South Valley University

Faculty of Education

Course: Novel (4)
Fourth Year Primary
Department of English
Academic Year: 2022-2023
First Term

Compiled with an Introduction, Critical Analysis and Textual Notes

by

Dr. Mostafa Abdelrahim

Basic Information:
Faculty of Education
Fourth Year Primary
Major: English
Course: Novel (4)
Pages: 154

Table of Contents

Introduction

Animal Farm was written by George Orwell whose real name was Eric Blair in 1945, i.e. about 77 years ago. A simple analysis of the title of this novel indicates that the novel tells the story of a group of animals that live on a certain farm. Besides, a surface reading of the novel tells the reader that the novel is a very simple and interesting story about a group of animals that live together on a farm, Manor Farm, owned by a man called Mr. Jones. On this farm, different kinds of animals live: ducks, dogs, hens, horses, pigs, and sheep ….etc. This simply means that the majority of the characters are animals. The narrator describes what these animals do and say.

The actions and reactions of these animal characters persuade the reader that they are exactly like the animals that exist in real life. That is to say the writer succeeds in presenting plausible characters. The only point that distinguishes the animals that live on Manor Farm from real animals is their ability to speak. They are speaking animals and they use English as a means of communication. Because these animals speak, they share a quality with man. In a sense, they are half-animals and half-humans.

Like any human community, these animal characters have different IQs; some animals are intelligent and some are stupid. Another point of similarity between the animal characters in **Animal Farm** and humans is that some animals are good and self-sacrificing and some are evil and self-centered. Their having different degrees of intelligence, cunning and personal traits leads later to a kind of struggle and exploitation exercised, of course, by some of the intelligent and selfish animals. Contrary to the principle of 'Poetic Justice,' evil wins the struggle against good. Thus, the conclusion of the novel is a sad and depressing conclusion.

This surface reading of **Animal Farm** simply means that this novel is an interesting animal story written mainly for children. As a matter of fact, a large number of children have enjoyed reading this novel. Not only children, but also adults have enjoyed reading it. Almost all humans – regardless of their ages –

enjoy reading stories about animals. The question is: did Orwell write **Animal Farm** only as a story for children? The answer is a no answer.

A careful reading of **Animal Farm** makes it crystal clear that all major animal characters in the novel represent real humans – military leaders, philosophers, politicians and thinkers – that lived in a number of countries. Sometimes, what some of the animal characters do and say is an exact repetition of what their human counter-parts did and said. In the course of the novel, you will see how similar and sometimes even identical some of these animals and some famous figures are.

Let me give you just one example. The first animal character that the narrator introduces is a boar whose pedigree name is Willingdon Beauty. Nevertheless, the farm animals call him old Major. This name connotes experience, wisdom and respect. This wise and respectable character represents two well-known Russian figures: Karl Marx and Lenin.

The ideas old Major expresses in his speech in Chapter 1 are an exact repetition of Marx's ideas. In his speech, old Major speaks to the animals in the manner of a socialist or communist leader addressing a crowd. His speech is a summary of Marxist political theory: the animals (the workers) work very hard but do not benefit from their hard work. All the benefits go to Mr. Jones (the employer, the capitalist) who consumes without producing. In this way man is lazy and selfish. He steals the fruits of labour done by the animals. Like Lenin, Major urges the animals to unite in their struggle against their idle and self-centered human master, Mr. Jones.

The presence of animal characters that stand for human beings means that **Animal Farm** is an allegory (an allegorical novel). Simply defined, an allegory is a literary work in which the characters and actions represent good and bad qualities.

Let me answer my early question: why did George Orwell write **Animal Farm**? In his preface to this novel, Orwell himself tells us that he wrote it 'to expose the

myth of the Soviet Communist Utopia in a simple way that could be easily understood by anyone.' Thus, the novel is not as simple as it seems.

In that preface, Orwell describes the situation that inspired him to write his novel in the way he did. In 1937, he was living in a small village. One day he saw a little boy, perhaps 10 years old, driving a huge cart-horse along a narrow path, whipping it whenever it tried to turn. At that moment it occurred to Orwell that if such animals become aware of their strength, human beings would stop to have any power over them. Let us make a quick comparison between the ten-year-old boy and the huge cart-horse. Of course, the horse is stronger than the boy, but the dump animal is not aware of its strength. In spite of his physical weakness, the boy has power and control over the strong beast. In other words, the horse's unawareness of its strength and the boy's intelligence give the latter power over the horse.

For the sake of explanation, let us imagine that another intelligent horse says to the horse that is beaten by the boy that it is stronger than the boy and that with one kick it can kill the boy and lead a free and happy life. Then what will the horse do? Of course, the horse will free itself and lead a happy life. When Orwell saw the boy whipping the horse, it must have occurred to him that men exploit animals in the same way as the capitalists (wealthy people such as factory owners and farm owners) exploit the proletariat (the class of workers who own little or no property and have to work so as to make a living).

The incident the narrator describes in the opening paragraph in Chapter 1 makes it clear that Mr. Jones, the owner of Manor Farm, is a lazy and careless farmer. As a result of Jones's laziness and carelessness, the animals under his care are expected to lead a hard and harsh life. This is the point that old Major, an intelligent and outspoken public speaker, stresses to encourage the animals to rebel against their human master. In this novel, Mr. Jones represents Nicholas II, the last Emperor of Russia. Besides, he can be viewed as a symbol for the capitalist class.

After Mr. Jones, the drunken farmer, went to bed, old Major, the wise and respectable prize boar, presides a meeting attended by the majority of the

animals. Those animals went to the meeting place, the big barn, so as to listen to old Major's description of a 'strange dream' he had seen on the previous night. At the beginning of his speech, Major says that he will come to the dream later because he has something else to say first. It is clear from this situation that the 'strange dream' is not the real reason for the meeting held in the big barn. There is another more important subject that old Major wants to discuss first. This subject is his intention to impart his experience, knowledge and wisdom to the farm animals.

Old Major ascribes their suffering, misery and all troubles to their evil human master. His main point is Mr. Jones is a very bad master. Major stresses this point to persuade the animals to do all they can so as to drive Jones out of the farm. In other words, once Jones is made to leave the farm, the animals' suffering, misery and troubles will vanish. Then they can be free and happy. Old Major tries to establish perfect unity and perfect comradeship among the animals. This dream makes one say that he is an idealist. His dream can never be achieved.

Old Major ends his speech with a song of his own composition. This song is called 'Beasts of England.' In this song, he repeats the same main ideas he has already stated in his speech. The speech itself is full of repetition and the song is a repetition of the content of the speech. Old Major states and restates the same ideas because he knows that the majority of his audience are either forgetful or foolish. As a character, old Major is very intelligent; at first, he expresses his ideas in prose and then in verse. We all know that memorizing a song or poem is a lot easier than learning a prose passage by heart. Thus, Major's song is expected to give his ideas a kind of everlasting life.

'Beasts of England' is something between 'Clementine' (an old ballad-style song) and 'La Cucuracha' (a modern South-American dance-band tune). Later, this song becomes the revolutionary anthem of the Rebellion. By the way, 'Beasts of England' is a parody of the Internationale; the anthem of international communism.

The narrator begins Chapter 2 by telling the reader that old Major died peacefully in his sleep. Major's death before the Rebellion strengthens the

similarity between him and Karl Marx who died before the beginning of the Russian Revolution. The spiritual father of the Russian Revolution died before it happened and the spiritual father of the Rebellion on Manor Farm died before it began.

After telling the reader about the death of old Major, the narrator introduces two pre-eminent pigs: Snowball and Napoleon. The dentations and connotations of these characters' names indicate that they are different. The actions they do make it clear that they are not only different; they are like day and night. While Snowball represents Leo Trotsky, Napoleon represents Joseph Stalin. The huge differences between these new leaders lead to a severe struggle for power on the farm. The narrator describes this struggle which terminates with Snowball's expulsion from Animal Farm. Once Napoleon succeeds in expelling Snowball out of the farm, he becomes a dictator; a tyrant in the sense of the word.

In his speech in Chapter 1, old Major stressed the idea that the farm animals were badly treated by Mr. Jones. Some readers may accept the idea that the animals were ill-treated by their human master. What about the end of the story? The end is tragic and more depressing than the beginning. At the end, the animals are not just mistreated by their new master (Napoleon, one of them), they are meanly and mercilessly exploited. What an end!

Dr. Mostafa Abdelrahim

Chapter 1

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tushes had never been cut. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered

up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A white stripe down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark — for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was

plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat and began:

"Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

"But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than

now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep — and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word — Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old — you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred

children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come — cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

"Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

"And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades."

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

"Comrades," he said, "here is a point that must be settled. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits — are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?"

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

"I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers.

No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

"And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and the first three words. I had

known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back-words, I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called 'Beasts of England'."

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. As he had said, his voice was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a stirring tune, something between 'Clementine' and 'La Cucaracha'. The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
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 o'erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod 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 break; 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 singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. Almost before Major had reached the end, they had begun singing it for themselves. Even the stupidest of them had already picked up the tune and a few of the words, and as for the clever ones, such as the pigs and dogs, they had the entire song by heart within a few minutes. And then, after a few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into 'Beasts of England' in tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not been interrupted.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot into the darkness. The pellets buried themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly. Everyone

fled to his own sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals settled down in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep in a moment.

Chapter 2

Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was buried at the foot of the orchard.

This was early in March. During the next three months there was much secret activity. Major's speech had given to the more intelligent animals on the farm a completely new outlook on life. They did not know when the Rebellion predicted by Major would take place, they had no reason for thinking that it would be within their own lifetime, but they saw clearly that it was their duty to prepare for it. The work of teaching and organising the others fell naturally upon the pigs, who were generally recognised as being the cleverest of the animals. Pre-eminent among the pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fiercelooking Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not considered to have the same depth of character. All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named Squealer, with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some difficult point he had a way of skipping from side to side and whisking his tail which was somehow very persuasive. The others said of Squealer that he could turn black into white.

These three had elaborated old Major's teachings into a complete system of thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism. Several nights a week, after Mr. Jones was asleep, they held secret meetings in the barn and expounded the principles of Animalism to

the others. At the beginning they met with much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the duty of loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as “Master,” or made elementary remarks such as “Mr. Jones feeds us. If he were gone, we should starve to death.” Others asked such questions as “Why should we care what happens after we are dead?” or “If this Rebellion is to happen anyway, what difference does it make whether we work for it or not?”, and the pigs had great difficulty in making them see that this was contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The stupidest questions of all were asked by Mollie, the white mare. The very first question she asked Snowball was: “Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion?”

“No,” said Snowball firmly. “We have no means of making sugar on this farm. Besides, you do not need sugar. You will have all the oats and hay you want.”

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

“Comrade,” said Snowball, “those ribbons that you are so devoted to are the badge of slavery. Can you not understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?”

Mollie agreed, but she did not sound very convinced.

The pigs had an even harder struggle to counteract the lies put about by Moses, the tame raven. Moses, who was Mr. Jones’s especial pet, was a spy and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker. He claimed to know of the existence of a mysterious country called Sugarcandy Mountain, to which all animals went when they died. It was situated somewhere up in the sky, a little distance beyond the clouds, Moses said. In Sugarcandy Mountain it was Sunday seven days a week, clover was in season all the year round, and lump sugar and linseed cake grew on the hedges. The animals

hated Moses because he told tales and did no work, but some of them believed in Sugarcandy Mountain, and the pigs had to argue very hard to persuade them that there was no such place.

Their most faithful disciples were the two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover. These two had great difficulty in thinking anything out for themselves, but having once accepted the pigs as their teachers, they absorbed everything that they were told, and passed it on to the other animals by simple arguments. They were unfailing in their attendance at the secret meetings in the barn, and led the singing of 'Beasts of England', with which the meetings always ended.

Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected. In past years Mr. Jones, although a hard master, had been a capable farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days. He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit, and had taken to drinking more than was good for him. For whole days at a time he would lounge in his Windsor chair in the kitchen, reading the newspapers, drinking, and occasionally feeding Moses on crusts of bread soaked in beer. His men were idle and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were underfed.

June came and the hay was almost ready for cutting. On Midsummer's Eve, which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and got so drunk at the Red Lion that he did not come back till midday on Sunday. The men had milked the cows in the early morning and then had gone out rabbiting, without bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones got back he immediately went to sleep on the drawing-room sofa with the News of the World over his face, so that when evening came, the animals were still unfed. At last they could stand it no longer. One of the cows broke in the door of the store-shed with her horn and all the animals began to help

themselves from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The next moment he and his four men were in the storeshed with whips in their hands, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being butted and kicked from all sides. The situation was quite out of their control. They had never seen animals behave like this before, and this sudden uprising of creatures whom they were used to thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them almost out of their wits. After only a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels. A minute later all five of them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road, with the animals pursuing them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening, hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her, croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed the fivebarred gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was theirs.

For the first few minutes the animals could hardly believe in their good fortune. Their first act was to gallop in a body right round the boundaries of the farm, as though to make quite sure that no human being was hiding anywhere upon it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe out the last traces of Jones's hated reign. The harness-room at the end of the stables was broken open; the bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones had been used to castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung

down the well. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames. Snowball also threw on to the fire the ribbons with which the horses' manes and tails had usually been decorated on market days.

"Ribbons," he said, "should be considered as clothes, which are the mark of a human being. All animals should go naked."

When Boxer heard this he fetched the small straw hat which he wore in summer to keep the flies out of his ears, and flung it on to the fire with the rest.

In a very little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and served out a double ration of corn to everybody, with two biscuits for each dog. Then they sang 'Beasts of England' from end to end seven times running, and after that they settled down for the night and slept as they had never slept before.

But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembering the glorious thing that had happened, they all raced out into the pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs — everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things

before, and even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own.

Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon butted the door open with their shoulders and the animals entered in single file, walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything. They tiptoed from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with a kind of awe at the unbelievable luxury, at 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. They were lust coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing. Going back, the others found that she had remained behind in the best bedroom. She had taken a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones's dressing-table, and was holding it against her shoulder and admiring herself in the glass in a very foolish manner. The others reproached her sharply, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen were taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stove in with a kick from Boxer's hoof, otherwise nothing in the house was touched. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there.

The animals had their breakfast, and then Snowball and Napoleon called them together again.

"Comrades," said Snowball, "it is half-past six and we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter that must be attended to first."

The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which

had belonged to Mr. Jones's children and which had been thrown on the rubbish heap. Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar of the gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was to be the name of the farm from now onwards. After this they went back to the farm buildings, where Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder which they caused to be set against the end wall of the big barn. They explained that by their studies of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments would now be inscribed on the wall; they would form an unalterable law by which all the animals on Animal Farm must live for ever after. With some difficulty (for it is not easy for a pig to balance himself on a ladder) Snowball climbed up and set to work, with Squealer a few rungs below him holding the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred wall in great white letters that could be read thirty yards away. They ran thus:

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.

It was very neatly written, and except that "friend" was written "freind" and one of the "S's" was the wrong way round, the spelling

was correct all the way through. Snowball read it aloud for the benefit of the others. All the animals nodded in complete agreement, and the cleverer ones at once began to learn the Commandments by heart.

"Now, comrades," cried Snowball, throwing down the paintbrush, "to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do."

But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy for some time past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders were almost bursting. After a little thought, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows fairly successfully, their trotters being well adapted to this task. Soon there were five buckets of frothing creamy milk at which many of the animals looked with considerable interest.

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

"Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash," said one of the hens.

"Never mind the milk, comrades!" cried Napoleon, placing himself in front of the buckets. "That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward, comrades! The hay is waiting."

So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest, and when they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared.

Chapter 3

How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in! But their efforts were rewarded, for the harvest was an even bigger success than they had hoped.

Sometimes the work was hard; the implements had been designed for human beings and not for animals, and it was a great drawback that no animal was able to use any tool that involved standing on his hind legs. But the pigs were so clever that they could think of a way round every difficulty. As for the horses, they knew every inch of the field, and in fact understood the business of mowing and raking far better than Jones and his men had ever done. The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others. With their superior knowledge it was natural that they should assume the leadership. Boxer and Clover would harness themselves to the cutter or the horse-rake (no bits or reins were needed in these days, of course) and tramp steadily round and round the field with a pig walking behind and calling out "Gee up, comrade!" or "Whoa back, comrade!" as the case might be. And every animal down to the humblest worked at turning the hay and gathering it. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro all day in the sun, carrying tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. In the end they finished the harvest in two days' less time than it had usually taken Jones and his men. Moreover, it was the biggest harvest that the farm had ever seen. There was no wastage whatever; the hens and ducks with their sharp eyes had gathered up the very last stalk. And not an animal on the farm had stolen so much as a mouthful.

