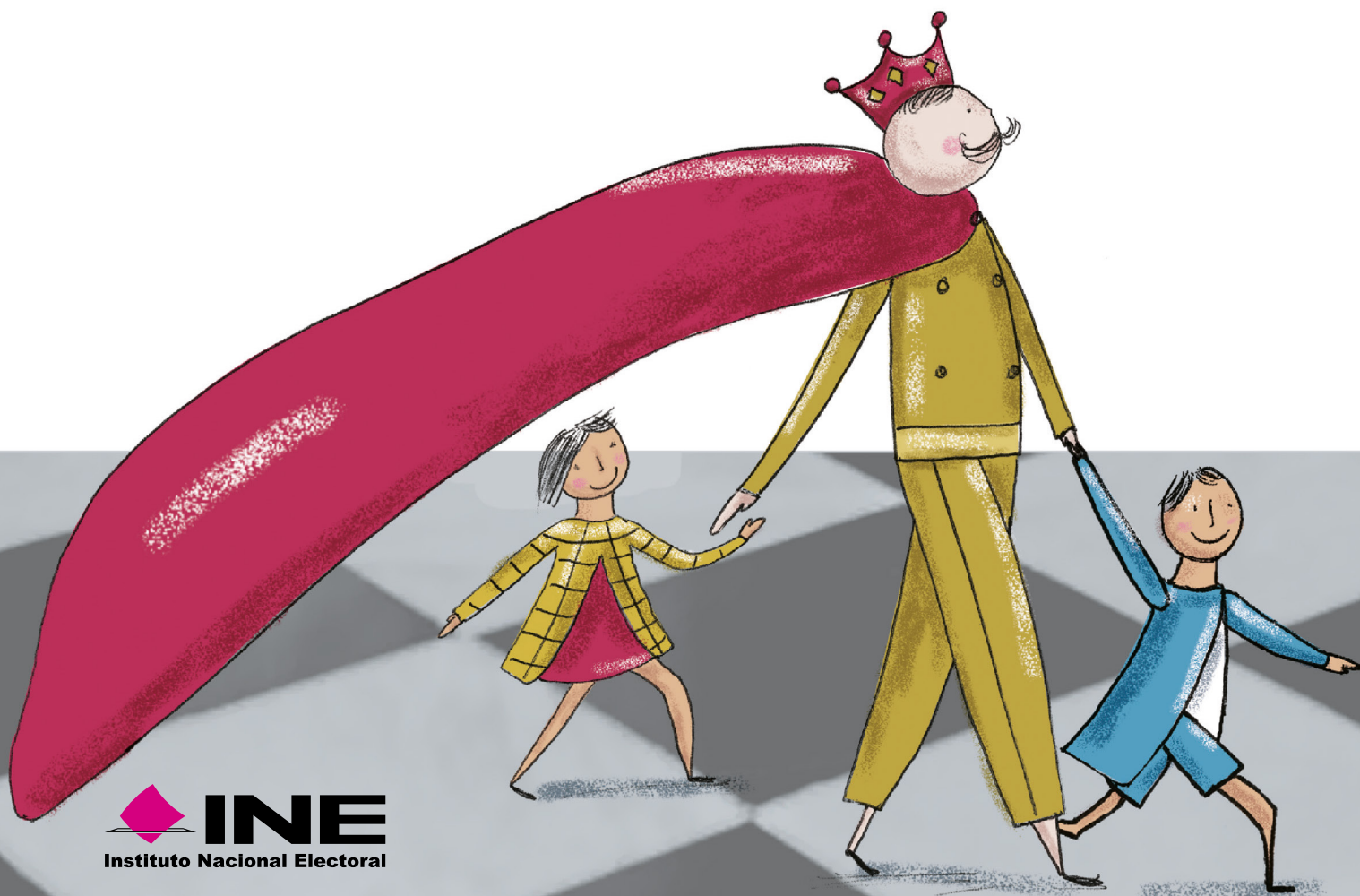


MORE NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR?!

TEXT BY MARTHA RIVA PALACIO OBÓN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAULINA BARRAZA G.





MARTHA RIVA PALACIO OBÓN, a word catcher, when she's not searching for the perfect notebook for her next project, she's interviewing the crickets that live in the corner of her living room or roaming the city with her tape recorder. She likes coffee and that's why she spends many nights awake. After getting lost in the streets recording blackbirds, looking for notebooks and chatting with crickets, she has no choice but to sit in front of his computer and start writing. Among her books are *Las sardinas vuelan de noche*, *Las casas vienen de un huevo* y *La noche de los batracios*.

MORE NEW CLOTHES
FOR THE EMPEROR?!

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MORE NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR?!

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Illustrations: Paulina Barraza Gómez

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PRESENTATION

This story is part of the **Árbol** collection that the Instituto Nacional Electoral (INE, National Electoral Institute) has created for children, using simple and entertaining stories to teach about citizenship and democratic values through literature.

More New Clothes for the Emperor?! is part of the Estrategia Nacional de Cultura Cívica 2017-2023 (National Civic Culture Strategy 2017-2023) which, based on a set of guidelines, is dedicated to improving our societal quality of life as citizens with both rights and responsibilities. Within this context, we want to encourage the active participation of young people in public interest issues, with the goal of making them relevant actors in the political life of our country.

This volume presents an adaptation of a classic story, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, originally written by Hans Christian Andersen, from an irreverent perspective and with a strong sense of humor that allows for a narrative twist that shows readers the mechanics of corruption and exemplifies the importance of transparency and accountability.

Although this story can interest people of any age, it is particularly directed at elementary level students. This tale offers children an opportunity to reflect on the harmful and recurrent practice that is present in all areas of society and that has damaged our country: corruption.

Families are also invited to be observant and vigilant of the actions of those in positions of power and, as such, the Mexican State. We want the generations that will soon become citizens to use their moral qualities to exercise their rights and responsibilities of demanding accountability from civil servants, especially when it comes to the honest administration of public resources.

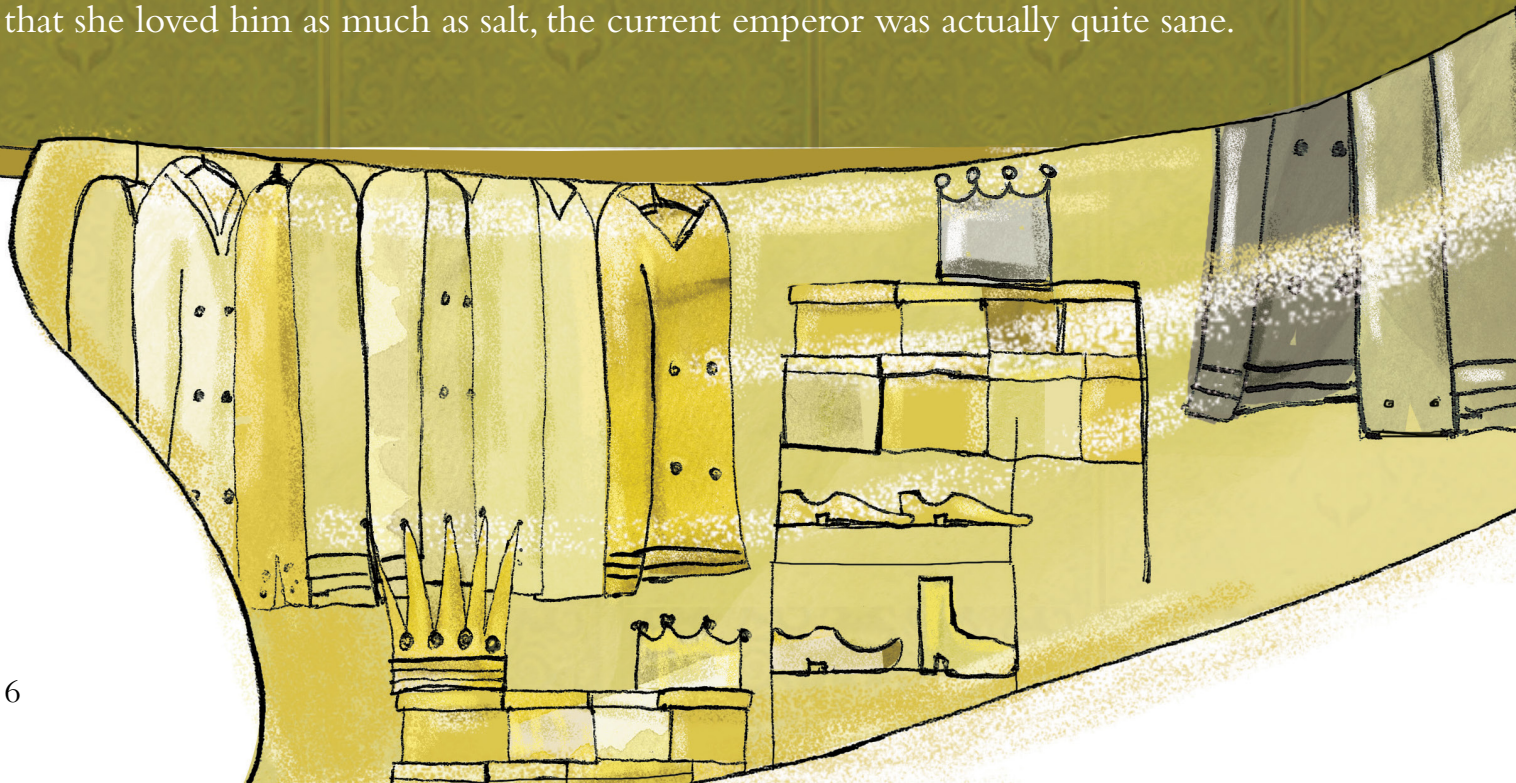
The last pages include a section that is designed for young readers and adults, either parents or teachers, to reflect and talk about the importance of always acting honestly and within the framework of the law.

