

An Elite Woke fairy tale played out time after time over the past century as their alternative to reality. With rewritten and eliminated history through their misguided perceptions, their true goal; power and control for their Elite Class.

The Emperor's Woke Clothes and the Elite Wokes Effect

By Jamie Corbin

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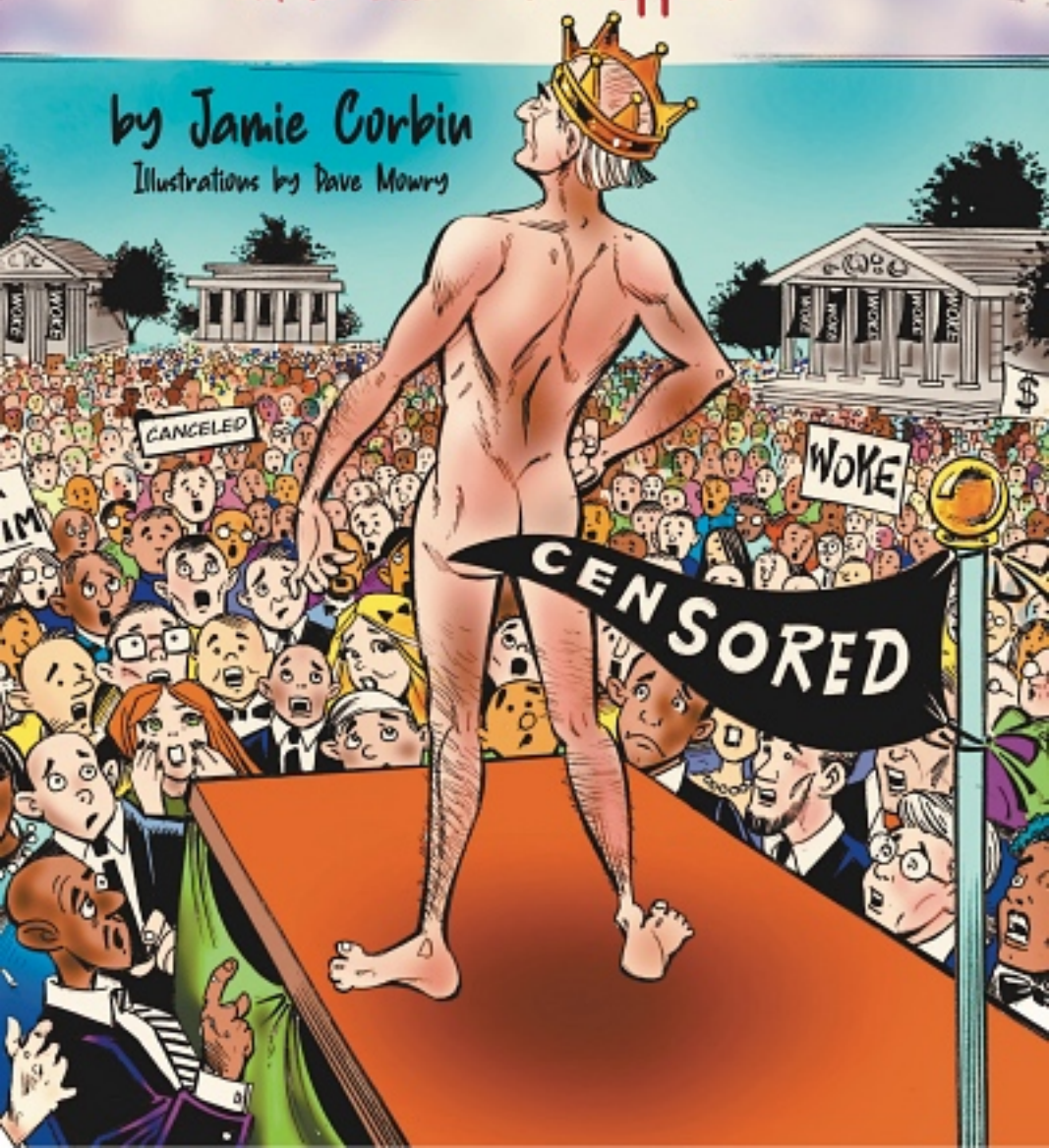
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Illustrations by Dave Mowry



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Introduction

Their story is not new, just reworked and retooled bad ideologies. Elite Wokes have been pushing their socialist, progressive, and Marxist agendas for over a century. Their true mandate; Totalitarian control and power over the masses.

This story is a modern era rendition, with attribution, to “The Emperor’s New Clothes” by Hans Christian Andersen.

Masked enablers, puppeteers, and Woke town criers spread their theories under cloaked metaphors of social good and change. The Elite Wokes utopia is reimagined with new, evolving, and twisted terms; The Emperor’s Woke Clothes.

Frequently, these changes have occurred without notice. Other times, transformations have been quite obvious but with disguised secondary meanings or purposes; the Modern Totalitarian State.

Most regularly, the Elite Wokes with their own highest sense of self-importance bully and race bait. They plant and nourish the poisoned seeds of their theories agenda into our governmental and educational institutions. The final Woke creep is out into our broader society and corporate board rooms.

