



Jordan and the Magic Cape

Written by Make Change Studios

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Make Change Studio

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Zooooom!

Booster Benny, space pirate extraordinaire, soars over an asteroid.

“I’m coming for you, Jupiter Jordan!”
Benny calls, holding onto his pirate hat.

“Just try and catch us, space pirates!”
laughs Jupiter Jordan, cape flapping in the wind.

Jordan is still busy laughing, when all of a sudden --

“Jordan, look out!”



CRASH!

“Jordan, are you okay?!”
Benny cries.



“Ugh, my head... wait, MY CAPE!”
Jordan jumps up from the bush,
tattered cape in hand.

Benny squeezes his own well-
worn hat protectively.

“It’s not THAT bad... right?” Jordan
asks hopefully.
Benny shrugs.

Noticing the commotion, Angelica and her friends join Jordan and Benny on the school playground.

“Why do you guys still play dress up?” Angelica teases.

“That blanket looks older than my sister, and she’s in middle school.”



The school bell rings, and Angelica and her friends stroll inside.



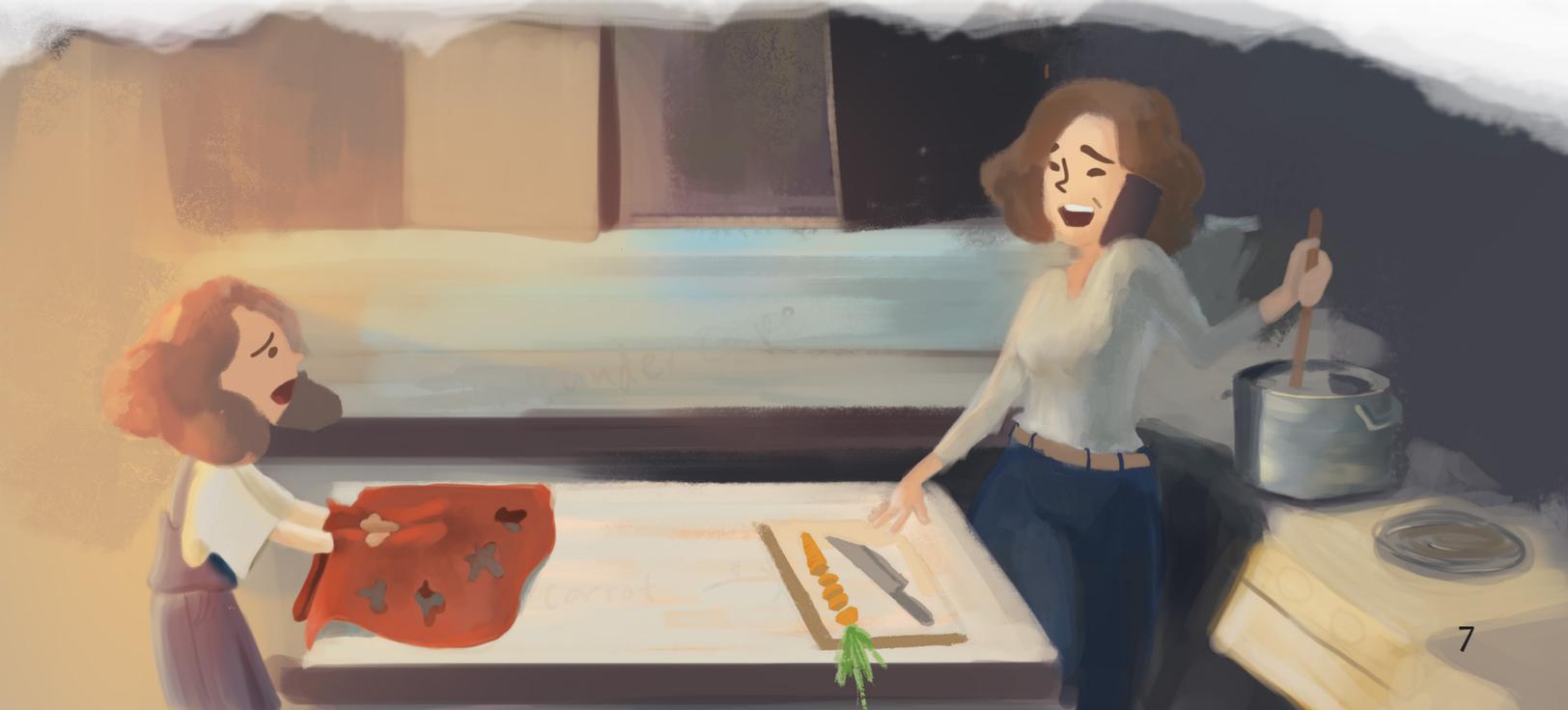
Untying the shredded cape, Benny helps stuff it in Jordan’s backpack. They reluctantly follow the girls back to class.

