

# The Principal's New Clothes

## By Stephanie Calmenson

Narrator 1:	Ivy:	Moe:
Narrator 2:	Student 1:	Student 2:
Narrator 3:	Mrs. Anderson	Mrs. Crighton-Smith
Narrator 4:	Roger:	Alice:

Narrator 1: The Principal's New Clothes by Stephanie Calmenson. Mrs. Crighton-Smith is the principal of Willard South Elementary. She is also the sharpest dresser in town.

Narrator 2: Her students never miss a day of school. They like to see what she is wearing.

Students 1 & 2: "Looking good, Mrs. Crighton-Smith!"

Narrator 3: they always say.

Narrator 4: Mrs. Crighton-Smith has so many clothes, she can go a whole month and not wear the same thing twice. Sometimes she changes clothes at lunchtime, just to show off.

Narrator 2: One day a man and a woman who said they were tailors, called on Mrs. Crighton-Smith. Their card said:

Moe and Ivy: WE MAKE A CLOTHES THAT SUIT YOU JUST FINE

Narrator 3: But they were not really tailors. They were tricksters.

Ivy: "Greetings, Mrs. Crighton-Smith"

Narrator 1: said Ivy.

Ivy: "How would you like to buy an amazing, one of a kind outfit?"

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "I have so many outfits already,"

Narrator 3: said Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Moe: "Ah, but this is no ordinary outfit. It has special powers."

Narrator 4: said Moe.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "What do you mean?"

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Narrator 4: asked Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Narrator 1: Moe looked to his left. He looked to his right. Then he whispered in Mrs. Crighton-Smith's ear,

Moe: "We make our clothes from special cloth. It is invisible to anyone who is not good at his job or just plain stupid."

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "Really?"

Narrator 2: said Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Ivy: "Yes. Not only will you look great, but you can find out if anyone in your school is not good at their job or is stupid."

Narrator 2: said Ivy.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "That is amazing!"

Narrator 3: cried Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Ivy: "Now if you'll just lift up your arms, we will take your measurements,"

Narrator 4: said Ivy grinning.

Moe: "We will also take your money,"

Narrator 1: mumbled Moe.

Narrator 2: The next day, Moe and Ivy set up a workshop in the gym. It was not long before the whole school heard about the amazing cloth and wanted to see it. Students asked to be excused to get a drink of water. Then they ran to the gym to peek. Teachers said they were going next door to borrow markers. Then they ran to the gym, too, but no one could see a thing.

Narrator 3: By the end of the week, Mrs. Crighton-Smith began to wonder what her new clothes looked like. But she was also a little worried. What if she could not see the cloth? So she sent her librarian, Mrs. Anderson to have a look. Mrs. Anderson was smart and good at her job. She would not have any trouble seeing the special cloth. Mrs. Anderson hurried to the gym. She knocked on the door.

Mrs. Anderson: "Mrs. Crighton-Smith sent me to see her new clothes,"

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Narrator 4: she called over the noise of the whirring machines. A moment later the door opened a crack and Mrs. Anderson slipped inside.

Moe: "What do you think? Have you ever seen anything like it?"

Narrator 1: asked Moe.

Narrator 2: Poor Mrs. Anderson! She could not see a thing.

Mrs. Anderson: "Can it be that I am stupid, or unfit for my job?"

Narrator 3: she wondered.

Mrs. Anderson: "I've tried so hard to be a good librarian."

Narrator 4: She took off her glasses, wiped them, and looked again. But it was no use. Mrs. Anderson had to think fast. If she told the truth, she might get fired.

Mrs. Anderson: "It's...it's beautiful! I'm going to tell Mrs. Crighton-Smith right now how much I like her new clothes.

Narrator 1: said Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson: "Your suit is great!"

Narrator 2: Mrs. Anderson told Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Mrs. Anderson: "I've never seen anything like it! And now I've got to run and put some books away, Bye!"

Narrator 3: She hurried off before Mrs. Crighton-Smith could ask any questions. Now Mrs. Crighton-Smith was more curious than ever.

Narrator 4: She stopped Roger in the hall. Roger was one of the smartest students in the school. If he couldn't see the suit, nobody could.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "Say, Roger, do me a favor and find out how my new suit is coming along"

Narrator 1: said Mrs. Crighton-Smith. Roger couldn't believe his ears.