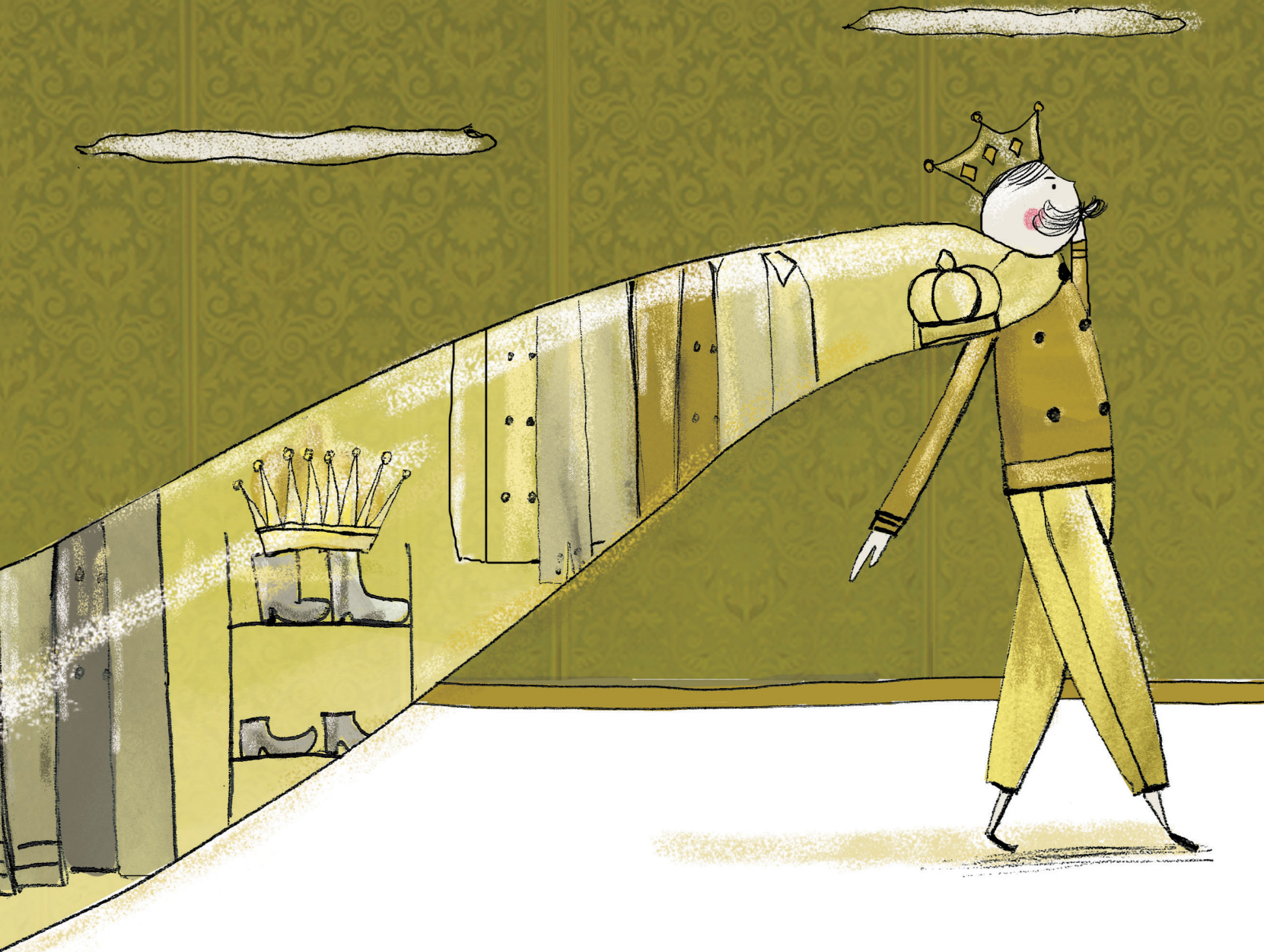
More New Clothes for the Emperor?!

Once upon a time, in a land that is neither far away or close by, during a time that isn't now or then, in a kingdom where things weren't ever what they seemed... In this kingdom lived an emperor who had a wardrobe full of magnificent robes. But one morning he decided that he didn't have anything elegant enough for the upcoming important event. Worried, he called all his ministers and scolded them for not having told him that he didn't have any clothes worthy of the summer parade.

“Did you expect me to welcome the season in rags?!”

It must be explained that these kinds of royal tantrums were something that happened around the clock. In comparison with his great-grandfather, however, who banished one of his daughters when she dared to tell him over breakfast that she loved him as much as salt, the current emperor was actually quite sane.