Arriving home after a long day, Jordan flings the door open.
“Moom! My cape is RUINED!”



“Oh, honey, I’m sorry to hear that!” Mom responds. “I know how you love romping around in that... Why don’t we toss that old thing and get you a new one? It’ll be twice as good!”

“But, Mom, we *can’t*! This one is *special*!” Jordan cries.



“No need to toss a perfectly good thing!” Hearing the fuss, Grandma steps in, a half-knit scarf in-hand. “Get creative, and there’s plenty of life left in that cape!”

Jordan shrugs. “I’ll just get made fun of again.”



“That settles it then,” chirps Mom, busily turning back to her pot of loudly boiling tortellini pasta.

Jordan tries on the cape in the mirror, thinking of all the adventures that have been shared with it.

Outrunning space pirates,
flying through the clouds,
saving Mars from a
meteor...

But no one
else sees a
magic cape.
They just see
an old, beat-up
blanket.

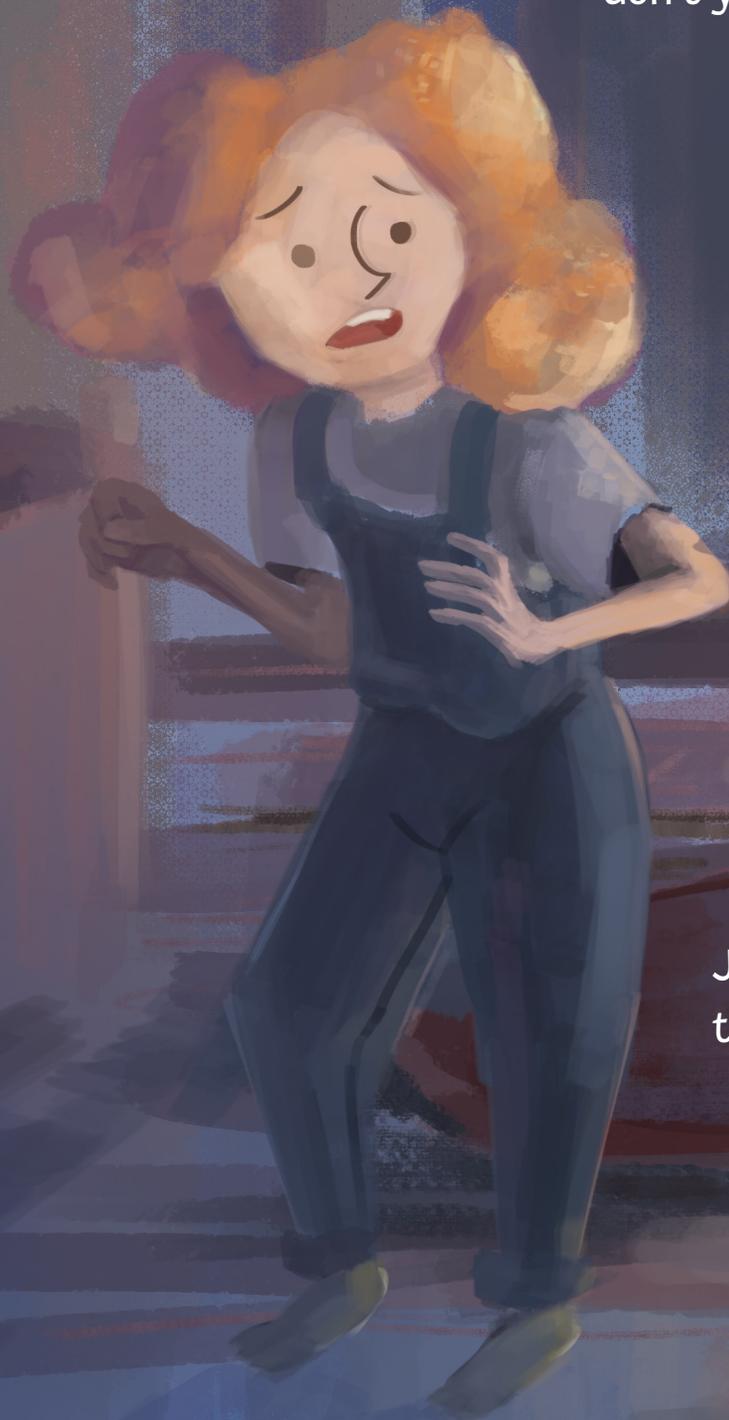


“Maybe they’re right.
I guess it really is time to say goodbye.”

With a sigh, Jordan lets the cape fall into the
trash bin.

CRASH!

“Ahhh, not in *THERE!*” cries an unfamiliar voice.
“Dash my hopes, why don’t you! What a despair!”



Jordan slowly turns to see who spoke...

...and sees the Cape
floating above the trash!



Jordan stares, mouth hanging open. "You can talk?!"

“Why, I must! You were about to throw me away!
We can’t let a thing like that happen today!”
the cape wails.

Jordan blushes. “It’s
not that I *want* to get
