

ANIMAL FARM

George Orwell

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CHAPTER 1

OLD MAJOR'S SPEECH

MR. JONES, of the Manor Farm, had closed the henhouses for the night but had forgotten to close the popholes. He stumbled across the yard, threw off his boots at the back door, fetched himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to the bed, where Mrs. Jones was already dozing.

There was a fluttering and a stirring all throughout farm buildings as soon as the light in the bedroom went out. During the day, word got around that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a bizarre dream the night before and wanted to share it with the other animals. They had promised to meet in the huge barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (as he was always known, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so well-liked on the farm that everyone was willing to sacrifice an hour of sleep to hear what he had to say.

Major was already ensconced on his straw bed at one end of the large barn, on a sort of elevated platform, under a lamp suspended from a beam. He was twelve years old and had recently become somewhat chubby, but he remained a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benign

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countenance despite the fact that his tushes had never been clipped. Soon after, the other animals began to come and make themselves at home in their various methods. The three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, arrived first, followed by the pigs, who took up residence in the straw just in front of the platform. The hens sat on the window ledges, the birds flew up to the rafters, and the sheep and cows grazed on the grass. A white stripe down his nose gave him a slightly foolish appearance, and he was not of first-rate brain, but he was generally regarded for his steady nature and remarkable work abilities. Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey, appeared after the horses. The oldest and most aggressive animal on the farm was Benjamin. He seldom spoke, and when he did, it was generally to make a sardonic remark, such as saying that God gave him a tail to keep the flies away, but that he would rather have no tail and no flies. He was the only one of the farm's animals who never laughed. When asked why, he said that he saw nothing to laugh at. Despite this, he was dedicated to Boxer; the two of them normally spent their Sundays together in the tiny pasture outside the orchard, grazing side by side and without conversing.

The two horses had hardly laid down when a brood of ducklings, who had lost their mother, poured into the barn, cheeping feebly and moving from side to side to find some area where they would not be stepped on. Clover formed a sort of wall around them with her large foreleg, and the ducklings huddled inside it and immediately fell asleep. Mollie, the silly, charming white horse who drew Mr. Jones'

trap, came in at the last time, mincing daintily, munching on a piece of sugar. She sat towards the front and started flirting with her white mane, aiming to bring attention to the crimson ribbons plaited through it. The cat was the last to arrive, and she sought around for the warmest spot, eventually squeezing herself in between Boxer and Clover, where she purred blissfully during Major's speech, not paying attention to a word he said.

Moses, the domesticated raven, was the only animal still present and sleeping on a perch beyond the back door. When Major noticed that everyone had settled in and was waiting patiently, he cleared his throat and started:

"Comrades, you've already heard about the bizarre dream I had last night. But I'll return to the dream afterward. First, I'd want to express something else. I don't believe I'll be with you for much longer, comrades, and I feel it's my job to pass on any wisdom I've gained to you before I die. I've lived a long time, and I've had plenty of time to reflect while I lay alone in my stall, and I believe I recognize the nature of life on this planet better than any other animal alive today. This is what I'd like to talk to you about."

"Now, brothers, what is the nature of our life? Let's face it: our lives are unhappy, laborious, and brief. We are born, given only enough nourishment to keep our bodies breathing, and those of us who are capable of it are made to labor to the last particle of our power, and then we are slain with horrible cruelty. After the age of a year, no animal in England understands the concept of enjoyment or leisure.

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No animal is free in England. The fact is that an animal's life is one of pain and slavery”.

"But isn't this just part of nature's order? Is it because our country is so impoverished that it cannot provide a good living for its people? No, comrades, a thousand times no! England's soil is fertile, its temperature is favorable, and it is capable of supporting an immensely higher number of animals than now exist. Our one farm would be able to support dozens of horses, twenty cows, and hundreds of sheep, all of which would live in luxury and dignity that are currently virtually beyond our comprehension. So, why are we still in this wretched state? Because virtually all of the fruits of our labor are taken from us by humans. That, comrades, is the solution to all of our problems. It can be summed up in one word: Man. Man is our only true adversary. Remove Man from the picture, and the main cause of hunger and overwork is permanently eliminated”.

“Only the human being consumes without generating anything. He does not produce milk, lays eggs, is too feeble to draw the plough, and cannot run fast enough to capture rabbits. Nonetheless, he is the ruler of all creatures. He puts them to work, provides them the absolute minimum to keep them from starving, and takes the rest for himself. Our labor tills the earth, our feces fertilizes it, and yet none of us owns anything more than our bare skin. How many thousands of gallons of milk have you provided in the last year, you cows I see in front of me? And what happened to the milk that was supposed to be creating strong calves?

Every drop of it has gone down our adversaries' necks. How many eggs have you laid in the last year, and how many of those eggs have hatched into chickens? All of the others have gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his crew. And where are the four foals you produced, Clover, who should have been your comfort and joy in your old age? Each was sold at a year old and will never be seen again. What have you ever gotten in exchange for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, apart from food and a stall? Even the awful lives we lead are not permitted to run their course. I won't complain since I am one of the fortunate. I'm twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. A pig's natural life is as follows. But in the end, no animal is spared the barbaric knife. Every single one of you young porkers in front of me will scream your life out at the block within a year. We must all come to that horror, cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone”.

"Is it not crystal evident, then, comrades, that all the horrors of this world stem from human tyranny?" If we could only get rid of Man, the fruits of our labor would be ours. We may become wealthy and free almost instantly. So, what should we do? Work night and day, physically and spiritually, towards the annihilation of the human race! Comrades, it is my word to you: Rebellion! I don't know when that Rebellion will occur; it may be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as definitely as I feel this grass beneath my feet, that justice will be served sooner or later. Keep your eyes fixed on it, comrades, for the rest of your life! Above all, pass on this word to those who follow behind

you, so that future generations might continue the fight until it is won”.

"Remember, comrades, your resolve must never waver. No debate should ever lead you wrong. Never believe them when they say that man and animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all. Everything is a lie. Man serves no creature save himself. And may there be absolute oneness, absolute comradeship in the battle among us animals. Every man is an enemy. All animals are friends, comrades".

There was a huge ruckus at this point. During Major's speech, four enormous rats crawled out of their tunnels and sat on their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and the rats' only escape was a quick run for their tunnels. Major lifted his trotter in a request of silence.

"Comrades," he added, "there is an issue that must be resolved." Are wild animals such as rats and rabbits our friends or enemies? Let's put it to the vote. I present to the meeting the following question: Are rats comrades?"

The vote was done immediately, and a vast majority decided that rats were comrades. The only dissenters were the three dogs and the cat, who was later revealed to have voted on both sides. Major went on:

“ I don't have anything more to say. I just repeat: remember your responsibility of hostility toward Man and all his methods at all times. Anything with two legs is an enemy. Anything with four legs or wings is a buddy. Remember, too, that while battling Man, we must avoid

becoming like him. Even after you've defeated him, avoid picking up his vices. No animal shall ever dwell in a house, or sleep on a bed, or wear clothing, or consume alcoholic beverages, or use tobacco, or handle money, or do business. Man's habits are all bad. Above everything else, no animal should ever rule over his own species. We are all brothers, whether we are powerful or weak, brilliant or stupid. No animal is ever allowed to kill another animal. All creatures are created equal.

"And now, friends, I will tell you about my previous night's dream." I'm not sure how to explain that dream to you. It was a vision of the planet as it will be once Man is gone. But it reminded me of something I'd forgotten about. My mother and the other sows used to sing an ancient song to me when I was a small pig, but they only remembered the music and the first three lines. I had known the song since I was a child, but it had long ago faded from my memory. However, it came back to me in my dream last night. Moreover, the words of the song returned words, I'm sure, that were sung by animals long ago and had been lost to memory for generations. I'll sing you that song right now, comrades. I'm elderly and my voice is harsh, but once I've taught you the melody, you'll be able to sing it better for yourself. "Beasts of England" is the title".

Old Major cleared his throat and started singing. His voice was scratchy, as he had stated, but he sang well enough, and it was a powerful melody, somewhere between "Clementine and La Cucaracha". The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,

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Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.

Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be overthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trodden by beasts alone.
Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur shall rust forever,

Cruel whips no more shall crack.
Riches more than mind can picture,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,
Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels
Shall be ours upon that day.
Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,
Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes
On the day that sets us free.
For that day we all must labour,
Though we die before it breaks;
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,
All must toil for freedom's sake.
Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken well and spread my tidings
Of the golden future time.

The animals were overjoyed when they heard this song

being sung. They'd started singing it for themselves almost before Major finished. Even the dumbest among them had picked up the music and a few of the lyrics, while the bright ones, such as the pigs and dogs, had the entire song memorized in a matter of minutes. After a couple of tentative attempts, the entire farm exploded into Beasts of England in glorious accord. It was lowed by cows, whined by dogs, bleated by sheep, whinnied by horses, and quacked by ducks. They were so taken with the song that they sang it five times in a row, and they would have kept singing it all night if they hadn't been stopped.

Unfortunately, the noise roused Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed to check for a fox in the yard. He drew the gun from the corner of his bedroom and fired a charge of number 6 ammunition into the night. The pellets embedded themselves in the barn's wall, and the conference was abruptly over. Everyone rushed to their own sleeping quarters. The birds took to their perches, the animals snuggled into the straw, and the entire farm fell slept in an instant.

CHAPTER 2

REBELLION

THREE nights later, Major passed away quietly in his sleep. His remains was buried near the orchard's base.

This was in early March. There was a lot of hidden activity during the following three months. Major's lecture had given the farm's more intellectual animals an entirely new perspective on life. They didn't know when Major's projected rebellion would take place, and they had no reason to believe that it would happen in their lifetime, but they knew it was their responsibility to prepare for it. The pigs, which were widely regarded as the most intelligent of the animals, were naturally assigned the task of instructing and organizing the others. Mr. Jones was rearing two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon for sale, and they stood out among the pigs. Napoleon was a massive, fierce-looking Berkshire boar, the farm's lone Berkshire, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more energetic pig than Napoleon, faster in speaking and more innovative, but he lacked Napoleon's depth of character. The farm's other male pigs were all porkers. Squealer, a tiny chubby pig with extremely round cheeks, flashing eyes, agile movements, and a strident voice, was the most well-known of them. He was a

skilled orator, and when debating a tough issue, he had a technique of jumping from side to side and whisking his tail that was quite impressive. Others claimed that Squealer could transform dark into white. These three had developed old Major's ideas into a full school of thinking that they called Animalism. They had covert meetings in the barn many evenings a week after Mr. Jones was sleeping, expounding the doctrines of Animalism to the others. They were received with a great deal of foolishness and apathy at first. Some of the animals mentioned Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as "Master," or made simple observations like "Mr. Jones feeds us. We'd starve to death if he was gone". Others posed queries such as, "Why should we care what happens after we die?" or "If this Rebellion is going to happen anyhow, what difference does it make whether we work for it or not?" and the pigs had a tough time convincing them that this was against the spirit of Animalism. Mollie, the white mare, asked the most foolish questions of all. "Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion?" she questioned Snowball right away.

"No," Snowball answered emphatically. "On this farm, we have no way of producing sugar. You don't even need sugar. You will have plenty of oats and hay."

"And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?" asked Mollie.

"Comrade", said Snowball, "Those ribbons you're so fond of are a symbol of slavery. Can't you see that liberty is more valuable than ribbons?"

Mollie agreed, but she didn't seem really convinced.

The pigs had an even more difficult time countering Moses, the tame raven's falsehoods. Moses, Mr. Jones' particular pet, was a spy and a storyteller, but he was also a good talker. He claimed to be aware of the existence of an enigmatic land known as Sugarcandy Mountain, where all animals went when they died. Moses described it as being someplace in the sky, just beyond the clouds. Sugarcandy Mountain was Sunday seven days a week, clover was in season all year, and hedges grew lump sugar and linseed cake. The animals despised Moses because he told stories and did no work, but some of them believed in Sugarcandy Mountain, and the pigs had to argue very hard to convince them that it did not exist.

Boxer and Clover, the two cart-horses, were their most devoted followers. These two had a hard time thinking for themselves, but after they accepted the pigs as their instructors, they learned what they were given and passed it on to the other animals through easy arguments. They were consistent in their participation at the secret meetings in the barn, and they led the singing of Beasts of England, which always finished the sessions.

As it turned out, the Rebellion was accomplished considerably sooner and more easily than anybody had anticipated. Mr. Jones, while being a harsh master, had been a good farmer in previous years, but he had recently fallen on bad luck. He had grown depressed after losing money in a case and had begun drinking more than was healthy for him. He would sit in his Windsor chair in the kitchen for days on end, reading the papers, drinking, and occasionally

feeding Moses on beer-soaked bread crusts. His guys were slackers and liars, the fields were overrun with weeds, the buildings needed roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were malnourished. When June rolled along, the hay was almost ready to be chopped. Mr. Jones traveled to Willingdon on Midsummer's Eve, a Saturday, and got so drunk at the Red Lion that he didn't return until midday on Sunday. The guys had milked the cows early in the morning and then gone rabbiting, without bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones returned, he promptly fell asleep on the drawing room sofa with the News of the World covering his face, leaving the animals unfed until dusk. They couldn't take it any longer. All the animals started helping themselves from the bins when one of the cows crashed through the store's door and sounded the horn. Mr. Jones awoke at that very moment. He and his four guys entered the store shortly after, brandishing whips and lashing out in all directions. This was too much for the hungry animals. They launched themselves upon their tormentors in unison, despite the fact that nothing of the like had been arranged previously. Jones and his guys were suddenly being butted and kicked from all sides. They had very little influence over the situation. They had never witnessed animal behavior like this before, and the sudden uprising of beings that they were used to thrashing and torturing according to their own preferences terrified them nearly to death. They gave up attempting to defend themselves after only a few moments and went to their heels. A minute later, all five of them were in full flight

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along the cart track leading to the main road, with the animals triumphantly chasing them.

Mrs. Jones peered out the bedroom window, observed what was going on, hastily stuffed a few belongings into a carpet bag, and snuck out of the property in another direction. Moses jumped down from his perch and flitted noisily after her. Meanwhile, the beasts had followed Jones and his men out into the road, slamming the five-barred gate in their path. So, almost before they realized it, the Rebellion had been successfully carried out: Jones had been exiled, and the Manor Farm was theirs.

The animals first had a hard time accepting their good fortune. Their first move was to gallop around the property's perimeter as if to ensure that no human being was hidden anywhere on it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe off the final evidence of Jones's despised reign. The bits, nose rings, dog chains, and brutal knives with which Mr. Jones had neutered the pigs and lambs were all thrown into the well. The decaying nosebags, blinkers, halters, reins, and halters were all tossed onto the garbage fire that was blazing in the yard. The whips were as well. When they saw the whips catching fire, all the animals rejoiced. Snowball also set fire to the ribbons that were used to adorn the horses' manes and tails on market days.

“Ribbons”, he said, “Should be regarded as clothing, which is the visible sign of a human being Every animal should be naked”.

When Boxer heard this, he went to get the tiny straw hat he used to wear in the summer to keep flies out of his ears and threw it on the fire with the rest of the others.

In little time, the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then took them back to the storeshed, where he offered everyone a double portion of maize and two biscuits for each dog. They then sang *Beasts of England* from beginning to end seven times in a row before retiring for the night and sleeping as they'd never slept before.

