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The King's Birthday Suit

From the story by Hans Christian Andersen

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For Theo and Tara.
Good things come to
those who wait – x P.B.

For Stefan, who told
me I could when I was
convinced I couldn't – x C.P.



King Albert-Horatio-Otto the Third
had so many clothes it was simply absurd.





He had outfits for yoga and stroking his cat.



He **never** ate cheese without changing his hat.



For every event he would wear something new – he even changed outfits to go to the loo.

"It'll soon be my birthday!" the King said one day.
"There'll be royalty coming from far, far away.
I'll need a new suit, the best there can be.
Who will design a new outfit for me?"



Fashion designers turned up in their droves,



bringing the King all their latest new clothes.

But nothing His Majesty tried was quite right.

"This cloth is too scratchy,
and simply too bright!"



This jacket's not comfy.
It just doesn't fit!



Too stripey
and spotty –
I look a right twit!"



Along came two rascals, McTavish and Mitch
who'd cooked up a story to make themselves rich.
"We'll make you a suit of the finest cloth ever,
which can only be seen by the wise and the clever!"



The King said, "Fantastic!
That's just what I need.
I'll make sure you're paid
very highly indeed."