Individually, these actions may seem either inconsequential or straightforward but are cloaked under the broader

context of a greater utopian society. Later, they are twisted, weaponized, and applied to wide-ranging societal events; power and dominance.

Woke programs are designed to transform, control, and alter our culture in radical and unintended ways to the unsuspecting masses; the commoners, deplorables, small business owners, and the neanderthals or collectively the simpletons.

The intended or unintended effects of these Elite Wokes transformations have our country divided in ways we have not seen before. Across families, multi-generations, and broad segments of our country, too many are alienated. This generational disunion is the stage Elites have been building towards for decades, readying their militia to fully release their broad power grab.

Predictably, through this chaos Elite Wokes have flourished. With their gated walls and exclusive enclaves; their wealth, power, and self-dealing have achieved heights never before imagined.

Caricatures and parodies have recorded the struggles of those affected by Elites' overindulgences for several hundred years. This story's satire highlights today's Elite Wokes. To act as one of many levers needed in lifting the metaphor of their Woke cloaks so our great country can again find a path forward together; of the People, by the People, and for the People.

In the original Hans Christian Andersen version, with a child's simple act and innocent voice the Emperor's folly was unmasked. Today, we simpletons must do the same. Unmask their follies and reverse the horrible effects of the Elite Wokes and their misguided Theories.

A Woke Fairy Tale



Once, many years ago, there was an exceptional elite class of wokes; the Emperor and his Elite Wokes.

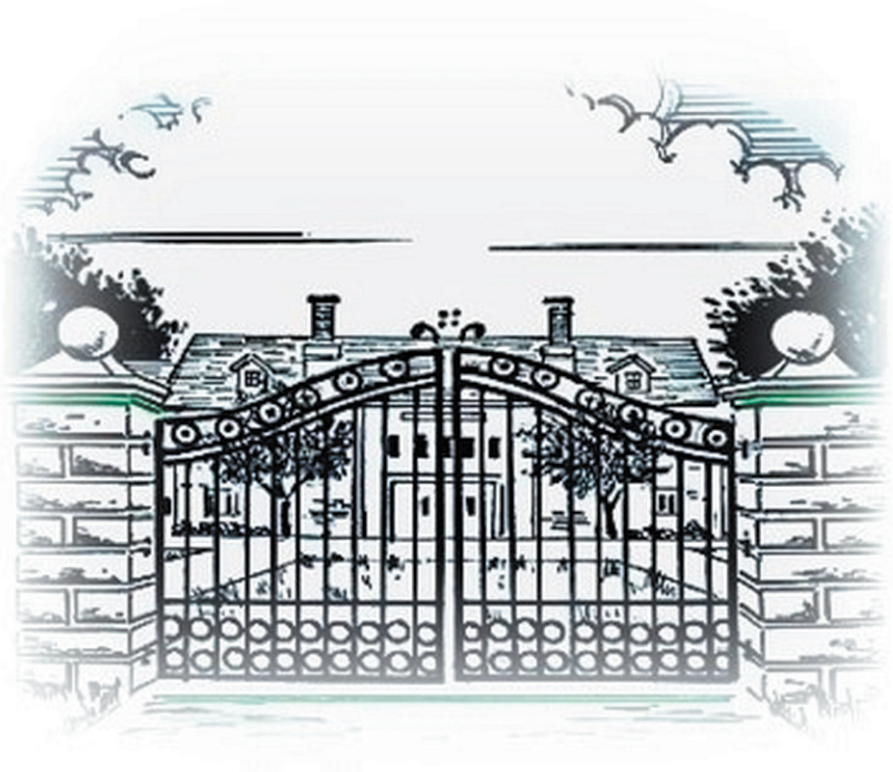
This Elite Class, was desperately fond of themselves and their many excesses. Among these, they were in constant search of new special woke cloaks. To be made from the most

delicate silks and grandest of patterns to offset and hide their Woke privilege.

Their hubris reached beyond the self-absorbed image of how they appeared to the masses but to their power, distinction and status above the simpletons. Most significantly, though, was how the Elite Wokes were regarded by other Wokes.

To great lengths, they devised ways to promote their Theory as facts while uncovering and canceling all those, other than themselves, with any heritage to past wrongs or ill deeds.

Despite their exclusive enclaves and lavish lifestyles, the Wokes wailed for all of life's injustices, real or imagined. They



cried out against the systemic inhumanization at the hands of the non-woke simpletons and all of their ancestral past.

Their dilemma, though, was their hypocrisy; the Wokes were in constant search of how they could hide and rationalize their own privilege while appearing to share the empathy of their militias. This burden fed the Elites' secret anguish. Their search for those who could weave these special woke cloaks and their clothes so that they could mask their ever-growing indulgent actions, desires, and aspirations.

If we simpletons did not understand these struggles or there was any confusion, it was explained as proof of the injustice.

For each hour of the day, and as with all of the Emperor's Elite Class, one is accustomed to say, "they are sitting in council," it was always said of them, "The Wokes were always cloaked in their special wardrobe."