All through that summer the work of the farm went like clockwork. The animals were happy as they had never conceived it

possible to be. Every mouthful of food was an acute positive pleasure, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves, not doled out to them by a grudging master. With the worthless parasitical human beings gone, there was more for everyone to eat. There was more leisure too, inexperienced though the animals were. They met with many difficulties — for instance, later in the year, when they harvested the corn, they had to tread it out in the ancient style and blow away the chaff with their breath, since the farm possessed no threshing machine — but the pigs with their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles always pulled them through. Boxer was the admiration of everybody. He had been a hard worker even in Jones's time, but now he seemed more like three horses than one; there were days when the entire work of the farm seemed to rest on his mighty shoulders. From morning to night he was pushing and pulling, always at the spot where the work was hardest. He had made an arrangement with one of the cockerels to call him in the mornings half an hour earlier than anyone else, and would put in some volunteer labour at whatever seemed to be most needed, before the regular day's work began. His answer to every problem, every setback, was "I will work harder!"— which he had adopted as his personal motto.

But everyone worked according to his capacity. The hens and ducks, for instance, saved five bushels of corn at the harvest by gathering up the stray grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the quarrelling and biting and jealousy which had been normal features of life in the old days had almost disappeared. Nobody shirked — or almost nobody. Mollie, it was true, was not good at getting up in the mornings, and had a way of leaving work early on the ground that there was a stone in her hoof. And the behaviour of the cat was somewhat peculiar. It was soon noticed

that when there was work to be done the cat could never be found. She would vanish for hours on end, and then reappear at mealtimes, or in the evening after work was over, as though nothing had happened. But she always made such excellent excuses, and purred so affectionately, that it was impossible not to believe in her good intentions. Old Benjamin, the donkey, seemed quite unchanged since the Rebellion. He did his work in the same slow obstinate way as he had done it in Jones's time, never shirking and never volunteering for extra work either. About the Rebellion and its results he would express no opinion. When asked whether he was not happier now that Jones was gone, he would say only "Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever seen a dead donkey," and the others had to be content with this cryptic answer.

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual, and after breakfast there was a ceremony which was observed every week without fail. First came the hoisting of the flag. Snowball had found in the harness-room an old green tablecloth of Mrs. Jones's and had painted on it a hoof and a horn in white. This was run up the flagstaff in the farmhouse garden every Sunday morning. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to represent the green fields of England, while the hoof and horn signified the future Republic of the Animals which would arise when the human race had been finally overthrown. After the hoisting of the flag all the animals trooped into the big barn for a general assembly which was known as the Meeting. Here the work of the coming week was planned out and resolutions were put forward and debated. It was always the pigs who put forward the resolutions. The other animals understood how to vote, but could never think of any resolutions of their own. Snowball and Napoleon were by far the most active in the debates. But it was noticed that these two were never in agreement:

whatever suggestion either of them made, the other could be counted on to oppose it. Even when it was resolved — a thing no one could object to in itself — to set aside the small paddock behind the orchard as a home of rest for animals who were past work, there was a stormy debate over the correct retiring age for each class of animal. The Meeting always ended with the singing of 'Beasts of England', and the afternoon was given up to recreation.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other necessary arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also busied himself with organising the other animals into what he called Animal Committees. He was indefatigable at this. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades' Re-education Committee (the object of this was to tame the rats and rabbits), the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and various others, besides instituting classes in reading and writing. On the whole, these projects were a failure. The attempt to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. They continued to behave very much as before, and when treated with generosity, simply took advantage of it. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. She was seen one day sitting on a roof and talking to some sparrows who were just out of her reach. She was telling them that all animals were now comrades and that any sparrow who chose could come and perch on her paw; but the sparrows kept their distance.

The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate in some degree.

As for the pigs, they could already read and write perfectly. The dogs learned to read fairly well, but were not interested in reading anything except the Seven Commandments. Muriel, the goat, could read somewhat better than the dogs, and sometimes used to read to the others in the evenings from scraps of newspaper which she found on the rubbish heap. Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never exercised his faculty. So far as he knew, he said, there was nothing worth reading. Clover learnt the whole alphabet, but could not put words together. Boxer could not get beyond the letter D. He would trace out A, B, C, D, in the dust with his great hoof, and then would stand staring at the letters with his ears back, sometimes shaking his forelock, trying with all his might to remember what came next and never succeeding. On several occasions, indeed, he did learn E, F, G, H, but by the time he knew them, it was always discovered that he had forgotten A, B, C, and D. Finally he decided to be content with the first four letters, and used to write them out once or twice every day to refresh his memory. Mollie refused to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. She would form these very neatly out of pieces of twig, and would then decorate them with a flower or two and walk round them admiring them.

None of the other animals on the farm could get further than the letter A. It was also found that the stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and ducks, were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. After much thought Snowball declared that the Seven Commandments could in effect be reduced to a single maxim, namely: “Four legs good, two legs bad.” This, he said, contained the essential principle of Animalism. Whoever had thoroughly grasped it would be safe from human influences. The birds at first objected, since it seemed to them that they also had two legs, but Snowball proved to them that this was not so.

“A bird’s wing, comrades,” he said, “is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of man is the HAND, the instrument with which he does all his mischief.”

The birds did not understand Snowball’s long words, but they accepted his explanation, and all the humbler animals set to work to learn the new maxim by heart. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD, was inscribed on the end wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger letters. When they had once got it by heart, the sheep developed a great liking for this maxim, and often as they lay in the field they would all start bleating “Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!” and keep it up for hours on end, never growing tired of it.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball’s committees. He said that the education of the young was more important than anything that could be done for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and Bluebell had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft which could only be reached by a ladder from the harness-room, and there kept them in such seclusion that the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon cleared up. It was mixed every day into the pigs’ mash. The early apples were now ripening, and the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had assumed as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally; one day, however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. At this some of the other animals murmured, but it was no use. All the pigs were in full agreement on this point,

even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer was sent to make the necessary explanations to the others.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brainworkers. The whole management and organisation of this farm depend on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for YOUR sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades," cried Squealer almost pleadingly, skipping from side to side and whisking his tail, "surely there is no one among you who wants to see Jones come back?"

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it was that they did not want Jones back. When it was put to them in this light, they had no more to say. The importance of keeping the pigs in good health was all too obvious. So it was agreed without further argument that the milk and the windfall apples (and also the main crop of apples when they ripened) should be reserved for the pigs alone.

Chapter 4

By the late summer the news of what had happened on Animal Farm had spread across half the county. Every day Snowball and Napoleon sent out flights of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle with the animals on neighbouring

farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them the tune of 'Beasts of England'.

Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by a pack of good-for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathised in principle, but they did not at first give him much help. At heart, each of them was secretly wondering whether he could not somehow turn Jones's misfortune to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined Animal Farm were on permanently bad terms. One of them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected, oldfashioned farm, much overgrown by woodland, with all its pastures worn out and its hedges in a disgraceful condition. Its owner, Mr. Pilkington, was an easy-going gentleman farmer who spent most of his time in fishing or hunting according to the season. The other farm, which was called Pinchfield, was smaller and better kept. Its owner was a Mr. Frederick, a tough, shrewd man, perpetually involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard bargains. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests.

Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they pretended to laugh to scorn the idea of animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a fortnight, they said. They put it about that the animals on the Manor Farm (they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name "Animal Farm") were perpetually fighting among themselves and were also rapidly starving to death. When time passed and the animals had

evidently not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their tune and began to talk of the terrible wickedness that now flourished on Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised cannibalism, tortured one another with red-hot horseshoes, and had their females in common. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, these stories were never fully believed. Rumours of a wonderful farm, where the human beings had been turned out and the animals managed their own affairs, continued to circulate in vague and distorted forms, and throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls which had always been tractable suddenly turned savage, sheep broke down hedges and devoured the clover, cows kicked the pail over, hunters refused their fences and shot their riders on to the other side. Above all, the tune and even the words of 'Beasts of England' were known everywhere. It had spread with astonishing speed. The human beings could not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they pretended to think it merely ridiculous. They could not understand, they said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible rubbish. Any animal caught singing it was given a flogging on the spot. And yet the song was irrepressible. The blackbirds whistled it in the hedges, the pigeons cooed it in the elms, it got into the din of the smithies and the tune of the church bells. And when the human beings listened to it, they secretly trembled, hearing in it a prophecy of their future doom.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, had entered the five-barred gate and were

coming up the cart-track that led to the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they were going to attempt the recapture of the farm.

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirtyfive, flew to and fro over the men's heads and muted upon them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks. Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned around and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the

signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant, Snowball flung his fifteen stone against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof onto a cowman's shoulders and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing with his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn him over. The boy did not stir.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully. "I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?"

"No sentimentality, comrade!" cried Snowball from whose wounds the blood was still dripping. "War is war. The only good human being is a dead one."

“I have no wish to take life, not even human life,” repeated Boxer, and his eyes were full of tears.

“Where is Mollie?” exclaimed somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was feared that the men might have harmed her in some way, or even carried her off with them. In the end, however, she was found hiding in her stall with her head buried among the hay in the manger. She had taken to flight as soon as the gun went off. And when the others came back from looking for her, it was to find that the stable-lad, who in fact was only stunned, had already recovered and made off.

The animals had now reassembled in the wildest excitement, each recounting his own exploits in the battle at the top of his voice. An impromptu celebration of the victory was held immediately. The flag was run up and ‘Beasts of England’ was sung a number of times, then the sheep who had been killed was given a solemn funeral, a hawthorn bush being planted on her grave. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising the need for all animals to be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.

The animals decided unanimously to create a military decoration, “Animal Hero, First Class,” which was conferred there and then on Snowball and Boxer. It consisted of a brass medal (they were really some old horse-brasses which had been found in the harness-room), to be worn on Sundays and holidays. There was also “Animal Hero, Second Class,” which was conferred posthumously on the dead sheep.

There was much discussion as to what the battle should be called. In the end, it was named the Battle of the Cowshed, since that was where the ambush had been sprung. Mr. Jones’s gun had been found lying in the mud, and it was known that there was a supply of cartridges in the farmhouse. It was decided to set the gun

up at the foot of the Flagstaff, like a piece of artillery, and to fire it twice a year — once on October the twelfth, the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed, and once on Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion.

Chapter 5

As winter drew on, Mollie became more and more troublesome. She was late for work every morning and excused herself by saying that she had overslept, and she complained of mysterious pains, although her appetite was excellent. On every kind of pretext she would run away from work and go to the drinking pool, where she would stand foolishly gazing at her own reflection in the water. But there were also rumours of something more serious. One day, as Mollie strolled blithely into the yard, flirting her long tail and chewing at a stalk of hay, Clover took her aside.

"Mollie," she said, "I have something very serious to say to you. This morning I saw you looking over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from Foxwood. One of Mr. Pilkington's men was standing on the other side of the hedge. And — I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this — he was talking to you and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What does that mean, Mollie?"

"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. Do you give me your word of honour that that man was not stroking your nose?"

"It isn't true!" repeated Mollie, but she could not look Clover in the face, and the next moment she took to her heels and galloped away into the field.

A thought struck Clover. Without saying anything to the others, she went to Mollie's stall and turned over the straw with her hoof. Hidden under the straw was a little pile of lump sugar and several bunches of ribbon of different colours.

Three days later Mollie disappeared. For some weeks nothing was known of her whereabouts, then the pigeons reported that they had seen her on the other side of Willingdon. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart painted red and black, which was standing outside a public-house. A fat red-faced man in check breeches and gaiters, who looked like a publican, was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar. Her coat was newly clipped and she wore a scarlet ribbon round her forelock. She appeared to be enjoying herself, so the pigeons said. None of the animals ever mentioned Mollie again.

In January there came bitterly hard weather. The earth was like iron, and nothing could be done in the fields. Many meetings were held in the big barn, and the pigs occupied themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing a bigger acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots. Each had his own

following, and there were some violent debates. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late the sheep had taken to bleating “Four legs good, two legs bad” both in and out of season, and they often interrupted the Meeting with this. It was noticed that they were especially liable to break into “Four legs good, two legs bad” at crucial moments in Snowball’s speeches. Snowball had made a close study of some back numbers of the ‘Farmer and Stockbreeder’ which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains, silage, and basic slag, and had worked out a complicated scheme for all the animals to drop their dung directly in the fields, at a different spot every day, to save the labour of cartage. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball’s would come to nothing, and seemed to be biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

In the long pasture, not far from the farm buildings, there was a small knoll which was the highest point on the farm. After surveying the ground, Snowball declared that this was just the place for a windmill, which could be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power. This would light the stalls and warm them in winter, and would also run a circular saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an electric milking machine. The animals had never heard of anything of this kind before (for the farm was an oldfashioned one and had only the most primitive machinery), and they listened in astonishment while Snowball conjured up pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved their minds with reading and conversation.

Within a few weeks Snowball's plans for the windmill were fully worked out. The mechanical details came mostly from three books which had belonged to Mr. Jones —'One Thousand Useful Things to Do About the House', 'Every Man His Own Bricklayer', and 'Electricity for Beginners'. Snowball used as his study a shed which had once been used for incubators and had a smooth wooden floor, suitable for drawing on. He was closeted there for hours at a time. With his books held open by a stone, and with a piece of chalk gripped between the knuckles of his trotter, he would move rapidly to and fro, drawing in line after line and uttering little whimpers of excitement. Gradually the plans grew into a complicated mass of cranks and cog-wheels, covering more than half the floor, which the other animals found completely unintelligible but very impressive. All of them came to look at Snowball's drawings at least once a day. Even the hens and ducks came, and were at pains not to tread on the chalk marks. Only Napoleon held aloof. He had declared himself against the windmill from the start. One day, however, he arrived unexpectedly to examine the plans. He walked heavily round the shed, looked closely at every detail of the plans and snuffed at them once or twice, then stood for a little while contemplating them out of the corner of his eye; then suddenly he lifted his leg, urinated over the plans, and walked out without uttering a word.

The whole farm was deeply divided on the subject of the windmill. Snowball did not deny that to build it would be a difficult business. Stone would have to be carried and built up into walls, then the sails would have to be made and after that there would be need for dynamos and cables. (How these were to be procured, Snowball did not say.) But he maintained that it could all be done in a year. And thereafter, he declared, so much labour would be saved that the animals would only need to work three days a week.

Napoleon, on the other hand, argued that the great need of the moment was to increase food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death. The animals formed themselves into two factions under the slogan, “Vote for Snowball and the three-day week” and “Vote for Napoleon and the full manger.” Benjamin was the only animal who did not side with either faction. He refused to believe either that food would become more plentiful or that the windmill would save work. Windmill or no windmill, he said, life would go on as it had always gone on — that is, badly.

Apart from the disputes over the windmill, there was the question of the defence of the farm. It was fully realised that though the human beings had been defeated in the Battle of the Cowshed they might make another and more determined attempt to recapture the farm and reinstate Mr. Jones. They had all the more reason for doing so because the news of their defeat had spread across the countryside and made the animals on the neighbouring farms more restive than ever. As usual, Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms. The one argued that if they could not defend themselves they were bound to be conquered, the other argued that if rebellions happened everywhere they would have no need to defend themselves. The animals listened first to Napoleon, then to Snowball, and could not make up their minds which was right; indeed, they always found themselves in agreement with the one who was speaking at the moment.

At last the day came when Snowball’s plans were completed.

At the Meeting on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on the windmill was to be put to the vote. When the animals had assembled in the big barn, Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by bleating from the sheep, set forth his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it, and promptly sat down again; he had spoken for barely thirty seconds, and seemed almost indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating again, broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a moment Snowball's eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals' backs. His imagination had now run far beyond chaffcutters and turnip-slicers. Electricity, he said, could operate threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, and reapers and binders, besides supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold water, and an electric heater. By the time he had finished speaking, there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that

led to the road. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet fullgrown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr. Jones.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his speech. He announced that from now on the Sundaymorning Meetings would come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing 'Beasts of England', and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion had given them, the animals were dismayed by this announcement. Several of them would have protested if they could have found the right arguments. Even Boxer was vaguely troubled. He set his ears back, shook his forelock several times, and tried hard to marshal his thoughts; but

in the end he could not think of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more articulate. Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of disapproval, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep, menacing growls, and the pigs fell silent and sat down again. Then the sheep broke out into a tremendous bleating of "Four legs good, two legs bad!" which went on for nearly a quarter of an hour and put an end to any chance of discussion.

Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others.

"Comrades," he said, "I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be? Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of windmills — Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal?"

"He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed," said somebody.

"Bravery is not enough," said Squealer. "Loyalty and obedience are more important. And as to the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today. One false step, and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?"

Once again this argument was unanswerable. Certainly the animals did not want Jones back; if the holding of debates on

Sunday mornings was liable to bring him back, then the debates must stop. Boxer, who had now had time to think things over, voiced the general feeling by saying: “If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.” And from then on he adopted the maxim, “Napoleon is always right,” in addition to his private motto of “I will work harder.”

By this time the weather had broken and the spring ploughing had begun. The shed where Snowball had drawn his plans of the windmill had been shut up and it was assumed that the plans had been rubbed off the floor. Every Sunday morning at ten o’clock the animals assembled in the big barn to receive their orders for the week. The skull of old Major, now clean of flesh, had been disinterred from the orchard and set up on a stump at the foot of the flagstaff, beside the gun. After the hoisting of the flag, the animals were required to file past the skull in a reverent manner before entering the barn. Nowadays they did not sit all together as they had done in the past. Napoleon, with Squealer and another pig named Minimus, who had a remarkable gift for composing songs and poems, sat on the front of the raised platform, with the nine young dogs forming a semicircle round them, and the other pigs sitting behind. The rest of the animals sat facing them in the main body of the barn. Napoleon read out the orders for the week in a gruff soldierly style, and after a single singing of ‘Beasts of England’, all the animals dispersed.

On the third Sunday after Snowball’s expulsion, the animals were somewhat surprised to hear Napoleon announce that the windmill was to be built after all. He did not give any reason for having changed his mind, but merely warned the animals that this extra task would mean very hard work, it might even be necessary to reduce their rations. The plans, however, had all been prepared, down to the last detail. A special committee of pigs had been at work

upon them for the past three weeks. The building of the windmill, with various other improvements, was expected to take two years.

That evening Squealer explained privately to the other animals that Napoleon had never in reality been opposed to the windmill. On the contrary, it was he who had advocated it in the beginning, and the plan which Snowball had drawn on the floor of the incubator shed had actually been stolen from among Napoleon's papers. The windmill was, in fact, Napoleon's own creation. Why, then, asked somebody, had he spoken so strongly against it? Here Squealer looked very sly. That, he said, was Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He had SEEMED to oppose the windmill, simply as a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go forward without his interference. This, said Squealer, was something called tactics. He repeated a number of times, "Tactics, comrades, tactics!" skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry laugh. The animals were not certain what the word meant, but Squealer spoke so persuasively, and the three dogs who happened to be with him growled so threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.

Chapter 6

All that year the animals worked like slaves. But they were happy in their work; they grudged no effort or sacrifice, well aware that everything that they did was for the benefit of

themselves and those of their kind who would come after them, and not for a pack of idle, thieving human beings.

Throughout the spring and summer they worked a sixty-hour week, and in August Napoleon announced that there would be work on Sunday afternoons as well. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half. Even so, it was found necessary to leave certain tasks undone. The harvest was a little less successful than in the previous year, and two fields which should have been sown with roots in the early summer were not sown because the ploughing had not been completed early enough. It was possible to foresee that the coming winter would be a hard one.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. There was a good quarry of limestone on the farm, and plenty of sand and cement had been found in one of the outhouses, so that all the materials for building were at hand. But the problem the animals could not at first solve was how to break up the stone into pieces of suitable size. There seemed no way of doing this except with picks and crowbars, which no animal could use, because no animal could stand on his hind legs. Only after weeks of vain effort did the right idea occur to somebody-namely, to utilise the force of gravity. Huge boulders, far too big to be used as they were, were lying all over the bed of the quarry. The animals lashed ropes round these, and then all together, cows, horses, sheep, any animal that could lay hold of the rope — even the pigs sometimes joined in at critical moments — they dragged them with desperate slowness up the slope to the top of the quarry, where they were toppled over the edge, to shatter to pieces below. Transporting the stone when it was once broken was comparatively simple. The horses carried it off in cart-loads, the sheep dragged single blocks, even Muriel and Benjamin yoked themselves into an old governess-cart and did their share. By late

summer a sufficient store of stone had accumulated, and then the building began, under the superintendence of the pigs.

But it was a slow, laborious process. Frequently it took a whole day of exhausting effort to drag a single boulder to the top of the quarry, and sometimes when it was pushed over the edge it failed to break. Nothing could have been achieved without Boxer, whose strength seemed equal to that of all the rest of the animals put together. When the boulder began to slip and the animals cried out in despair at finding themselves dragged down the hill, it was always Boxer who strained himself against the rope and brought the boulder to a stop. To see him toiling up the slope inch by inch, his breath coming fast, the tips of his hoofs clawing at the ground, and his great sides matted with sweat, filled everyone with admiration. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, but Boxer would never listen to her. His two slogans, "I will work harder" and "Napoleon is always right," seemed to him a sufficient answer to all problems. He had made arrangements with the cockerel to call him three-quarters of an hour earlier in the mornings instead of half an hour. And in his spare moments, of which there were not many nowadays, he would go alone to the quarry, collect a load of broken stone, and drag it down to the site of the windmill unassisted.

The animals were not badly off throughout that summer, in spite of the hardness of their work. If they had no more food than they had had in Jones's day, at least they did not have less. The advantage of only having to feed themselves, and not having to support five extravagant human beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to outweigh it. And in many ways the animal method of doing things was more efficient and saved labour. Such jobs as weeding, for instance, could be done with a thoroughness impossible to human beings. And again, since no

animal now stole, it was unnecessary to fence off pasture from arable land, which saved a lot of labour on the upkeep of hedges and gates. Nevertheless, as the summer wore on, various unforeseen shortages began to make them selves felt. There was need of paraffin oil, nails, string, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses' shoes, none of which could be produced on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial manures, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the windmill. How these were to be procured, no one was able to imagine.

One Sunday morning, when the animals assembled to receive their orders, Napoleon announced that he had decided upon a new policy. From now onwards Animal Farm would engage in trade with the neighbouring farms: not, of course, for any commercial purpose, but simply in order to obtain certain materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must override everything else, he said. He was therefore making arrangements to sell a stack of hay and part of the current year's wheat crop, and later on, if more money were needed, it would have to be made up by the sale of eggs, for which there was always a market in Willingdon. The hens, said Napoleon, should welcome this sacrifice as their own special contribution towards the building of the windmill.

Once again the animals were conscious of a vague uneasiness. Never to have any dealings with human beings, never to engage in trade, never to make use of money — had not these been among the earliest resolutions passed at that first triumphant Meeting after Jones was expelled? All the animals remembered passing such resolutions: or at least they thought that they remembered it. The four young pigs who had protested when Napoleon abolished the Meetings raised their voices timidly, but they were promptly silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Then, as usual, the sheep broke into "Four legs good, two legs bad!" and the

momentary awkwardness was smoothed over. Finally Napoleon raised his trotter for silence and announced that he had already made all the arrangements. There would be no need for any of the animals to come in contact with human beings, which would clearly be most undesirable. He intended to take the whole burden upon his own shoulders. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon, had agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world, and would visit the farm every Monday morning to receive his instructions. Napoleon ended his speech with his usual cry of "Long live Animal Farm!" and after the singing of 'Beasts of England' the animals were dismissed.

Afterwards Squealer made a round of the farm and set the animals' minds at rest. He assured them that the resolution against engaging in trade and using money had never been passed, or even suggested. It was pure imagination, probably traceable in the beginning to lies circulated by Snowball. A few animals still felt faintly doubtful, but Squealer asked them shrewdly, "Are you certain that this is not something that you have dreamed, comrades? Have you any record of such a resolution? Is it written down anywhere?" And since it was certainly true that nothing of the kind existed in writing, the animals were satisfied that they had been mistaken.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a solicitor in a very small way of business, but sharp enough to have realised earlier than anyone else that Animal Farm would need a broker and that the commissions would be worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new arrangement. Their relations with the human race were now not

quite the same as they had been before. The human beings did not hate Animal Farm any less now that it was prospering; indeed, they hated it more than ever. Every human being held it as an article of faith that the farm would go bankrupt sooner or later, and, above all, that the windmill would be a failure. They would meet in the public-houses and prove to one another by means of diagrams that the windmill was bound to fall down, or that if it did stand up, then that it would never work. And yet, against their will, they had developed a certain respect for the efficiency with which the animals were managing their own affairs. One symptom of this was that they had begun to call Animal Farm by its proper name and ceased to pretend that it was called the Manor Farm. They had also dropped their championship of Jones, who had given up hope of getting his farm back and gone to live in another part of the county. Except through Whymper, there was as yet no contact between Animal Farm and the outside world, but there were constant rumours that Napoleon was about to enter into a definite business agreement either with Mr. Pilkington of Foxwood or with Mr. Frederick of Pinchfield — but never, it was noticed, with both simultaneously.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and took up their residence there. Again the animals seemed to remember that a resolution against this had been passed in the early days, and again Squealer was able to convince them that this was not the case. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the brains of the farm, should have a quiet place to work in. It was also more suited to the dignity of the Leader (for of late he had taken to speaking of Napoleon under the title of "Leader") to live in a house than in a mere sty. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed when they heard that the pigs not only took their meals in the kitchen and used the drawing-room as a recreation room, but also slept in the beds. Boxer passed it off as

usual with “Napoleon is always right!”, but Clover, who thought she remembered a definite ruling against beds, went to the end of the barn and tried to puzzle out the Seven Commandments which were inscribed there. Finding herself unable to read more than individual letters, she fetched Muriel.

“Muriel,” she said, “read me the Fourth Commandment. Does it not say something about never sleeping in a bed?” With some difficulty Muriel spelt it out.

“It says, ‘No animal shall sleep in a bed with sheets,’” she announced finally.

Curiously enough, Clover had not remembered that the Fourth Commandment mentioned sheets; but as it was there on the wall, it must have done so. And Squealer, who happened to be passing at this moment, attended by two or three dogs, was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective.

“You have heard then, comrades,” he said, “that we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against beds? A bed merely means a place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was against sheets, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable beds they are too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you, comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. You would not rob us of our repose, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?”

The animals reassured him on this point immediately, and no more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. And when, some days afterwards, it was announced that from now on

the pigs would get up an hour later in the mornings than the other animals, no complaint was made about that either.

By the autumn the animals were tired but happy. They had had a hard year, and after the sale of part of the hay and corn, the stores of food for the winter were none too plentiful, but the windmill compensated for everything. It was almost half built now. After the harvest there was a stretch of clear dry weather, and the animals toiled harder than ever, thinking it well worth while to plod to and fro all day with blocks of stone if by doing so they could raise the walls another foot. Boxer would even come out at nights and work for an hour or two on his own by the light of the harvest moon. In their spare moments the animals would walk round and round the half-finished mill, admiring the strength and perpendicularity of its walls and marvelling that they should ever have been able to build anything so imposing. Only old Benjamin refused to grow enthusiastic about the windmill, though, as usual, he would utter nothing beyond the cryptic remark that donkeys live a long time.

November came, with raging south-west winds. Building had to stop because it was now too wet to mix the cement. Finally there came a night when the gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up squawking with terror because they had all dreamed simultaneously of hearing a gun go off in the distance. In the morning the animals came out of their stalls to find that the flagstaff had been blown down and an elm tree at the foot of the orchard had been plucked up like a radish. They had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal's throat. A terrible sight had met their eyes. The windmill was in ruins.

With one accord they dashed down to the spot. Napoleon, who seldom moved out of a walk, raced ahead of them all. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, the

stones they had broken and carried so laboriously scattered all around. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone. Napoleon paced to and fro in silence, occasionally snuffing at the ground. His tail had grown rigid and twitched sharply from side to side, a sign in him of intense mental activity. Suddenly he halted as though his mind were made up.

"Comrades," he said quietly, "do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill? SNOWBALL!" he suddenly roared in a voice of thunder. "Snowball has done this thing! In sheer malignity, thinking to set back our plans and avenge himself for his ignominious expulsion, this traitor has crept here under cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence upon Snowball. 'Animal Hero, Second Class,' and half a bushel of apples to any animal who brings him to justice. A full bushel to anyone who captures him alive!"

The animals were shocked beyond measure to learn that even Snowball could be guilty of such an action. There was a cry of indignation, and everyone began thinking out ways of catching Snowball if he should ever come back. Almost immediately the footprints of a pig were discovered in the grass at a little distance from the knoll. They could only be traced for a few yards, but appeared to lead to a hole in the hedge. Napoleon snuffed deeply at them and pronounced them to be Snowball's. He gave it as his opinion that Snowball had probably come from the direction of Foxwood Farm.

"No more delays, comrades!" cried Napoleon when the footprints had been examined. "There is work to be done. This very morning we begin rebuilding the windmill, and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We will teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily. Remember,

comrades, there must be no alteration in our plans: they shall be carried out to the day. Forward, comrades! Long live the windmill!

Long live Animal Farm!”

Chapter 7

It was a bitter winter. The stormy weather was followed by sleet and snow, and then by a hard frost which did not break till well into February. The animals carried on as best they could with the rebuilding of the windmill, well knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious human beings would rejoice and triumph if the mill were not finished on time.

Out of spite, the human beings pretended not to believe that it was Snowball who had destroyer the windmill: they said that it had fallen down because the walls were too thin. The animals knew that this was not the case. Still, it had been decided to build the walls three feet thick this time instead of eighteen inches as before, which meant collecting much larger quantities of stone. For a long time the quarry was full of snowdrifts and nothing could be done. Some progress was made in the dry frosty weather that followed, but it was cruel work, and the animals could not feel so hopeful about it as they had felt before. They were always cold, and usually hungry as well. Only Boxer and Clover never lost heart. Squealer made excellent speeches on the joy of service and the dignity of labour, but the other animals found more inspiration in Boxer’s strength and his never-failing cry of “I will work harder!”

In January food fell short. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued to make up for it. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the potato crop had been frosted in the clamps, which had not been covered thickly enough. The potatoes had become soft and discoloured, and only a few were edible. For days at a time the animals had nothing to eat but chaff and mangels. Starvation seemed to stare them in the face.

It was vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world. Emboldened by the collapse of the windmill, the human beings were inventing fresh lies about Animal Farm. Once again it was being put about that all the animals were dying of famine and disease, and that they were continually fighting among themselves and had resorted to cannibalism and infanticide. Napoleon was well aware of the bad results that might follow if the real facts of the food situation were known, and he decided to make use of Mr. Whymper to spread a contrary impression. Hitherto the animals had had little or no contact with Whymper on his weekly visits: now, however, a few selected animals, mostly sheep, were instructed to remark casually in his hearing that rations had been increased. In addition, Napoleon ordered the almost empty bins in the store-shed to be filled nearly to the brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext Whymper was led through the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse of the bins. He was deceived, and continued to report to the outside world that there was no food shortage on Animal Farm.

Nevertheless, towards the end of January it became obvious that it would be necessary to procure some more grain from somewhere. In these days Napoleon rarely appeared in public, but spent all his time in the farmhouse, which was guarded at each door by fierce-looking dogs. When he did emerge, it was in a ceremonial

manner, with an escort of six dogs who closely surrounded him and growled if anyone came too near. Frequently he did not even appear on Sunday mornings, but issued his orders through one of the other pigs, usually Squealer.

One Sunday morning Squealer announced that the hens, who had just come in to lay again, must surrender their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through Whymper, a contract for four hundred eggs a week. The price of these would pay for enough grain and meal to keep the farm going till summer came on and conditions were easier.