But, as usual, they awoke at dawn, and, recalling the beautiful event, they all dashed out into the meadow together. A knoll a bit farther down the meadow offered a panoramic view of the property. The animals ran to the top and looked around in the bright morning light. Yes, it was theirs; all they could see belonged to them! They gamboled around and around in the thrill of that concept, leaping into the air in tremendous jumps of delight. They rolled in dew, ate mouthfuls of fragrant summer grass, kicked up clods of black dirt, and smelled its rich aroma. Then they conducted a tour of the entire farm, inspecting the hayfield, orchard, pool, spinney, and ploughland with awe and admiration that left them speechless. It was as if they had never seen these things before, and they couldn't believe it was all their own.

They stopped in quiet before the farmhouse entrance as they filed back to the farm buildings. That was also theirs, but they were too afraid to enter. But after a little while, Snowball and Napoleon pushed the door open with

their shoulders, and the animals walked in carefully so as not to disrupt anything. They moved from room to room on tiptoe, unwilling to speak above a whisper and staring in astonishment at the amazing luxury, the beds with their feather mattresses, the looking glasses, the horsehair sofa, the Brussels carpet, the lithograph of Queen Victoria over the drawing-room mantelpiece. When Mollie's disappearance was discovered, they were on their way down the stairs. The others went back and saw she was still in the nicest bedroom. She had stolen a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones' dressing table and was holding it on her shoulder, foolishly adoring herself in the mirror. They stepped outside after strongly reprimanding her. The hams hanging in the kitchen were removed for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stoved in with a kick from Boxer's hoof; otherwise, nothing in the house was touched.

On the moment, a unanimous decision was made to preserve the farmhouse as a museum. Everybody there agreed that no animal should ever dwell there.

All animals ate their breakfast before Snowball and Napoleon summoned them again.

"Comrades", said Snowball, "It is half past six o'clock in the morning, and we have a long day ahead of us. We started harvesting hay today. Yet there is another concern that has to be addressed first".

The pigs now confessed that they had spent the previous three months teaching themselves to read and write using an old spelling book that had belonged to Mr. Jones's children and had been discarded. Napoleon led the

way down to the five-barred gate that opened into the main road and sent for pots of black and white paint. Then Snowball (because it was Snowball who was the finest at writing) took a brush between his trotter's two knuckles and painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar of the gate and replaced it with ANIMAL FARM. As of this moment, the farm would go by this name. After that, they returned to the farm buildings, where Snowball and Napoleon ordered a ladder to be placed against the end wall of the enormous barn. They claimed that the pigs had succeeded in condensing the concepts of Animalism to the Seven Commandments during their three-month study. These Seven Commandments would now be written on the wall, becoming an unchangeable law under which all the animals on Animal Farm would live forever. Having some difficulties (a pig cannot easily balance himself on a ladder, after all). Squealer was holding the paint pot a few rungs below Snowball as he ascended and got to work. The Commandments were inscribed in large, white lettering that could be read from thirty yards away on the tarred wall. So they proceeded:

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
3. No animal shall wear clothes.
4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.
5. No animal shall drink alcohol.
6. No animal shall kill any other animal.

7. All animals are equal.

With the exception of "friend" being misspelled as "freind" and one of the "S's" being reversed, it was extremely nicely written, and the spelling was accurate throughout. Snowball read it out loud so that everyone could hear. The more intelligent animals immediately started memorizing the Commandments after giving a unanimous head nod of agreement.

"Now, comrades", cried Snowball, throwing down the paint-brush, "To the hayfield! We should make it a priority to harvest the crop faster than Jones and his crew could".

The three cows, however, who had been acting strangely for some time, now began to low loudly. Their udders were on the verge of bursting since they had not been milked in twenty-four hours. After some consideration, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows rather well thanks to their well-suited trotters. Five buckets of foaming, creamy milk appeared shortly after, and several of the animals began to pay them close attention.

"What is going to happen with all that milk?" said, someone.

"Occasionally, Jones would incorporate some of it into our mash." said, one of the hens.

"Never mind the milk, comrades!" cried Napoleon, placing himself in front of the buckets. "We'll deal with that. More significant is the harvest. Snowball the Comrade will

lead the way. I'll come after you in a few minutes. Comrades, go forth! Hay is ready and waiting."

When the animals returned that evening, it was discovered that the milk had vanished, so they had all flocked to the hayfield to start the harvest.

CHAPTER 3

ALL ABOUT THE PIGS

HOW hard and sweaty they worked to bring the hay in! The harvest, however, was even more successful than they had anticipated, so their efforts were not in vain.

Sometimes the labour was difficult; the tools were made for humans rather than animals, and it was a major disadvantage because no animal could use any equipment that required standing on his hind legs. However, the pigs were so intelligent that they could come up with a solution to any problem. The horses, on the other hand, knew every square inch of the field and were considerably more adept at raking and mowing than Jones and his men ever had been. Although they didn't do any actual labour, the pigs managed and oversaw the others. It only made sense that they would take charge given their superior knowledge. A pig would walk behind Boxer and Clover while shouting out "Gee up, comrade!" or "Whoa back, comrade!" depending on the situation. They would then be harnessed to the cutter or the horse rake (no bits or reins were required back then, of course). And so every animal, even the lowliest, helped turn and gather the hay. Even the chickens and ducks struggled back and forth all day in the heat while carrying little strands of hay. In the end, they completed the

harvest in two days less time than Jones and his men had typically needed. In addition, it was the largest harvest the farm has ever had. With their keen eyes, the chickens and ducks had collected up every last stalk, so there was absolutely no waste. And not a single farm animal had even taken a bite.

The farm's operations ran smoothly like clockwork during that whole summer. The animals were content in a way they had never imagined was possible. Now that their food was genuinely their own, made by them and for them rather than handed to them by a resentful master, every taste was an exquisite positive joy. There was more food available once the parasite, and useless humans were gone. Despite how inexperienced the animals were, there was also more leisure. They encountered other challenges—for example, later in the year, when they harvested the corn, they had to stomp it out by hand and blow away the chaff with their breath because the farm lacked a threshing machine—but the pigs' cunning and Boxer's enormous strength always helped them succeed. Everyone admired the boxer for his skills. Even in Jones's time, he had put in a lot of effort, but these days he worked as hard as three horses rather than one; on certain days, it felt like the farm's whole workload rested on his stout shoulders. He was constantly yanking and straining at the area where the task was most difficult from daylight till night. Before the normal day's work started, he had an agreement with one of the crows to summon him in the mornings 30 minutes earlier than everyone else and do some voluntary labour

where it looked to be most required. Every issue, every setback, he responded to with his personal motto, "I will work harder!"

But everyone performed to the best of their abilities. For instance, the chickens and ducks collected the stray grains during the harvest, saving five bushels of maize. The fighting, biting, and envy that used to be commonplace aspects of life have all but vanished. No one steals, no one complains about their rations, and nobody complains about anything. Almost no one, if anyone, shied away. It was true that Mollie had trouble waking up in the mornings and had a habit of leaving work early by claiming to have a stone in her hoof. And the cat's behavior seemed a little strange. It was quickly discovered that the cat was always lost whenever there was work to be done. She would disappear for extended periods of time, only to emerge at mealtimes or in the evening after work, acting as if nothing had occurred. But she always provided such compelling justifications and purred with such fondness that it was difficult to doubt her sincerity. The donkey, Old Benjamin, appeared to have not altered much since the Rebellion. He carried out his duties in the same methodical, deliberate manner as he had in Jones's day, never skipping a beat or offering to perform more labour. He would not offer any commentary on the Rebellion or its outcomes. He would simply respond with, "Yes," when asked if he was pleased now that Jones was gone "A donkey has a long lifespan. A dead donkey has never been seen by any of you," and the others had to settle for this evasive response.

Sundays were free from labour. Breakfast was served an hour later than normal, and there was a ritual that was always conducted after breakfast. The raising of the flag came first. Snowball had painted a hoof and a horn in white on an old green tablecloth that Mrs. Jones had left in the harness room. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock, this was carried up the flagstaff in the farmhouse garden. The hoof and horn stood for the future Republic of the Animals, which would emerge after the human race had finally been defeated. Snowball explained that the flag's colour, green, was meant to represent the green fields of England. All the animals gathered in the large barn for the Meeting, which was held after the flag was hoisted. Here, the upcoming week's work was scheduled and resolutions were proposed and discussed. The resolutions were always proposed by the pigs. The other animals could vote, but they were unable to come up with any original resolutions. The two that participated in the discussions the most were Snowball and Napoleon. However, it was noted that these two never agreed: Any idea one of them made would be met with opposition from the other. There was a contentious dispute over the appropriate retirement age for each kind of animal, even after it was decided—something that no one could disagree with in and of itself—to set aside the tiny paddock beyond the orchard as a place of rest for animals that were past labour. *Beasts of England* was always sung when the Meeting came to a close, and the afternoon was set aside for pleasure.

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The harness room had been designated as the pigs' base of operations. They learned blacksmithing, carpentry, and other vital trades here in the evenings using texts they had taken from the farmhouse. Along with organizing the other animals into what he termed Animal Committees, Snowball also kept himself busy. At this, he was unflappable. In addition to starting reading and writing classes, he established the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, the Wild Comrades' Reeducation Committee for the rats and rabbits, the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades' League for the cows, and several other organizations. These initiatives were a failure as a whole. For example, the attempt to tame the wild animals failed practically right away. When shown charity, they continued to act in much the same way as before and merely abused it. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and spent a few days there actively participating. One day, she was observed conversing with some sparrows that were just out of her grasp while sitting on a roof. She was urging them to accept one another as fellow creatures, and she invited any sparrow to sit on her paw if they so desired. However, the sparrows stayed away.

However, the reading and writing sessions were a huge success. By the fall, practically every animal on the farm had some level of literacy.

The pigs, on the other hand, were already great readers and writers. The dogs picked up reading very quickly, but they were only interested in reading the

Seven Commandments. The goat, Muriel, was able to read a little better than the dogs and would occasionally read newspaper slivers she discovered on the trash heap to the other goats in the evening. Despite having the ability to read like a pig, Benjamin never used it. He said that as far as he was aware, nothing was worth reading. Despite learning the entire alphabet, Clover was unable to string words together. Boxer was unable to go past the letter D. He would use his large hoof to make the letters A, B, C, and D in the dirt, after which he would stand there looking at the letters with his ears back and occasionally shaking his forelock while desperately trying to recall what came next but failing. He did learn E, F, G, and H on a few different occasions, but by the time he had mastered them, it had been revealed that he had forgotten A, B, C, and D. He used to write out the first four letters once or twice a day to help him remember them. Eventually, he decided to settle with only the first four letters. Mollie insisted on only learning the six letters that made up her name. She would carefully shape these out of twig pieces, add a flower or two, and then walk around them admiring them.

The letter A was the furthest any of the other farm animals could go. The less intelligent animals, such as lambs, chickens, and ducks, were also discovered to be incapable of memorizing the Seven Commandments. Snowball finally decided, after considerable deliberation, that the Seven Commandments might be summed up as follows: "Four legs good, two legs terrible." He said that this included the core idea of animalism. Whoever had fully understood

it would be protected from outside influences. The birds first reacted negatively since it appeared as though they too had two legs, but Snowball showed them that this was untrue.

"A bird's wing, comrades," he said, "is a propelling organ, not a manipulative one. Therefore, it ought to be considered a leg. The hand, which serves as the tool for all of man's wickedness, is his identifying feature."

Snowball used complicated language that the birds couldn't comprehend, but they accepted his explanation, and the more subservient animals got to work memorizing the new adage. On the barn's end wall, above the Seven Commandments, and in larger characters, was written: "FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD." The sheep were quite fond of this proverb after learning it by memory and frequently began bleating while they lay in the field. "Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!" without tiring of it, continue doing it for hours on end.

Snowball's committees piqued Napoleon's lack of interest. He asserted that efforts to educate the young were more crucial than anything that could be done for the elderly. It so happened that Bluebell and Jessie both gave birth to nine healthy puppies between them shortly after the hay harvest. Napoleon took the children away from their mothers as soon as they were weaned, claiming that he would be in charge of their education. The rest of the farm eventually forgot about them since he kept them in such solitude in a loft that could only be reached by a ladder from the harness room.

The milk's whereabouts were soon made plain, ending the mystery. Every day, it was added to the pigs' mush. The early apples were already maturing, and windfalls covered the orchard's grass. The animals had taken it for granted that these would be distributed evenly, but one day an order was issued requiring that all windfalls be gathered and delivered to the harness room for the benefit of the pigs. Some of the other animals muttered in response, but it was ineffective. Even Snowball and Napoleon were in complete accord with the other pigs on this matter. Squealer was tasked with providing the others with the appropriate explanations.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You don't think we pigs are acting this way out of privilege and self-interest, I hope? Actually, a lot of us don't like milk or apples. I find them repulsive. Our only goal in taking these is to maintain our health. Apples and milk both include nutrients that pigs must have in order to survive (this has been proved by Science, comrades). We pigs work in the brain. We are solely responsible for the administration and organization of this farm. We are keeping an eye on your well-being 24 hours a day. We ingest those fruits and drink that milk because we care for you. What would happen if we pigs failed to perform our duties, do you know? "Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades" cried Squealer

Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades", Squealer nearly begged, skipping and

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whirling his tail as he cried, "Must there be no one in your group who wants Jones to return?"

The animals were convinced of one thing, though, and that was that they did not want Jones to return. When it was explained to them in this manner, they remained silent. It was all too clear why maintaining the pigs' health was important. Therefore, it was decided without more discussion that the pigs should have exclusive access to the milk and windfall apples (as well as the main crop of apples after they matured).

CHAPTER 4

**BATTLE OF THE
CALSHED**

THE news of what happened on Animal Farm had reached half the county by late summer. Each day, Snowball and Napoleon dispatched flocks of pigeons with the orders to interact with the livestock on nearby farms, share the Rebellion's narrative with them, and teach them the melody to Beasts of England.

The majority of this time was spent by Mr. Jones talking to everyone who would listen while sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion in Willingdon about the heinous injustice he had experienced when a bunch of useless animals forced him from his land. Although the other farmers sympathized with him in theory, they initially did not provide him any assistance. Each of them discreetly considered if he may not be able to use Jones' misery for his own gain. It was fortunate that the two farms that bordered Animal Farm had long-standing animosity amongst them. One of them, called Foxwood, was a sizable, run-down, old-fashioned farm with worn-out meadows and unsightly hedges. It was also heavily overrun with woods. Mr.

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Pilkington, its owner, was a laid-back gentleman farmer who mostly engaged in hunting or fishing depending on the time of year. The second property, Pinchfield, was smaller and better maintained. Its owner was Mr. Frederick, a strong, cunning man who was frequently embroiled in legal disputes and had a reputation for striking difficult deals. Even in order to protect their own interests, these two found it difficult to agree on anything because of how much they despised one another.

Notwithstanding this, they were both very alarmed by the Animal Farm uprising and eager to keep their own animals from finding out too much about it. They initially claimed to be amused to mock the notion of animals running a farm by themselves. They said that everything will be finished in a week. They said that the animals at Manor Farm (they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name "Animal Farm") were always fighting with one another and were starving to death. After some time had passed and it was clear that the animals had not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington began to speak about the horrible depravity that had now taken root on Animal Farm. It was revealed that the creatures lived there, engaged in cannibalism, tormented one another with hot horseshoes, and shared females. The result of defying nature's rules, according to Frederick and Pilkington, was this.