rid of you, it’s just that
everyone else thinks
I should. And besides,
you have holes all over
you now! What am I
supposed to do?”



The Cape pauses in thought.
“Oh, don’t be so brash!
I’ve got plenty more sights to
see before I’m trash...”



“I, Mr. Cape of planet Jupiter, Am not done coming with you on adventures!

Just last week we stopped invaders from Pluto-- This is no way to thank an old friend, you know!

I’m indestructible! I’ll show you, get set! I’ve hundreds of years of life, don’t you forget!”

“Huh? Hundreds of years? What do you mean? And you’re not indestructible,” Jordan points out. “You’re all torn up!”

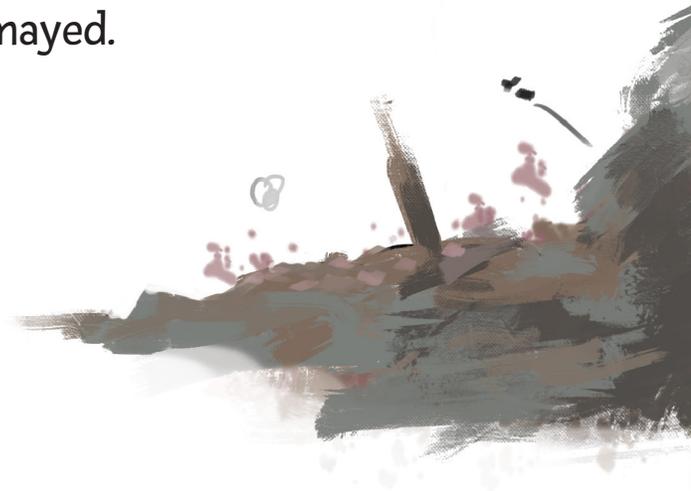
“For starters, I’m made of Polyester fabric. It’s really just another kind of plastic,” explains Mr. Cape.

Jordan frowns. “What? You’re made out of *plastic*? But you’re *soft*!”

“I *am* soft! But like hard plastic thrown away,
I’ll take hundreds of years in the ground to decay!”
Mr. Cape expands.

“That’s just where I’d go, like most plastic fabric;
We’re used, and then trashed under mountains of ick!”

“So if I were to throw
you away, you’d just
be... trapped there?
Buried under other
trash?” asks Jordan,
dismayed.



“Pretty much. No one else wants a cape that’s in shreds,
So I don’t get donated, most throw me out instead!”
Mr. Cape raises an eyebrow at Jordan.

“Sorry about that...” replies Jordan. “I guess I never really thought about where you’d go once I threw you away. Does everything end up that way?”



Mr. Cape perks up.