When the hens heard this, they raised a terrible outcry. They had been warned earlier that this sacrifice might be necessary, but had not believed that it would really happen. They were just getting their clutches ready for the spring sitting, and they protested that to take the eggs away now was murder. For the first time since the expulsion of Jones, there was something resembling a rebellion. Led by three young Black Minorca pullets, the hens made a determined effort to thwart Napoleon's wishes. Their method was to fly up to the rafters and there lay their eggs, which smashed to pieces on the floor. Napoleon acted swiftly and ruthlessly. He ordered the hens' rations to be stopped, and decreed that any animal giving so much as a grain of corn to a hen should be punished by death. The dogs saw to it that these orders were carried out. For five days the hens held out, then they capitulated and went back to their nesting boxes. Nine hens had died in the meantime. Their bodies were buried in the orchard, and it was given out that they had died of coccidiosis. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were duly delivered, a grocer's van driving up to the farm once a week to take them away.

All this while no more had been seen of Snowball. He was rumoured to be hiding on one of the neighbouring farms, either

Foxwood or Pinchfield. Napoleon was by this time on slightly better terms with the other farmers than before. It happened that there was in the yard a pile of timber which had been stacked there ten years earlier when a beech spinney was cleared. It was well seasoned, and Whymper had advised Napoleon to sell it; both Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Frederick were anxious to buy it. Napoleon was hesitating between the two, unable to make up his mind. It was noticed that whenever he seemed on the point of coming to an agreement with Frederick, Snowball was declared to be in hiding at Foxwood, while, when he inclined toward Pilkington, Snowball was said to be at Pinchfield.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. Snowball was secretly frequenting the farm by night! The animals were so disturbed that they could hardly sleep in their stalls. Every night, it was said, he came creeping in under cover of darkness and performed all kinds of mischief. He stole the corn, he upset the milk-pails, he broke the eggs, he trampled the seedbeds, he gnawed the bark off the fruit trees. Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute it to Snowball. If a window was broken or a drain was blocked up, someone was certain to say that Snowball had come in the night and done it, and when the key of the store-shed was lost, the whole farm was convinced that Snowball had thrown it down the well. Curiously enough, they went on believing this even after the mislaid key was found under a sack of meal. The cows declared unanimously that Snowball crept into their stalls and milked them in their sleep. The rats, which had been troublesome that winter, were also said to be in league with Snowball.

Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into Snowball's activities. With his dogs in attendance he set out and made a careful tour of inspection of the farm buildings, the other animals following at a respectful distance. At every few steps

Napoleon stopped and snuffed the ground for traces of Snowball's footsteps, which, he said, he could detect by the smell. He snuffed in every corner, in the barn, in the cow-shed, in the henhouses, in the vegetable garden, and found traces of Snowball almost everywhere. He would put his snout to the ground, give several deep sniffs, ad exclaim in a terrible voice, "Snowball! He has been here! I can smell him distinctly!" and at the word "Snowball" all the dogs let out blood-curdling growls and showed their side teeth.

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers. In the evening Squealer called them together, and with an alarmed expression on his face told them that he had some serious news to report.

"Comrades!" cried Squealer, making little nervous skips, "a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm away from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball's rebellion was caused simply by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Do you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted — fortunately without success — to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?"

The animals were stupefied. This was a wickedness far outdoing Snowball's destruction of the windmill. But it was some minutes before they could fully take it in. They all remembered, or thought

they remembered, how they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the Cowshed, how he had rallied and encouraged them at every turn, and how he had not paused for an instant even when the pellets from Jones's gun had wounded his back. At first it was a little difficult to see how this fitted in with his being on Jones's side. Even Boxer, who seldom asked questions, was puzzled. He lay down, tucked his fore hoofs beneath him, shut his eyes, and with a hard effort managed to formulate his thoughts.

"I do not believe that," he said. "Snowball fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed. I saw him myself. Did we not give him 'Animal Hero, first Class,' immediately afterwards?"

"That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now — it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found — that in reality he was trying to lure us to our doom."

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

"That was part of the arrangement!" cried Squealer. "Jones's shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded — I will even say, comrades, he WOULD have succeeded if it had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment, when panic was spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of 'Death to Humanity!' and sank his teeth in Jones's leg? Surely you remember THAT, comrades?" exclaimed Squealer, frisking from side to side.

Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the animals that they did remember it. At any rate, they remembered that at the critical moment of the battle Snowball had turned to flee. But Boxer was still a little uneasy.

"I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning," he said finally. "What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the Battle of the Cowshed he was a good comrade."

"Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon," announced Squealer, speaking very slowly and firmly, "has stated categorically — categorically, comrade — that Snowball was Jones's agent from the very beginning — yes, and from long before the Rebellion was ever thought of."

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

"That is the true spirit, comrade!" cried Squealer, but it was noticed he cast a very ugly look at Boxer with his little twinkling eyes. He turned to go, then paused and added impressively: "I warn every animal on this farm to keep his eyes very wide open. For we have reason to think that some of Snowball's secret agents are lurking among us at this moment!"

Four days later, in the late afternoon, Napoleon ordered all the animals to assemble in the yard. When they were all gathered together, Napoleon emerged from the farmhouse, wearing both his medals (for he had recently awarded himself "Animal Hero, First Class", and "Animal Hero, Second Class"), with his nine huge dogs frisking round him and uttering growls that sent shivers down all the animals' spines. They all cowered silently in their places, seeming to know in advance that some terrible thing was about to happen.

Napoleon stood sternly surveying his audience; then he uttered a high-pitched whimper. Immediately the dogs bounded forward, seized four of the pigs by the ear and dragged them, squealing with pain and terror, to Napoleon's feet. The pigs' ears were bleeding, the dogs had tasted blood, and for a few moments they appeared to go quite mad. To the amazement of everybody, three of them flung themselves upon Boxer. Boxer saw them coming and put out his great hoof, caught a dog in mid-air, and pinned him to the ground. The dog shrieked for mercy and the other two fled with their tails between their legs. Boxer looked at Napoleon to know whether he should crush the dog to death or let it go. Napoleon appeared to change countenance, and sharply ordered Boxer to let the dog go, whereat Boxer lifted his hoof, and the dog slunk away, bruised and howling.

Presently the tumult died down. The four pigs waited, trembling, with guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called upon them to confess their crimes. They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further prompting they confessed that they had been secretly in touch with Snowball ever since his expulsion, that they had collaborated with him in destroying the windmill, and that they had entered into an agreement with him to hand over Animal Farm to Mr. Frederick. They added that Snowball had privately admitted to them that he had been Jones's secret agent for years past. When they had finished their confession, the dogs promptly tore their throats out, and in a terrible voice Napoleon demanded whether any other animal had anything to confess.

The three hens who had been the ringleaders in the attempted rebellion over the eggs now came forward and stated that Snowball had appeared to them in a dream and incited them to disobey

Napoleon's orders. They, too, were slaughtered. Then a goose came forward and confessed to having secreted six ears of corn during the last year's harvest and eaten them in the night. Then a sheep confessed to having urinated in the drinking pool — urged to do this, so she said, by Snowball — and two other sheep confessed to having murdered an old ram, an especially devoted follower of Napoleon, by chasing him round and round a bonfire when he was suffering from a cough. They were all slain on the spot. And so the tale of confessions and executions went on, until there was a pile of corpses lying before Napoleon's feet and the air was heavy with the smell of blood, which had been unknown there since the expulsion of Jones.

When it was all over, the remaining animals, except for the pigs and dogs, crept away in a body. They were shaken and miserable. They did not know which was more shocking — the treachery of the animals who had leagued themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they had just witnessed. In the old days there had often been scenes of bloodshed equally terrible, but it seemed to all of them that it was far worse now that it was happening among themselves. Since Jones had left the farm, until today, no animal had killed another animal. Not even a rat had been killed. They had made their way on to the little knoll where the half-finished windmill stood, and with one accord they all lay down as though huddling together for warmth — Clover, Muriel, Benjamin, the cows, the sheep, and a whole flock of geese and hens — everyone, indeed, except the cat, who had suddenly disappeared just before Napoleon ordered the animals to assemble. For some time nobody spoke. Only Boxer remained on his feet. He fidgeted to and fro, swishing his long black tail against his sides and occasionally uttering a little whinny of surprise. Finally he said:

“I do not understand it. I would not have believed that such things could happen on our farm. It must be due to some fault in ourselves. The solution, as I see it, is to work harder. From now onwards I shall get up a full hour earlier in the mornings.”

And he moved off at his lumbering trot and made for the quarry. Having got there, he collected two successive loads of stone and dragged them down to the windmill before retiring for the night.

The animals huddled about Clover, not speaking. The knoll where they were lying gave them a wide prospect across the countryside. Most of Animal Farm was within their view — the long pasture stretching down to the main road, the hayfield, the spinney, the drinking pool, the ploughed fields where the young wheat was thick and green, and the red roofs of the farm buildings with the smoke curling from the chimneys. It was a clear spring evening. The grass and the bursting hedges were gilded by the level rays of the sun. Never had the farm — and with a kind of surprise they remembered that it was their own farm, every inch of it their own property — appeared to the animals so desirable a place. As Clover looked down the hillside her eyes filled with tears. If she could have spoken her thoughts, it would have been to say that this was not what they had aimed at when they had set themselves years ago to work for the overthrow of the human race. These scenes of terror and slaughter were not what they had looked forward to on that night when old Major first stirred them to rebellion. If she herself had had any picture of the future, it had been of a society of animals set free from hunger and the whip, all equal, each working according to his capacity, the strong protecting the weak, as she had protected the lost brood of ducklings with her foreleg on the night of Major’s speech. Instead — she did not know why — they had come to a time when no one dared speak his mind, when fierce, growling

dogs roamed everywhere, and when you had to watch your comrades torn to pieces after confessing to shocking crimes. There was no thought of rebellion or disobedience in her mind. She knew that, even as things were, they were far better off than they had been in the days of Jones, and that before all else it was needful to prevent the return of the human beings. Whatever happened she would remain faithful, work hard, carry out the orders that were given to her, and accept the leadership of Napoleon. But still, it was not for this that she and all the other animals had hoped and toiled. It was not for this that they had built the windmill and faced the bullets of Jones's gun. Such were her thoughts, though she lacked the words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was unable to find, she began to sing 'Beasts of England'. The other animals sitting round her took it up, and they sang it three times over — very tunefully, but slowly and mournfully, in a way they had never sung it before.

They had just finished singing it for the third time when Squealer, attended by two dogs, approached them with the air of having something important to say. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, 'Beasts of England' had been abolished. From now onwards it was forbidden to sing it.

The animals were taken aback.

"Why?" cried Muriel.

"It's no longer needed, comrade," said Squealer stiffly. "'Beasts of England' was the song of the Rebellion. But the Rebellion is now completed. The execution of the traitors this afternoon was the final act. The enemy both external and internal has been defeated.

In ‘Beasts of England’ we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. Clearly this song has no longer any purpose.”

Frightened though they were, some of the animals might possibly have protested, but at this moment the sheep set up their usual bleating of “Four legs good, two legs bad,” which went on for several minutes and put an end to the discussion.

So ‘Beasts of England’ was heard no more. In its place Minimus, the poet, had composed another song which began:

> Animal Farm, Animal Farm,
> Never through me shalt thou come to harm!

and this was sung every Sunday morning after the hoisting of the flag. But somehow neither the words nor the tune ever seemed to the animals to come up to ‘Beasts of England’.

Chapter 8

A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down, some of the animals remembered — or thought they remembered — that the Sixth Commandment decreed “No animal shall kill any other animal.” And though no one cared to mention it in the hearing of the pigs or the dogs, it was felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this. Clover asked Benjamin to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when Benjamin, as usual, said that he refused to meddle in such matters, she fetched Muriel. Muriel read the Commandment for her. It ran:

"No animal shall kill any other animal WITHOUT CAUSE." Somehow or other, the last two words had slipped out of the animals' memory. But they saw now that the Commandment had not been violated; for clearly there was good reason for killing the traitors who had leagued themselves with Snowball.

Throughout the year the animals worked even harder than they had worked in the previous year. To rebuild the windmill, with walls twice as thick as before, and to finish it by the appointed date, together with the regular work of the farm, was a tremendous labour. There were times when it seemed to the animals that they worked longer hours and fed no better than they had done in Jones's day. On Sunday mornings Squealer, holding down a long strip of paper with his trotter, would read out to them lists of figures proving that the production of every class of foodstuff had increased by two hundred per cent, three hundred per cent, or five hundred per cent, as the case might be. The animals saw no reason to disbelieve him, especially as they could no longer remember very clearly what conditions had been like before the Rebellion. All the same, there were days when they felt that they would sooner have had less figures and more food.

All orders were now issued through Squealer or one of the other pigs. Napoleon himself was not seen in public as often as once in a fortnight. When he did appear, he was attended not only by his retinue of dogs but by a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of trumpeter, letting out a loud "cock-adoodledoo" before Napoleon spoke. Even in the farmhouse, it was said, Napoleon inhabited separate apartments from the others. He took his meals alone, with two dogs to wait upon him, and always ate from the Crown Derby dinner service which had been in the glass cupboard in the drawing-room. It was also announced that the

gun would be fired every year on Napoleon's birthday, as well as on the other two anniversaries.

Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as "Napoleon." He was always referred to in formal style as "our Leader, Comrade Napoleon," and this pigs liked to invent for him such titles as Father of All Animals, Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheepfold, Ducklings' Friend, and the like. In his speeches, Squealer would talk with the tears rolling down his cheeks of Napoleon's wisdom the goodness of his heart, and the deep love he bore to all animals everywhere, even and especially the unhappy animals who still lived in ignorance and slavery on other farms. It had become usual to give Napoleon the credit for every successful achievement and every stroke of good fortune. You would often hear one hen remark to another, "Under the guidance of our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, I have laid five eggs in six days"; or two cows, enjoying a drink at the pool, would exclaim, "Thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon, how excellent this water tastes!" The general feeling on the farm was well expressed in a poem entitled Comrade Napoleon, which was composed by Minimus and which ran 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 peace in his stall, Thou
watchest over all, 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!”

Napoleon approved of this poem and caused it to be inscribed on the wall of the big barn, at the opposite end from the Seven Commandments. It was surmounted by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in white paint.

Meanwhile, through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in complicated negotiations with Frederick and Pilkington. The pile of timber was still unsold. Of the two, Frederick was the more anxious to get hold of it, but he would not offer a reasonable price. At the same time there were renewed rumours that Frederick and his men were plotting to attack Animal Farm and to destroy the windmill, the building of which had aroused furious jealousy in him. Snowball was known to be still skulking on Pinchfield Farm. In the middle of the summer the animals were alarmed to hear that three hens had come forward and confessed that, inspired by Snowball, they had entered into a plot to murder Napoleon. They were executed immediately, and fresh precautions for Napoleon’s safety were taken. Four dogs guarded his bed at night, one at each corner, and a young pig named Pinkeye was given the task of tasting all his food before he ate it, lest it should be poisoned.

At about the same time it was given out that Napoleon had arranged to sell the pile of timber to Mr. Pilkington; he was also going to enter into a regular agreement for the exchange of certain products between Animal Farm and Foxwood. The relations between Napoleon and Pilkington, though they were only conducted through Whymper, were now almost friendly. The animals distrusted Pilkington, as a human being, but greatly preferred him to Frederick, whom they both feared and hated. As the summer wore on, and the windmill neared completion, the rumours of an impending treacherous attack grew stronger and stronger. Frederick, it was said, intended to bring against them twenty men all armed with guns, and he had already bribed the magistrates and police, so that if he could once get hold of the titledeeds of Animal Farm they would ask no questions. Moreover, terrible stories were leaking out from Pinchfield about the cruelties that Frederick practised upon his animals. He had flogged an old horse to death, he starved his cows, he had killed a dog by throwing it into the furnace, he amused himself in the evenings by making cocks fight with splinters of razor-blade tied to their spurs. The animals' blood boiled with rage when they heard of these things beingdone to their comrades, and sometimes they clamoured to be allowed to go out in a body and attack Pinchfield Farm, drive out the humans, and set the animals free. But Squealer counselled them to avoid rash actions and trust in Comrade Napoleon's strategy.