Decades passed, merrily, for the most part, some ups and some downs. Across the large country, Elite Wokes met secretly with strangers arriving daily to their courts. One day, two rogues, calling themselves weavers, made their appearance to the Elites. They let the Wokes know that they knew how to weave cloaks of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns that could invoke particular messages and meanings.

The woke clothes manufactured would have the extraordinary property of shielding the Wokes excesses and hypocrisies. They would keep invisible to everyone who was unfit for the office or standing the Wokes held or who was just extraordinarily too simple in character.

“These must, indeed, be splendidly woke clothes!” thought the Emperor and the Wokes. “Had I such a woke cloak, I might at once survey which men in my realm are unfit for their office and to distinguish the wise from the foolish! These weavers of woke cloaks must be woven for us immediately.”

Large sums of money appeared from the masked Elite Woke benefactors to be given to the weavers so that they might begin their work directly. So, the two pretended weavers, with hardy weathered underground roots, tracing back to the Wokes most turbulent days many decades before, set up their offset looms and affected to work very busily.



In reality, they did nothing at all. The weavers asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread, put both into their own knapsacks, and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late into the night.

“I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my woke cloth,” said the Emperor to himself.

After some time had elapsed, he was somewhat embarrassed. He remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office or Woke Class Elite, would be unable to see the manufactured woke cloth.

To be sure, he thought he had nothing to risk in his own person, but yet, would prefer sending somebody else to bring him intelligence about the weavers, and their work, before he troubled himself in the affair.

All the people throughout the city had heard of the beautiful property the cloth was to possess. All were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant, their neighbors might prove to be.

“I will send some from my faithful Woke counsel to the weavers,” said the Emperor. They will be best able to see how the cloth looks, for they are of good sense, and no one can be more suitable than they.”

So, the faithful Wokes went into the hall, where the knave weavers worked with all their might, at their empty looms. “What can be the meaning of this?” thought the Wokes, opening their eyes very wide. “I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms.” However, they did not dare express their thoughts aloud.

The impostors very courteously requested of the Wokes to be so good as to come nearer their looms and then asked whether the designs pleased them and whether the colors were not very beautiful, at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor Wokes looked and looked, and they could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason: there was nothing there.

About the Author

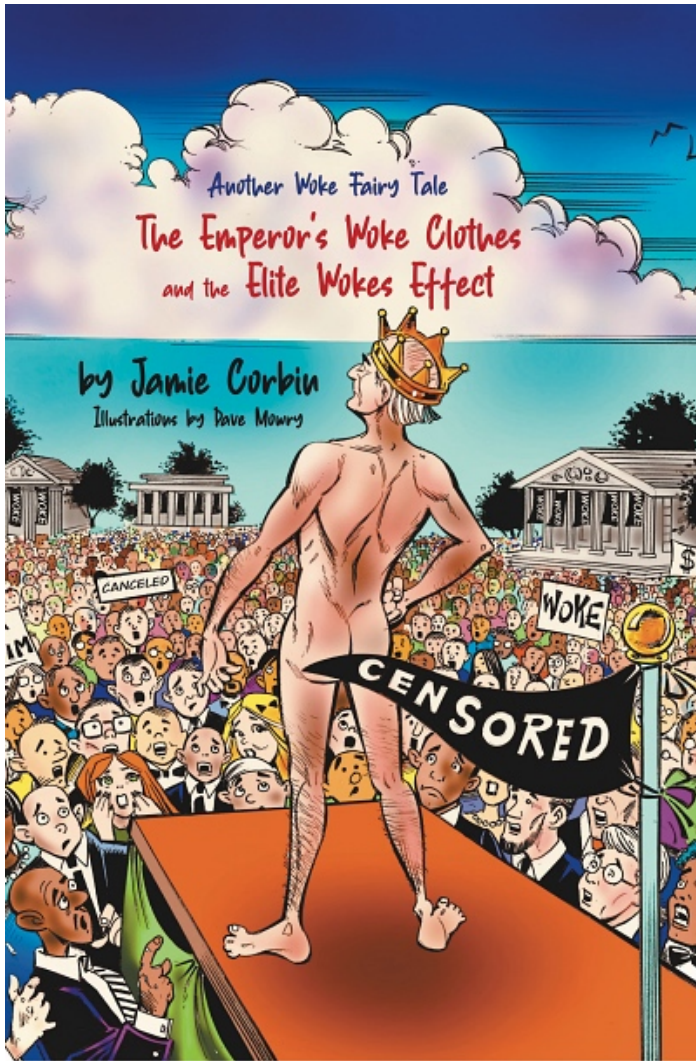
Jamie Corbin, with his wife, live in flyover country and have four adult sons. Their American heritage traces back to a Great Lakes Fur Trader and War Chief in the mid-1700s and South Dakota homesteaders under the Homestead Act in the 1880s. Today, after generations of multiethnic ancestral heritage, they may be defined by some as simpletons or simply rather an American family.

No EWE and No Woke EWE goods are available at:

www.nowokewe.com

Illustrations by Dave Mowry

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