

THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES

An Emperor in days gone by,
Was well-known for his need to try
On different kinds of fancy clothes.
What was the reason, no-one knows.
His courtiers all expressed their awe
At every new outfit they saw,
In velvet, wool and even silk,
All pleased the sycophantic ilk.

Then one day, appeared a vision,
The Emperor, was it derision?
Attended at a big State Ball,
With not a stitch of clothes at all.
The sycophants showed no surprise
On seeing their leader in this guise.
They shouted out, "Olay! Olay!"
Just see how well he's dressed today."

Until a boy in innocence,
To whom these actions made no sense,
Shouted in a voice so loud,
The bravest one in all the crowd.
"Our leader is plain naked, stark,"
Then all the dogs began to bark
And with no further ifs or buts,
The crowd began to shout, "he's nuts."
"Oh look, oh look, how sad, how sad,

It seems our leader has gone mad."
'Tis sad, none of his faithful minions,
Could express their true opinions.
They took the Emperor away,
And placed him in the Royal sick-bay,
Where he was locked up safe and sound,
With only padded walls around.

It is a fact, still true today,
Most people are afraid to say,
What's really on their thoughtful minds?
Instead they sit on their behinds.
So we should not be scared to shout,
If in our hearts we have some doubt,
About the things our leaders say,
In trying to lead us day by day.

Inspired by a story by Hans Christian Andersen, famous Danish writer (1805-1875)