Nevertheless, feeling against Frederick continued to run high. One Sunday morning Napoleon appeared in the barn and explained that he had never at any time contemplated selling the pile of timber to Frederick; he considered it beneath his dignity, he said, to have dealings with scoundrels of that description. The pigeons who were still sent out to spread tidings of the Rebellion were forbidden to set foot anywhere on Foxwood, and were also ordered to drop their

former slogan of “Death to Humanity” in favour of “Death to Frederick.” In the late summer yet another of Snowball’s machinations was laid bare. The wheat crop was full of weeds, and it was discovered that on one of his nocturnal visits Snowball had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn. A gander who had been privy to the plot had confessed his guilt to Squealer and immediately committed suicide by swallowing deadly nightshade berries. The animals now also learned that Snowball had never — as many of them had believed hitherto — received the order of “Animal Hero, First Class.” This was merely a legend which had been spread some time after the Battle of the Cowshed by Snowball himself. So far from being decorated, he had been censured for showing cowardice in the battle. Once again some of the animals heard this with a certain bewilderment, but Squealer was soon able to convince them that their memories had been at fault.

In the autumn, by a tremendous, exhausting effort — for the harvest had to be gathered at almost the same time — the windmill was finished. The machinery had still to be installed, and Whymper was negotiating the purchase of it, but the structure was completed. In the teeth of every difficulty, in spite of inexperience, of primitive implements, of bad luck and of Snowball’s treachery, the work had been finished punctually to the very day! Tired out but proud, the animals walked round and round their masterpiece, which appeared even more beautiful in their eyes than when it had been built the first time. Moreover, the walls were twice as thick as before. Nothing short of explosives would lay them low this time! And when they thought of how they had laboured, what discouragements they had overcome, and the enormous difference that would be made in their lives when the sails were turning and the dynamos running — when they thought of all this, their tiredness forsook them and they gambolled round and round the windmill, uttering cries of triumph.

Napoleon himself, attended by his dogs and his cockerel, came down to inspect the completed work; he personally congratulated the animals on their achievement, and announced that the mill would be named Napoleon Mill.

Two days later the animals were called together for a special meeting in the barn. They were struck dumb with surprise when Napoleon announced that he had sold the pile of timber to Frederick. Tomorrow Frederick's wagons would arrive and begin carting it away. Throughout the whole period of his seeming friendship with Pilkington, Napoleon had really been in secret agreement with Frederick.

All relations with Foxwood had been broken off; insulting messages had been sent to Pilkington. The pigeons had been told to avoid Pinchfield Farm and to alter their slogan from "Death to Frederick" to "Death to Pilkington." At the same time Napoleon assured the animals that the stories of an impending attack on Animal Farm were completely untrue, and that the tales about Frederick's cruelty to his own animals had been greatly exaggerated. All these rumours had probably originated with Snowball and his agents. It now appeared that Snowball was not, after all, hiding on Pinchfield Farm, and in fact had never been there in his life: he was living — in considerable luxury, so it was said — at Foxwood, and had in reality been a pensioner of Pilkington for years past.

The pigs were in ecstasies over Napoleon's cunning. By seeming to be friendly with Pilkington he had forced Frederick to raise his price by twelve pounds. But the superior quality of Napoleon's mind, said Squealer, was shown in the fact that he trusted nobody, not even Frederick. Frederick had wanted to pay for the timber with something called a cheque, which, it seemed, was a piece of paper with a promise to pay written upon it. But Napoleon was too clever for him. He had demanded payment in real five-pound notes, which

were to be handed over before the timber was removed. Already Frederick had paid up; and the sum he had paid was just enough to buy the machinery for the windmill.

Meanwhile the timber was being carted away at high speed. When it was all gone, another special meeting was held in the barn for the animals to inspect Frederick's bank-notes. Smiling beatifically, and wearing both his decorations, Napoleon reposed on a bed of straw on the platform, with the money at his side, neatly piled on a china dish from the farmhouse kitchen. The animals filed slowly past, and each gazed his fill. And Boxer put out his nose to sniff at the bank-notes, and the flimsy white things stirred and rustled in his breath.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo. Whymper, his face deadly pale, came racing up the path on his bicycle, flung it down in the yard and rushed straight into the farmhouse. The next moment a choking roar of rage sounded from Napoleon's apartments. The news of what had happened sped round the farm like wildfire. The banknotes were forgeries! Frederick had got the timber for nothing!

Napoleon called the animals together immediately and in a terrible voice pronounced the death sentence upon Frederick. When captured, he said, Frederick should be boiled alive. At the same time he warned them that after this treacherous deed the worst was to be expected. Frederick and his men might make their long-expected attack at any moment. Sentinels were placed at all the approaches to the farm. In addition, four pigeons were sent to Foxwood with a conciliatory message, which it was hoped might reestablish good relations with Pilkington.

The very next morning the attack came. The animals were at breakfast when the look-outs came racing in with the news that Frederick and his followers had already come through the

fivebarred gate. Boldly enough the animals sallied forth to meet them, but this time they did not have the easy victory that they had had in the Battle of the Cowshed. There were fifteen men, with half a dozen guns between them, and they opened fire as soon as they got within fifty yards. The animals could not face the terrible explosions and the stinging pellets, and in spite of the efforts of Napoleon and Boxer to rally them, they were soon driven back. A number of them were already wounded. They took refuge in the farm buildings and peeped cautiously out from chinks and knotholes. The whole of the big pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy. For the moment even Napoleon seemed at a loss. He paced up and down without a word, his tail rigid and twitching. Wistful glances were sent in the direction of Foxwood. If Pilkington and his men would help them, the day might yet be won. But at this moment the four pigeons, who had been sent out on the day before, returned, one of them bearing a scrap of paper from Pilkington. On it was pencilled the words: “Serves you right.”

Meanwhile Frederick and his men had halted about the windmill. The animals watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Two of the men had produced a crowbar and a sledge hammer. They were going to knock the windmill down.

“Impossible!” cried Napoleon. “We have built the walls far too thick for that. They could not knock it down in a week. Courage, comrades!”

But Benjamin was watching the movements of the men intently. The two with the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the windmill. Slowly, and with an air almost of amusement, Benjamin nodded his long muzzle.

“I thought so,” he said. “Do you not see what they are doing? In another moment they are going to pack blasting powder into that hole.”

Terrified, the animals waited. It was impossible now to venture out of the shelter of the buildings. After a few minutes the men were seen to be running in all directions. Then there was a deafening roar. The pigeons swirled into the air, and all the animals, except Napoleon, flung themselves flat on their bellies and hid their faces. When they got up again, a huge cloud of black smoke was hanging where the windmill had been. Slowly the breeze drifted it away. The windmill had ceased to exist!

At this sight the animals' courage returned to them. The fear and despair they had felt a moment earlier were drowned in their rage against this vile, contemptible act. A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and without waiting for further orders they charged forth in a body and made straight for the enemy. This time they did not heed the cruel pellets that swept over them like hail. It was a savage, bitter battle. The men fired again and again, and, when the animals got to close quarters, lashed out with their sticks and their heavy boots. A cow, three sheep, and two geese were killed, and nearly everyone was wounded. Even Napoleon, who was directing operations from the rear, had the tip of his tail chipped by a pellet. But the men did not go unscathed either. Three of them had their heads broken by blows from Boxer's hoofs; another was gored in the belly by a cow's horn; another had his trousers nearly torn off by Jessie and Bluebell. And when the nine dogs of Napoleon's own bodyguard, whom he had instructed to make a detour under cover of the hedge, suddenly appeared on the men's flank, baying ferociously, panic overtook them. They saw that they were in danger of being surrounded. Frederick shouted to his men to get out while the going was good, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for dear life. The animals chased them right down to the bottom of the field, and got in some last kicks at them as they forced their way through the thorn hedge.

They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp back towards the farm. The sight of their dead comrades stretched upon the grass moved some of them to tears. And for a little while they halted in sorrowful silence at the place where the windmill had once stood. Yes, it was gone; almost the last trace of their labour was gone! Even the foundations were partially destroyed. And in rebuilding it they could not this time, as before, make use of the fallen stones. This time the stones had vanished too. The force of the explosion had flung them to distances of hundreds of yards. It was as though the windmill had never been.

As they approached the farm Squealer, who had unaccountably been absent during the fighting, came skipping towards them, whisking his tail and beaming with satisfaction. And the animals heard, from the direction of the farm buildings, the solemn booming of a gun.

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

"To celebrate our victory!" cried Squealer.

"What victory?" said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe and split his hoof, and a dozen pellets had lodged themselves in his hind leg.

"What victory, comrade? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil — the sacred soil of Animal Farm?"

"But they have destroyed the windmill. And we had worked on it for two years!"

"What matter? We will build another windmill. We will build six windmills if we feel like it. You do not appreciate, comrade, the mighty thing that we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very ground that we stand upon. And now — thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon — we have won every inch of it back again!"

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

“That is our victory,” said Squealer.

They limped into the yard. The pellets under the skin of Boxer’s leg smarted painfully. He saw ahead of him the heavy labour of rebuilding the windmill from the foundations, and already in imagination he braced himself for the task. But for the first time it occurred to him that he was eleven years old and that perhaps his great muscles were not quite what they had once been.

But when the animals saw the green flag flying, and heard the gun firing again — seven times it was fired in all — and heard the speech that Napoleon made, congratulating them on their conduct, it did seem to them after all that they had won a great victory. The animals slain in the battle were given a solemn funeral. Boxer and Clover pulled the wagon which served as a hearse, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of the procession. Two whole days were given over to celebrations. There were songs, speeches, and more firing of the gun, and a special gift of an apple was bestowed on every animal, with two ounces of corn for each bird and three biscuits for each dog. It was announced that the battle would be called the Battle of the Windmill, and that Napoleon had created a new decoration, the Order of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the banknotes was forgotten.

It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. It had been overlooked at the time when the house was first occupied. That night there came from the farmhouse the sound of loud singing, in which, to everyone’s surprise, the strains of ‘Beasts of England’ were mixed up. At about half past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr. Jones’s, was distinctly seen to emerge from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard, and disappear indoors again. But in

the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. Not a pig appeared to be stirring. It was nearly nine o'clock when Squealer made his appearance, walking slowly and dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply behind him, and with every appearance of being seriously ill. He called the animals together and told them that he had a terrible piece of news to impart. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

A cry of lamentation went up. Straw was laid down outside the doors of the farmhouse, and the animals walked on tiptoe. With tears in their eyes they asked one another what they should do if their Leader were taken away from them. A rumour went round that Snowball had after all contrived to introduce poison into Napoleon's food. At eleven o'clock Squealer came out to make another announcement. As his last act upon earth, Comrade Napoleon had pronounced a solemn decree: the drinking of alcohol was to be punished by death.

By the evening, however, Napoleon appeared to be somewhat better, and the following morning Squealer was able to tell them that he was well on the way to recovery. By the evening of that day Napoleon was back at work, and on the next day it was learned that he had instructed Whymper to purchase in Willingdon some booklets on brewing and distilling. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had previously been intended to set aside as a grazing-ground for animals who were past work, was to be ploughed up. It was given out that the pasture was exhausted and needed re-seeding; but it soon became known that Napoleon intended to sow it with barley.

About this time there occurred a strange incident which hardly anyone was able to understand. One night at about twelve o'clock there was a loud crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. It was a moonlit night. At the foot of the end wall of the

big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written, there lay a ladder broken in two pieces. Squealer, temporarily stunned, was sprawling beside it, and near at hand there lay a lantern, a paintbrush, and an overturned pot of white paint. The dogs immediately made a ring round Squealer, and escorted him back to the farmhouse as soon as he was able to walk. None of the animals could form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin, who nodded his muzzle with a knowing air, and seemed to understand, but would say nothing.

But a few days later Muriel, reading over the Seven Commandments to herself, noticed that there was yet another of them which the animals had remembered wrong. They had thought the Fifth Commandment was "No animal shall drink alcohol," but there were two words that they had forgotten. Actually the Commandment read: "No animal shall drink alcohol TO EXCESS."

Chapter 9

Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing. They had started the rebuilding of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were ended. Boxer refused to take even a day off work, and made it a point of honour not to let it be seen that he was in pain. In the evenings he would admit privately to Clover that the hoof troubled him a great deal. Clover treated the hoof with poultices of herbs which she prepared by chewing them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's lungs do not last for ever," she said to him. But Boxer would not listen. He had, he said, only one real ambition left — to see the windmill well under way before he reached the age for retirement.

At the beginning, when the laws of Animal Farm were first formulated, the retiring age had been fixed for horses and pigs at twelve, for cows at fourteen, for dogs at nine, for sheep at seven, and

for hens and geese at five. Liberal old-age pensions had been agreed upon. As yet no animal had actually retired on pension, but of late the subject had been discussed more and more. Now that the small field beyond the orchard had been set aside for barley, it was rumoured that a corner of the large pasture was to be fenced off and turned into a grazing-ground for superannuated animals. For a horse, it was said, the pension would be five pounds of corn a day and, in winter, fifteen pounds of hay, with a carrot or possibly an apple on public holidays. Boxer's twelfth birthday was due in the late summer of the following year.

Meanwhile life was hard. The winter was as cold as the last one had been, and food was even shorter. Once again all rations were reduced, except those of the pigs and the dogs. A too rigid equality in rations, Squealer explained, would have been contrary to the principles of Animalism. In any case he had no difficulty in proving to the other animals that they were NOT in reality short of food, whatever the appearances might be. For the time being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment of rations (Squealer always spoke of it as a "readjustment," never as a "reduction"), but in comparison with the days of Jones, the improvement was enormous. Reading out the figures in a shrill, rapid voice, he proved to them in detail that they had more oats, more hay, more turnips than they had had in Jones's day, that they worked shorter hours, that their drinking water was of better quality, that they lived longer, that a larger proportion of their young ones survived infancy, and that they had more straw in their stalls and suffered less from fleas. The animals believed every word of it. Truth to tell, Jones and all he stood for had almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare, that they were often hungry and often cold, and that they were usually working when they were not asleep. But doubtless it had

been worse in the old days. They were glad to believe so. Besides, in those days they had been slaves and now they were free, and that made all the difference, as Squealer did not fail to point out.

There were many more mouths to feed now. In the autumn the four sows had all littered about simultaneously, producing thirtyone young pigs between them. The young pigs were piebald, and as Napoleon was the only boar on the farm, it was possible to guess at their parentage. It was announced that later, when bricks and timber had been purchased, a schoolroom would be built in the farmhouse garden. For the time being, the young pigs were given their instruction by Napoleon himself in the farmhouse kitchen. They took their exercise in the garden, and were discouraged from playing with the other young animals. About this time, too, it was laid down as a rule that when a pig and any other animal met on the path, the other animal must stand aside: and also that all pigs, of whatever degree, were to have the privilege of wearing green ribbons on their tails on Sundays.

The farm had had a fairly successful year, but was still short of money. There were the bricks, sand, and lime for the schoolroom to be purchased, and it would also be necessary to begin saving up again for the machinery for the windmill. Then there were lamp oil and candles for the house, sugar for Napoleon's own table (he forbade this to the other pigs, on the ground that it made them fat), and all the usual replacements such as tools, nails, string, coal, wire, scrap-iron, and dog biscuits. A stump of hay and part of the potato crop were sold off, and the contract for eggs was increased to six hundred a week, so that that year the hens barely hatched enough chicks to keep their numbers at the same level. Rations, reduced in December, were reduced again in February, and lanterns in the stalls were forbidden to save oil. But the pigs seemed comfortable enough, and in fact were putting on weight if anything. One

afternoon in late February a warm, rich, appetising scent, such as the animals had never smelt before, wafted itself across the yard from the little brew-house, which had been disused in Jones's time, and which stood beyond the kitchen. Someone said it was the smell of cooking barley. The animals sniffed the air hungrily and wondered whether a warm mash was being prepared for their supper. But no warm mash appeared, and on the following Sunday it was announced that from now onwards all barley would be reserved for the pigs. The field beyond the orchard had already been sown with barley. And the news soon leaked out that every pig was now receiving a ration of a pint of beer daily, with half a gallon for Napoleon himself, which was always served to him in the Crown Derby soup tureen.

But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset by the fact that life nowadays had a greater dignity than it had had before. There were more songs, more speeches, more processions. Napoleon had commanded that once a week there should be held something called a Spontaneous Demonstration, the object of which was to celebrate the struggles and triumphs of Animal Farm. At the appointed time the animals would leave their work and march round the precincts of the farm in military formation, with the pigs leading, then the horses, then the cows, then the sheep, and then the poultry. The dogs flanked the procession and at the head of all marched Napoleon's black cockerel. Boxer and Clover always carried between them a green banner marked with the hoof and the horn and the caption, "Long live Comrade Napoleon!"
Afterwards there were recitations of poems composed in Napoleon's honour, and a speech by Squealer giving particulars of the latest increases in the production of foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were the greatest devotees of the Spontaneous Demonstration, and if anyone complained (as a few

animals sometimes did, when no pigs or dogs were near) that they wasted time and meant a lot of standing about in the cold, the sheep were sure to silence him with a tremendous bleating of “Four legs good, two legs bad!” But by and large the animals enjoyed these celebrations. They found it comforting to be reminded that, after all, they were truly their own masters and that the work they did was for their own benefit. So that, what with the songs, the processions, Squealer’s lists of figures, the thunder of the gun, the crowing of the cockerel, and the fluttering of the flag, they were able to forget that their bellies were empty, at least part of the time.