These tales weren't entirely believed, though. A wave of rebelliousness swept over the countryside that year as rumors of a marvelous farm, where humans had been

exiled and the animals ran their own affairs, persisted in hazy and twisted shapes. Bulls that had previously been domesticated suddenly became wild; sheep tore down hedges and ate the clover; cows kicked over the bucket; hunters refused their fences and shot their riders on the opposite side. The song *Beasts of England* was especially well-known worldwide for its melody and words. It had spread really quickly. When they heard this song, even though they appeared to find it amusing, many could not suppress their anger. They claimed that they could not comprehend how even animals could force themselves to chant such abhorrent nonsense. Any animal that was discovered singing was immediately spanked. However, the music was unstoppable. It entered the clamor of the smithies and the melody of the church bells, while blackbirds whistled it in the hedges and pigeons cooed it in the elms. And when others heard it, they inwardly shuddered because they perceived a foreshadowing of their impending doom in it.

A flight of pigeons came spinning through the air and landed in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement early in October, when the corn was harvested and piled and part of it had already been threshed. Jones and all of his men had entered the five-barred gate and were ascending the cart route that led to the farm, along with a half-dozen additional men from Foxwood and Pinchfield. With the exception of Jones, who was leading the way while holding a rifle, they were all carrying sticks. It goes without saying that they would try to take back the

farm. Everything was set up since this was anticipated for a very long time. The defensive actions were under the control of Snowball, who had been studying an ancient book about Julius Caesar's wars that he had discovered in the farmhouse. He issued his commands rapidly, and within a few minutes, each animal had arrived at its designated position.

Snowball unleashed his initial assault as the humans drew near the farm buildings. While the guys were addressing this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, came out and fiercely pecked at the calves of their legs. All of the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew back and forth above the men's heads and muttered upon them from mid-air. The men quickly chased the geese away with their sticks, albeit this was simply a minor skirmishing tactic meant to cause some confusion. Now Snowball started his second line of assault. With Snowball leading the way, Muriel, Benjamin, and the entire flock of sheep charged the guys from all sides, prodding and butting them as Benjamin spun about and struck them with his little hooves. The animals turned and ran through the gateway into the yard at the sound of Snowball's screech, which served as the signal to retreat. Unfortunately, the men, this time with their sticks and hobnailed boots, were too powerful for the animals.

The men shouted their victory. They perceived their attackers to be fleeing, so they raced after them in chaos. That's exactly what Snowball wanted to happen. The three horses, the three cows, and the remaining piglets, who were

lying in wait in the cowshed, suddenly sprang out in their rear, cutting them off, as soon as they were well into the yard. At this point, Snowball signaled the charge. Jones was his immediate destination as he ran. Jones lifted his revolver and shot as he saw him coming. A sheep was killed, and the pellets left bloody streaks along Snowball's back. Snowball slammed his fifteen stone on Jones' legs without pausing for a second. Jones' rifle flew out of his hands as he was thrown into a heap of excrement. But Boxer's standing up on his hind legs and charging out with his enormous iron-shod hoofs like a stallion was the scary sight of all. A Foxwood stable boy was struck in the head with his first strike, leaving him lying motionless in the muck. Many of the men attempted to flee as they dropped their sticks at the sight. They started to panic, and the next thing they knew, the entire animal population was pursuing them around the yard. They were bit, kicked, gored, and tramped upon. No animal on the farm refrained from exacting his own brand of retribution on them. Even a cat abruptly sprang down a roof onto a cowman's shoulders and dug her claws into his neck, prompting the latter to scream pitifully. The men were happy to dash out of the yard and head for the main road when the opportunity presented itself. A flock of geese pursued them and pecked at their calves the entire time they were in a humiliating retreat, which took place five minutes after their invasion.

Except for one, all the men were gone. Back in the yard, Boxer was attempting to flip the stable boy over by

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pawing at him with his hoof while he lay face down in the muck. The youngster stayed still.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully. "That wasn't anything I intended to do. I failed to notice my iron shoes. Who will accept that I did not intend to do this?"

Snowball yelled, "No sentimentality, comrade!" as blood continued to trickle from his wounds. "War is war. A dead person is the only nice human being."

Boxer said while crying, "I have no desire to kill life, not even human life." Someone shouted, "Where is Mollie?"

In actuality, Mollie was missing. There was a brief period of intense worry since it was thought that the guys may have hurt her somehow or maybe taken her away. But in the end, she was discovered with her head buried in the hay in the manger, hiding in her stall. As soon as the gunshot was heard, she fled. The stable boy, who was actually barely shocked, had already recovered and fled before the others returned from looking for her.

The animals had now gathered again in the craziest frenzy, each shouting forth about his own war achievements. As soon as the victory was announced, a spontaneous celebration took place. The sheep that had been slain was given a somber funeral, and a hawthorn bush was put on her grave after the flag was raised and several renditions of Beasts of England were sung. Snowball gave a brief speech at the burial, highlighting the importance of all animals being willing to sacrifice their lives if necessary for Animal Farm.

Snowball and Boxer were immediately awarded the

"Animal Hero, First Class" military medal that the animals had unanimously chosen to establish. It was a brass medal to be worn on Sundays and major holidays (in reality, they were some really old horse brasses that had been discovered in the harness room). A posthumous title given to the deceased sheep was "Animal Hero, Second Class."

The name of the war was a topic of significant controversy. Due to the location of the ambush, the battle was ultimately known as the Battle of the Cowshed. There was a stock of ammunition at the farmhouse, and Mr. Jones' gun had been discovered laying in the mud. On October 12th, the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed, and on Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion, it was agreed to install the gun at the base of the Flagstaff and fire it twice a year.

CHAPTER 5

SNOWBALL'S
EXPELLED

MOLLIE becoming increasingly problematic as winter progressed. Every morning she arrived late for work and gave the lame excuse that she had overslept. Despite having a great appetite, she also complained of unexplained discomfort. She would leave work under any excuse possible, walk to the drinking pool, and stand there foolishly staring at her own reflection in the water. However, there were other reports of a graver matter. One day, Clover called Mollie aside as she ambled carelessly into the yard while flicking her long tail and nibbling on a hay stalk.

“Mollie,” she said, “I need to talk to you about something really important. I caught your eye this morning as you peered over the hedge separating Foxwood from Animal Farm. On the opposite side of the hedge was one of Mr. Pilkington's guys. He was talking to you and you were letting him stroke your nose while I was far away, but I'm fairly certain I witnessed it. Mollie, what does that mean?”

“He didn't! I wasn't! It isn't true!” cried Mollie, beginning to prance about and paw the ground.

“Mollie! Look me in the face. Give me your word on the matter that he wasn't stroking your nose, right?”

“It isn't true!” repeated Mollie, but she could not look Clover in the face, as a result, she turned on her heels and ran into the field.

The concept came to Clover. She walked to Mollie's stall and turned over the straw with her hoof without saying anything to the other people. A little amount of lump sugar and numerous bundles of ribbon in various colors were concealed behind the straw.

Mollie vanished three days later. She went weeks without anybody knowing where she was until the pigeons reported seeing her on the opposite side of Willingdon. She was positioned between the shafts of a smart dog cart that was red and black and was parked in front of a bar. She was being fed sugar by a chubby red-faced man who appeared to be a publican and was wearing check breeches and gaiters. She had a crimson ribbon around her forelock and had just clipped her coat. The pigeons saw that she looked to be having fun. Mollie was never again mentioned by any of the animals.

Weather that was quite harsh arrived in January. Nothing could be done in the fields because the ground was as hard as iron. The pigs busy themselves with organizing the work for the upcoming season at the several meetings that were conducted in the large barn. Though their judgments had to be approved by a majority vote, it had been customary for the pigs, who were clearly smarter than the other animals, to make all farm policy decisions. If it

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weren't for the arguments between Snowball and Napoleon, this arrangement would have been adequate. In every area where conflict was conceivable, these two couldn't agree. If one of them advised planting more barley, the other would undoubtedly insist on planting more oats, and if one of them indicated that a certain area was ideal for growing cabbages, the other would claim that it was only useful for growing roots. Each had their own fan base, and there were some aggressive arguments. Snowball frequently gained the majority at the Meetings with his persuasive remarks, but Napoleon was better at rallying support for himself in between talks. With the sheep, he had particular success. In both season and out of season, sheep have recently started bleating "Four legs good, two legs terrible," and they frequently disrupt meetings with this. At important points of Snowball's remarks, it was discovered that they were especially likely to start singing "Four legs good, two legs bad." In the farmhouse, Snowball discovered several past issues of the Farmer and Stockbreeder that he had carefully studied. These issues were packed with ideas for new developments and enhancements. Napoleon didn't come up with any of his own plans, but he mutely predicted that Snowball's would fail and appeared to be biding his time. The argument over the windmill, though, was the most passionate of all of their disagreements.

There was a little hill that was the highest point on the farm in the long meadow, close to the farm buildings. After looking at the terrain, Snowball concluded that this was the ideal location for a windmill that could be used to

drive a dynamo and provide the farm with electricity. This would operate a circular saw, a chaff cutter, a mangel slicer, and an electric milking machine in addition to lighting and heating the stalls throughout the winter. The animals listened in amazement as Snowball conjured up images of fantastic machines that would do their work while they grazed at their leisure in the fields or improved their minds with reading and conversation. The animals had never heard of anything of this kind before (because the farm was an old-fashioned one and had only the most primitive machinery).

Snowball's ideas for the windmill were finished within a few weeks. The mechanical details came mostly from three books that had belonged to Mr. Jones *One Thousand Useful Things to Do About the House*, *Every Man His Own Bricklayer*, and *Electricity for Beginners*. A hut that had formerly housed incubators and had a smooth wooden surface that was good for drawing served as Snowball's workspace. He spent a lot of time there alone. He would pace quickly back and forth while sketching in line after line and making tiny whimpers of delight, holding his books open with a stone and holding a bit of chalk between the knuckles of his trotter. The other animals found the blueprints to be entirely incomprehensible but extremely magnificent as they gradually expanded into a complex mess of cranks and cogwheels that covered more than half the floor. At least once a day, each of them came over to view Snowball's sketches. Even the hens and ducks showed up, taking care to avoid stepping on the chalk lines.

Only Napoleon remained distant. He had argued against the windmill from the beginning. But one day he showed up without warning to go at the blueprints. He strolled slowly around the shed, scrutinized the plans' every detail, sniffed at them once or twice, and then stayed there for a short while, watching them out of the corner of his eye. Then, all of a sudden, he lifted his leg, urinated on the plans, and left silently.

The windmill was a contentious issue for the entire property. Snowball did not dispute the fact that creating it would be a challenging endeavor. Stone would need to be transported and assembled into walls, following which sails would need to be produced, and finally dynamos and cables would be required. (Snowball does not specify how to obtain these.) He insisted, though, that it could all be finished in a year. The animals would only need to work three days a week from then on, he said, because of the enormous amount of labour that would be saved. Napoleon, on the other hand, said that increasing food production was now the greatest necessity and that if they squandered time building the windmill, they would all perish from starvation. "Vote for Snowball and the three-day week" and "Vote for Napoleon and the full manger", respectively, were the rallying cries of the animals as they split into two groups. The single animal, Benjamin, who did not support either side was neutral. He didn't want to think that the windmill would eliminate jobs or that there would be more food available. Life will continue to be as miserable as it always has been, he claimed, windmill or no windmill.

In addition to disagreements about the windmill, there was also the issue of farm defense. Although humans had lost the Battle of the Cowshed, it was fully realized that they may seek to retake the farm and restore Mr. Jones by making another, more ardent attack. The word of their failure had traveled across the countryside, giving the animals on the other farms even more incentive to become unruly, giving them even more justification for acting what they did. Napoleon and Snowball were at odds as usual. Napoleon believed that animals should acquire weapons and educate themselves on how to use them. Snowball claims that they must release a growing number of pigeons and incite the animals on the neighboring farms to revolt. The opposing view said that if they could not defend themselves, they were doomed to be subjugated and that if rebellions broke out everywhere, they would not be required to do so. The animals listened to Napoleon first, then Snowball, and were unable to decide who was correct; in fact, they frequently agreed with whoever was speaking at the time.

Finally, the day arrived when Snowball's plans might be said to have succeeded. The decision to start construction on the windmill would be decided at the meeting the following Sunday. After the animals had gathered in the large barn, Snowball got up and began to explain why he thought the windmill should be constructed, only to be regularly interrupted by sheep bleating. Napoleon then got up to respond. He talked for only about 30 seconds, and seemed to care little for the

impact he made. He remarked in a low voice that the windmill was absurd and that he didn't recommend anyone vote for it. Upon hearing this, Snowball sprang to his feet and shouted at the sheep, who had started bleating once again, before launching into a fervent defense of the windmill. The animals' affections had been almost evenly split up until this point, but in a flash, Snowball's oratory won them over. He described Animal Farm in luminous phrases as it would be if the animals no longer had to perform filthy labor. By this point, his imagination had expanded well beyond turnip and chaff cutters. He claimed that electricity could power equipment such as threshing machines, rollers, harrows, reapers, and binders in addition to providing each stall with its own electric light, hot and cold running water, and an electric heater. There was no question about how the vote would go once he had done speaking. But just then, Napoleon rose up and gave Snowball a strange sidelong glance before letting out a high-pitched whine that no one had ever heard him make before.

Nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars charged into the barn at this point after hearing a terrible baying noise outside. Snowball just sprung from his position in time to avoid their snapping jaws as they rushed straight for him. He quickly left the room, and they immediately started to pursue him. All the animals poured into the entrance to witness the pursuit because they were too shocked and terrified to talk. The vast meadow that led to the road was being traversed quickly by Snowball. He was

going as fast as a pig could, but the dogs were chasing after him. When he slipped suddenly, it appeared that they had him in their grasp. The hounds were once more closing up on him when he stood back up and started running faster than ever. Snowball managed to escape his tail barely in time as one of them all but clamped his teeth on it. Then, with only a few inches to spare, he squeezed through a gap in the hedge and vanished from view.

The animals returned to the barn quietly and fearfully. The dogs quickly returned, bouncing. Nobody could first fathom where these animals came from, but the mystery was eventually cleared up: these were the puppies that Napoleon had kidnapped from their mothers and personally raised. They were enormous canines that resembled wolves in their fierceness, while not being fully grown. They remained near Napoleon. They displayed the same tail-wagging behavior toward him that the other dogs had displayed for Mr. Jones.

When Major had previously stood to give his speech, Napoleon now mounted onto the raised area of the floor with the dogs following him. The Sunday morning meetings will terminate as of this point, he declared. He said that they were time wasters and unneeded. In the future, a special committee of pigs chaired by him would rule on all issues pertaining to the operation of the farm. They would have a secret meeting and then inform the others of their decisions. There would no longer be any discussions, but the animals would still gather on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing Beasts of England, and get their weekly

commands.

The animals were horrified by this news notwithstanding the trauma that Snowball's evacuation had caused them to experience. If they could have come up with the correct defenses, a number of them would have objected. Even Boxer seemed a little uneasy. He struggled to gather his thoughts, cocked his ears back, and repeatedly shook his forelock, but in the end, he was at a loss for words. However, some of the pigs were more intelligent than others. In the front row, four young porkers let out harsh squeals of disgust. All four of them immediately sprang up and started speaking. The pigs remained silent and sat down once again as a result of the dogs lounging around Napoleon suddenly letting out deep, intimidating growls. The sheep then burst into a huge bleating of "Four legs good, two legs bad!" that lasted for about thirty minutes and ended any possibility of discussion.

Squealer was then given the task of explaining the new arrangement to everyone else on the property.

