and Pages,  
All surrounding his Grace.

Gasps and “Oh My’s”,  
Were heard as he came into sight,  
With each viewer pretending,  
It was a gasp of delight.

Ohhh’s and Ahhh’s,  
All followed the King,  
For no one would acknowledge,  
He was not wearing a thing.



Until a small child,  
Who didn't understand,  
Invisible clothes,  
And things equally grand.

Said, "Mother, he's naked,  
The King has no clothes,  
He has nothing on,  
From his head to his toes."

"My son, you are right."  
The child's mother said,  
And from one to another,  
The word quickly spread.

"The King is quite naked,  
As naked can be.  
He has no clothes on,  
Can't you see, can't you see?"

And while the crowd stood there,  
With their mouths all agape,  
The two rascally scoundrels,  
Quickly made their escape.

But, in time, some good came,  
From this unfortunate affair,  
When the King finally realized,  
You are more than you wear.

And so he made a decision,  
On which he made good,  
To become the best Emperor,  
That he possibly could.

And his subjects were eager,  
To forgive and forget,  
For all had been foolish,  
All had to admit.

"There is nothing," said they,  
In which to be proud,  
"If all that one does,  
Is to follow the crowd.

"For of the person who does,  
The best that can be said,  
Is that he likely believes,  
In invisible thread."

### Hindsight Questions:

- What did the King want to possess?
- What are some lies the King chose to believe?

### Insight Questions:

- Why was the King vulnerable to the lies told by the swindlers?

### Foresight Questions:

- Why is it risky to allow ourselves to be too easily influenced by the opinions of others?

**Discussion Opportunity:** After Possesit convinced the king he wanted to be admired, Prevaricator convinced him all he needed was fashionable clothes. The first lie Prevaricator convinced the King of was that clothes make the person. With this idea in mind, he was vulnerable to the lie that clothing woven with invisible thread could make him wise. In their desire to be thought fit for their positions, the King's ministers bought into the lie as well. It was an innocent child who, by simply acknowledging what he saw, brought everyone to their senses. Character Traits: PRownership, duty, accountability, THonesty

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