In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary to elect a President. There was only one candidate, Napoleon, who was elected unanimously. On the same day it was given out that fresh documents had been discovered which revealed further details about Snowball’s complicity with Jones. It now appeared that Snowball had not, as the animals had previously imagined, merely attempted to lose the Battle of the Cowshed by means of a stratagem, but had been openly fighting on Jones’s side. In fact, it was he who had actually been the leader of the human forces, and had charged into battle with the words “Long live Humanity!” on his lips. The wounds on Snowball’s back, which a few of the animals still remembered to have seen, had been inflicted by Napoleon’s teeth.

In the middle of the summer Moses the raven suddenly reappeared on the farm, after an absence of several years. He was quite unchanged, still did no work, and talked in the same strain as ever about Sugarcandy Mountain. He would perch on a stump, flap his black wings, and talk by the hour to anyone who would listen. “Up there, comrades,” he would say solemnly, pointing to the sky with his large beak —“up there, just on the other side of that dark cloud that you can see — there it lies, Sugarcandy Mountain, that

happy country where we poor animals shall rest for ever from our labours!" He even claimed to have been there on one of his higher flights, and to have seen the everlasting fields of clover and the linseed cake and lump sugar growing on the hedges. Many of the animals believed him. Their lives now, they reasoned, were hungry and laborious; was it not right and just that a better world should exist somewhere else? A thing that was difficult to determine was the attitude of the pigs towards Moses. They all declared contemptuously that his stories about Sugarcandy Mountain were lies, and yet they allowed him to remain on the farm, not working, with an allowance of a gill of beer a day.

After his hoof had healed up, Boxer worked harder than ever. Indeed, all the animals worked like slaves that year. Apart from the regular work of the farm, and the rebuilding of the windmill, there was the schoolhouse for the young pigs, which was started in March. Sometimes the long hours on insufficient food were hard to bear, but Boxer never faltered. In nothing that he said or did was there any sign that his strength was not what it had been. It was only his appearance that was a little altered; his hide was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches seemed to have shrunken. The others said, "Boxer will pick up when the spring grass comes on"; but the spring came and Boxer grew no fatter. Sometimes on the slope leading to the top of the quarry, when he braced his muscles against the weight of some vast boulder, it seemed that nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At such times his lips were seen to form the words, "I will work harder"; he had no voice left. Once again Clover and Benjamin warned him to take care of his health, but Boxer paid no attention. His twelfth birthday was approaching. He did not care what happened so long as a good store of stone was accumulated before he went on pension.

Late one evening in the summer, a sudden rumour ran round the farm that something had happened to Boxer. He had gone out alone to drag a load of stone down to the windmill. And sure enough, the rumour was true. A few minutes later two pigeons came racing in with the news; “Boxer has fallen! He is lying on his side and can’t get up!”

About half the animals on the farm rushed out to the knoll where the windmill stood. There lay Boxer, between the shafts of the cart, his neck stretched out, unable even to raise his head. His eyes were glazed, his sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled out of his mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side.

“Boxer!” she cried, “how are you?”

“It is my lung,” said Boxer in a weak voice. “It does not matter. I think you will be able to finish the windmill without me. There is a pretty good store of stone accumulated. I had only another month to go in any case. To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. And perhaps, as Benjamin is growing old too, they will let him retire at the same time and be a companion to me.”

“We must get help at once,” said Clover. “Run, somebody, and tell Squealer what has happened.”

All the other animals immediately raced back to the farmhouse to give Squealer the news. Only Clover remained, and Benjamin who lay down at Boxer’s side, and, without speaking, kept the flies off him with his long tail. After about a quarter of an hour Squealer appeared, full of sympathy and concern. He said that Comrade Napoleon had learned with the very deepest distress of this misfortune to one of the most loyal workers on the farm, and was already making arrangements to send Boxer to be treated in the hospital at Willingdon. The animals felt a little uneasy at this. Except for Mollie and Snowball, no other animal had ever left the farm, and they did not like to think of their sick comrade in the

hands of human beings. However, Squealer easily convinced them that the veterinary surgeon in Willingdon could treat Boxer's case more satisfactorily than could be done on the farm. And about half an hour later, when Boxer had somewhat recovered, he was with difficulty got on to his feet, and managed to limp back to his stall, where Clover and Benjamin had prepared a good bed of straw for him.

For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited — indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. "Quick, quick!" he shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!" Without waiting for orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking

man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat. And Boxer's stall was empty.

The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused, "good-bye!"

"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. "Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?"

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read:

"'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.' Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker's!"

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "Boxer!" she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer's face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van.

"Boxer!" cried Clover in a terrible voice. "Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They're taking you to your death!"

All the animals took up the cry of "Get out, Boxer, get out!" But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs inside the

van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In desperation the animals began appealing to the two horses which drew the van to stop. "Comrades, comrades!" they shouted. "Don't take your own brother to his death! "But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace. Boxer's face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never seen again.

Three days later it was announced that he had died in the hospital at Willingdon, in spite of receiving every attention a horse could have. Squealer came to announce the news to the others. He had, he said, been present during Boxer's last hours.

"It was the most affecting sight I have ever seen!" said Squealer, lifting his trotter and wiping away a tear. "I was at his bedside at the very last. And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered in my ear that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill was finished. 'Forward, comrades!' he whispered. 'Forward in the name of the Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is always right.' Those were his very last words, comrades."

Here Squealer's demeanour suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he proceeded.

It had come to his knowledge, he said, that a foolish and wicked rumour had been circulated at the time of Boxer's removal. Some of the animals had noticed that the van which took Boxer away was

marked “Horse Slaughterer,” and had actually jumped to the conclusion that Boxer was being sent to the knacker’s. It was almost unbelievable, said Squealer, that any animal could be so stupid. Surely, he cried indignantly, whisking his tail and skipping from side to side, surely they knew their beloved Leader, Comrade Napoleon, better than that? But the explanation was really very simple. The van had previously been the property of the knacker, and had been bought by the veterinary surgeon, who had not yet painted the old name out. That was how the mistake had arisen.

The animals were enormously relieved to hear this. And when Squealer went on to give further graphic details of Boxer’s deathbed, the admirable care he had received, and the expensive medicines for which Napoleon had paid without a thought as to the cost, their last doubts disappeared and the sorrow that they felt for their comrade’s death was tempered by the thought that at least he had died happy.

Napoleon himself appeared at the meeting on the following Sunday morning and pronounced a short oration in Boxer’s honour. It had not been possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade’s remains for interment on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath to be made from the laurels in the farmhouse garden and sent down to be placed on Boxer’s grave. And in a few days’ time the pigs intended to hold a memorial banquet in Boxer’s honour. Napoleon ended his speech with a reminder of Boxer’s two favourite maxims, “I will work harder” and “Comrade Napoleon is always right”— maxims, he said, which every animal would do well to adopt as his own.

On the day appointed for the banquet, a grocer’s van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate at the farmhouse. That night there was the sound of uproarious singing, which was followed by what sounded like a violent quarrel and ended at about eleven o’clock with a tremendous crash of glass. No one stirred in

the farmhouse before noon on the following day, and the word went round that from somewhere or other the pigs had acquired the money to buy themselves another case of whisky.

Chapter 10

Years passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by. A time came when there was no one who remembered the old days before the Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the pigs.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones too was dead — he had died in an inebriates' home in another part of the country. Snowball was forgotten. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. Clover was an old stout mare now, stiff in the joints and with a tendency to rheumy eyes. She was two years past the retiring age, but in fact no animal had ever actually retired. The talk of setting aside a corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been dropped. Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stone. Squealer was so fat that he could with difficulty see out of his eyes. Only old Benjamin was much the same as ever, except for being a little greyer about the muzzle, and, since Boxer's death, more morose and taciturn than ever.

There were many more creatures on the farm now, though the increase was not so great as had been expected in earlier years. Many animals had been born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, passed on by word of mouth, and others had been bought

who had never heard mention of such a thing before their arrival. The farm possessed three horses now besides Clover. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good comrades, but very stupid. None of them proved able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they understood very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organised: it had even been enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The windmill had been successfully completed at last, and the farm possessed a threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings had been added to it. Whymper had bought himself a dogcart. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. It was used for milling corn, and brought in a handsome money profit. The animals were hard at work building yet another windmill; when that one was finished, so it was said, the dynamos would be installed. But the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream, the stalls with electric light and hot and cold water, and the three-day week, were no longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.

Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer-except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. Perhaps this was partly because there were so many pigs and so many dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the supervision and organisation of the farm. Much of this work was of a kind that the other animals were too ignorant to understand. For example,

Squealer told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day upon mysterious things called “files,” “reports,” “minutes,” and “memoranda”. These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered, they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said. But still, neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites were always good.

As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones’s expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer’s lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on such things now. Only old Benjamin professed to remember every detail of his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse — hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never gave up hope. More, they never lost, even for an instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. They were still the only farm in the whole county — in all England! — owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the youngest, not even the newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever ceased

to marvel at that. And when they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their hearts swelled with imperishable pride, and the talk turned always towards the old heroic days, the expulsion of Jones, the writing of the Seven Commandments, the great battles in which the human invaders had been defeated. None of the old dreams had been abandoned. The Republic of the Animals which Major had foretold, when the green fields of England should be untrodden by human feet, was still believed in. Some day it was coming: it might not be soon, it might not be with in the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of 'Beasts of England' was perhaps hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of their hopes had been fulfilled; but they were conscious that they were not as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical human beings; if they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves. No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other creature "Master." All animals were equal.

One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision. In the evening he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told the sheep to stay where they were. It ended by their remaining there for a whole week, during which time the other animals saw nothing of them. Squealer was with them for the greater part of every day. He was, he said, teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.

It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way

back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover's voice. She neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as though the world had turned upsidedown. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything-in spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened — they might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of —

"Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four legs good, two legs BETTER!"

It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs had marched back into the farmhouse.

Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the tatted wall with its white lettering.

"My sight is failing," she said finally. "Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?"

For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran:

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

After that it did not seem strange when next day the pigs who were supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions to 'John Bull', 'Tit-Bits', and the 'Daily Mirror'. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden with a pipe in his mouth — no, not even when the pigs took Mr. Jones's clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather leggings, while his favourite sow appeared in the watered silk dress which Mrs. Jones had been used to wearing on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dog-carts drove up to the farm. A deputation of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection. They were shown all over the farm, and expressed great admiration for everything they saw, especially the windmill. The animals were weeding the turnip field. They worked diligently hardly raising their faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of the pigs or of the human visitors.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse. And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were stricken with curiosity. What could be happening in there, now that for the first time animals and human beings were meeting on terms of equality? With one accord they began to creep as quietly as possible into the farmhouse garden.

At the gate they paused, half frightened to go on but Clover led the way in. They tiptoed up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company had been enjoying a game of cards but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being refilled with beer. No one noticed the wondering faces of the animals that gazed in at the window.

Mr. Pilkington, of Foxwood, had stood up, his mug in his hand. In a moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent upon him to say.

It was a source of great satisfaction to him, he said — and, he was sure, to all others present — to feel that a long period of

mistrust and misunderstanding had now come to an end. There had been a time — not that he, or any of the present company, had shared such sentiments — but there had been a time when the respected proprietors of Animal Farm had been regarded, he would not say with hostility, but perhaps with a certain measure of misgiving, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. Too many farmers had assumed, without due enquiry, that on such a farm a spirit of licence and indiscipline would prevail. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But all such doubts were now dispelled. Today he and his friends had visited Animal Farm and inspected every inch of it with their own eyes, and what did they find? Not only the most up-to-date methods, but a discipline and an orderliness which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. He believed that he was right in saying that the lower animals on Animal Farm did more work and received less food than any animals in the county. Indeed, he and his fellowvisitors today had observed many features which they intended to introduce on their own farms immediately.

He would end his remarks, he said, by emphasising once again the friendly feelings that subsisted, and ought to subsist, between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere? Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared witticism on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking, during

which his various chins turned purple, he managed to get it out: “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; and Mr. Pilkington once again congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours, and the general absence of pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.

And now, he said finally, he would ask the company to rise to their feet and make certain that their glasses were full. “Gentlemen,” concluded Mr. Pilkington, “gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm!”

There was enthusiastic cheering and stamping of feet. Napoleon was so gratified that he left his place and came round the table to clink his mug against Mr. Pilkington’s before emptying it. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too had a few words to say.

Like all of Napoleon’s speeches, it was short and to the point. He too, he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. For a long time there had been rumours — circulated, he had reason to think, by some malignant enemy — that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. They had been credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business relations with their neighbours. This farm which he had the honour to control, he added, was a co-operative enterprise. The title-deeds, which were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions still lingered, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence still further. Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather

foolish custom of addressing one another as “Comrade.” This was to be suppressed. There had also been a very strange custom, whose origin was unknown, of marching every Sunday morning past a boar’s skull which was nailed to a post in the garden. This, too, would be suppressed, and the skull had already been buried. His visitors might have observed, too, the green flag which flew from the masthead. If so, they would perhaps have noted that the white hoof and horn with which it had previously been marked had now been removed. It would be a plain green flag from now onwards.

He had only one criticism, he said, to make of Mr. Pilkington’s excellent and neighbourly speech. Mr. Pilkington had referred throughout to “Animal Farm.” He could not of course know — for he, Napoleon, was only now for the first time announcing it — that the name “Animal Farm” had been abolished. Henceforward the farm was to be known as “The Manor Farm”— which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

“Gentlemen,” concluded Napoleon, “I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!”

There was the same hearty cheering as before, and the mugs were emptied to the dregs. But as the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening. What was it that had altered in the faces of the pigs? Clover’s old dim eyes flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting and changing? Then, the applause having come to an end, the company took up their cards and continued the game that had been interrupted, and the animals crept silently away.

But they had not gone twenty yards when they stopped short. An uproar of voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed

back and looked through the window again. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. There were shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

Critical Analysis

In his preface to **Animal Farm**, George Orwell, whose real name is Eric Blair, tells us how the idea of the fable came to mind. On his return from Spain in 1937, he thought of exposing the myth of the Soviet Communist Utopia in a simple way that could be easily understood by anyone. He was then living in a small village when one day he saw a little boy, perhaps 10 years old, driving a huge cart-horse along a narrow path, whipping it whenever it tried to turn. At that moment, it struck Orwell that if only such animals become aware of their strength, human beings would stop to have any power over them. It also occurred to him that men exploit animals in much the same way as the capitalists exploit the proletariat.

The narrator begins his story by saying: **"Mr. Jones of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes."** Beginning the story with this incident is meant to tell the reader that the farm owner does not take good care of his animals. He is careless and neglectful. As a result of his carelessness, the animals under his care suffer.

The most important point in Chapter 1 is old Major's speech. I will analyze and comment on some extracts from that wonderful speech. As a matter of fact, you should study the whole speech. At the beginning of his speech, old Major, the prize Middle White Boar says: **"Comrades, you have already heard about the strange dream I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first."** Although the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty, the farm animals called him old Major. The adjective 'old' connotes experience, knowledge, patience, and wisdom. It is clear from the beginning of old Major's speech that the 'strange dream' the animals expected to hear is not the real reason for the meeting held in the big barn. There is another more important subject that old Major wants to discuss first. This subject is his intention to impart his experience and wisdom to the farm animals. In fact, he plans to encourage them to rebel against Mr. Jones, the owner of Manor Farm. The incident the narrator describes in the opening paragraph makes it clear that Mr. Jones is a lazy and careless master. He is introduced as a heavy drinker. As a result of his idleness and careless-ness, the animals lead a hard,

harsh and miserable life. In this novel, Mr. Jones represents Nicholas II; the last Emperor of Russia and old Major stands for both Karl Marx and Lenin. It is also true to say that Mr. Jones represents the capitalist class.