"Comrades, I believe that every animal in this place recognizes the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made by taking on this additional work, he remarked. Comrades, do not think that being in leadership is enjoyable. It is, nevertheless, a serious and weighty obligation. Comrade Napoleon is the only person who firmly holds that all animals are equal. He would be more than willing to let you make your own decisions. But occasionally, friends, you could choose the wrong course of action. In that case, where should we be? What if you had made the decision to follow

Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal, with his moonshine of windmills?"

"He fought valiantly at the Battle of the Cowshed", someone said.

Squealer remarked, "Bravery is enough. "Obedience and loyalty are more important. Regarding the Battle of the Cowshed, I think we'll eventually discover that Snowball's involvement in it was greatly overstated. Iron discipline, my fellows, is the watchword for today. Our enemy would attack us after only one slip-up. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?"

Again, there was no way to counter this point. There is little doubt that the animals did not want Jones back, and if Sunday morning arguments were likely to do so, they had to be stopped. Boxer, who had now had time to consider the situation, expressed the opinion of the majority when he said: "If Comrade Napoleon says so, it must be true." And from that point on, in addition to his personal adage, "I will work harder," he also embraced the proverb, "Napoleon is always correct."

The weather had changed at this point, and spring plowing had started. It was supposed that the designs had been scraped off the floor of the shed where Snowball had drafted his plans for the windmill. The animals gathered in the large barn at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning to get their weekly commands. Old Major's skull, which was now free of flesh, had been removed from the orchard and placed next to the gun at the base of the flagstaff on a stump. The animals had to file reverently past the skull once the

flag was hoisted before going into the barn. Unlike in the past, they did not sit together today. The nine pups were arranged in a semicircle around Napoleon, Squealer, and another pig named Minimus, who had a wonderful talent for writing songs and poetry. The other pigs were seated behind them. In the main part of the barn, the other animals were seated facing them. After singing just one verse of *Beasts of England*, Napoleon gave the animals their weekly commands in a stern, military fashion.

The animals were slightly shocked to hear Napoleon declare that the windmill was going to be completed on the third Sunday following Snowball's exile. He did not explain why he had changed his mind; instead, he merely warned the animals that the additional task would be extremely difficult and that it might even be necessary to reduce their rations. The plans, however, had all been well arranged. For the last three weeks, a special team of pigs had been working on them. It was anticipated that the windmill would take two years to complete, along with other enhancements.

The other animals were quietly informed that evening by Squealer that Napoleon had never actually been against the windmill. The blueprint that Snowball had drawn on the floor of the incubator shed was really taken from among Napoleon's papers, and it was he who had first supported it. The windmill was really a design by Napoleon himself. Someone then questioned why he had spoken out so vehemently against it. Squealer seems incredibly cunning in this situation. That was Comrade Napoleon's

cleverness, he claimed. In an effort to get rid of Snowball, a potentially dangerous and negative influence, he had appeared to be against the windmill. Snowball was out of the way now, and the scheme could move on without him. Squealer said that this was a practice known as tactics. He sang again, "Tactics, comrades, tactics!" while bouncing and wagging his tail and laughing merrily. The animals were unsure of what the phrase meant, but Squealer persuaded them with his words and the three nearby canines snarled in a commanding manner that they accepted his explanation without asking any further questions.

CHAPTER 6

WINDMILL
BRAINWASHING

THE animals worked as slaves for the entire year. Still, they were content with their labor and did not resent exertion or sacrifice since they understood that whatever they did was for the benefit of themselves and those who would follow them of their type, not for a bunch of idle, thieving people.

They put in a sixty-hour workweek throughout the spring and summer, and in August Napoleon announced that there would also be labor on Sunday afternoons. Any animal that chose to forego the labor would have his rations cut in half. Yet, it was determined that some jobs needed to be left unfinished. The harvest was not as successful as the year before, and since the plowing was not finished in time, two fields that needed to be sowed with roots in the early summer were not sown. The upcoming winter may have been predicted to be challenging.

Unexpected problems with the windmill appeared. On the property, there was an excellent limestone quarry, and lots of sand and cement had been discovered in one of the outhouses, so all the building supplies were close at hand. However, the animals first had trouble figuring out

how to split the stone into manageable bits. There didn't appear to be any other option than using picks and crowbars, which no animal could use since they couldn't stand on their hind legs. Someone finally had the perfect idea, which was to use gravity, only after weeks of fruitless work. Huge boulders that were far too enormous to be utilized in their current form were scattered around the quarry's bed. The animals tied ropes around these, and then pulled them slowly and desperately up the slope to the top of the quarry, where they were tipped over the edge and shattered to pieces below. This was done by cows, horses, sheep, and any other animal that could grasp the rope, with the pigs occasionally joining in at crucial moments. Once the stone was fractured, moving it was quite straightforward. The sheep pulled solitary blocks, the horses hauled it off in cartloads, and even Muriel and Benjamin contributed by buckling up in an old governess cart. By the end of the summer, there was enough stone stockpiled to start construction, which the pigs oversaw.

But it was a tedious, sluggish procedure. A single rock would frequently need a whole day of arduous work to pull to the top of the quarry, and even then, it may not break when it was pushed over the side. Nothing would have been possible without Boxer, whose strength appeared to be comparable to the combined strength of all the other animals. Every time the rock started to slide and the animals screamed out in agony at being pulled down the hill, Boxer struggled against the rope to halt the boulder. Everyone watched in amazement as he laboriously

ascended the slope inch by inch, his breath coming quickly, the tips of his hooves digging into the ground, and his enormous flanks saturated with perspiration. Boxer would never heed Clover's warnings to be cautious about pushing himself too far. Napoleon believed that his two catchphrases, "I will work harder" and "Napoleon is always right," provided a comprehensive solution to all problems. It was agreed upon by him and the cockerel that he would summon him three-quarters of an hour earlier than usual in the mornings. And when he had free time, which was not often these days, he would go alone to the quarry, gather a load of broken stone, and transport it on his own down to the location of the windmill.

Despite the difficulty of their work, the animals did not have a horrible summer. Even though they did not have more food than Jones' time, they did not have less. It would have required many failures to overcome the benefit of simply having to provide for themselves and not having to sustain five ostentatious human beings. Additionally, the animal style of doing things was labor-saving and more effective in many respects. Weeding, for example, might be completed with a level of thoroughness unattainable by humans. Once more, since no animal was stealing any longer, it was unnecessary to fence off pasture from arable land, which reduced the amount of work required to maintain hedges and gates. However, as the summer drew on, a number of unexpected shortages started to become noticeable. Paraffin oil, nails, twine, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses' shoes were all necessities that the farm could

not supply. Later, in addition to numerous equipment and the machinery for the windmill, seeds and synthetic manures would also be required. No one could envision how these would be acquired.

Napoleon introduced his new strategy to the gathering animals on a Sunday morning as they were waiting to be given commands. From this point forward, Animal Farm would trade with the nearby farms—obviously not for any business reasons, but rather to get certain materials that were desperately required. He remarked that the demands of the windmill must come first. He was thus preparing to sell a stack of hay and some of the wheat harvest from the current year. Later, if further funds were required, they would have to be raised through the selling of eggs, for which Willingdon always had a market. Napoleon advised the hens to accept this sacrifice as their own unique contribution to the building of the windmill.

The animals were aware of a hazy unease once more. Never to interact with others, never to trade, never to use money—hadn't they been among of the first resolutions adopted at that first triumphal meeting following Jones' expulsion? All of the animals recalled making such resolutions, or at least they believed they did. The four young pigs who had objected when Napoleon abolished the Meetings timidly raised their voices, but a powerful growl from the dogs quickly hushed them. Then the sheep, as usual, cried out, "Four legs good, two legs terrible!" and the discomfort was quickly forgotten. Napoleon finally

signaled silence by raising his trotter and declaring that all the arrangements had already been made. There would be no need for any of the animals to interact with people, which is obviously something that should be avoided at all costs. He had planned on carrying the entire load alone. Mr. Whymper, a Willingdon-based solicitor, agreed to serve as Animal Farm's point of contact with the outside world and began making weekly Monday morning visits to the farm to take orders. Following the singing of Beasts of England, the animals were let go following Napoleon's speech with his trademark yell, "Long live Animal Farm!"

After that, Squealer went throughout the property to calm the animals' fears. He reassured them that the resolution forbidding commerce and the use of money had never been adopted or even raised. It was all in your head, and you can probably trace it back to Snowball's early falsehoods. A few animals were still hesitantly hopeful, but Squealer shrewdly questioned them, "Comrades, are you positive that this is not just a dream you had? Do you have a record of such a decision? Is it recorded somewhere?" The animals were happy that they were mistaken because it was undeniably accurate that nothing of the such was documented. The way they interacted with humans has changed somewhat since then. Much though Animal Farm was doing well, people continued to detest it; in fact, they despised it even more. Everyone believed that the farm would eventually go out of business and, more importantly, that the windmill would not work. They would get together in public-houses and use schematics to demonstrate to one

another that the windmill would eventually collapse or, if it did stand upright, that it would never function. Nevertheless, despite their will, they had grown to appreciate the animals' effectiveness in running their own affairs. One sign of this was the fact that they stopped referring to the Animal Farm as the Manor Farm and started calling it by its real name. Additionally, they had given up on Jones, who had relocated to a different county after giving up on getting his farm back. There was currently no way for Animal Farm to communicate with the outside world other than through Whymper, but there were persistent rumors that Napoleon was ready to sign a firm commercial contract with either Mr. Pilkington of Foxwood or Mr. Frederick of Pinchfield, but never with both at once.

It was at this point that the pigs suddenly entered the farmhouse and settled inside. Squealer was able to persuade the animals once more that this was not the case despite the fact that they appeared to recall a resolution against it having been voted in the early going. He insisted that having a peaceful area for the pigs to work in was essential because they were the farm's intelligence. Living in a home rather than a simple sty was also more appropriate for the Leader's dignity (because he had recently started referring to Napoleon as "Leader"). However, some of the animals were alarmed to learn that the pigs not only ate in the kitchen and entertained themselves in the drawing room, but also slept on the beds. Boxer dismissed it as usual by saying, "Napoleon is always right!" but Clover, who felt she

remembered a clear prohibition against beds, proceeded to the end of the barn and tried to decipher the Seven Commandments carved there. She called for Muriel when she realized she couldn't read any more than individual letters.

"Muriel", she said, "Read me the Fourth Commandment. Is there not a reference to never sleeping on a bed there?"

With some difficulty, Muriel spelt it out.

"It says, 'No animal shall sleep in a bed with sheets', she announced finally".

It was odd that Clover had forgotten that the Fourth Commandment mentioned sheets, but given that it was written on the wall, it obviously did. Squealer, who was passing at the time and was accompanied by two or three dogs, was able to put everything into right perspective.

"You've heard, comrades" he said, "That we pigs now slept in the farmhouse beds, right? Why not, then? You certainly did not assume that there had ever been a bed-related law. Simply put, a bed is a place to sleep. In a stall, a mound of straw serves as a bed. The prohibition against sheets, a human innovation, was in place. We don't use the linens that came with the farmhouse beds; instead, we sleep under blankets. They are also incredibly comfy beds! With all the thinking we have to do these days, I can assure you, comrades, that we shouldn't be any more comfortable than we need to be. You wouldn't steal our peace of mind, would you, brothers? You wouldn't want us to be too worn out to do our jobs, would you? Surely none of you want Jones to

return?"

There was no further discussion about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds because the animals promptly reassured him on this issue. Additionally, no complaints were made when it was stated a few days later that going forward, the pigs would rise one hour later in the morning than the other animals.

By the autumn, the animals were worn out but happy. They had a difficult year, and after selling some of the grain and hay, their winter food supplies weren't quite ample, but the windmill made up for everything. Now, it was about halfway complete. The animals worked harder than ever after the harvest during a period of clear, dry weather because they believed it would be worthwhile to move stone blocks back and forth all day long in order to raise the walls by another foot. Even at night, Boxer would venture outside to complete a brief solo task under the light of the harvest moon. The animals would circle the partially completed mill when they had time, marveling at its sturdy construction and walls' perpendicularity and wondering how humans had ever managed to construct something so massive. The only person who resisted being excited about the windmill was old Benjamin, who, as usual, would only utter the cryptic statement that donkeys live a long time.

Stormy south-west winds welcomed November. Because it was now too damp to mix cement, construction had to stop. Finally, a night arrived when the gale was so intense that the farm buildings shook off their foundations and the barn's roof had many tiles blown off. The chickens

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all dreamt at the same time of hearing a gunshot in the distance, and they all awoke squawking in panic. When the animals emerged from their stalls in the morning, they saw that the flagstaff had been destroyed and that an elm tree at the base of the orchard had been chopped down like a radish. A howl of desperation erupted from every animal's throat as soon as they realized this. Their eyes had been greeted by a dreadful sight. The windmill was a total wreck.

They sprinted to the location in unison. Napoleon, who almost never moved from a stroll, outran everyone else. Yes, it was there, the result of all their efforts, leveled to its base with the stones they had painstakingly broken and brought dispersed everywhere. At first unable to communicate, they stood there somberly observing the stone debris on the ground. Napoleon silently strolled back and forth, periodically nibbling at the dirt. His tail had become stiff and flicked fiercely from side to side, indicating that he was thinking a lot. He abruptly stopped as though he had already made up his mind.

"Do you, comrades, know who is to blame for this?", he murmured. Do you recognize the adversary who arrived at night and destroyed our windmill? SNOWBALL! "He abruptly let forth a thunderous shout. "This action was taken by Snowball! This scoundrel came here at night and undid the almost a year's worth of hard work we had put into it out of pure malice, hoping to thwart our intentions and get revenge for his humiliating ejection. Brothers, I have just given Snowball the death penalty. Half a bushel of apples and the title "Animal Hero, Second Class" go to any

animal that brings him to justice. Whoever captures him alive gets a whole bushel! "

The fact that even Snowball was capable of committing such a crime horrified the animals to their very core.

A shout of outrage was heard, and everyone started formulating plans to capture Snowball should he ever return. A little distance from the knoll, pig tracks were quickly seen in the nearby grass. Although they could only be followed for a few yards, they seemed to point toward a gap in the hedge. Napoleon gave them a long sniff before declaring them to be Snowball's. He stated that Snowball had most likely traveled in the direction of Foxwood Farm.

Napoleon cried, "Comrades, no more delays!" after examining the tracks. "Work has to be done. We started rebuilding the windmill this morning, and we'll keep working through the winter whether it rains or shines. We'll demonstrate to this unhappy traitor that he cannot just reverse our efforts. Comrades, keep in mind that our plans must not be changed; they must be followed through to the end of the day. Comrades, go forth! The windmill is still alive! It's Animal Farm forever!"

CHAPTER 7

THE REBELLION AND SLAUTERING OF THE ANIMALS

WINTER was really harsh. After the storm, there was sleet, snow, and a harsh freeze that didn't break until well into February. The animals continued to repair the windmill as best they could, aware that people were watching them and that they would celebrate and triumph if the mill was not completed on schedule.

Out of contempt, the people feigned to not believe that Snowball had destroyed the windmill, claiming instead that it had collapsed because to the walls' fragility. The animals were aware that this was untrue. Nevertheless, it had been chosen to construct the walls three feet thick this time rather than eighteen inches as previously, which required gathering considerably more stone. The quarry was covered in snowdrifts for a very long time, and nothing could be done. In the dry, chilly winter that followed, some headway was made, but it was brutal labor, and the animals were not as optimistic as they had been. They were usually hungry and constantly chilly. Only Boxer and Clover maintained their optimism. Squealer gave brilliant talks on the joy of service and the dignity of labor, but Boxer's

strength and his unceasing scream of "I will work harder!" inspired the other animals more.