“While all of us must go in some form or other, I’m different from each of my sisters and brothers! One may join dirt, one become air you breathe, Some even mixed into the food that you eat!”

Jordan stares in shock. “The food that I eat? Sisters and brothers... you mean other blankets?”

Mr. Cape chuckles, flapping like a flag with laughter.

“No silly, **Textiles** are who I mean!

They’re sometimes a handful, but family to me.

They’re stretched, pressed, spun, woven, like paper or clothes

From living things, not living, or a mix of both!”

Jordan stops to make sense of it all. “Spun? Like cloth? These sound like everyday things... Have I met any before?”



In sudden excitement, Mr. Cape flies up to the ceiling and floats in circles over Jordan’s head, bursting into joyful song:

“My sister, **Linen**, was the first to appear;
An old fashioned gal, she’s had a long career
From King Tut’s robes to Queen Elizabeth’s sheets!
Her breezy breathability can’t be beat!



Her flax flower stalk is stronger and safer
Than Cotton, who joins her to form money paper!
Her powers include fighting germs and insects
Her strength resists scrapes, and she’s stronger when wet!”

“Silk is the opposite: weaker when wet.
But she is no slouch. She’s strong as it gets!
Spun like a spiderweb out of Silkworms,
She resists wrinkles, and plays by her own terms.

Lady Silk’s thin elegance may fool some guys,
But there’s more to her than meets the needle’s eye!
Much more than just clothes, she brings healing to all
She’ll sew wounds, patch you up if you’ve had a fall!”



“My brother, **Wool**, gives out cuddly hugs.
An animal lover, he’ll make sure you’re snug!
He’s basically hair that’s grown out of a sheep.
Count those on a nice Wool mattress when you sleep!”



My protective brother, he keeps out the cold
And fire and water and mildew and mold
Thin layers of him even keep out the heat
And since he’s hair, just grow some more and repeat!”

“My other brother, **Hemp**, is as chill as they come!
He blends well with others, helps them feel at home.
He’s goofy and lighthearted, but he’s no dope;
The strength of his strands makes great canvas and rope!

His fabric of character is stronger than most
He blocks sun and mold; other clothes would be toast!
Wherever he’s planted, he renews the soil
Lets you farm other crops with just half the toil!”



“**Cotton** is popular, the man of today
He’s at every party, in every display
He blends with most everyone, hides in plain sight
He morphs into jeans, jumpers, jackets, and tights!

Unless he’s Recycled, his restraint is low;
His plant drinks ten thousand times his weight to grow!
He can take a bleaching, and deflects static shock
(Just make sure you don’t let him shrink in the wash).”



Jordan claps! “Amazing, Mr. Cape! Could any of them help us? You know, I never really wanted to throw you out...”

“Well, we can ask--” Mr. Cape begins before Mom, without warning, pokes her head into Jordan’s room!

“MOM!” Jordan exclaims. “Did you see?! My cape is *alive*! He can--”

“Why is there trash on the floor?” Mom interrupts. “Please hurry and pick that up. Dinner’s getting cold.”

Jordan turns back to see... Mr. Cape has fallen limply to the floor.

Mom is out the door before Jordan can slip in another word.

“Mom didn’t see you,” Jordan realizes!
Mr. Cape warily peeks up from among
the scattered trash.



“I’ll try to figure this out over dinner,” Jordan reassures him.
“I promise to do whatever I can to make you whole again, Mr. Cape!”

Mom talks
through most
of dinner. She
doesn’t even
notice Grandma
sneaking some of
Jordan’s broccoli.



“I’m so glad you decided to toss that old blanket. We’ll get you a better
one and you’ll be flying again in no time, kiddo!” Mom smiles.
She doesn’t get it, Jordan thinks sadly before heading to bed.

Jordan wakes up the next morning to a phone call from Benny.

“Hi, Jordan, I was wondering if you wanted to play a game today! My costume has a new--”

That reminds Jordan! “MR. CAPE!” There is no sign of him in the room.



“I’ll have to talk to you later, Benny,” Jordan blurts out before Benny can reply.

“My magic cape has gone missing!”

Jordan searches the bedroom all morning but cannot seem to recall...
“Where did I put that cape??”