In his important speech, old Major says: **"Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove man from the scene and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished forever."** Major ascribes all their troubles and suffering to their evil master. In these sentences, old Major bids the hungry and overworked animals to drive not only their owner, Mr. Jones, but also his four men out of the farm. Once Jones leaves the farm, all the animals' troubles will vanish. Then they can lead a happy and free life.

Addressing Clover, old Major says: **"And you, Clover where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old – you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the field, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?"** Major addresses Clover as a mother. Although he knows that Clover's four foals were sold by Mr. Jones when each was a year old, Major asks Clover about them to remind her and all other mothers on the farm that Mr. Jones is responsible for their separation from their loved ones; their children. When Clover grows old, she will need her children's help and support. Now, Clover considers that future situation and becomes very sad and angry. Clover and all mothers on the farm see Jones as a killer.

Like Lenin, old Major's human counterpart, Major urges the animals to unite in their struggle against man. He says: **"And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades."** In reality, Old Major is an idealist. He dreams of perfect unity and perfect comrade-ship, friendship and brotherhood among the animals. This dream can never be achieved. There is instinctive enmity among the animals. For example, a cat sees a rat as a meal, not as a brother. The narrator's description of the dogs' sudden attack on the four large rats indicates that enmity among the animals will never end. To me as a reader, what matters is not what Major preaches, but what the dogs do. As they say, actions speak louder than words.

To give the farm animals a lesson in democracy, old Major asks them to vote about whether rats are comrades or not. **"The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat that was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides."** What the dogs have done contradicts what Major preaches. Therefore, the dogs' attempt to kill the rats presents a problem that should be solved. Are rats friends or enemies? To settle that point, Major asks the animals to vote. Old Major tries to teach the animals to live in a democratic community. The vote was taken at once. Only the three dogs and the cat voted that rats are enemies.

Old Major is very intelligent and far-sighted. He ends his speech with a song, "Beasts of England." In this song, Major repeats the same main ideas he has already stated in his speech. The speech itself is full of repetition and the song is a repetition of the content of the speech. Old Major states and restates the same ideas because he knows that the majority of the animals are forgetful and foolish. The song is likely to give his ideas a kind of everlasting life.

The song was something between "Clementine"(an old ballad-style song) and 'La Cucuracha' (a modern South-American dance-band tune). This song becomes the revolutionary anthem of the Rebellion. By the way, "Beasts of England" is a parody of the Internationale, the anthem of international communism:

Arise ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise ye slaves.

To sum up, the main points in old Major's speech are:
1.The animals' lives are 'miserable, labourious and short.' They live at subsistence level while working to capacity. The moment they cease to be useful, they are cruelly killed by man. Misery and slavery are the lot of all animals in England.
2. The reason for their misery is not that the land cannot support them but because the produce of their labour is stolen by man. If man is removed from the scene, the problem is solved.

3. Man is the only creature that consumes without producing, taking everything from the animals except what is absolutely necessary to them.

4. The animals are not allowed even to live out their natural span. They are slaughtered when their usefulness comes to an end.

5. Therefore, the animals must work night and day to overthrow man -- Rebellion.

The narrator begins Chapter 2 by telling the reader that old Major died peacefully in his sleep. Major's death before the Rebellion strengthens the similarity between him and Karl Marx. Marx never lived to see the Russian Revolution. Old Major, the spiritual father of the Rebellion, dies before it happens. Then the narrator introduces two pre-eminent pigs, Snowball and Napoleon. As usual, you should analyze the denotations and connotations of the names of these characters. While Snowball represents Leo Trotsky, Napoleon represents Joseph Stalin. You should read the narrator's detailed description of Snowball's and Napoleon's characters, and see how different they are. In a nutshell, they are like day and night. While one is good and self-sacrificing, the other is evil and self-centered. Squealer is also a famous pig on the farm. **"The others said of Squealer that he could turn black into white."** Squealer is the perfect propaganda officer. His actions are all elaborations of what his master, Napoleon, wants. He represents the Pravda. Whenever he addresses the poor farm animals, he lies and turns black into white.

One day, Mollie, the white mare, asks Snowball: **"Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion? "No," said Snowball firmly. We have no means of making sugar on this farm. Besides, you do not need sugar. You will have all the oats and hay you want."** In spite of Snowball's significant explanation, Mollie asks him about ribbons: **"And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?"** Mollie is eager to learn whether sugar and ribbons will be available or not after the Rebellion. Her questions about sugar and ribbons indicate her foolishness and selfishness. All that she cares about is her own personal needs: sugar and ribbons. From her point of view, if there will be sugar and ribbons, the Rebellion is good; if not, it is bad. She does not care at all about the good of the other animals. By the

way, Mollie is not the only foolish and self-centered animal on the farm. There are other self-centered characters. In addition to the impracticality of old Major's dream, the foolishness and self-centeredness of these animals is one of the factors that will lead to the final collapse of the Rebellion.

The narrator surprises us by telling us that the expected Rebellion happened accidentally. "**Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected."** Read the situation that led to the accidental happening of the Rebellion and also the details of the Rebellion itself. The Rebellion ends with the triumph of the animals. After a very short fight, the animals succeed in removing man (Mr. Jones, his wife and his four men) from the farm. Their dream comes true. Man vanishes from the scene. The animals are excited, happy and free. They rejoice and celebrate their victory. By the way, the accidental happening of the Rebellion indicates its future. One of the early resolutions they make is to preserve the farmhouse as a museum. The farmhouse stands for the Kremlin.

The pigs revealed that during the past three months they taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which had belonged to Mr. Jones's children. The point is: why do the pigs learn reading and writing? Some readers may say: the pigs learn reading and writing so as to succeed in running the farm. My viewpoint is: the pigs can run the farm successfully without learning reading and writing. Besides, man is the only creature that reads and writes. Thus, intentionally or unintentionally, the new leaders, the pigs, imitate their bitter enemy, man. Aren't they aware of this sad fact? It seems they know very well that man is better than the animals, and it is this knowledge that makes them imitate man. Another question is: can't the farm animals realize that the pigs are dishonest? It seems that they cannot. The farm animals' inability to realize this simple fact shows their foolishness. As you know, fool creatures can be easily misguided and misled.

The narrator adds: **"They explained that by their studies of the past three months, the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments."**

The Seven Commandments

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.

2. Whatever goes upon two 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.

Snowball wrote the Seven Commandments on the tarred wall in the barn. These wonderful commandments would form an unalterable law by which all the animals on Animal Farm must live for ever after. You will see in the near future that these rules are made to be broken.

After milking the cows, someone asks: **"What is going to happen to all that milk? Never mind the milk, comrades," cried Napoleon, placing himself in front of the buckets. The harvest is more important.... The hay is waiting."** When some animals express their interest in the milk and ask about what is going to happen to all that milk, Napoleon bids them not to worry about the milk. It will be attended to. The harvest is more important than the milk. This situation reveals some aspects of Napoleon's character. He is very cunning, greedy and selfish. Besides, he has his own secret plan. When the animals return after collecting the harvest, they find no milk. The milk has disappeared. The narrator ends this chapter with this unsolved mystery, the disappearance of the milk. Later, we learn that Napoleon takes away the cows' milk for himself and the pigs. What about Commandment 7: All animals are equal? It is crystal clear that there is no equality on Animal Farm.

The narrator begins Chapter 3 with this sentence: **"How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in!"** As you know, the subject pronoun '**they**' in this sentence refers to the poor farm animals, all farm animals except the pigs. The narrator adds: **"The pigs did not actually work; they directed and supervised the others."** This sentence means the pigs assume man's position. When Mr. Jones was the owner of the farm, he and his four men directed and supervised the work done by the animals. After the Rebellion, man's job is done by the pigs. One more time, the pigs imitate man.

In the first paragraph on page 18, the narrator says: **"Mollie, it was true, was not good at getting up in the morning, and had a way of leaving work early on the ground that there was a stone in her hoof."** This simply means that Mollie is lazy, dishonest and selfish. The cat is another self-centered character. In fact, self-centeredness is one of the factors that will lead to the final collapse of the Rebellion on Animal Farm.

Old Benjamin, the donkey, was the only animal that **"seemed quite unchanged since the Rebellion. About the Rebellion and its results, he would express no opinion. When asked whether he was not happier that Mr. Jones was gone, he would only say: Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever seen a dead donkey, and the other animals had to be content with this cryptic answer."** Benjamin's mysterious brief answer shows that he is very intelligent. His being unmoved by the Rebellion indicates that he knows very well that the Rebellion is doomed to fail. Although Benjamin is a wise character, he has own points of weakness. He is very passive and pessimistic. He is also untalktative. In addition to his intelligence, Benjamin has had more experience than the other animals and he knows that the Rebellion will not improve their lot.

So far, the writer has given the reader a number of factors that indicate the future of the Rebellion. Some of these factors are:

1. Old Major's idea of the perfect society is too idealistic and abstract. Man himself has not succeeded in establishing complete brotherhood and comradeship.

2. The accidental happening of the Rebellion

3. The wide difference between the intelligence of the pigs and the other animals

4. The apathy and selfishness of several animals

Snowball, the self-sacrificing, inventive and active leader, found in the harness-room an old green table-cloth of Mrs. Jones's and had painted on it a hoof and a horn in white. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to represent the green fields of England, while the hoof and horn signified the future Republic of the animals. The flag of Animal Farm reminds us of the flag of the Soviet Union. The two flags are similar. The hoof and horn symbolize the hammer and sickle on the Russian flag. While the hoof and horn represent the unity of all animals, the hammer and sickle signify the unity of all Russian workers. You see, there are two signs on each flag and they express the same meaning.

In the first paragraph on page 19, the narrator says: **"Snowball also busied himself with organizing the other animals into what he called Animal Committees."** You know that Snowball stands for Leon Trotsky, a member of the Communist Party. Trotsky organized the Red Army and gave speeches and everyone in Russia thought that he would win power over Joseph Stalin. Snowball's role in **Animal Farm** is almost an exact repetition of Trotsky's role in the USSR.

On page 20, the narrator describes the progress made by the different animals in the reading and writing classes. I have already told you that the animals can run the farm successfully without learning reading and writing. They do not need a knowledge of reading and writing. Besides, man is the only being that reads and writes. A careful reading of this topic shows clearly that the majority of the animals are very stupid. For example, Boxer was able to learn only four letters either ABCD, or EFGH. In spite of this, he was more intelligent than the animals that could not get further than the letter A. The stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and ducks were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. This situation led Snowball to reduce the Seven Commandments to a single maxim: "**Four legs good, two legs bad."** Snowball's simplification of the Seven

Commandments is a reduction of doctrine. In fact, Snowball's simplification of the Seven Commandments into one slogan corresponds to the simplification of the Marxist theory into slogans.

When the birds heard the new slogan - **Four legs good, two legs bad** - they objected since it *seemed* to them that they had two legs, but Snowball proved to them that they had four legs. Listen to his explanation: **"A bird's wing ... is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of Man is the hand, the instrument with which he does all his mischief."** The narrator adds that the birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation. Snowball's explanation about wings and legs is a satire on the language of Marxism. Orwell mocks the abstract language used by some politicians to justify their beliefs. Snowball does not want the birds to understand his explanation. This is why he uses unfamiliar and multi-syllabic words. When he says: **"A bird's wing ... is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation,"** he simply means: a bird's wing is a means of moving forward and not a means of handling something. Simply said, a bird uses his wings in the same way a four-footed animal uses his front legs. Since the wings do that job, they should be counted as legs. The point is: Why didn't Snowball explain the slogan in that simple and direct way? I have already given you the answer.

Soon after the hay harvest, Jessie and Bluebell, two dogs, gave birth to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as those puppies were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers. As you know, Napoleon is cunning and selfish. Thus, he must have his own secret plan for the puppies. In the future, he plans to use them as his own body guards and secret police. Once the narrator introduces this unsolved mystery, he solves the old unsolved mystery, the disappearance of the milk.

As for the mysterious disappearance of the milk, it was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. This situation clearly means that only pigs drink milk. It is not just milk that is preserved for the use of the pigs. **"One day, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected and brought to the harness-room for**

the use of the pigs." The more time passes, the more the privileges of the pigs increase. What about Commandment 7: All animals are equal? When some animals murmured about the windfall apples, Squealer was sent to make the necessary explanation to the farm animals.

The narrator gives us an exact repetition of Squealer's misleading explanation. Squealer cries: **"You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health."** Starting with situation, Squealer does his job; he turns black into white. All the details he states in his speech are mere lies. As a matter of fact, the pigs' drinking of milk and their eating apples reveal sheer selfishness. In his speech, he says exactly the opposite. Again, he says that he does not like milk and apples. In fact, he and the other pigs do like milk and apples. This is why they 'take' them. Unfortunately, his audience finds him convincing.

The narrator begins Chapter 4 by describing the reaction of the neighbouring farm-owners. When those farm-owners learn about the Rebellion on Manor Farm/Animal Farm, they start a kind of propaganda war. Their reaction is similar to world reaction to the Russian Revolution which passed through the various stages of alarm, scorn, exaggeration and real fear. This is exactly how both Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Frederick, the owners of the two adjoining farms, react. Mr. Pilkington represents Churchill, Prime Minister of Britain and his farm (Foxwood) stands for Britain. Mr. Frederick represents Hitler and his farm (Pinchfield) stands for Germany. These two farm-owners **"were both thoroughly frightened by the Rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their animals from learning too much about it."** They spread lies about the harsh life the animals lead on Manor Farm so as to discourage their animals from rebelling against them. In spite of this, **"a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside."** The animals' Rebellion continues to succeed.

Early in October, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. What excited them was that they saw Jones and his four men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and

Pinchfield on their way to Animal Farm. Obviously, they were going to attempt the recapture of the farm. Their plan was to reinstate Mr. Jones. This attempt had long been expected and all preparations had been made by Snowball who studied Caesar's Commentaries in translation. Snowball was in charge of the defensive operations. It is clear that there are several differences between the first fight between man and the animals (the Rebellion) and the second fight (The Battle of the Cowshed). It is useful to compare and contrast the two fights. While The Rebellion represents The October Revolution of 1917, The Battle of the Cowshed stands for the Civil War (1919-1920) between the "Reds" and the "Whites." The "Reds" were the Bolsheviks who later changed their name to the Communist Party and the "Whites," were the Russian army units led by the anti-Bolshevik office.

As for the Battle of the Cowshed, it was a very short battle. It lasted only for five minutes and ended with the triumph of the animals. Man was defeated one more time. The most terrifying spectacle in the Battle was Boxer's first blow that "**took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud."** The men ran away from the battlefield leaving the boy behind. Boxer tried to turn him, but the boy did not move. Boxer says sorrowfully: **"He is dead. I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose? No sentimentality, comrade! cried Snowball, from whose wounds the blood was still dripping. War is war. The only good human being is a dead one."** We expect Boxer to be pleased and proud because he killed an enemy, but he is sad and upset when it appears that the boy he kicks is dead. His unexpected reaction shows his moral goodness. Boxer does not want to kill even an enemy, a human being. He is totally against the idea of killing. Snowball tries to persuade him that he did the right thing, but Boxer's eyes were full of tears.

Of course, the animals celebrate their victory and honor and reward the brave fighters. They do exactly what humans do after winning a fight. When we read the details of the Battle of the Cowshed, we note that two animals do not share at all. These animals are Mollie and Napoleon. We expect Mollie to avoid the battle and go into hiding. She is vain, empty-headed, and selfish. What about

Napoleon? He is a 'brave' leader; nevertheless, he does not share at all in the battle. The narrator does not even tell us where Napoleon is at the battle of the Cowshed. Sometime later, after driving Snowball out of the farm, Squealer will retell the story of the Battle of the Cowshed. Then he will falsify history; ascribe a heroic part to the secretive plotter, Napoleon, and distort Snowball's heroic part in it. As usual, Squealer turns black into white.