January saw a shortage of food. The potatoe ration will be increased to make up for the significantly lower corn ration, it was declared. The majority of the potato crop had been frozen in the clamps, which had not been wrapped thickly enough, it was then revealed. Only a few of the soft, discolored potatoes were edible due to their condition. The animals were only given chaff and mangels to eat for days at a time. They appeared to be starving in front of them.

The need to keep this information hidden from the public was absolutely vital. The windmill's failure gave people more confidence to concoct new myths about Animal Farm. And once again, it was said that all animals were suffering from starvation and sickness, that they were constantly battling one another, and that they had turned to infanticide and cannibalism as a result. Napoleon made use of Mr. Whymper to promote a false impression since he was fully aware of the negative effects that may occur if the true facts about the food crisis were exposed. Previously, the animals had little to no interaction with Whymper on his weekly visits; now, however, a few carefully chosen animals—mostly sheep—were told to casually mention that the rations had been upped in his presence. Napoleon also instructed the store shed's practically empty bins to be nearly completely filled with sand before being coated with the remaining grain and meal. Whymper was taken into the store-shed on a plausible pretense and permitted to see the bins. He was

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duped, but he persisted in telling people outside Animal Farm that there was no scarcity of food.

But by the end of January, it was clear that additional grain would need to be obtained from someplace. Napoleon hardly ever appeared in public during this period; instead, he stayed within the farmhouse, which had ferocious-looking dogs stationed at each door. When he finally made his appearance, it was done so ceremoniously, accompanied by a pack of six dogs that stood guard around him and barked if anyone approached too closely. On Sunday mornings, he frequently didn't even show up. Instead, he sent commands through one of the other pigs, typically Squealer.

Squealer made an announcement one Sunday morning that the chickens, who had just returned inside to begin laying again, had to turn in their eggs. Through Whymper, Napoleon had agreed to a weekly deal for four hundred eggs. The cost of them would cover enough grain and meal to maintain the farm until summer when things would be simpler.

The hens made a huge uproar when they learned this. Although they had been forewarned in the past that this sacrifice may be required, they did not think it would really take place. They argued that taking the eggs away now would be murder since they were merely preparing their clutches for the spring sitting. There was a hint of a revolt for the first time since Jones' deportation. The hens, under the leadership of three young Black Minorca pullets, made a concerted attempt to frustrate Napoleon's plans.

The way they laid their eggs, which broke into fragments on the floor, was by flying up to the rafters. Napoleon took immediate and brutal action. He commanded the feeding of the hens to cease and ruled that any animal seen giving a hen even one grain of maize would be put to death. The dogs made sure that these directives were followed. The chickens resisted for five days before giving in and returning to their nesting boxes. In the meanwhile, nine chickens had perished. Their bodies were interred in the orchard, and coccidiosis was declared to be the cause of death. The eggs were dutifully delivered, with a grocery store van arriving at the farm once a week to pick them up. Whymper was unaware of this situation.

Snowball had not been seen for quite some time. He was thought to be hiding out on either Foxwood or Pinchfield Farm, one of the nearby farms. By this point, Napoleon's relationship with the other farmers had marginally improved. Unexpectedly, there was a pile of lumber in the yard that had been piled there ten years previously during the removal of a beech spinney. Both Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Frederick were eager to purchase it since it was well-seasoned and Napoleon had been recommended to sell it by Whymper. Napoleon was undecided between the two and vacillating. Snowball was noted to be hiding out at Foxwood whenever he appeared to be close to reaching an agreement with Frederick, but to be at Pinchfield whenever he appeared to be leaning toward Pilkington.

Early in the spring, a startling discovery was made.

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Snowball was sneakily spending the night at the farm! The animals struggled to sleep in their stalls because they were so unsettled. He allegedly entered the house at night, crept in, and committed various acts of vandalism. He destroyed the fruit trees' bark and disturbed the milk pails, broke eggs, trampled seedbeds, and stole maize. When something went wrong, it became customary to blame Snowball. When a window was damaged or a drain clogged, someone was sure to blame Snowball, and when the store shed key went missing, the entire farm was persuaded that Snowball had tossed it down the well. Strangely enough, they continued to hold to this belief even after the lost key was discovered below a bag of food. The cows agreed that Snowball sneaked into their stalls and milked them while they were dozing. It was also said that Snowball was associated with the rats, who had caused trouble that winter.

Snowball's actions were to be thoroughly investigated, according to Napoleon's order. He went out and carefully inspected the farm buildings with his dogs by his side, the other animals following at a respectable distance. Napoleon would halt every few steps and smell the ground for signs of Snowball's footprints, which he claimed to be able to sense by smell. He searched every nook and cranny, the barn, the cowshed, the henhouses, and the vegetable plot, and discovered Snowball remnants virtually everywhere. He would snub his snout to the ground, inhale deeply, and yell in a dreadful voice, "Snowball! He has been here! I can smell him distinctly!" Upon hearing the word "Snowball," every dog let out a savage growl and flashed its

side teeth.

The animals were quite terrified. They had the impression that Snowball was some sort of ethereal force that hovered over them and threatened them with all kinds of dangers. Squealer gathered them together later that night and informed them of some dire news while wearing a frightened expression.

Squealer said, "Comrades! A most dreadful thing has been discovered," as he made little frightened skips. Frederick of Pinchfield Land, who is currently preparing an attack on us and attempting to seize our farm, has sold Snowball for a price. When the attack starts, Snowball is supposed to serve as his leader. But things can become worse. We had assumed that Snowball's disobedience was only the result of his conceit and ambition. But, comrades, we were mistaken. Do you understand the actual cause? Snowball and Jones were allies from the beginning! He constantly served as Jones's undercover agent. Documents that he left behind and that we have just now found serve as proof of everything. This, in my opinion, explains a lot, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he tried, thankfully unsuccessfully, to destroy us in the Battle of the Cowshed?

The animals were in complete awe. Compared to Snowball's demolition of the windmill, this was significantly more terrible. However, it took them a while to process it all. They all recalled, or at least they believed they remembered, how they had seen Snowball rushing ahead of them during the Battle of the Cowshed, how he

had rallied and cheered them at every turn, and how he had not faltered for a moment even after being shot in the back by Jones's gun pellets. It was first a little challenging to see how this fit in with his being on Jones's side. Even Boxer, who didn't frequently ask questions, was perplexed. His forehooves were tucked beneath him as he laid down, and he closed his eyes and, with much difficulty, managed to compose his thoughts.

He said, "I don't believe that." "The Battle of the Cowshed saw gallant combat from Snowball. I actually saw him. Did we not instantly give him "Animal Hero, First Class" after that?"

"We made a mistake there, comrade. Since everything is recorded in the hidden documents we have discovered, we now know that he was actually luring us to our doom."

"But he was wounded", said Boxer. "We all saw him running with blood".

Squealer said, "That was part of the deal. Jones just grazed him with his shot. If you could read, I could show you this in his own writing. The plan was for Snowball to give the all-clear to take off and yield the field to the enemy at the crucial moment. And he came very close to succeeding; in fact, comrades, if it weren't for our valiant Leader, Comrade Napoleon, he probably would have. Do you not recall how Snowball abruptly turned and ran as several animals followed him just as Jones and his men entered the yard? Do you also recall when Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a yell of "Death to

Humanity!" and dug his fangs into Jones' thigh just then, as fear was spreading and all appeared lost? Squealer frisked from side to side and screamed, "Surely you remember that, comrades?"

The animals appeared to recall the scenario after Squealer recounted it in such vivid detail. At any rate, they recalled that Snowball had turned to run at the crucial juncture of the conflict. Boxer was still somewhat nervous though.

Finally, he added, "I don't think that Snowball was a traitor in the start. "Since then, he has changed what he has done. But I think he was a wonderful buddy at the Battle of the Cowshed."

Squealer said, "Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, has declared categorically, a comrade that Snowball was Jones's agent from the very beginning", "Yes!, and from long before the Rebellion was even dreamt of."

"Ah, that is different!" said Boxer. "If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right."

Squealer cried, "That is the genuine spirit, comrade," yet it was observed that he was staring uglily at Boxer with his little glittering eyes. Before turning to go, he stopped and said this impressively: "On this farm, I caution every animal to keep his eyes peeled. We have reason to believe that some of Snowball's undercover spies are currently among us! "

Napoleon commanded the animals to congregate in the yard four days later in the late afternoon. When everyone had gathered, Napoleon came out of the

farmhouse wearing both of his medals (he had just been given the titles "Animal Hero, First Class," and "Animal Hero, Second Class," respectively), his nine enormous dogs circling him, and growling, sending shivers down the spines of all the animals. They appeared to be aware that something horrible was about to happen as they all cowered silently in their positions.

While forcefully addressing his audience, Napoleon let out a high-pitched moan. Immediately, the dogs charged, grabbed four of the pigs by the ears, and pulled them to Napoleon's feet while they squealed in agony and horror. The dogs had eaten blood, the pigs' ears were bleeding, and for a brief period of time, they looked to be going completely crazy. Three of them threw themselves at Boxer, shocking everyone. When Boxer noticed them approaching, he extended his huge foot and caught a dog in midair, pinning him to the ground. The dog cried out for compassion, and the other two sprinted away while dragging their tails. Boxer stared at Napoleon to decide whether to kill the dog by crushing it or let it go. When Boxer lifted his hoof and obeyed Napoleon's stern request to let the dog go, the dog slithered away battered and screaming. Napoleon's expression looked to alter.

Currently the tumult died down. The four pigs were trembling as they waited, their faces etched with remorse. Napoleon now urged them to own up to their wrongdoing. The four pigs were the same ones that had objected when Napoleon ended the Sunday Meetings. They readily admitted that they had been in covert communication with

Snowball ever since his expulsion, that they had helped him damage the windmill, and that they had made a deal with him to give Mr. Frederick Animal Farm. Additionally, they said that Snowball had confided in them in private that he had served as Jones's secret agent for many years. When they were done confessing, the dogs immediately tore out their throats, and Napoleon then asked in a horrifying voice whether any more animals had anything to confess.

Now that Napoleon's instructions had been disobeyed, the three hens who had been the leaders of the attempted uprising over the eggs came forward and said that Snowball had visited them in a dream and inspired them to revolt. They were also massacred. When the previous year's crop was over, a goose came forward and admitted to hiding six ears of corn and eating them at night. Then, a sheep admitted to peeing in the drinking pool after being persuaded to do so, she said, by Snowball, and two other sheep admitted to killing an elderly ram who was a particularly loyal supporter of Napoleon by following him around a campfire while he was coughing. They were all immediately killed. As the story of confessions and executions continued, a heap of bodies eventually lay at Napoleon's feet, and the air was thick with the stench of blood, which had not been present there since Jones' ejection.

When it was all done, the animals fled in a body, with the exception of the pigs and dogs. They were distraught and unhappy. They were baffled as to whether the brutal punishment they had just witnessed or the betrayal of the

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animals that had allied themselves with Snowball was more appalling. Even greater carnage scenarios had occurred in the past frequently, but to them all, the current instances of it among themselves looked much worse. No animal has murdered another animal since Jones departed the property, and this is still the case today. Not a single rat had been eliminated. Clover, Muriel, Benjamin, the cows, sheep, and a large flock of geese and hens had all made their way to the small knoll where the half-completed windmill stood when they all fell silently to the ground, appearing to be huddling together for warmth, with the exception of the cat, who had mysteriously vanished just before Napoleon ordered the animals to assemble. Nobody talked for a while. Only Boxer was still standing. His long, black tail swished against his flanks as he paced back and forth, occasionally letting out a little whinny of surprise. At last, he said:

"I do not understand it. I never would have thought such things could occur on our farm. We must be at blame for it in some way. Working harder, in my opinion, is the answer. I'm going to start rising an hour earlier in the mornings going forward."

He then started running toward the quarry at his clumsy jog. As soon as he arrived, he began to gather two successive loads of stone, which he then brought to the windmill before retiring for the evening.

The animals gathered around Clover and remained silent. They had a broad view of the surrounding countryside from the hilltop where they were laying. They could see much of Animal Farm, including the ploughed

fields with young wheat that was thick and green and the red roofs of the farm buildings with smoke flowing from the chimneys, the long pasture that extended down to the main road, the hayfield, the spinney, and the drinking pool. It was a bright evening in April. The sun's even beams gilded the grass and the blooming hedges. The farm had never seemed like such an attractive location to the animals, and they were rather surprised to realize that it was their own farm, every square inch of it their own property. Clover's eyes started to well up with tears as she peered down the mountain. She would have said that this was not their goal when they began out years ago to work towards the extinction of the human species if she had been able to speak. They had not anticipated these scenes of terror and bloodshed when old Major initially incited them to rebel that evening. If she had imagined the future, it would have been of a society of animals freed from hunger and the whip, each working to the best of their abilities, and the strong protecting the weak, just as she had done on the night of Major's speech when she used her foreleg to protect the lost brood of ducklings. Instead—and she had no idea why—they had arrived at a moment when no one dared express an opinion, when vicious hounds howled everywhere, and when you had to watch your allies be murdered after confessing to horrifying crimes. She didn't consider rebelling against authority or disobeying orders. She was aware that the situation was far better than it had been during Jones' rule, even as it was, and that the return of humans needed to be stopped first and foremost.

Whatever occurred, she would continue to be devoted, put in a lot of effort, follow instructions, and submit to Napoleon's rule. However, she and all the other creatures had not hoped or labored for this. They did not construct the windmill or stand in Jones's gun's path for this reason. She had these ideas, but she was at a loss for words.

Finally, she started singing Beasts of England because she felt like it was a replacement for the words she couldn't find. The other animals seated around her began to sing it, and they did so three times, singing it in a manner they had never done before: extremely tunefully, slowly, and melancholy.

They had just completed singing it three times when Squealer approached them with two dogs in tow and pretended to have something significant to say. He declared that Beasts of England had been outlawed by the special order of Comrade Napoleon. It was now against the law to sing it.

The animals were surprised. Muriel shouted out, "Why?," "Comrade, it's no longer necessary," Squealer sternly replied. "The rebellion's song was Beasts of England. However, the Rebellion is now over. This afternoon's execution of the traitors was the last act. Both the exterior and internal foes have been vanquished. We conveyed our desire for a better society in the future through Beasts of England. But that society has already been created. This song obviously serves no function now."

Even though they were frightened, some of the animals may have objected, but at this very time, the sheep

started bleating in their typical manner, saying, "Four legs good, two legs bad," which ended the conversation after several minutes.

Beasts of England was therefore no longer heard. The poet Minimus had substituted another song in its place, and it began:

Animal Farm, Animal Farm,

Never through me shalt thou come to harm!

and this was sung each Sunday morning following flag hoisting. But for some reason, neither the words nor the music ever appeared to reach the level of *Beasts of England* to the animals.

CHAPTER 8

BATTLE OF THE
WINDMILL

A FEW days later, some of the animals remembered—or at least thought they remembered—that the Sixth Commandment forbade "No animal shall kill any other animal" after the first shock of the executions subsided. It was also thought that the killings that had occurred did not fit with this, despite the fact that no one cared to bring it up in front of the pigs or the dogs. When Benjamin, as usual, declined to get involved in such issues when Clover requested him to read her the Sixth Commandment, she went and got Muriel. For her, Muriel read the Commandment. "No animal should kill any other animal without justification," it said. The final two words had mysteriously vanished from the creatures' memories. Now, however, they saw that the Commandment had not been broken because it was obvious that executing the traitors who had allied themselves with Snowball was justified.