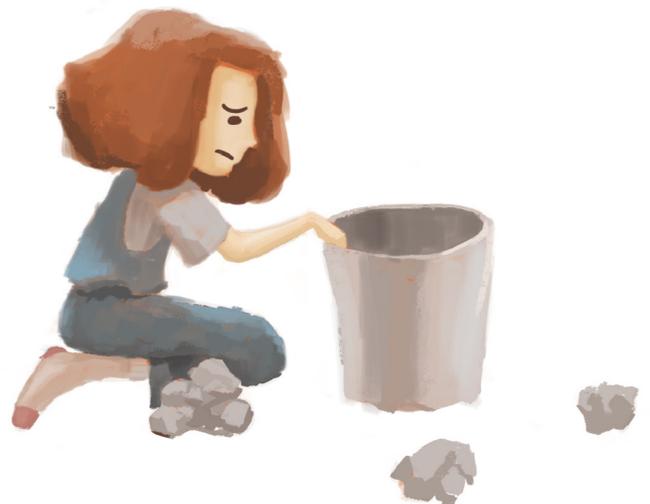
Jordan peers under the bed.

Jordan picks through the clothes on the chair.



Jordan digs all the way to the back of the closet.

Jordan even searches the same trash can from last night.



But there is no Mr. Cape anywhere in sight.
Where could he be?

Jordan searches high and low, from the basement to the attic to the backyard.

Mr. Cape wanted my help, so he probably didn't leave, Jordan thinks. Unless he went to find help on his own...? Could he have gotten lost? No one would have taken him... would they?

A terrible thought occurs to Jordan, who plops down miserably at the dinner table.



“Oh N000!” Jordan moans. “Mom threw him out, just like she said she would!”

A tear rolls down Jordan's cheek.

All he wanted was to be loved, and now instead he's trapped in the dark with other garbage for hundreds of years!

Is there any hope left of finding him?



Jordan thinks of Mr. Cape's textile friends.

Can they talk like him? Did they see where he went?

Jordan thinks of places in the house where textiles are kept. Grandma likes to knit and sew, and stores lots of fabric in a trunk by her bed. It's worth a try...

Jordan hesitantly peeks into Grandma's room. The mechanical sound that usually fills the house on Saturdays can be heard.

"Grandma..." Jordan asks, "do you think I could take a look in your trunk of sewing stuff?"

"Funny you should mention that, sweet pea..."
Grandma hums, still whirring away.



"Well I had a lot of spare material lying around, so I grabbed some silk, hemp, cotton, linen... oh and wool, that's right..."

Grandma turns away from her sewing machine, pulling a familiar red cloth off the table--

"And I know how much you love this guy."

“MR. CAPE!” Jordan yells, rushing forward to grab the beloved polyester pal... but something looks different about him.

“I told you: with some creativity, there’s hundreds of years of life left in that cape!” Grandma winks.

“But Grandma, these are all his family! They’re together again! How did you know?!” Jordan gasps.



“Oh, I suppose I just had a feeling,” Grandma chuckles.



Jordan could hardly wait until Monday to see Benny at school.

Benny had a surprise of his own.

“Look Jordan, my dad helped me trace this cool new design on my hat! What do you think?”



“That’s amazing!” Jordan cheers. “It looks like a real pirate now!”

Jordan hurriedly reveals the weekend project. “My Grandma helped me too!”

Angelica and her friends pass by them in the schoolyard.

“Wow, it just looks like a patchy scarecrow now!”



But Jordan is busy pulling on the renewed Mr. Cape, who flutters with pride.

“It looks like all you needed to do was upgrade!” Benny beams. “How does it feel?”

“Oh my gosh, I can feel my powers change!” Jordan exclaims, twirling Mr. Cape with glee.

“The healing of Silk, the protection of Wool, the shape shifting of Cotton...”

“Maybe they’ll understand someday,” Benny offers hopefully.

“There’s magic in this Cape I didn’t know about before either,” Jordan ponders, “and taking extra care of what I already have... well it makes me happier than starting over.”

“Plus,” Benny flashes a grin, “we have all the help we need! Between you, my dad, and your Grandma, who knows what we can dream up next!”

Acknowledgments

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