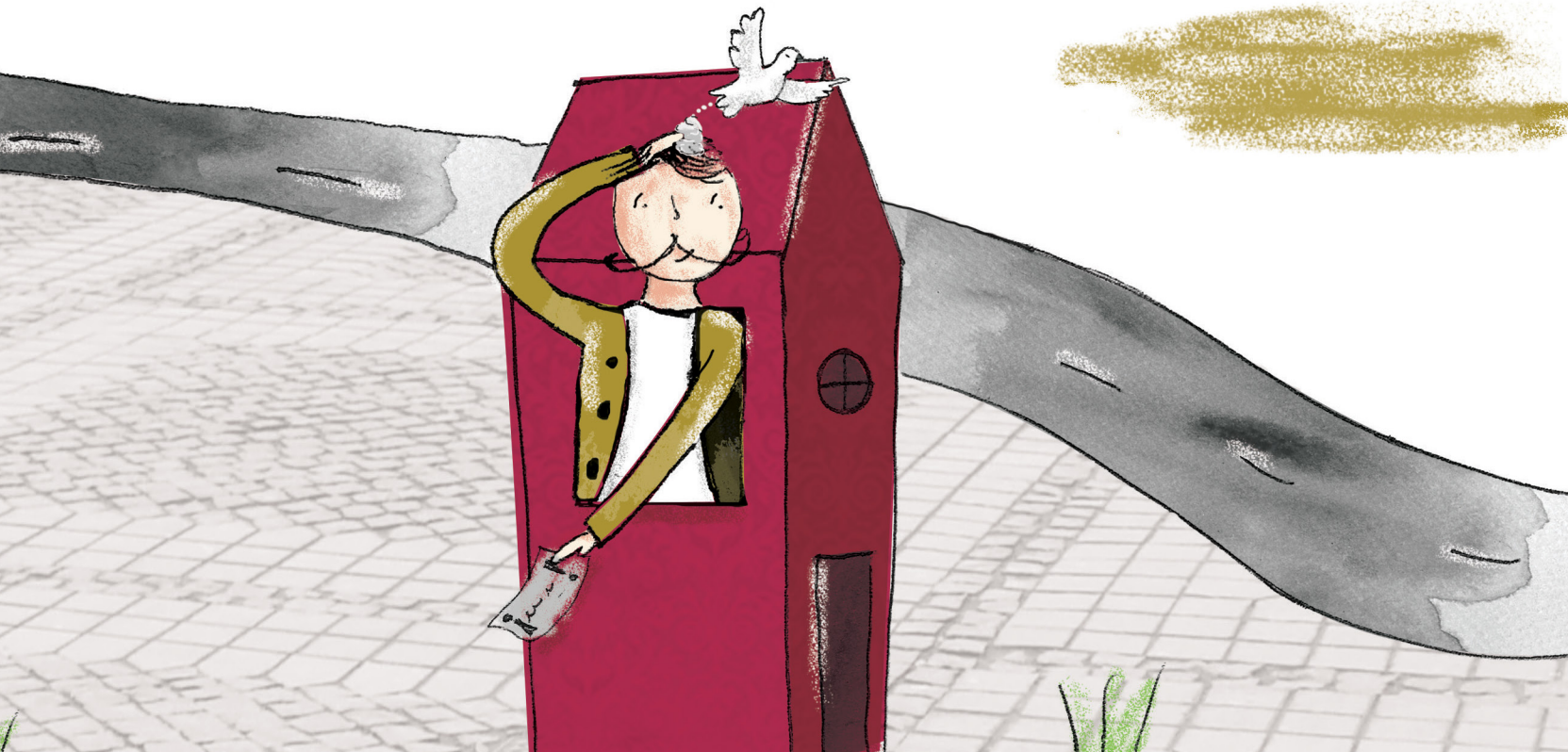


After arguing for hours and hours, the ministers decided that the only solution was to get the emperor some new clothes. Of course, they had all known from the beginning that this was the obvious solution, but court etiquette was so strict that it was considered inexcusable to say what you really thought... about anything!

At midnight Prime Minister Picamuella ordered the heralds to announce throughout the kingdom that the emperor desired a new suit, one that would be even more spectacular than those he already possessed in his royal wardrobe.

The messengers rode swift as the wind, reading the royal proclamation in town squares, markets, and inns. These rumors reached all the way to Dorapíldora of the North, who immediately sent a messenger pigeon to Don Cuentaslargas of the South.

The message said something like, "It's in the bag!"



Tailors, modistes, silkworm breeders, makers of buttons, laces, and ribbons: a multitude thronged at the palace gates waiting for their turn to display their pitches for the emperor's new clothes. Even the girls and boys of the kingdom set their minds to imagining what the best outfit would be to welcome the summer: outfits that would allow you to stroll along the bottom of the ocean, outfits with mirrors to reflect the sun, lantern outfits, outfits with enough leashes to harness a hundred doves and fly away, vertical garden outfits, outfits to mimic the chorus of all the frogs in the kingdom, telescope outfits to track comets... Each proposal was more wonderful than the one before.



However, Prime Minister Picamuella had no intention of wasting his time working, and the hullabaloo created by the festivities at the foot of his tower only soured his disposition even more. What if he were to issue a decree that cancelled everyone's summer vacations, except his own? The idea of spending a day at the beach without noisy kids made Picamuella feel a little bit better. Relaxing on a deck chair while the rest of the kingdom was hard at work.... What a vacation that would be!





A messenger entered the office carrying a leather jacket and a sealed envelope. As soon as Picamuella recognized the seal of his cousin Don Cuentalargas, he smiled, intrigued.

“Do you like this cloth? Our friend Dorapíldora makes it and only very, VERY intelligent people can see it,” said the card inside the envelope.

Picamuella couldn't see the cloth, but the ten gold coins in the pocket of the leather jacket just managed to console him.



The festivities in the streets were over; tailors, modistes, manufacturers of brocades, ribbons and accessories returned home. The people of the kingdom began to wonder what the emperor's new suit of clothes would be like. It would surely be magnificent. The disappointment of not having succeeded was replaced by the anticipation of the spectacle they would behold at summer solstice.

A week later, the heralds once again rode throughout the kingdom, announcing a new proclamation:

The Great Imperial Counsel requires samples of cloth, thread, brocades, ribbons, buttons, jewels and other materials needed to create the new suit for his royal majesty, the emperor.

At first, everybody was excited by these tidings from the Imperial Court: although their pitch for the emperor's clothes had been rejected, they still had the possibility of being chosen by the creators to supply their products, at a favorable price.







The idea of having a bit more money during the summer holidays invigorated all the citizens within the kingdom. Stores, workshops and markets were freshened up. Buttons and jewels were polished. Reels of silk thread were displayed in baskets in front of shop windows decorated with all kinds of paper figures.

All this to attract the attention of the imperial emissaries.

The pleasure, however, did not last long.

A day after proclaiming the edict, Don Cuentaslargas began his inspection of samples for the emperor's new clothes. He decided to begin with the lace maker. The widow rushed to show off her best specimens.

"We'll take them all!" Don Cuentaslargas commanded the guards who accompanied him.



“But you said you were only taking a sample!” the desperate woman cried as Don Cuentalargas’ lackeys emptied her shop.

“And how do you expect his royal majesty to choose properly if he can’t see everything you have?” he replied, shrugging.

After emptying the lace maker’s workshop, they continued on to the silk spinner and the jeweler.

Meanwhile, the children of the town ran towards the rest of the stores and workshops, sounding the alarm. Panicked, people tried to hide their wares, but it was in vain: Don Cuentalargas searched up and down, poking his nose into every corner until not even a pin was left. Of course, there were some people, like the button maker, who tried to stop the royal emissary from entering their shops, but it was useless.







The only thing they achieved was to spend two nights in the royal dungeons, with all expenses paid.