The animals put forth much more effort throughout

the year than they did the year before. It took a lot of labor to rebuild the windmill with walls twice as thick as before and complete it by the deadline while still tending to the farm's daily tasks. The animals occasionally had the impression that they were working longer hours and receiving the same quality of food as they had in Jones' day. On Sunday mornings, Squealer would recite to the group a list of statistics showing that, depending on the situation, the production of each category of food had grown by two hundred percent, three hundred percent, or five hundred percent. He did this while holding a long strip of paper with his trotter. Given that they could no longer vividly recall the circumstances before the Rebellion, the animals saw no reason to doubt him. However, there were times when they thought they would have preferred to eat more and have smaller bodies.

Now, Squealer or one of the other pigs took care of all orders. Napoleon seldom appeared in public, only once every two weeks. When Napoleon has finally shown there, he was accompanied by his entourage of dogs as well as a black cockerel who walked in front of him and served as a sort of trumpeter by crowing a loud "cock—a-doodle—doo" before speaking. According to legend, Napoleon lived in separate apartments from the others even in the farmhouse. He always ate from the Crown Derby dinner service that had been in the glass cabinet in the drawing room and took his meals alone with two dogs at his side. Additionally, it was announced that the gun would be discharged annually on the three anniversaries—

Napoleon's birthday, as well as the other two.

No longer was Napoleon referred to simply as "Napoleon." Napoleon was always addressed in a formal manner as "our Leader, Comrade," and the pigs enjoyed giving him fictitious names like "Father of All Animals," "Terror of Mankind," "Protector of the Sheepfold," "Friend of Ducklings," and others. Squealer would discuss Napoleon's intelligence, the kindness of heart, and the great love he bore for all animals everywhere in his speeches while wiping tears from his cheeks, especially the poor creatures that still lived in ignorance and servitude on other farms. It had become customary to attribute Napoleon's success to every accomplishment and a lucky break. One hen would frequently say to another, "Under the direction of our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, I have laid five eggs in six days," or two cows would exclaim, "What wonderful water this is, thanks to the direction of Comrade Napoleon!" *Comrade Napoleon*, a poem written by Minimus that read as follows, effectively captured the mood on the farm as follows:

Friend of fatherless!
 Fountain of happiness!
 Lord of the swill-bucket! Oh, how my soul is on
 Fire when I gaze at thy
 Calm and commanding eye,
 Like the sun in the sky,
 Comrade Napoleon!
 Thou are the giver of
 All that thy creatures love,

Full belly twice a day, clean straw to roll upon;
 Every beast great or small
 Sleeps at a peace in his stall,
 Thou watchest overall,
 Comrade Napoleon!
 Had I a sucking pig,
 Ere he had grown as big
 Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling pin,
 He should have learned to be
 Faithful and true to thee,
 Yes, his first squeak should be
 “Comrade Napoleon!”

In the large barn, on the wall opposite the Seven Commandments, Napoleon had a verse that he liked etched. Napoleon's profile image, painted by Squealer in white paint, adorned its top.

Meanwhile, Napoleon was in the middle of difficult discussions with Frederick and Pilkington with the help of Whymper. The stockpile of wood remained unsold. Frederick was the most eager of the two to acquire it, but he refused to make a fair offer. Currently, there were fresh rumors that Frederick and his soldiers were planning an attack on Animal Farm and the destruction of the windmill, whose construction had given rise to his ferocious envy. On Pinchfield Farm, Snowball was still said to be hiding. The animals were frightened to learn that three hens had come forward and admitted to being motivated by Snowball to join a conspiracy to kill Napoleon in the midst of the

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summer. They were instantly put to death, and new security measures were put in place for Napoleon's protection. A young pig named Pinkeye was assigned the responsibility of tasting all of his food before he consumed it in case it had been poisoned. Four dogs guarded his bed at night, one at each corner.

Around the same time, word spread that Napoleon had made plans to sell the lumber pile to Mr. Pilkington and was also planning to negotiate a regular trade deal for some goods between Animal Farm and Foxwood. The relations between Napoleon and Pilkington were now almost friendly, although solely using Whymper. Although they mistrusted Pilkington personally, the animals much preferred him over Frederick, whom they both dreaded and despised. The rumors of an upcoming perilous attack intensified as the summer progressed and the windmill got closer to completion. It was said that Frederick planned to bring twenty men against them, each equipped with a gun, and that he had already bought off the police and magistrates so that they would not challenge him if he ever obtained the title documents to Animal Farm. Further, dreadful rumors about the abuse Frederick inflicted on his animals were circulating from Pinchfield. He murdered a dog by tossing it into the furnace, starved his cows, put an elderly horse through the flogging mill, and spent his nights amusing himself by forcing cocks to battle with razor blade splinters fastened to their spurs. When the animals learned that their comrades were being mistreated, their blood boiled with wrath. At times, they cried out for permission

to assault Pinchfield Farm in a group, force the humans out, and release the animals. Squealer, however, advised them to hold off on making snap decisions and to have faith in Comrade Napoleon's plan.

However, animosity for Frederick stayed high. Napoleon revealed that he had never thought of selling Frederick the pile of wood when he first showed up in the barn one Sunday morning. He claimed that dealing with scoundrels of such caliber was beneath his dignity. The pigeons that were still being used to convey news of the Rebellion were not allowed to enter Foxwood and were also told to change their old rallying cry from "Death to Humanity" to "Death to Frederick." Another one of Snowball's schemes was exposed in the late summer. It was found that Snowball had mingled weed seeds with the seed corn during one of his nighttime trips, which explains why the wheat crop was overrun with weeds. One of the ganders involved in the scheme had admitted his guilt to Squealer and then killed himself by ingesting poisonous nightshade berries. The animals also discovered that Snowball had never been given the order of "Animal Hero7 First Class," contrary to what many of them had previously assumed. This was only a rumor that Snowball himself had circulated some time after the Battle of the Cowshed. He had received criticism for his cowardice during the conflict, not a decoration. Once more, several of the animals were perplexed when they heard this, but Squealer quickly persuaded them that their memories had been inaccurate.

The windmill was completed in the autumn after a

significant amount of laborious work since the crop had to be harvested practically simultaneously. The building was finished, but Whymper was still negotiating the purchase of the machinery that needed to be installed. The task had been completed on schedule even in the face of all obstacles, despite inexperience, rudimentary tools, poor luck, and Snowball's treachery! The animals went around their creation repeatedly, exhausted but proud, and it seemed even more stunning in their eyes than it had when it had originally been constructed. The walls also were twice as thick as they had been. This time, nothing less than explosives would do! They were exhausted, but their fatigue vanished as they whizzed around the windmill while shouting triumphantly as they remembered how hard they had worked, what setbacks they had overcome, and the enormous difference that would be made in their lives once the sails were turning and the dynamos were running. Napoleon himself came down to view the finished product, accompanied by his dogs and his cockerel. He praised the animals on their success and declared that the mill would henceforth be known as Napoleon Mill.

The animals were called into the barn for a special gathering two days later. When Napoleon revealed that he had sold the pile of lumber to Frederick, they were rendered speechless with shock. The day after tomorrow, Frederick's wagons would start towing it away. Napoleon had really been in covert accord with Frederick the entire while he appeared to be friends with Pilkington.

All relations with Foxwood had ended, and

Pilkington had received derogatory comments. The pigeons had been told to stay away from Pinchfield Farm and to change their call to "Death to Pilkington" from "Death to Frederick." The animals were also given assurance by Napoleon that the rumors of an impending attack on Animal Farm were false and that Frederick's cruelty to his own animals had been grossly exaggerated. All of these rumors were likely spread by Snowball and his agents. Snowball was reportedly living in remarkable comfort at Foxwood and had actually been a Pilkington pensioner for years. It was now clear that Snowball was not, after all, hiding on Pinchfield Farm and had never been there in his life.

Napoleon's cunning had the pigs in a trance. Pilkington had pushed Frederick to increase his price by twelve pounds by appearing to be friends with him. Yet, Squealer claimed that Napoleon's ability to think clearly was demonstrated by the fact that he had no one to put his faith in—not even Frederick. A "cheque," which seemed to be a piece of paper with a promise to pay printed on it, had been Frederick's preferred method of payment for the timber. Napoleon, though, was too shrewd for him. Before removing to the removal of the lumber, he had requested payment in genuine five-pound notes. Frederick had already made his payment, which was just enough to cover the cost of the windmill's equipment.

In the meanwhile, the lumber was being hauled away quickly. When everything had been consumed, a second special gathering was organized in the barn for the animals

to examine Frederick's cash. Napoleon laid back on the stage, wearing both of his awards and grinning pitifully. The cash was at his side, carefully arranged on a porcelain dish from the farmhouse kitchen. Each animal took in his or her fair share of the slow-moving herd. Boxer stretched out his nose to smell the banknotes, and his breath caused the papery white objects to rustle and move.

There was a terrible uproar three days later. Whymper, riding a bicycle and sporting a deathly pale face, sped up the path on it, threw it down in the yard, and charged into the farmhouse. A choke-inducing shout of wrath erupted from Napoleon's apartments the following instant. The story of what had transpired spread quickly throughout the farm. The banknotes were fakes, of course! Frederick had obtained the timber at no cost!

Napoleon instantly gathered the animals and delivered Frederick's death sentence in a horrifying voice. He recommended boiling Frederick alive when he was apprehended. He also forewarned them that following this malicious act, the worst was to come. The long-anticipated attack by Frederick and his men may happen at any time. Sentinels were positioned at each of the farm's entrances. In addition, four pigeons carrying a conciliation message were dispatched to Foxwood in the hopes that it might improve ties with Pilkington.

The attack occurred the very following morning. The lookouts rushed in with the report that Frederick and his companions had already entered the five-barred gate while the animals were eating breakfast. The animals bravely

charged forward to confront them, but they did not have the simple win they had at the Battle of the Cowshed. They had fifteen guys and six guns between them, and as soon as they were fifty yards away, they started firing. Despite Napoleon and Boxer's best efforts to unite the animals, the animals could not withstand the terrifying explosions and the painful pellets, and they were quickly driven back. Many of them had already sustained injuries. They sought shelter in the farm buildings and warily peered out of cracks and crevices. The adversary controlled the entire large meadow, including the windmill. For the time being, even Napoleon seems lost. His tail was tight and twitching as he walked up and down silently. Foxwood received pensive looks from the crowd. The day may yet be won if Pilkington and his men would cooperate. The four pigeons, although, who had been sent out the day before, arrived back at this same time, one of them carrying a scrap of paper from Pilkington. It had the words "Serves you right" written in pencil on it.

Frederick and his men had stopped near the windmill during this time. As the animals spotted them, there was a general murmur of horror. A crowbar and a sledgehammer had been produced by two of the men. They were going to smash the windmill.

Napoleon exclaimed, "Impossible! "We have much too thick of walls built for that. They failed to destroy it in a week. Comrades, have courage!"

Benjamin, though, kept a close eye on the men's actions. Near the windmill's base, the two using a hammer

and crowbar began digging a hole. Benjamin nodded his long muzzle slowly and with a hint of humor.

"I thought so," he said. "Are you blind to what they are doing? They will fill the hole with blasting powder in a moment."

The creatures waited in fear. It was now difficult to leave the safety of the buildings. The males were eventually observed rushing in various directions after a short while. Then a loud roar could be heard. All animals, with the exception of Napoleon, threw themselves flat on their stomachs and covered their faces as the birds spiraled into the air. When they stood back up, where the windmill had been, a massive cloud of black smoke was hanging in the air. The air slowly carried it away. The windmill was no longer there. "I thought so," he said. "You must be blind to what they are doing. They will fill the hole with blasting powder in a moment."

The animals' bravery was restored at this sight. Their fury at this heinous, abhorrent crime swept away the terror and misery they had just experienced. After a loud shout of vengeance, they immediately pushed forward as a group and headed right for their adversaries. This time, they paid no attention to the cruel pellets that rained down on them like hail. It was a brutal, acrimonious conflict. The guys opened fire repeatedly as the creatures drew near, lashing out with their sticks and bulky boots as they did so. Nearly everyone was hurt, and four animals—a cow, three lambs, and two geese—were slaughtered. Even Napoleon, who was overseeing things from behind, got the tip of his tail

damaged by a projectile. However, the men did not escape harm either. Boxer's hoofs shattered the skulls of three of them; a cow horn gored one in the stomach; another had his pants almost ripped off by Jessie and Bluebell. Panic struck the troops when the nine dogs of Napoleon's personal bodyguard, whom he had ordered to take a diversion behind the hedge, suddenly materialized on their flank and began baying viciously. They could see that they were in risk of being encircled. When Frederick yelled to his soldiers to go while the going was good, the cowardly enemy immediately fled for his life. The animals pursued them all the way to the bottom of the field, and as they tried to squeeze through the thorny hedge, they delivered a few last kicks to them.

Although they had won, they were worn out and bleeding. They started to hobble back to the farm slowly. Some of them were brought to tears by the sight of their deceased teammates lying on the field. At the spot where the windmill had previously stood, they came to a brief stop and stood there in silent sadness. Yes, it was gone; practically all signs of their labour were have vanished! Even just the foundations have some damage. And unlike before, they were unable to employ the broken stones in its reconstruction this time. The stones had also disappeared this time. They had been thrown hundreds of yards by the explosion's intensity. It appeared as though the windmill had never been.

Squealer, who had mysteriously been gone during the fighting, came bouncing towards them, waving his tail,

and grinning with glee as they got closer to the property. The somber booming of a cannon could be heard coming from the direction of the farm buildings by the animals.

Boxer said, "What is that gun firing for?"

Squealer said, "To celebrate our victory."

"What victory?" questioned Boxer. In addition to having broken and bleeding knees, a dozen pellets had also embedded themselves in his back leg. He also had lost a shoe.

"What victory, comrade? Have we not expelled the adversary from our territory—the holy ground of Animal Farm?" "However, they smashed the windmill. Additionally, we spent two years working on it!"

"Who cares? We'll construct another windmill. If we want to, we will construct six windmills. You don't understand, comrade, what a great accomplishment we have accomplished. The area on which we are standing was under enemy possession. And today, under Comrade Napoleon's guidance, we have reclaimed every square inch of it!"

"Then we have won back what we had before," said Boxer.

"That is our victory," said Squealer.

Once in the yard, they stumbled. Boxer's leg was covered in sharp pellets that stung painfully. He mentally prepared himself for the difficult work of rebuilding the windmill from the ground up since he could see it ahead of him. But for the first time, he realized that he was eleven years old and that his powerful muscles might not be as

strong as they previously were.

Unfortunately, the animals did believe they had won a significant victory when they saw the green flag fluttering, heard the gun fire once more (it really fired seven times), and heard Napoleon congratulate them for their behavior in his speech. A solemn funeral was held for the animals killed during the battle. Napoleon led the parade as Boxer and Clover hauled the cart acting as a hearse. Celebrations took place for two entire days. A special present of an apple was given to every animal, along with two ounces of corn for each bird and three biscuits for each dog, during music, speeches, and further gunfire. It was reported that Napoleon had invented a new award, the Order of the Green Banner, which he had bestowed upon himself, and that the conflict would be known as the Battle of the Windmill. The sad situation with the banknotes was overlooked in the widespread rejoicings.

