

## THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

From Hans Christian Andersen's  
Fairy Tales

Many years ago there was an Emperor so exceedingly fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on being well dressed. He cared nothing about reviewing his soldiers, going to the theatre, or going for a ride in his carriage, except to show off his new clothes. . . .

In the great city where he lived, life was always gay. Every day many strangers came to town, and among them one day came two swindlers. They let it be known they were weavers, and they said they could weave the most magnificent fabrics imaginable. Not only were their colors and patterns uncommonly fine, but clothes made of this cloth had a wonderful way of becoming invisible to anyone who was unfit for his office, or who was unusually stupid.

"Those would be just the clothes for me," thought the Emperor. "If I wore them I would be able to discover which men in my empire are unfit for their posts. And I could tell the wise men from the fools. . . ." He paid the two swindlers a large sum of money to start work at once.

They set up two looms and pretended to weave, though there was nothing on the looms. All the finest silk and the purest old thread which they demanded went into their traveling bags, while they worked the empty looms far into the night.

"I'd like to know how those weavers are getting on with the cloth," the Emperor thought, . . . "I'll send my honest old minister to the weavers," the Emperor decided. "He'll be the best one to tell me how the material looks . . ."

So the honest old minister went to the room where the two swindlers sat working away at their empty looms. "Heaven help me," he thought as his eyes flew wide open, "I can't see anything at all!"

. . . Both the swindlers begged him to be so kind as to come near to approve the excellent pattern, the beautiful colors. They pointed to the empty looms, and the poor old minister stared as hard as he dared. He couldn't see anything, because there was nothing to see. "Heaven have mercy," he thought. "Can it be that I'm a fool. . . . It would never do to let on that I can't see the cloth."

"Oh, it's beautiful, it's enchanting." The old minister peered through his spectacles. "Such a pattern, what colors!" I'll be sure to tell the Emperor how delighted I am with it." . . .

The swindlers at once asked for more money, more silk and gold thread, to get on with the weaving. But it all went into their pockets. . . .

The Emperor presently sent another trustworthy official to see how the work progressed and how soon it would be ready. The same thing happened to him . . . So he praised the material he did not see. He declared he was delighted with the beautiful colors and the exquisite pattern.

All the town was talking of this splendid cloth, and the Emperor wanted to see it for himself while it was still in the looms. . . . He found [the two men] weaving with might and main, but without a thread in their looms.

"Magnificent," said the two officials already duped. "Just look, Your Majesty, what colors! What a design!" They pointed to the empty looms, each supposing that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can't see anything. This is terrible! . . . Oh! It's very pretty," he said. "It has my highest approval." And he nodded approbation at the empty loom. . . .

His whole retinue stared and stared. One saw no more than another . . . and they advised him to wear clothes made of this wonderful cloth especially for the great procession he was soon to lead. . . . everyone did his best to seem well pleased.

Before the procession the swindlers sat up all night and burned more than six candles, to show how busy they were finishing the Emperor's new clothes. . . .

Then the Emperor himself came with his noblest noblemen, and the swindlers each raised an arm as if they were holding something. . . . "All of them are as light as a spider web. One would almost think he had nothing on, but that's what makes them so fine."

"Exactly," all the noblemen agreed, though they could see nothing . . .

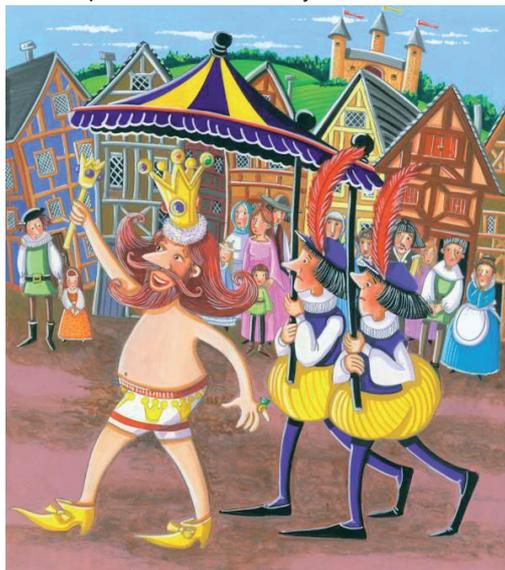
The Emperor undressed, and

the swindlers pretended to put his new clothes on him, one garment after another. . . .