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Roger: "Wow! I'll be the first one to see the principal's new clothes! Wait till the class hears about this!"

Narrator 2: said Roger. And he raced off to the gym.

Narrator 3: The door was still open, so Roger peeked inside. He could see Moe and Ivy at their sewing machines, hard at work. But he could not see the cloth!

Roger: "Oh, no! If Mrs. Brown finds out I can't see this cloth, she'll say I'm stupid. She'll fail me for sure."

Narrator 4: On the way back to his class, Roger poked his head into Mrs. Crighton-Smith's office.

Roger: "Super outfit!"

Narrator 1: he said.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "What does it look like?"

Narrator 2: asked Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Roger: "I can't stop now, Mrs. Crighton-Smith. Mrs. Brown is giving a test, and I wouldn't want to miss it."

Narrator 3: Mrs. Crighton-Smith couldn't stand it any longer.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "I'll have to go see for myself."

Narrator 4: She marched down the hall and walked into the gym. Mrs. Crighton-Smith looked at the empty machines. She blinked once. She blinked twice. She began to tremble.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "How can this be? Am I really no good at my job?"

Narrator 1: she wondered.

Ivy: "Is there anything wrong?"

Narrator 2: asked Ivy.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "Oh, no! The outfit is...it's...well...it's fantastic! I can hardly wait to try it on.

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Narrator 3: said Mrs. Crighton-Smith. Mrs. Crighton-Smith handed Moe and Ivy two gold stars to show how much she liked her new outfit.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "I'd like to wear the outfit to the assembly tomorrow, but I guess it won't be ready"

Narrator 4: She said. She turned to go.

Moe: "Yes, it will! We will work on it all night and bring it to your house in the morning."

Narrator 1: said Moe.

Narrator 2: That night, Mrs. Crighton-Smith dreamed cold and drafty dreams. Early the next morning Moe and Ivy appeared, holding their empty hangers in the air. Ivy waited in the other room while Moe helped Mrs. Crighton-Smith put on her new clothes.

Moe: "You must be careful stepping into the outfit. This cloth is very delicate."

Narrator 3: said Moe. Ivy tried not to look at Mrs. Crighton-Smith. She asked,

Ivy: "Aren't your new clothes light? It's almost like having nothing on at all, isn't it?"

Narrator 4: Mrs. Crighton-Smith stared at herself in the mirror. She prayed that the rest of the world was smarter and fitter than she.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "Are you coming to the assembly?"

Narrator 1: asked Mrs. Crighton-Smith.

Ivy: "Thanks, but no thanks. We have a bus to catch. And now, if you could pay us, we'll just run along."

Narrator 2: said Ivy.

Narrator 3: Moe handed Mrs. Crighton-Smith the bill. Mrs. Crighton-Smith handed Moe a great deal of money.

Narrator 4: On the way to school, Mrs. Crighton-Smith's neighbors all raved about the clothes they did not see. After all, they did not want their friends to find out that they were stupid or no good at their jobs.

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Narrator 1: Mrs. Crighton-Smith walked into the auditorium. As she walked down the aisle, she could hear whispers all around her. Mrs. Crighton-Smith thought she must be the only stupid person in town.

Narrator 2: Suddenly, a kindergarten child called out,

Alice: "The principal's in her underwear!"

Narrator 3: That did it! Everyone burst out laughing. The truth had been told. Mrs. Crighton-Smith, the teachers, and the students knew they had been tricked. No one had been willing to tell the truth because they were worried about what others would think of them. Mrs. Crighton-Smith stood on stage, red in the face, knees shaking from the chill. But not for long.

Narrator 4: The kids and teachers wanted to help Mrs. Crighton-Smith. They began passing shirts, sweatpants, jackets, and caps up to Mrs. Crighton-Smith. Soon Mrs. Crighton-Smith had a new outfit.

Roger: "Looking good, Mrs. Crighton-Smith

Narrator 1: called Roger from the back row.

Narrator 2: Mrs. Crighton-Smith called the kindergarten child up onto the stage. She shook her hand and gave her a gold star.

Mrs. Crighton-Smith: "Thank you for telling the truth, Alice,"

Narrator 3: she said.

Narrator 4: Everyone cheered. They knew Mrs. Crighton-Smith was smart and good at her job. And they all agreed....Mrs. Crighton-Smith was still, the best principal and the sharpest dresser too.