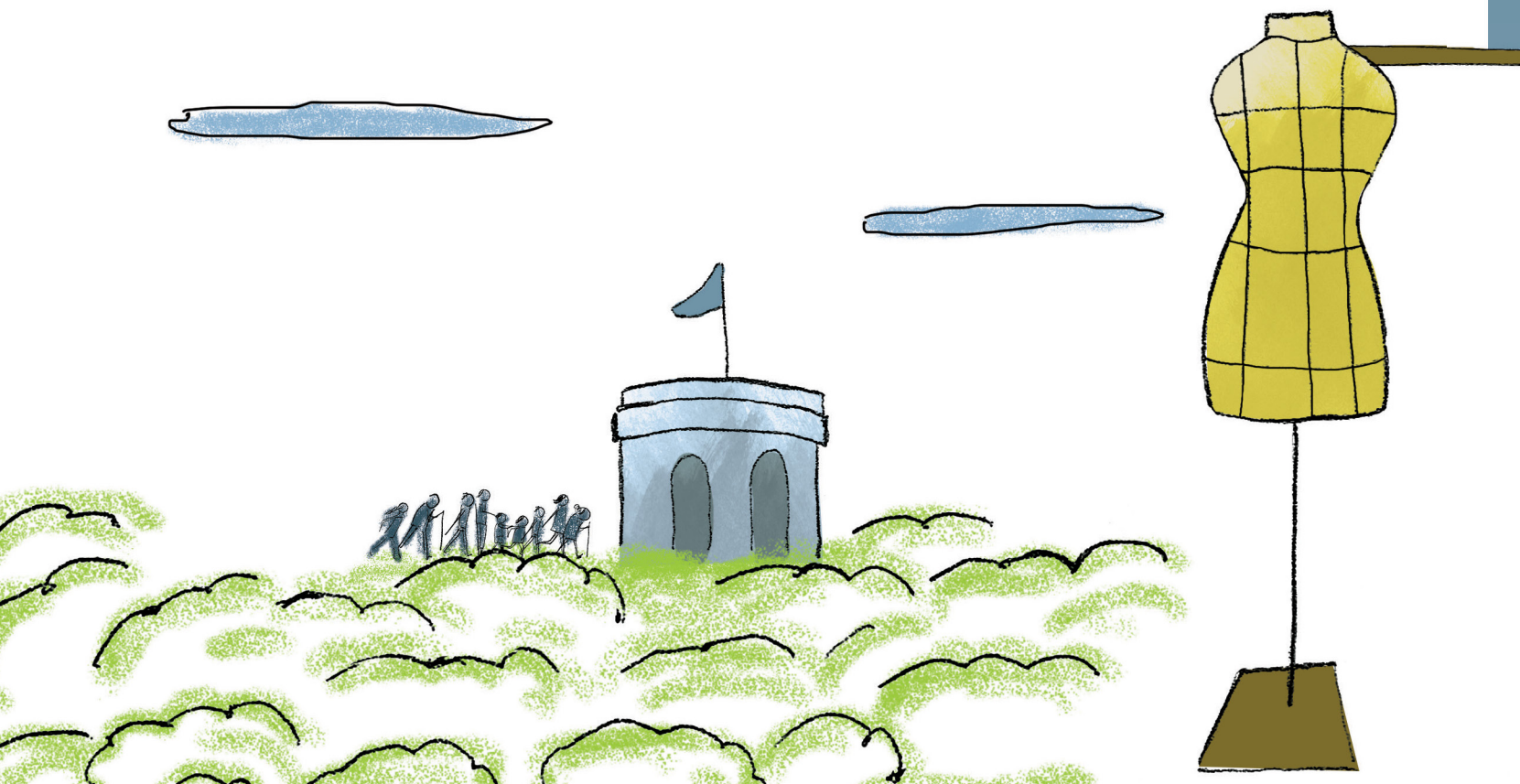
Letters of protest rained on the palace and a crowd thronged at the tower doors where Picamuella dealt with matters of state. The unopened letters were used to keep the palace fireplaces alight for a week and the crowd dispersed when the prime minister ordered the court guards to launch firecrackers and fireworks to scare them off. Thus, he killed two birds with one stone: he rid himself of these unwanted guests and entertained the Court with a marvelous pyrotechnic show.

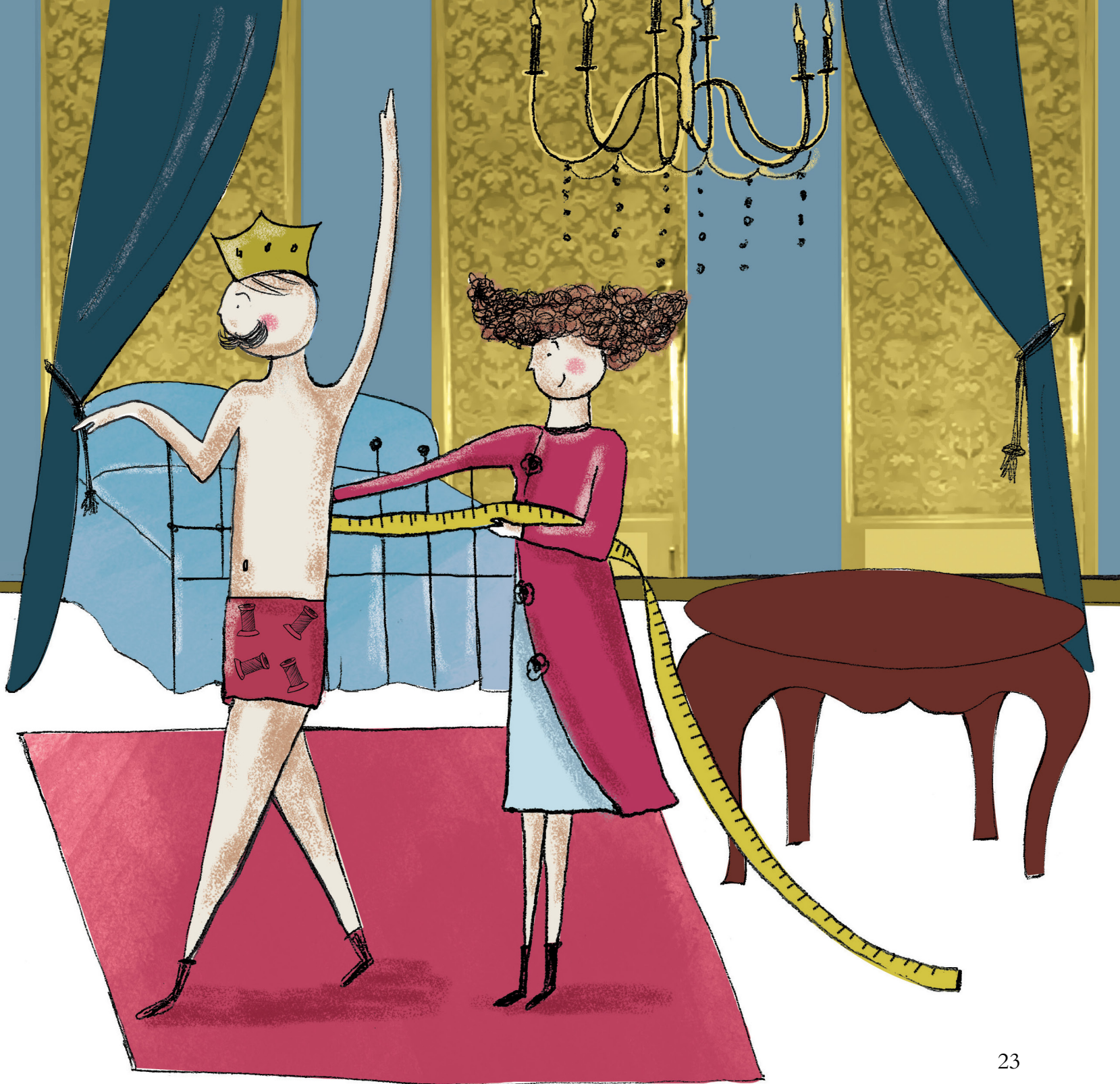
The kingdom's inhabitants returned to their homes covered in soot and resigned themselves to spending the worst summer of their lives. Without supplies they couldn't work, and if they couldn't work they wouldn't have much to eat.



Perhaps someone who isn't aware of the customs of this kingdom, a land that is neither far away or close by, during a time that isn't now or then would ask themselves why the emperor wasn't aware that there was something, not bad, but rotten in his kingdom; but only someone who did not know the imperial protocol would ask this. The emperor, as Dorapíldora measured him for his new clothes, had noticed the group of people shouting at the entrance of Picamuella's tower and, as a good sovereign, had immediately asked one of his pages what was going on.