"How well Your Majesty's new clothes look. Aren't they becoming!" He heard on all sides, "That pattern, so perfect! Those colors, so suitable! It is a magnificent outfit." . . .

"Well, I'm supposed to be ready," the Emperor said, and turned again for one last look in the mirror. . . .

The noblemen who were to carry his train stooped low and reached for the floor as if they were picking up his mantle. . . . They didn't dare



admit they had nothing to hold.

So off went the Emperor in procession under his splendid canopy. Everyone in the streets and the windows said, "Oh, how fine are the Emperor's new clothes! . . . Nobody would confess that he couldn't see anything, for that would prove him either unfit for his position, or a fool. . . .

"But he hasn't got anything on," a little child said. . . . And one person whispered to another what the child had said, "He hasn't anything on. A child says he hasn't anything on." . . .

The Emperor shivered, for he suspected they were right. But he thought, "This procession has got to go on." So he walked more proudly than ever, as his noblemen held high the train that wasn't there at all.

### Modern day parallels:

*There's a pandemic caused by a deadly virus out of China, and if you're a worthy citizen, you will wear a mask and maintain social distancing. So everyone bows their heads, obediently wears*

*masks, and submits to lockdowns that are ruining millions of lives, in order to be worthy citizens. No one wants to look stupid. But some with childlike simplicity say, "But the numbers don't support that conclusion, and the actual death rate is lower than a regular flu, a fraction of 1%. No, the little emperors say, the charade must proceed, and even though many people now agree that the threat is almost nonexistent, the masks, distancing, and lockdowns proceed.*

*CNN, ABC, CBS, MSNBC, NBC, The New York Times, Nancy Pelosi, and our favorite TV stars all say President Trump is an idiot, that the U.S. is a racist country founded in 1619 and dominated by evil white people, and that Christians are narrow-minded bigots who are too stupid to know better than to support Trump. If you are smart like we are, you'll believe what we tell you, they say. If you don't, you're just another knuckle-dragging idiot like Trump. And you deserve to have your towns and businesses burned to the ground. Millions dread being labelled knuckle-dragging idiots and*

*so go along with their story. A few, with childlike simplicity, say, "But jobs are coming back, the economy is rebounding, minorities have more job opportunities than ever before! We elected a black president last time around." "Shut up," Fake News explains, our parade of lies must not be exposed, and so they continue.*

*California and the West Coast are burning with uncontrollable fires, and the Governor wrings his hands and cries, "Climate change is doing this!" All the smart people who want to be approved by the governor and his party cry, "Amen!" They add, "To deny this reality is criminal, and we intend to arrest or*

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*fine deniers if they keep it up!" But the simple hard-working Normal folks recognize a con when they see it, and reply, "Your 'climate change' is based on computer models, not the reality of the patterns of temperature changes over the centuries. All the flammable material left in the forests in the name of 'environmental health' is what's causing and intensifying these fires." "Heresy!" the smart people proclaim. And the fires still burn and burn and burn. . . .*

*Do you describe the beautiful clothing the emperor's wearing, not wanting to be on the outs with the in-crowd? Or do you have the guts to point out that the emperor has no clothes? The smart people say that God and Christianity are passé, out of touch with modern reality, almost criminal. Do you agree or keep quiet to avoid looking stupid, or do you tell it like it is, and proclaim God's Truth?*

*Linda Gimmel*

## ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Contributed. From the Web.

The story goes that a certain court jester went too far one day and insulted his king. The king became so infuriated that he sentenced the jester to be executed.

His court prayed upon the king to have mercy for this man who had served him well for so many years.

After a time, the king relented only enough to give the jester his "choice" as to how he would like to die.

True to form, the jester replied, "if it's all the same to you my Lord, I'd like to die of old age."

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