A few days after this, the pigs discovered a case of whiskey in the farmhouse's cellars. When the home was initially occupied, it had been forgotten about. That evening, a loud singing sound emanated from the farmhouse, and to everyone's astonishment, it included some Beasts of England-related songs. Napoleon was clearly seen coming out the back door at half past nine, galloping quickly across the yard, and then vanishing back inside while donning an old bowler hat from Mr. Jones. Nevertheless, a hush fell over the farmhouse in the morning. No pigs seemed to be moving. Squealer first appeared just before nine o'clock, moving slowly and

dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail dangling haphazardly behind him, and giving off every indication that he was severely unwell. He gathered the animals and announced that he had some sad news to share. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

There was a lamenting cry. Outside the farmhouse's doors, there was straw spread out, and the animals were forced to tread carefully. They exchanged questions about what to do in the event that their Leader were to be taken from them while crying. There was a rumor that Snowball had actually devised a way to poison Napoleon's meals. Squealer emerged to make another statement at eleven o'clock. Comrade Napoleon had delivered a solemn proclamation that the consumption of alcohol would be punishable by death as his final deed before departing this world.

Napoleon did, however, seem to be getting better by the evening, and the next morning Squealer was able to inform them that he was making good progress. Napoleon had returned to work by that evening, and the next day it was discovered that he had given Whymper instructions to buy several books on brewing and distilling at Willingdon. After a week, Napoleon issued the order to plow up the tiny paddock beyond the orchard, which had previously been designated as a grazing area for animals that had completed their task. The pasture was said to be worn out and in need of reseeded, but it quickly emerged that Napoleon planned to sow it with barley.

Around this period, a weird thing happened that few

people could explain. The animals scrambled from their stables after hearing a huge smash in the yard one night around midnight. It was a moonlight night. A broken ladder sat at the base of the large barn's end wall, which had the writing of the Seven Commandments. In addition to Squealer, who was momentarily shocked, there was also a light, a paintbrush, and an empty container of white paint nearby. When Squealer was able to stand, the dogs quickly formed a ring around him and led him back to the farmhouse. Except for old Benjamin, who nodded his muzzle with a knowing attitude and appeared to understand but would not speak, none of the animals could comprehend what this meant.

Nonetheless, Muriel discovered that there was yet more commandment that the animals had misremembered when she recited the Seven Commandments aloud to herself a few days later. They mistakenly believed that the Fifth Commandment said that "No animal shall drink alcohol," but there were two more words. The actual commandment stated: "No animal shall drink alcohol to excess."

CHAPTER 9

**BOXER'S CRUEL
DEATH**

Boxer's split hoof took a while to mend. Boxer refused to take even a day off work and made it a point of honor not to let it be obvious that he was in agony. They had begun the reconstruction of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were over. He would confide in Clover on the nights that the hoof much bothered him. Clover applied herbal poultices to the hoof that she made by chewing the plants, and she and Benjamin both pushed Boxer to work less hard. She said to him "A horse's lungs did not last forever." Boxer, though, was non-responsive. He claimed that his last true goal was completing the windmill before reaching retirement age.

When the statutes of Animal Farm were initially established, the retirement age was set at twelve for horses and pigs, fourteen for cows, nine for dogs, seven for sheep,

and five for chickens and geese. Liberal pensions for the elderly had been decided. Although no animals had really retired on pension as of yet, the topic had recently become more and more popular. It was said that a portion of the vast pasture was going to be walled off and used as a grazing area for superannuated animals now that the little field beyond the orchard had been designated for barley. According to legend, a horse's pension consisted of five pounds of grain each day, fifteen pounds of hay during the winter, and a carrot or perhaps an apple on public holidays. The following year's late summer was when Boxer was expected to turn twelve.

Life was difficult there at time. The food was considerably shorter and the winter was just as cold as the previous one. All rations were again cut, with the exception of those for the pigs and dogs. According to Squealer, the principles of animalism would have been violated by too strict equality in rations. In any event, he had no trouble convincing the other animals that, despite appearances, they had plenty of food. While it had been decided that rations needed to be readjusted for the time being (Squealer always spoke of it as a "readjustment", never as a "reduction"), the situation had much improved compared to Jones' time. In a loud, rapid reading of the numbers, he showed them in great detail that they had more oats, hay, and turnips than they had in Jones's time, that they worked fewer hours and had better water to drink, that they lived longer and had more infants survive, that they had more straw in their stalls and had fewer flea problems. The

animals accepted it at face value. In actuality, their memories of Jones and everything he stood for had nearly completely vanished. They were aware that current life was hard and unforgiving, that they frequently went without food or heat, and that they typically worked when they weren't sleeping. Yet, it is likely that things were worse in the past. They were happy to think so. In addition, they had been slaves back then, but now that they were free, as Squealer was quick to point out, that was what really made a difference.

There were now a great deal more people to feed. The four sows had produced thirty-one young pigs between them during the autumn's simultaneous littering. Napoleon was the only boar on the farm, therefore it was able to determine their parentage since the young pigs were piebald. It was reported that a schoolroom would be constructed in the farmhouse garden after the acquisition of bricks and timber. Napoleon personally instructed the young pigs in the kitchen of the farmhouse for the time being. They got their exercise in the garden because playing with the other young animals was forbidden. Around this time, it was also established as law that all pigs, regardless of size, had the right to wear green ribbons on their tails on Sundays and that any other animal approaching a pig on the way had to move aside.

Despite having a reasonably profitable year, the farm was still in need of money. For the schoolroom, it was required to buy bricks, sand, and lime. It was also necessary to start accumulating money once more for the windmill's

mechanism. Along with the standard substitutes like tools, nails, string, coal, wire, scrap iron, and dog biscuits, there was also lamp oil and candles for the home, sugar for Napoleon's personal table (which he disallowed for the other pigs on the grounds that it made them fat), and sugar for the household. The contract for eggs was extended to six hundred a week, and a stump of hay and a portion of the potato harvest were sold off. As little more than a result, the chickens barely produced enough chicks that year to maintain their numbers at the same level. The December ration cuts were carried over into February, and lamps in the booths were outlawed to conserve oil. But, the pigs appeared to be content and, if anything, were gaining weight. One afternoon in late February, the little brewhouse that stood beyond the kitchen had been abandoned in Jones' time and was emitting a warm, rich, enticing aroma that the animals had never noticed before as it floated across the yard. It was purportedly the aroma of boiling barley. Hunger-stricken, the animals smelt the air and wondered if a warm mash was being made for their dinner. However, no warm mash materialized, and the next Sunday it was declared that all further barley would be set aside for the pigs. Barley had already been planted in the area that was beyond the orchard. And soon word spread that every pig was now given a daily beer ration of one pint, with half a gallon reserved for Napoleon and always presented to him in the Crown Derby soup tureen.

The fact that life today has more dignity than it had in the past helps to somewhat balance the trials that must

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be endured. Songs, speeches, and processions all increased. Napoleon had ordered that a Spontaneous Demonstration, which was intended to honor Animal Farm's efforts and victories, be staged once a week. The animals would quit their jobs at the designated time and military formation of battle around the farm's boundary, with the pigs leading the horses, cows, sheep, and poultry. The dogs followed the parade on either side, with Napoleon's black cockerel leading the way. Boxer and Clover usually held a green banner with the words "Long live Comrade Napoleon!" with a hoof and horn symbol between them. After that, poetry written in honor of Napoleon was spoken, Squealer gave a speech detailing the most recent gains in food production, and sometimes a gunshot was fired. The sheep were the biggest fans of Spontaneous Demonstrations, and if anyone objected (as some animals occasionally did when pigs or dogs weren't around) that they were inconvenient and required a lot of standing around in the cold, the sheep were sure to put him to rest with a loud "Four legs good, two legs bad!" bleating. But for the most part, the animals delighted in these festivities. Being reassured that they were, after all, genuinely their own masters and that the job they did was for their own advantage gave them peace. As a result, they were able to forget that their stomachs were empty for at least some of the time thanks to the songs, processions, Squealer's lists of figures, the thunder of the gun, the crowing of the cockerel, and the flapping of the flag.

After Animal Farm was declared a republic in April, a president had to be chosen. Napoleon was the sole

contender and won with a unanimous vote. On the same day, news broke that new papers had been found that provided more information on Snowball's collaboration with Jones. It was now clear that Snowball had been fighting openly for Jones, as opposed to the animals' earlier assumption that he had only tried to use a plan to lose the Battle of the Cowshed. He had actually been in charge of the human forces and had yelled, "Long live Humanity!" as he surged into combat. A number of the animals could still recall seeing the scars Napoleon's fangs had left on Snowball's back.

Moses the raven unexpectedly returned to the farm in the midst of the summer after a prolonged absence. He continued to do nothing and spoke about Sugarcandy Mountain in the same monotone manner as before. His black wings would flap as he perched on a stump and spoke for hours to everyone who would listen. He would sternly address his companions, "Up there, comrades," pointing to the sky with his enormous beak. "There it lays, Sugarcandy Mountain, that lovely region where we poor creatures shall rest for eternity from our labours," he would remark. He further stated that he had been there on one of his higher flights and had witnessed the perpetual clover fields, linseed cake, and lump sugar that were blooming from the fences. Many of the animals accepted his account. They believed that since their current lives were miserable and difficult, it was only fair and appropriate that a better world should exist someplace else. The pigs' attitude toward Moses was one element that was difficult to assess. Despite

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their unanimous declarations of scorn that his claims concerning Sugarcandy Mountain were false, they nonetheless permitted him to stay on the property, idle, with access to one gill of beer every day.

Boxer put forth more effort than ever when his hoof had fully recovered. In fact, that year, every animal labored like a slave. In addition to the farm's routine tasks and the windmill's reconstruction, work got underway in March to create a schoolhouse for the young pigs. Sometimes it was difficult to endure the long hours on inadequate food, but Boxer never failed. Nothing he said or suggested that his strength had diminished from what it had been. The only minor change to his look was that his enormous haunches appeared to have shrunk and his hide was less lustrous than before. The others predicted that Boxer would perk up once the spring grass emerged, but when spring finally arrived, Boxer didn't gain any weight. Sometimes, when he braced his muscles against the weight of a large rock on the hill leading to the top of the quarry, it appeared that the only thing keeping him upright was his will to keep going. When this happened, it was observed that his lips were forming the words "I will work harder"; he was voiceless. Boxer ignored the repeated advice from Clover and Benjamin to take care of his health. It was soon his twelfth birthday. As long as there was a good stock of stone collected before he went on pension, he didn't care what occurred.

One late summer evening, a rumor that something had happened to Boxer spread around the property. To

carry a load of stone down to the windmill, he had gone out by himself. And indeed, the rumor was accurate.

A short while later, two pigeons swooped in with the following information: "Boxer is down. He is on his side and can't get up."

The majority of the farm's animals sprinted over to the windmill's location on the knoll. Boxer was lying there, between the cart's shafts, with his neck stretched out and unable to even lift his head.

"Boxer!" she cried, "How are you?"

Boxer stated, "It is my lung," in a broken voice. "It makes no difference. Without me, I believe you can complete the windmill. There has gathered a huge supply of stone. In any event, I only had another month left. To be quite honest, I had been looking forward to retiring. They might even let Benjamin retire at the same time as me and stay with me since he is also becoming older."

"We must get help at once", said Clover. "Run, somebody, and tell Squaler what has happened".

In order to inform Squealer of the news, all the other animals hurried back to the farmhouse right away. Only Benjamin⁷ and Clover were left. Benjamin⁷ sat at Boxer's side and used his long tail to repel flies while remaining silent. Squealer finally showed there after almost a quarter of an hour, beaming with sympathy and worry. He reported that Comrade Napoleon had made plans to take Boxer to the Willingdon hospital for treatment after learning of this disaster to one of the farm's most devoted

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workers with the utmost grief. This caused the animals to get a bit nervous. The only animals who had ever left the farm were Mollie and Snowball, and they did not like to think of their ailing companion under the care of people. Squealer was able to persuade them, though, that Boxer's condition could be treated more successfully in Willingdon than they could on the farm. Boxer struggled to get to his feet but eventually managed to stagger back to his stall, where Clover and Benjamin had made him a comfortable bed of straw, approximately thirty minutes later, after he had partially recovered.

Boxer stayed in his stall for the following two days. After meals, twice a day, Clover gave Boxer a huge bottle of pink medication that the pigs had sent out after discovering it in the bathroom's medicine chest. She would converse to him while lying in his stall in the night as Benjamin kept the flies away. Boxer claimed he was not apologetic about what had occurred. He anticipated the tranquil days he would spend in the far corner of the large pasture because if he made a full recovery, he may expect to live another three years. For the first time, he would have the free time to study and sharpen his mind. He said that he planned to spend the remainder of his time memorizing the alphabet's final twenty-two letters.

Boxer could only be with Benjamin and Clover after working hours, and the van arrived to pick him up in the middle of the day. The animals were startled to find Benjamin rushing from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his lungs when they were all busy

weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig. In fact, it was the first time anyone had ever witnessed Benjamin galloping. It was the first time they had ever seen Benjamin enthusiastic. He said, "Quick, quick!," "Come right away! Boxer is being removed by them!" The animals stopped what they were doing and sprinted back to the farm buildings without waiting for commands from the pig. The massive closed van with letters on its side was there in the yard, being pulled by two horses. The driver was a sly-appearing man wearing a low-crowned bowler hat. Boxer's stall was also unfilled.

The animals crowded around the van. "Goodbye, Boxer!" they chorused, "Goodbye".

"Fools! Fools! "Benjamin yelled while galloping around them and tamping the ground with his little hooves. "Fools! Do you not see the writing on the van's side?"

The animals were hesitant after that, and there was silence. Muriel started writing the words out. Yet, Benjamin shoved her aside and, among a lethal quiet, read:

"Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer, and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Sells hides and bone meal. Do you not understand what "Kennels Supplied" means? Boxer is being sent to the junkyard!"

All the animals let out a horrified yell. The van left the yard at a quick clip as the man on the box at this point whipped up his horses. The whole animal kingdom followed, howling furiously. Clover made a strong move to get in ahead. The vehicle picked up pace as it moved. Clover managed to canter despite her efforts to rouse her strong

limbs to a gallop. "Boxer!" she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" Boxer's face with the white stripe down his snout suddenly emerged at the little window at the rear of the vehicle at this same time, as though he had heard the commotion outside.

Clover said in a dreadful voice, "Boxer!" "Boxer! Get away! Escape immediately! They're taking you to your death!"

"Get out, Boxer, get out!" was cried out by all the animals. However, the van had already begun to pick up speed and was moving away from them. Uncertainty surrounded Boxer's understanding of Clover's words. But shortly after, his face vanished from the glass, and the van suddenly began to rumble with the sound of hoofs. He was trying to kick his way out. A couple of kicks from Boxer's hooves then would have reduced the van to matchwood. But sadly, his strength had failed him, and the sound of beating hooves quickly faded away. The creatures' desperate pleas to the two horses caused the vehicle to come to a stop. They yelled, "Comrades, comrades!" "Don't send your own brother go to die!" The brutes, unfortunately, just shifted their ears back and accelerated their speed since they were too foolish to understand what was going on. At the window, Boxer's face did not reappear. Someone tried to close the five-barred gate too late, but in a flash the van had passed through and was speeding away down the road. Boxer disappeared without a trace.

Three days later, it was revealed that he had passed away at the Willingdon hospital despite receiving all the care a horse could need. Squealer arrived to inform the

others of the news. He claimed to have been present for Boxer's last hours.

Squealer lifted his trotter, wiped a tear from his eye, and said, "It was the most moving sight I have ever seen!" "Last but not least, I was at his bedside. He then said in my ear, almost too weak to talk, that his only regret was dying before the windmill was completed. 'Forward, comrades!' he whispered. 'Forward in the name of the Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Napoleon, long live the Comrade! Napoleon is always right.' Those were his very last words, comrades."