The logical course of action would be for the page to go directly to the site of the uproar to learn what it was all about. But, in this court, rules dictated that the page must ask the steward, the steward ask the minister of housekeeping, the minister of housekeeping ask the duke of curtains, the duke of curtains ask the kitchen master, the kitchen master ask the lady of the bells, the lady of the bells ask the countess of glazing,





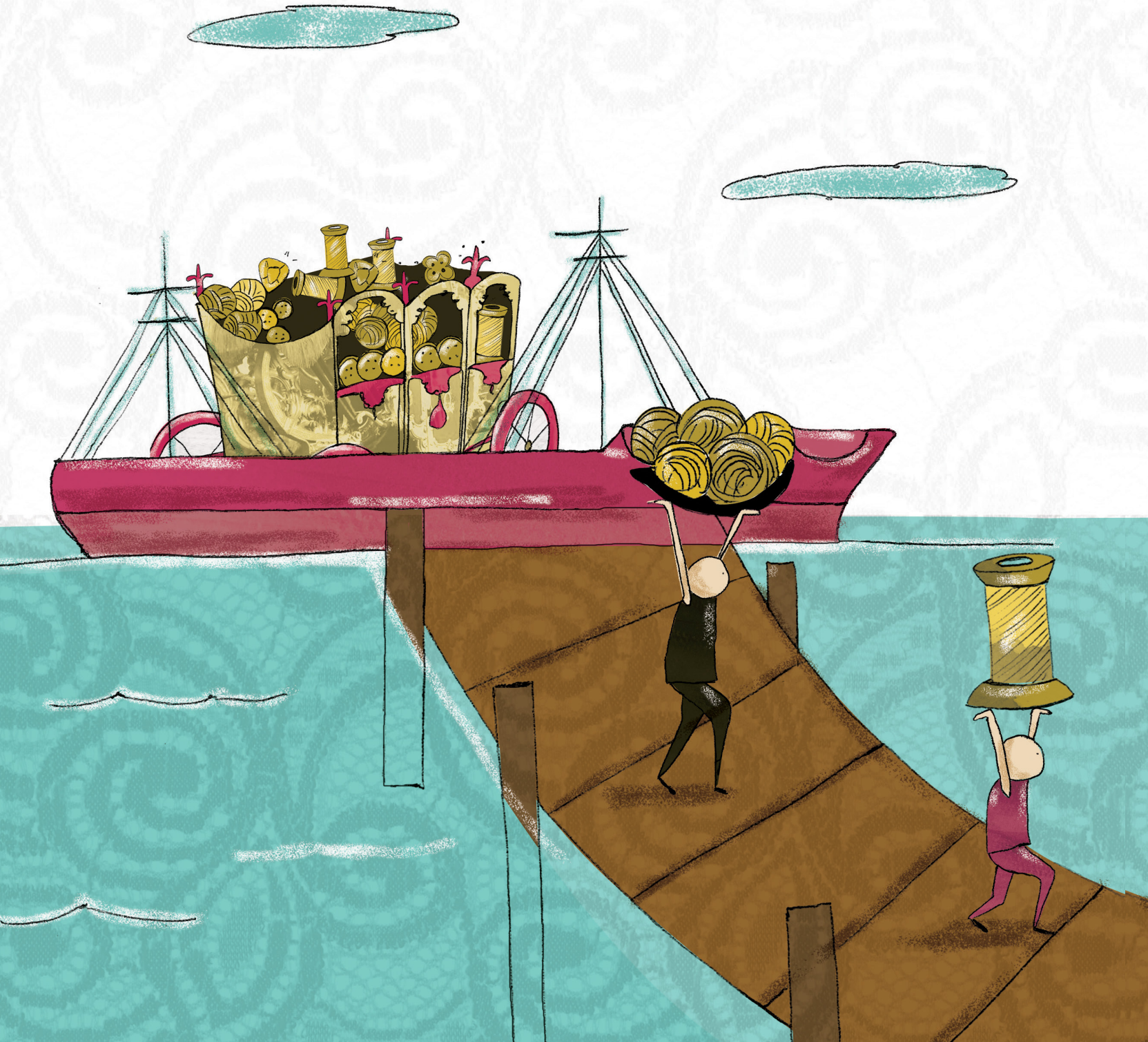
the countess of glazing ask the minister of soot, the minister of soot ask the custodian of the royal cat, the custodian of the royal cat ask the gatekeeper, the gatekeeper ask the first secretary, the first secretary ask the second secretary, and the second secretary ask Prime Minister Picamuela.

In other words, one of the rules of this court was to never say what you really thought, courtesans spent most of their time playing a game of telephone. The emperor had asked that morning what the people were doing at the tower gates, and not until five minutes to midnight did the page answer, “There is nobody outside.”

The monarch looked out his window and saw that, effectively, there was no-one outside. Before retiring to bed, he decided to decorate Prime Minister Picamuela for the fireworks display that had enlivened the imperial dinner.



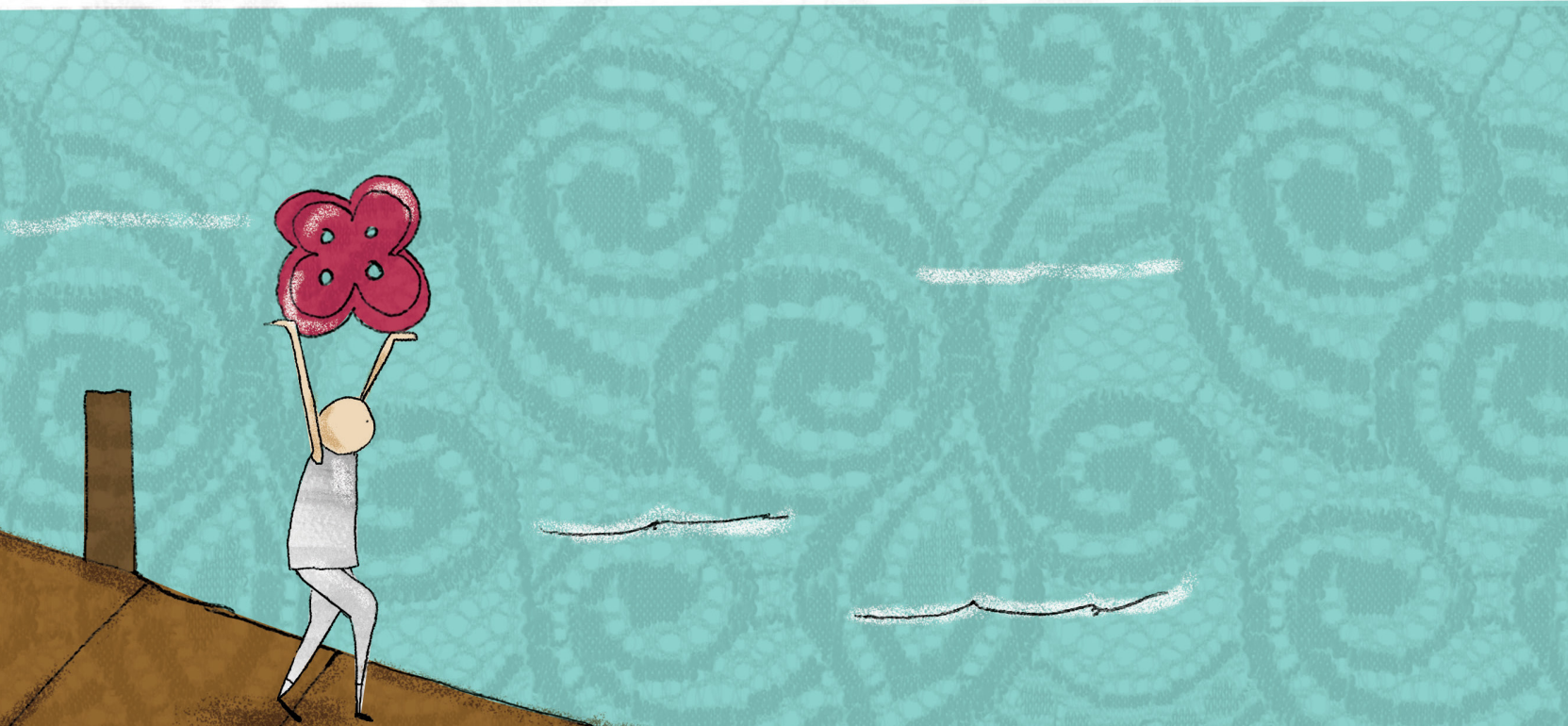




The following morning, heralds rode out to proclaim what seemed, at first, to be good news:



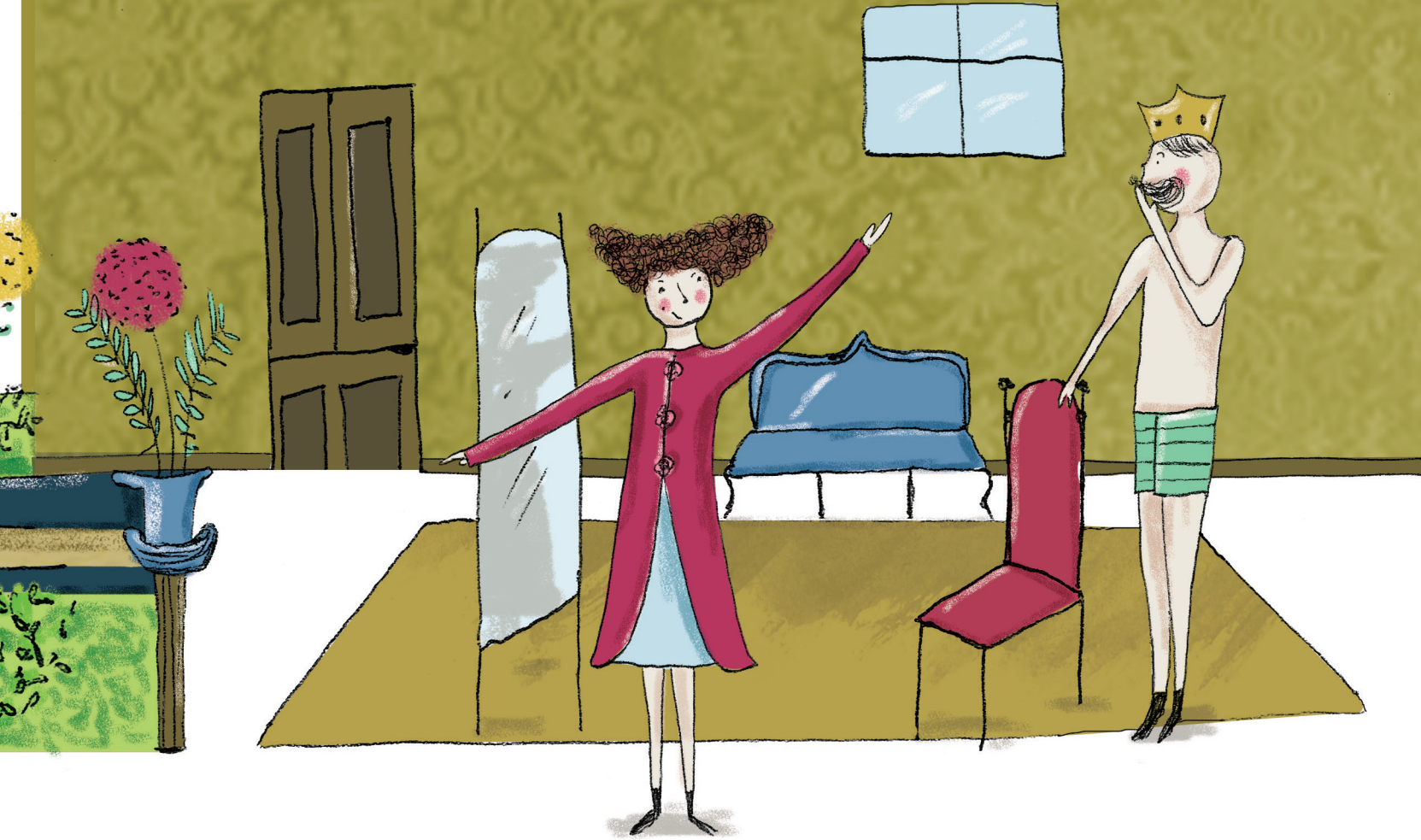
A tent was pitched close to the harbor and the guards carried all kinds of lace, cloth, and brocades off the boat, all very similar to what was made in the kingdom, so that they could be adapted to local taste, as Dorapíldora explained to the crowd.





“If you cannot pay for this now, you can purchase it on credit,” the woman added, with a benevolent smile. Spinners, weavers, modistes and tailors bought this merchandise, just to have something to work with, even though it cost twice as much as usual.

You must understand that this was something unheard of in this kingdom, which had a way of life so different from our own. The children of this empire were used to slipping away in search of the best places to play, but when they saw that this bulky tent had invaded their space, they began to suspect something fishy was going on. They gathered in the hideout they had built the previous summer on the beach and, after voting on the plan, decided to take charge of the situation. They weren't going



to let anyone ruin their summer vacations. Led by Cordelina, the daughter of one of the spinners, and Ovillo, the lace maker's grandson, they sneaked through backyards, up trees, into kitchens, markets, and laundries, intent on discovering what was really going on with the emperor's new clothes.

The emperor himself wasn't sure what was going on with his new clothes. However much he tried and let his imagination soar, he couldn't see what Dorapildora spread out before him. If it had been possible to say what he really thought, he would have said that the woman had nothing in her hands; but he remembered he must follow protocol and so chose to remain silent.



“Do you like the cloth, your Excellency? I guarantee that only the brightest minds in the kingdom can appreciate all its nuances...” insisted Dorapíldora as she noticed the emperor’s silence.

“It is exquisite, my lord!” exclaimed Picamuela with all the fervor that having ten gold coins in his pocket could produce. Following the example of the prime minister, and to prove to their sovereign that they were just as brilliant as the others, if not more, the steward, the minister of housekeeping, the duke of curtains, the kitchen master, the lady of the bells, the countess of glazing, the minister of soot, the custodian of the royal cat, the doorkeeper, the first secretary, the second secretary, and even the page began to tender a stream of praise, chattering, and squeals that left the emperor even more perplexed.

But the fact that he couldn’t see anything didn’t diminish his enthusiasm in the least.

The emperor, deciding that he couldn’t look like a fool, joined the hubbub and, to prove that he could see the fabric better than anyone else, gave Dorapíldora a lifetime appointment as textile provider to the imperial house.



That evening, hidden away on the boat, Don Cuentaslargas happily totaled up the profits they had made on the resale of the requisitioned goods. Yes, that summer was looking to be the best of his life. He was annoyed at having to share these earnings with his collaborators, but he'd figure out how to solve that problem later. Meanwhile, Dorapíldora giddily fingered her imperial provider medallion and also pondered how to rid herself of her collaborators once they were of no use to her. Picamuella, meanwhile, was fast asleep, dreaming that he threw his collaborators overboard as he snored fit to wake the dead.

They were the only three people in the kingdom able to get a good night's rest. The emperor, as well as his subjects, were not very happy about the turn things had taken. Who could blame him? He was worried about not being able to see something that, apparently, had entranced all his courtiers. To try to solve the riddle, he asked all the libraries of the kingdom to send him the most complex treaties they had available. Day and night he read on and on. His head became filled with numbers, facts, statistics, and the anatomy of goats. He learned about magical cloth, spells, and other portents of nature. He studied and studied but even so, when the time came for his final fitting, all he could see in the mirror was himself standing in his underwear.

"Do you like it, my liege?" fawned Dorapíldora as she used an invisible needle to sew what seemed to be a hem.

"Don't you think it's a little short?" murmured the sovereign, just to say something.



“Definitely not! It’s exactly the same as the suit worn by the king of Pelafustán during his brilliant speech on the tides of Neptune.”

“But, are you sure that the people will be able to appreciate it?”

“Your Excellency, the subjects of an emperor can only be as wise as he is,” interrupted Don Cuentalargas, bowing before the sovereign. The weight of the gold in his pockets made his nose almost touch the floor.



The Great Imperial Council, presided over by Prime Minister Picamuella, is pleased to invite all residents of the kingdom to the SUMMER PARADE, where HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR will show off his NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES (only smart people can see it).

The summer solstice arrived and people flocked to the streets to witness the parade. Cordelina, Ovillo, and the rest of the children of the kingdom wove their way through the crowds until they were in the front row. They had seen and heard much more than the adults could imagine.