Squealer's attitude abruptly shifted at this point. Before continuing, he paused for a few periods and gave suspicious sideways looks with his small eyes.

He claimed that he had learned that a malicious and ignorant rumor had been spread at the time of Boxer's removal. Some of the animals assumed that Boxer was being brought to the knacker's after noticing that the van that picked up Boxer was tagged "Horse Slaughterer." Squealer found the idea that any animal could be that stupid to be nearly inconceivable. They knew better than that, they exclaimed indignantly, "Surely they recognized their beloved Leader, Comrade Napoleon," as he skipped and waved his tail. But it was actually a really straightforward answer. The veterinary surgeon had purchased the van, which had formerly belonged to the knacker but had not yet removed the old name. That was how the mistake had occurred.

The news of this enormously comforted the animals.

ANIMAL FARM

Their last doubts vanished when Squealer continued to describe Boxer's deathbed in graphic detail, as well as the excellent care he had received and the pricey medicines that Napoleon had paid for without considering the cost. This also helped to lessen their sorrow over their comrade's passing by reminding them that at least he had died happy

The next Sunday morning at the meeting, Napoleon himself made an appearance and presented a brief oration in Boxer's honor.

A grocer's van arrived from Willingdon on the banquet day and dropped down a huge wooden crate at the farmhouse. That evening, loud singing could be heard, followed by what appeared to be a furious argument, which concluded at around eleven o'clock with a huge smash of glass. The next day, before noon, no one moved in the farmhouse, and rumors spread that the pigs had somehow managed to come by the cash to buy themselves another case of whisky.

CHAPTER 10

**ANIMAL FARM
BECOMES MANNER
FARM**

YEARS passed. Seasons came and went, and the brief animal lives passed quickly. Except for Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a few of the pigs, nobody else could remember life before the Rebellion at one point.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones has also died; at a home for drunkards in a different region of the country. Snowball was forgotten. Except for the few people who had known him, Boxer had been forgotten. Clover was a hefty elderly mare with rheumy eyes and tight joints by this point. Although she was two years older than the required retirement age, no animal had ever truly retired. The idea of designating a portion of the pasture for retired animals was long ago

forgotten. Napoleon weighed twenty-four stone at this point and was a mature boar. Squealer was so obese that it was impossible for him to see out of his eyes. With the exception of having a bit more gray around the muzzle and becoming more depressed and reserved than ever since Boxer's passing, only old Benjamin remained largely unchanged.

On the farm, there were suddenly a lot more animals, albeit the growth was not as significant as in previous years. Many animals had been born to people for whom the Rebellion was merely a distant memory that had been passed on by word o mouth, while others had been bought who had never heard of such a thing before. Along with Clover, the farm now had three horses. They were kind creatures, willing workers, and nice friends, but they lacked common sense. None of them had any aptitude for learning the alphabet past the letter B. Especially from Clover, whom they had almost filial regard for, they accepted all that was said to them about the Rebellion and the ideas of Animalism, though it was questionable that they truly comprehended any of it.

The farm had improved in prosperity and organization, and it had even grown by two fields that had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The farm now had its own threshing machine and hay elevator, as well as other new structures, and the windmill had finally been completed successfully. Whymper had invested in a dog cart. But it turned out that the windmill had not produced any electricity. It generated a substantial financial profit and was used to grind maize.

Another windmill was being constructed by the animals, and it was reported that the dynamos would be added once it was complete. The luxury of electric lighting, hot and cold water, and the three-day workweek, however, of which Snowball had previously encouraged the animals to dream, were no longer spoken. Such ideas, according to Napoleon, were against the spirit of Animalism. He asserted that hard labor and modest living were the keys to real happiness.

Except for the pigs and dogs, it looked as though the farm had become wealthier without increasing the wealth of the animals. Perhaps some of this was brought on by a large number of pigs and dogs. It wasn't that these critters weren't productive in their manner. Squealer never got weary of describing the never-ending labour involved in managing and organizing the farm. A large portion of this work was of a nature that the other animals couldn't possibly understand. For instance, Squealer told them that the pigs had to put in a great deal of effort every day to produce enigmatic items referred to as "files," "reports," "minutes," and "memoranda." Large sheets of paper were required, and after they were completely covered in writing, they were burned in the furnace. Squealer declared that this was of paramount importance for the farm's welfare. Although there were plenty of them and their appetites were always good, neither pigs nor dogs generated any food through their own labour.

As far as they were aware, the others' lives were continuing exactly as they had in the past. They worked in the fields, were typically hungry, slept on straw, drinking

from a pool, and were bothered by flies in the summer and the cold in the winter. The elder members of the group would occasionally rummage through their hazy memories to try to decide if Jones' expulsion from the Rebellion earlier on had made things better or worse than they were today. They were unable to recall. Nothing existed against which they could compare their current lives; all they had were Squealer's lists of figures, which consistently showed that things were better and better. The animals couldn't solve the issue, and they didn't have much time to speculate right now anyhow. Only Old Benjamin claimed to recall every aspect of his lengthy existence and to be aware that neither things nor circumstances could ever be much better or worse—hunger, hardship, and disappointment, according to him, being the unalterable laws of life.

The animals, however, never gave up. Moreover, they never once lost their feeling of pride and privilege in belonging to Animal Farm. They were still the sole farm run and owned by animals in the entire county—in all of England! None of them, not even the youngest, not even the newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever stopped being in awe of it. The expulsion of Jones, the creation of the Seven Commandments, and the great wars in which the human invaders had been routed were all topics of conversation that were brought up whenever they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag flapping at the masthead. None of the old dreams had been given up. When human feet stopped walking on England's lush green fields, the

Republic of the Animals, which Major had prophesied, was still believed in. It might not happen soon or even during the lifespan of any currently surviving species, but it was coming anyway. Every animal on the farm knew the tune to *Beasts of England*, but no one would have dared to sing it out loud. It's possible that the tune was even occasionally sung in private. Even though their lives were difficult and not all of their expectations had materialized, they were aware that they stood out from other animals. If they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves; if they went hungry, it wasn't because they had to feed oppressive people. None of the animals there stood on two legs. No creature ever addressed another as "Master." Animals were equal to one another.

Early in the summer, Squealer led the sheep to a waste area that had gotten overrun with birch trees at the opposite end of the property after ordering them to do so. Under Squealer's watch, the sheep spent the entire day there nibbling on the leaves. He went back to the farmhouse by himself that evening, but because it was warm outside, he instructed the sheep to remain put. They stayed there for a full week, during which time the other animals did not see them, and that was how it came to an end. Squealer spent most of every day with them. He claimed to be instructing them in a brand-new tune that required seclusion.

The sound of a startled horse's neighing came from the yard shortly after the sheep had returned, on a nice evening when the animals had done their job and were making their way back to the farm buildings. The animals froze in their

tracks when startled. The voice was Clover's. Once more, she neighed, causing all the animals to gallop and stampede into the yard. Then they witnessed what Clover had witnessed.

It was a pig moving around on its back legs. Yes, Squealer was there. He was walking across the yard a bit uncomfortably as if he weren't quite used to bearing his large size in that position, but he had great balance. A line of pigs came out of the farmhouse shortly after, all of them standing on their hind legs. Some did it more masterfully than others, a few seemed a little unstable and as though they would have appreciated the help of a stick, but each and every one of them completed it successfully around the yard. Finally, after much dog barking and a loud crowing from the black cockerel, Napoleon himself emerged, standing magnificently straight and glaring arrogantly in all directions. His dogs were also playing about him.

The whip he carried was in his trotter. A dreadful hush descended. The animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly around the yard as they huddled together in amazement and fear. It appeared as though everything had been flipped inside out. There came a time after the first shock subsided when, in spite of everything—in spite of their fear of the dogs and the long-standing custom of never criticizing or complaining no matter what—they may have spoken some word of complaint. But all the sheep suddenly began to bleat loudly at that precise instant, as though at a signal.

“Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two

legs better! Four legs good, two legs better!”

It continued without stopping for five minutes. By the time the sheep had calmed down, it was too late to voice any objections since the pigs had already marched back inside the farmhouse.

At his shoulder, Benjamin felt a nose nudge him. He spun around. Clover was there. Her aged eyes were duller than ever before. Without saying a word, she gave his mane a gentle pull and guided him to the end of the large barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. They remained still for a few minutes, staring at the white lettering on the tattooed tatted wall.

She eventually responded, "My sight is failing." "Even as a small child, I was unable to read what was written there. But that wall seems to seem different to me. Benjamin, are the Seven Commandments still the same as they used to be?"

For once, Benjamin agreed to violate his rule and read the writing on the wall to her. There was just one Commandment left there at this point. It ran:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL BUT SOME ANIMALS
ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHER

Considering that, it did not seem odd when the pigs who were overseeing the farm's work the following day all carried whips in their trotters. Finding out that the pigs had purchased a wireless set for themselves, were making plans to install a phone, and had subscribed to John Bull, TitBits,

and the Daily Mirror did not strike them as unusual.

A week later, numerous dogcarts arrived at the property in the afternoon. A group of nearby farmers had been invited to visit the inspection site. They were taken on a tour of the entire farm, and they were quite complimentary of everything they saw, especially the windmill. The turnip field was being weeded by the animals. They toiled carefully, rarely lifting their heads off the ground, and unsure of whether they should be more afraid of the humans or the pigs.

The farmhouse was filled with raucous laughing and song bursts that evening. The animals were startled with interest when they heard the jumbled sounds. What might be going on inside now that animals and humans were interacting on an equal footing for the first time? They started moving as silently as they could into the farmhouse garden as a group. At the gate, they stood still, hesitant to continue, but Clover showed them the way inside. Animals that were tall enough glanced in through the dining room window as they crept up to the house on tiptoe. Dozens of farmers and dozens of the more prominent pigs were seated around the long table, with Napoleon taking the honorary place at the head of the table. The pigs on their seats looked to be at peace. The group was playing cards, but they stopped, for the time being, apparently to raise a toast.

A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being refilled with beer. The animals' bewildered looks as they peered in through the glass went unnoticed.

With his cup in hand, Mr. Pilkington of Foxwood had risen to his feet. He said that he would make a toast in a minute to the current company. There were a few things he thought he needed to say first, though, so he did so.

He stated that feeling that a protracted period of mistrust and misunderstanding had finally come to an end was a big source of happiness for him and, he was certain, for everyone else in attendance. There was a time when the esteemed owners of Animal Farm were regarded by their human neighbors, he would not say with hatred, but perhaps with a certain amount of misgiving. Not that he or any of the present company had shared such feelings, but there had been a time. Unlucky events had happened, and mistaken ideas had been common. The existence of a pig farm that was also run by humans has been perceived as odd and perhaps uncomfortable for the neighborhood. Too many farmers had concluded without doing their research that such a farm would have a spirit of latitude and indiscipline. They had been anxious about how it might affect their own animals or even their human workers. But suddenly, all such doubts were eliminated. What did he and his buddies discover after touring Animal Farm today and looking at every square inch of it? Not just the most up-to-date methods, but also a level of discipline and organization that should serve as a model for all farmers everywhere. He thought he was right when he said that the lower animals on Animal Farm worked harder and ate less than any other animals in the county. In fact, he and his other guests today had seen a lot of things that they wanted to implement right

away on their own farms.

He said that he would emphasize the friendly relations that existed and should exist between Animal Farm and its neighbors before concluding his speech. There was no conflict of interest between pigs and people, and there never will be. Their troubles and sufferings were all interconnected. The labour issue wasn't the same everywhere? Here it became clear that Mr. Pilkington was going to surprise the group with a perfectly prepared witticism, however, for a moment, he was overtaken with laughter and unable to speak. He struggled to get it out while his numerous chins became purple from choking:

“If you have your lower animals to contend with”, he said, “We have our lower classes!”

This bon mot set the table in a roar; Mr. Pilkington once again congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours, and the general absence of pampering he had observed on Animal Farm.

Finally, he announced, he would invite the company to rise to their feet and check that their glasses were filled. "Gentlemen", " Gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm", Mr. Pilkington said.

There was enthusiastic cheering and stamping of feet. Napoleon left his seat and walked around the table to knock Mr. Pilkington's mug against his before emptying it because he was so glad. After the applause faded, Napoleon, who had remained standing, hinted that he too had a few words to say.

Napoleon always kept his talks brief and to the point.

He too, he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. He had cause to believe that some malicious opponent had been spreading tales for a long time that his colleagues and I had a subversive or even revolutionary perspective. They had been accused of attempting to incite animal revolt on neighboring farms. There is no possible way that this is true! They always wanted to coexist peacefully with their neighbors and have normal business relations with them. He went on to say that the farm he had the honour of running was a cooperative business.

He asserted that he did not believe any of the previous rumors persisted, but recent adjustments to the farm's routine should have the desired effect of boosting confidence even further. Until recently, the farm's animals had a very silly ritual of calling one another "Comrade." This needed to be stopped. A very bizarre tradition that had no known origin was parading every Sunday morning by a boar's skull that had been nailed to a post in the garden. The skull had already been buried, and this would also be concealed. His visitors may have also noticed the green flag flying from the masthead. If it is then, they could have seen that the white hoof and horn that had previously been used to indicate it had been taken away. Going forward, it would just be a plain green flag.

He claimed that he only had one critique of Mr. Pilkington's wonderful and neighborly remarks. All along, Mr. Pilkington had made references to "Animal Farm." Napoleon could not have known that the term "Animal

Farm" had been dropped because he was only now publicly proclaiming it. The farm's new name would be "The Manor Farm," which was, in his opinion, its proper and original name.

"Gentlemen," concluded Napoleon, "I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Give your glasses a full fill. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!" Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!"

The same enthusiastic shouting as previously was heard, and the cups were filled to the brim. However, the animals outside noticed something odd going on as they observed the incident. What exactly had changed in the pigs' faces? Old, dull eyes of Clover flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five, others four, and still others three chins. What, though, appeared to be dissolving and changing? Following the cessation of applause, the company picked up their cards to resume the game that had been paused, and the animals quietly retreated.

Unfortunately, they had scarcely advanced twenty yards when they came to a sudden stop. The farmhouse was filled with a cacophony of voices. They hurried back and took another peek out the window. Yes, a heated argument was taking place. There were yells, bangs on the table, suspicious looks, and enraged denials. Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington both looked to have played an ace of spades at the same time, which seemed to be the root of the problem.

There were twelve voices yelling angrily, and they were all the same. There was no longer any doubt as to what had occurred to the pigs' faces. The animals outside turned their heads from pig to man, then from man to pig, then back to man again, although it was already hard to tell which was which.

A b o u t t h e A u t h o r

George Orwell, pseudonym of Eric Arthur Blair, (born June 25, 1903, Motihari, Bengal, India and died January 21, 1950, London, England), English novelist, essayist, and critic famous for his novels *Animal Farm* (1945) and *Nineteen Eighty-four* (1949), the latter a profound anti-utopian novel that examines the dangers of totalitarian rule.

Born Eric Arthur Blair, Orwell never entirely abandoned his original name, but his first book, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, appeared in 1933 as the work of George Orwell (the surname he derived from the beautiful River Orwell in East Anglia). In time his nom de plume became so closely attached to him that few people but relatives knew his real name was Blair. The change in name corresponded to a profound shift in Orwell's lifestyle, in which he changed from a pillar of the British imperial establishment into a literary and political rebel.

GEORGE ORWELL

A c k n o w l e d g m e n t s