A great fanfare was heard and the castle gates opened. Heralds, minstrels and fools paraded through the streets, followed by the imperial orchestra. Next came the courtesans in their best attire. The crowds applauded enthusiastically as the moment that they had all been waiting for arrived.



After everything that they had seen, their reward had to be wonderful. The royal march began and rose petals rained down from the sky.

Bearing crown and scepter, the emperor proceeded down the avenue, proudly showing off his new clothes. A silence fell. People were disconcerted, but since they didn't want their neighbors to think they were dumb, they applauded as though they were witnessing an incomparable sight.

And yes, what a sight it was!

The emperor was literally only wearing his underwear, his scepter and his crown.

Cordelina, in the branches of a tree, let out a wolf whistle.

"The emperor is naked! The emperor is naked!" the children of the kingdom chanted as they laughed. At first their parents tried to shush them, but as they realized that the children were right, they joined the chorus of boos and laughter.

Panic erupted and the musicians and minstrels disbanded.

Courtesans, duchesses and ministers, of the bells or anything else, tried to cover the sovereign with their clothes, but this only produced more laughter.

Ashamed, the emperor tried to return to the palace, but his subjects cut him off and demanded payment for the samples he had taken (in other words, stolen).

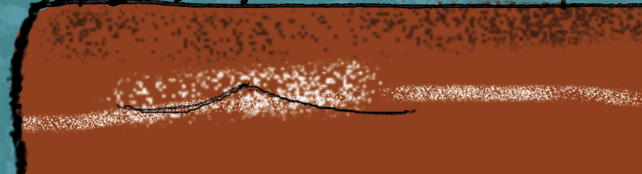
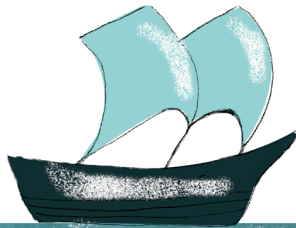


Just then, the emperor realized that he hadn't seen Picamuella, Dorapíldora or Don Cuentalargas since breakfast.

"The thieves are on the dock!" yelled Ovillo.

The boat cast off its moorings and sailed away from port.

Don Cuentalargas watched as they left dry land behind and decided it was time to get rid of his partners. Maybe he could bribe the crew and convince them to abandon Picamuella and Dorapíldora on a deserted island or hand them over to the emperor's guards. While he schemed and came up with one grisly plot after another, ex-prime minister Picamuella launched himself towards Cuentalargas's back to push him overboard. Dorapíldora, who believed in never letting good opportunity pass her by, already had a rope ready to tie Picamuella up as soon as he had thrown Cuentalargas overboard.

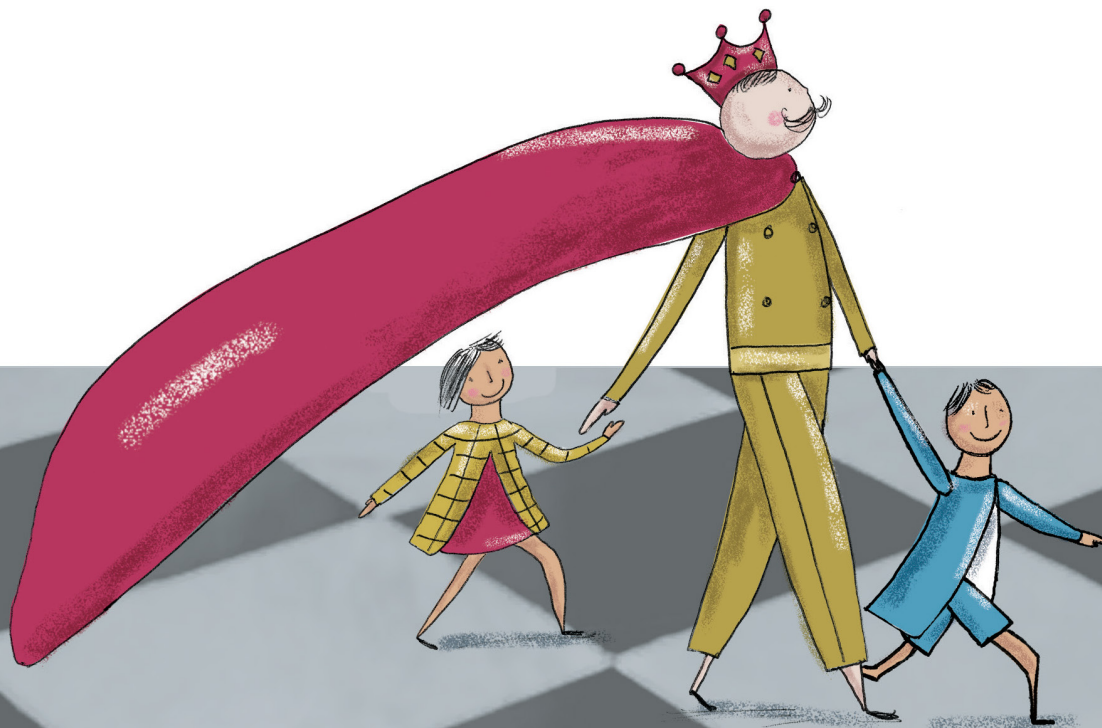


A seagull cried out and Cuentaslargas turned around just as Picamuella was almost upon him. Picamuella stopped short and Dorapíldora, who was right behind him, crashed into his back. In less than three seconds, the three knaves understood what was going on and started to fight. They pulled at each other's wigs and clothing, they scratched at each other and threw low punches. The ship's crew stopped what they were doing to watch this entertaining show. Bets were made; Dorapíldora was the favorite since she seem to be unbeatable with her rope. The lookout, who was busy cheering on Picamuella from the crow's nest, didn't see the imperial warship bearing down on them. By the time he realized what was going on, it was too late.



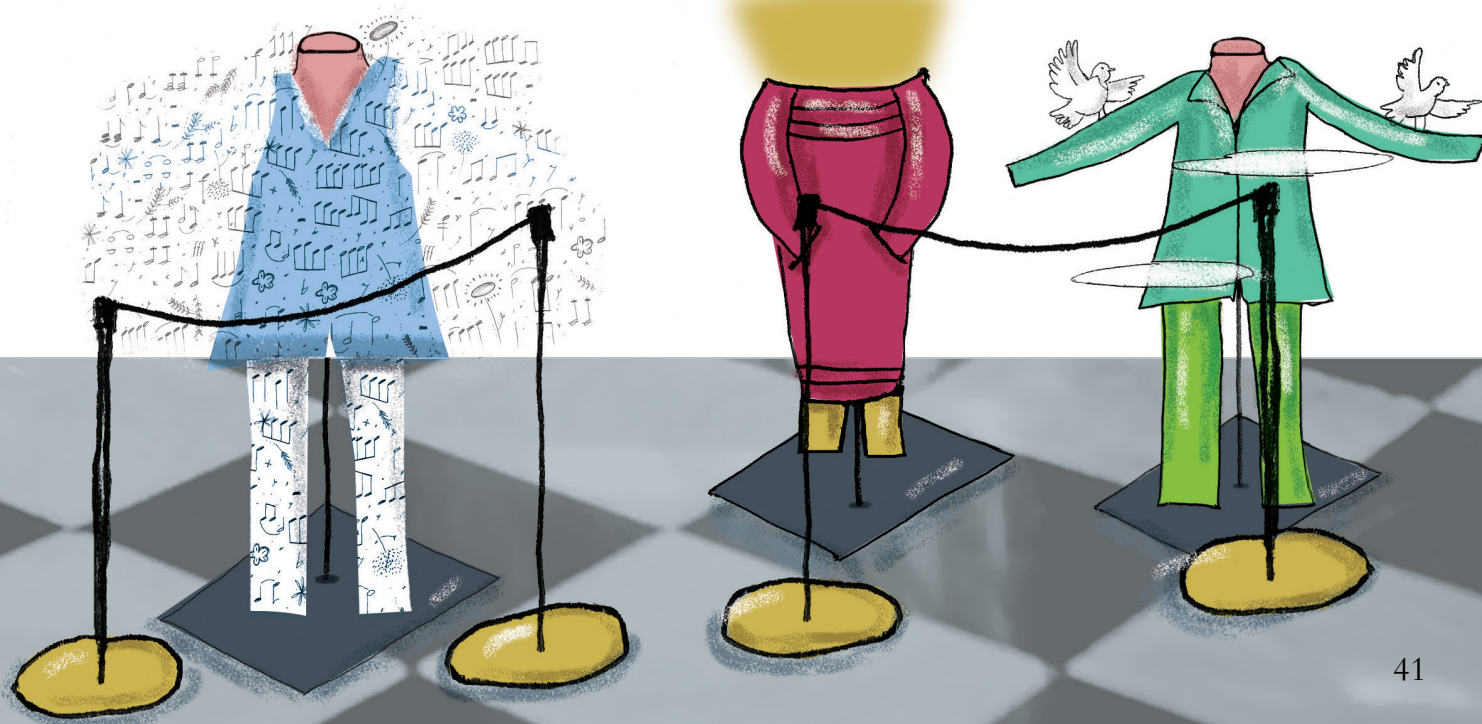
Kneeling before the emperor, the ex-prime minister Picamuella, Dorapíldora and Don Cuentaslargas begged the sovereign for mercy, but they were not granted an imperial pardon, at least not then. Besides making a public apology, they were required to replace all the goods they had stolen and thus pay off their debts to everyone they had tricked and, as a result, given a hard time.

The emperor ordered all his court to behave honestly and warned that if this type of breach of trust were to be repeated, they would be fired. He also conceded that court etiquette was part of the problem and decreed that from that day on all public servants had to report on citizens' claims in any audience with complete transparency. From now on, he would listen to his subjects in order to avoid trickery and misunderstanding. Above all, he made a public appearance to invite all citizens to become involved with events in the kingdom: to give opinions, suggest ideas, watch and participate in issues related to the well-being of their community, and to never remain silent in the face



of injustice or improper behavior. The residents of the court were also relieved that they didn't have to spend the whole day playing a game of telephone. The first royal audience was with Cordelina, Ovillo, and the rest of the children, who suggested a few things the three thieves could do to offer compensation for the people they had harmed.

That summer festival was one of the best in the history of the kingdom, but so were the following autumn, winter, and spring festivals: the thieves were set to building a park where the children could play and have fun all year round. A dressmaking shop was set up in the park and there Picamuella, Dorapíldora, and Cuentaslargas helped create all those fantastical costumes that people had dreamed up for the emperor. Rumors started to spread about what was happening and people from other kingdoms began to visit this park and its fantastical workshop in droves. The artisans, tailors, spinners, lace-makers, and modistes became famous in far off lands and it is said that, if you know where to look, you can still find their costumes in some museum or other.



TO REFLECT AND DISCUSS



Transparency, Accountability and Fight Against Corruption

This section offers critical thinking tools to motivate and simplify reflection and discussion about this important subject that is part of our lives as citizens.

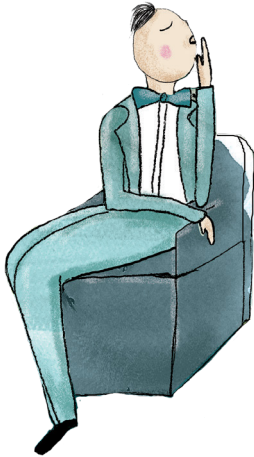
To ensure that this story is meaningful for its young readers, we invite adults, such as teachers and parents, to join in them in their reading, enjoying the story together and conversing about the importance of honesty, transparency, the right to demand accountability of public servants, and the commitment we all share to fight corruption as part of a culture of lawfulness.

These final pages collect the most important points talked about in *More New Clothes for the Emperor?!* so that they can be identified at different moments during the story:

What does corruption mean?

Corruption is a crime that consists in the abuse of power or the use or exploitation of a given situation for one's own benefit.

At different moments in this story several acts of corruption took place:



- First of all, Prime Minister Picamuella chose to take it easy instead of doing his job properly.
- Don Cuentaslargas bribed his cousin Picamuella with gold coins so that, instead of choosing the best pitches of the many presented by the tailors and modistes, he would opt for the cousin's proposal for the emperor's new clothes, using Dorapíldora's non-existent cloth.
- All three betrayed the emperor's trust by tricking him into believing only intelligent people could see the cloth used for his new suit.

The **Estrategia Nacional de Cultura Cívica 2017-2023** (National Civic Culture Strategy 2017-2023) is a program created by the **Instituto Nacional Electoral** (National Electoral Institute) to guide citizenship education, using activities designed to strengthen our democratic lifestyle.

This program sets the groundwork for the charge of “promoting tools for citizen participation in the fight against corruption [...] so that citizens can use new methods enabling them to observe and improve the public responsibility bestowed on civil servants.”



- In the story *More New Clothes for the Emperor?!*, the manufacturers protested in front of the palace and sent many letters to the emperor asking for justice because Cuentaslargas and Dorapíldora had taken away their raw materials in order to sell them elsewhere.



- The children also exposed the truth in their own way: their cries were heard by the emperor who, at that instant, realized something he wasn't very clear about, but that he sensed: he had been tricked.

In our country, laws mandate punishment for those who don't act honestly or commit acts of corruption, especially if they are civil servants.

The Constitución Política de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos (Political Constitution of the United Mexican States), the supreme law that governs us, establishes several regulations in articles 109, 110, and 113, all aimed at guaranteeing honesty in the work of civil servants.

The Ley General de Responsabilidades Administrativas (General Law of Administrative Responsibilities) establishes that those who commit acts of corruption may be punished by disenfranchisement and incarceration.



- As a consequence of their actions, Picamuella, Dorapíldora, and Cuentaslargas were ordered by the emperor to publicly recognize their mistakes, compensate for the damage they had done, and return the stolen goods to their owners.

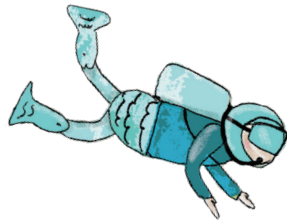
Moreover, the Ley General de Transparencia y Acceso a la Información Pública (General Law of Transparency and Access to Public Information) establishes the principles, basic foundations, and procedures to guarantee the right to the free access of information, as well as the objective of encouraging citizen participation in decision-making.

In our story, the emperor ordered his court to behave honestly and warned that if this breach of trust were to be repeated, they would be fired. He also recognized that Court etiquette was part of the problem and decreed that he would give an audience to whoever requested one. From there on out he would listen to his subjects to avoid trickery and misunderstandings.

It is very important to stress that all voices matter; to listen to these children, talking about their questions, reactions, and opinions about the story as well as the things they have experienced as they relate to this issue. It is also important to think about what actions they can take, at school and in their community, to participate in the fight against corruption.

We hope that children and their families enjoy this story and that it helps make them better citizens.





MORE NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR?!

The Bembo Std font family was used.



PAULINA BARRAZA G. studied Graphic Design at the Universidad Iberoamericana and completed postgraduate studies in Illustration for Children's and Youth Publications at the EINA, Centro Universitario de Diseño y Arte de Barcelona, and in 2004 a specialization in Illustration at the Escola Superior d'imatge i Disseny in Barcelona. Her work is part of national and international catalogues, with a special mention in *La Donna Cannone* (Venice, 2010) and *Beyond the mirror* (Venice, 2007). She has been part of collective exhibitions in Italy, Spain, the United States and Mexico. She currently collaborates in different magazines and publishers.



More New Clothes for the Emperor?! offers readers a different take on the classic children's tale *The Emperor's New Clothes* by Hans Christian Andersen. This book is part of the **Árbol** collection and is written with a great sense of humor, to show in a simple way the mechanisms of corruption, highlighting the importance of transparency and accountability.