> One day as Mollie strolled happily in the yard, Clover took her aside.
>
> **"Mollie," she [Clover] said, "I have something very serious to say to you. This morning I saw you looking over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from Foxwood. One of Mr. Pilkington's men was standing on the other side of the hedge. And--I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this--he was talking to you and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What does that mean, Mollie? He didn't! I wasn't! It isn't true!" cried Mollie, beginning to prance about and paw the ground.**

Since the Rebellion, Mollie has been lazy and troublesome. Now, this serious conversation between Clover and Mollie makes it crystal clear that Mollie is a traitor. She lies and denies everything Clover says. Of course, we still remember the early conversation between Mollie and Snowball about sugar and ribbons. Mollie loves sugar and ribbons. It is clear that she cannot do without them. Clover realizes that the man on the other side of the hedge provides Mollie with sugar and ribbons. Three days after this conversation, Mollie disappears from the farm. She leaves the farm with no return. By the way, any animal that leaves the farm, or that is made to leave the farm, does not return.

Snowball is an inventive and self-sacrificing character. After a close study of some back numbers of ‘The Farmer and Stockbreeder’ (a weekly journal for farmers) and other magazines, Snowball suggests building a windmill on a small knoll which is the highest point on the farm. Simply because the windmill project is Snowball's idea, it is strongly rejected by Napoleon. Again, the leaders of the animals disagree. Their controversy over the windmill is so bitter. It must be solved.

As expected, Napoleon declares himself against the windmill from the start. The whole farm is deeply divided on the subject of the windmill. The animals form themselves into two factions under the slogans, **"Vote for Snowball and the three-day week and Vote for Napoleon and the full manger. Benjamin was the only animal who did not side with either faction. He refused to believe either that food would become more plentiful or that the windmill would save work."** Benjamin's indifferent attitude does not surprise the reader. To him, the Rebellion itself does not improve the animals' lives.

At the Sunday Meeting, Snowball, an excellent orator, defends his project and states his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill. When Napoleon, not much of a talker, stands up to reply, he says very quietly that the windmill is nonsense and that he advises nobody to vote for it. Until now the animals have been about equally divided in their sympathies. Snowball, an eloquent and persuasive orator, tells the animals about the fruits of the windmill. He succeeds in persuading the majority of the animals of the importance and value of his project. When it becomes clear that Snowball is about to win the vote, Napoleon utters a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one has ever heard him utter before.

The high-pitched whimper was the signal that Napoleon's secret police and bodyguards were waiting for. Nine enormous dogs (earlier described as nine sturdy puppies) come bounding into the barn. They dash straight for Snowball who manages to avoid their snapping jaws. They have been given strict orders to attack and kill Snowball. There is a commandment against killing: **No animal shall kill any other animal.** Instead of changing his mind, Napoleon changes the commandment that forbids killing. When the dogs emerge and attack Snowball, the farm animals are amazed and frightened. They are just passive watchers. They do nothing, but watch the attack on the good and self-sacrificing leader. After this sudden attack, Snowball leaves, or rather is forced to leave the farm with no return. Snowball's expulsion from the farm is a very critical moment. It is a turning point in the history of the Rebellion. It is the climax of the plot.

Immediately after expelling Snowball, Napoleon becomes a dictator in the sense of the word. New rules are set. Napoleon announces that from now on the

Sunday Meetings will come to an end. They are unnecessary and waste time. **"The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing 'Beasts of England', and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates."** This simply means there is no more democracy, no more freedom of speech, no more opposition. As a sole leader, Napoleon has absolute power and absolute power corrupts.

Snowball's expulsion shocks the animals and canceling the Sunday Meeting dismays them. **"Even Boxer is vaguely troubled."** After this tragic event, Squealer is sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others. As usual, he lies and turns black into white. In his explanation, Squealer says that Snowball is no better than a criminal. When Boxer defends Snowball, Squealer ends his speech with these words: **"Bravery is not enough. Loyalty and obedience are more important. And as to the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today. One false step and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?"** As usual, Squealer turns black into white. Although he does not deny Snowball's bravery, he accuses him of disloyalty and disobedience. His sentences also mean that expelling Snowball was necessary to prevent Jones's possible return to the farm. One mistake will cost the animals their liberty and independence. Once again, Squealer's argument was unanswerable.

Boxer, who had now had time to think things over, voiced the general feeling by saying: **"If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right. And from then on he adopted the maxim, 'Napoleon is always right,' in addition to his private motto of 'I will work harder.'"** While Boxer's old motto reveals his complete foolishness, his new maxim reflects his blind submission to an 'infallible' leader. This is a destructive maxim. It is true that Boxer is an honest, hard-working and self-sacrificing character, but he blindly follows a cunning and evil leader. This is his fatal mistake and he will pay for it.

On the third Sunday after Snowball's expulsion, the animals are somewhat surprised to hear Napoleon announce that the windmill is to be built after all. He

does not give any reasons for having changed his mind. That evening Napoleon's spokesman and propaganda chief, Squealer, explains privately to the other animals that Napoleon has never in reality been opposed to the windmill. He also says that the windmill is Napoleon's own creation. When somebody asks why he has spoken so strongly against it, Squealer replies: "**That was Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He had seemed to oppose the windmill, simply as a maneuver to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence."** It is noted that whenever Squealer mentions Snowball, he attributes new charges and crimes to him. This matter began directly after expelling Snowball. Besides, any animal that defends Snowball is regarded as an enemy or a traitor.

The narrator reports that **"all that year the animals worked like slaves."** There seems to be nothing new. The same idea has already been expressed in Chapter 1: **"The life of an animal is misery and slavery."** However, there is a huge difference between the two sentences. First, it was their spiritual father, old Major who said in his important speech that the animals worked like slaves. At that time, their master was Mr. Jones, a human being. Now, the same idea is repeated by one of the common farm animals, the narrator, and their master is one of them, an animal, Napoleon. Besides, old Major was trying to persuade the animals of the need to rebel against a bad human master. Thus, it is probable that he exaggerates. At present, the narrator only states a simple sad fact. You see how the expression of the same idea -- by two different speakers -- has two different meanings.

On Sundays there is no work on Animal Farm. In August Napoleon announces that there will be work on Sunday afternoons. This work is strictly voluntary, but any animal who absents himself from it will have his rations reduced by half. Thus, work on Sunday afternoons is strictly compulsory. The windmill presents unexpected difficulties. The narrator tells us that nothing could have been achieved without Boxer whose strength seems equal to that of all the rest of the animals put together. His heroic exertions keep the work going. He is a hard-working, self-sacrificing and loyal character. His two slogans, **I will work harder** and **Napoleon is always right** seem to him a sufficient answer to all problems.

Reality says: not all problems can be solved by Boxer's erroneous, hollow and destructive slogans. The two-year plan for the building of the windmill and subsequent plans are reminiscent of Stalin's Five-Year Plans. They are the dictator's means of keeping the masses engaged on such labourious and lengthy projects that they have little or even no time to think.

As time passes, various unforeseen shortages appear on the farm. The animals need things like paraffin oil, nails, string, dog biscuits, iron for the horses' shoes, tools and the machinery for the windmill. They cannot produce these things on the farm. No one can imagine how these things are to be procured. Napoleon knows how. One Sunday afternoon, when the animals assemble to receive their orders, Napoleon announces that **"From now onwards Animal Farm will engage in trade with the neighbouring farms: not, of course, for any commercial purpose, but simply in order to obtain certain materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must override everything else."** Napoleon's announcement simply means that the animals are to begin trading with humans. They are about to get in touch with man.

What about old Major's speech and teachings? What about the Rebellion? What about the early resolutions passed at the first triumphant meeting after Jones was expelled? Napoleon says the needs of the windmill take first place over everything else. He adds that he has already made all the arrangements. Making these arrangements simply means that he has already met a human and hired him to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world. Thus, man, their bitter enemy, will come to the farm. The animals are conscious of a vague uneasiness, but they say nothing. Only four young pigs raise their voices timidly, but they are promptly silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs.

Afterwards Squealer quiets the animals by pointing out that the resolution against engaging in trade and using money has never been passed, written down, or even suggested. **"It was pure imagination, probably traceable in the beginning to lies circulated by Snowball."** Squealer's explanation means that the rule against banning trade is simply one of Snowball's lies. Every Monday, Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon, visits the farm as has been arranged.

The animals watch his coming and going with a kind of dread, and avoid him as much as possible. **"Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new arrangement."** At the beginning, the animals watch the coming and going of Whymper with a kind of great fear. Nevertheless, they are pleased that man, their master in the past, receives orders from their leader, an animal.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and took up their residence there. This is a new and explicit violation of one of the Seven Commandments: **No animal shall sleep in a bed**. Muriel reads Commandment four which now says: **No animal shall sleep in a bed *with sheets.*** This is not the original commandment. A change has been made. As usual, Squealer is sent to convince the animals that there is no ruling against sleeping in beds. He says: **"A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was against sheets, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between the blankets."** Squealer ends his erroneous and misleading explanation by saying that if the pigs do not sleep in beds; they will fail in doing their job. Once this happens, Mr. Jones will come back. Thus, no more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. By the way, the farmhouse stands for the Kremlin. Besides, it becomes a symbol of all the evils and luxuries, unjustly gained, connected with men who hold power. The pigs' identity with Jones and other human beings is foreshadowed.

By the autumn, the poor farm animals are tired but happy. They are proud of the windmill and they still believe that they live in a free republic. One night in November, there was a severe windstorm. Describing that storm, the narrator says: **"The gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up squawking with terror because they had all dreamed simultaneously of hearing a gun off in the distance."** This quotation makes it crystal clear that the sound the hens heard was not in a dream. It was the sound of the falling and destruction of the half-finished windmill. Nevertheless, Napoleon claims that Snowball is responsible for the disaster and he promises a reward for any animal that

captures him alive. Napoleon uses Snowball as a scapegoat to keep the animals in perpetual fear of an enemy who may attack them at any moment. This state of fear makes the animals realize that they need a very powerful leader; a leader that can save them from the imaginary enemy which he himself created.

After accusing Snowball of destroying their project, Napoleon declares: **"There is work to be done. This very morning we will begin rebuilding the windmill, and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We will teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily."** The animals must labour all winter to rebuild the windmill. They mustn't be left time to sit and think. This is one of Napoleon's goals.

In addition to the difficulties the animals have to deal with in the process of rebuilding the windmill, food falls short and starvation seems to stare them in the face. By the by, the serious lack of food on the farm represents the dreadful famine that engulfed Ukraine in 1932-1933. The Ukraine famine was the result of Joseph Stalin's policy of forced collectivization; the bringing of private industry, farms, etc. under state ownership and control according to the principles of collectivism.

Of course, if the human farm owners know anything about the food situation on Animal Farm, they will rejoice and use that problem to discourage their animals from rebelling against them. Therefore, it is vitally necessary to conceal the shortage of food from the outside world. Napoleon acts swiftly. He **"orders the almost empty bins in the store-shed to be filled nearly to the brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal."** Of course, this is done to fool Mr. Whymper who is led through the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse of the bins. The plan succeeds and Mr. Whymper is deceived and he continues to report to the outside world that there is no food shortage on Animal Farm. Like Stalin, and like any dictator, Napoleon must make it appear as though everything is going well under his rule.

The farm which used to export food to the outside world must import food so as to survive. Animal Farm must obtain some more grain from somewhere. To buy some more grain, Squealer announces that the hens must surrender their eggs.

They must supply four hundred eggs a week for sale. Unexpectedly, the hens **"made a determined effort to thwart Napoleon's wishes."** They disobey their leader's instructions; they break their eggs and thus break the rules. They rebel. Napoleon acts swiftly and ruthlessly. Strict orders are given for the ruthless suppression of the hens' rebellion. Napoleon has the hens starved into submission. Nine hens die of starvation. Then the survivors submit to Napoleon's will. To Napoleon, this late submission is not enough. Whenever anything goes wrong on the farm, it is attributed to Snowball. He is held responsible for all troubles and problems on the farm.

One day Napoleon decrees that there will be a full investigation into Snowball's activities. After a careful tour of inspection of the farm buildings, Napoleon says there are traces of Snowball almost everywhere. **"The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers."** As a result, they live in a state of fear schemed by Napoleon. Hard work, hunger, and an atmosphere of fear are some of Napoleon's tools to have complete control over the animals.

One evening, Squealer cries: **"A most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take away our farm from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins."** Squealer ends his speech by ascribing a new accusation to Snowball: Snowball has been in league with Mr. Jones from the very start. He has been Jones's secret agent all the time. The animals were stupefied. Unexpectedly, Boxer does not believe Napoleon's spokesman and propaganda chief. He protests that he remembers how bravely Snowball fought in the Battle of the Cowshed. He says: **"I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning.... I believe that at the Battle of the Cowshed he was a good comrade."** You know that a disagreement with Napoleon's spokesman is a disagreement with Napoleon himself. Napoleon cannot stand any kind of disagreement, opposition or protest. We know his reaction when the hens rebelled.

To silence Boxer, Squealer announces that their **"Leader, Comrade Napoleon has stated categorically that Snowball was Jones's agent from the very beginning -- yes, and from long before the Rebellion was ever thought of."** Squealer's words leave Boxer no choice. One of Boxer's slogans is **Napoleon is always right.** Thus, he says **"If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right."** In spite of Boxer's submissive answer, Squealer is still very angry. Squealer casts a very ugly look at Boxer. Before leaving, Squealer adds impressively: **"I warn every animal on this farm to keep his eyes very wide open for we have reason to think that some of Snowball's secret agents are lurking among us at this moment!"** Boxer plays a heroic part in the building and rebuilding of the windmill. He disagrees with Squealer and immediately corrects his 'mistake.' Nevertheless, Squealer does not forgive Boxer. Napoleon does not forgive Boxer. The pigs do not forgive Boxer. He must be severely punished for his fatal mistake. That severe punishment is, in fact, a direct message to all animals.

Four days later, Napoleon orders all animals to assemble and announces that there are spies and enemy agents living among them. To everyone's surprise, Napoleon's dogs seize four of the pigs. **"They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings."** The poor four pigs confess committing crimes they have never committed. They confess to being Jones's agents and in league with Snowball. The dogs tear out their throats. Then the dogs attack the strongest and hardest-working animal on the farm. Boxer easily fends them off. Then he obeys Napoleon's orders to let one of them go, not realizing that it is Napoleon who has ordered the mean attack. Several other animals confess committing crimes and are directly executed. In all, eleven innocent animals are killed in that bloody scene. By the by, one of the Commandments forbids killing animals. We need to consider Napoleon's motives for carrying out these horrifying executions.

The execution of eleven animals on Animal Farm stands for what happened in Russia in 1934, when Stalin set a series of political purges in motion. Officials in the Soviet government were imprisoned, forced to confess committing crimes they did not commit and immediately executed. These confessions and executions were held in front of the Russian people. The confessions and

executions on Animal Farm are also held in front of the animals. The poor farm animals are shaken and miserable. They do not know which is more shocking -- the treachery of the animals who have leagued themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they have just witnessed. Although Boxer does not understand the events that have happened, he sees that the solution is to work harder. He decides to get up a full hour earlier in the mornings. His attitude is typical of most of the farm animals.

Clover sings ‘Beasts of England’ and the other animals sitting round her take it up, and they sing it three times over -- very tunefully, but very slowly and mournfully, in a way they have never sung it before. Attended by two dogs, Squealer approaches them and announces that, **"by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon 'Beasts of England' has been abolished. From now onwards it is forbidden to sing it."** The animals are taken aback. The animals do not understand Napoleon's reasons for abolishing the song of the Rebellion. As usual, Squealer turns black into white and tries to convince them that the song is no longer needed. It was the song of the Rebellion and the Rebellion is now completed. In reality, the banning of ‘Beasts of England’ seems designed to cut the animals off from their earlier dream; living in a free and democratic republic. A new anthem, composed by Napoleon's official poet, Minimus, replaces the old lovely song.

Friend of the fatherless!

Fountain of happiness!

Lord of the swill-bucket! Oh, how my soul is on

Fire when I graze at thy

Calm and commanding eye,

Like the sun in the sky,

Comrade Napoleon!

Thou art 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 peace in his stall,

Thou watchest over all,

Comrade Napoleon!

Had I a sucking-pig,

Ere he has grown as big

Even as a pint bottle or a rolling-pin,

He should have learned to be

Faithful and true to thee,

Yes, his first squeak should be

'Comrade Napoleon!'

As you see, this song is a kind of false exaltation and glorification of Napoleon. Of course, Napoleon approved of this song and caused it to be inscribed on the wall of the big barn. Nevertheless, the new song is largely ignored by the farm animals. They still love their old song.

A few days after the confession scene, Clover asks Muriel to read the sixth Commandment. Muriel reads the sixth commandment which now says: **No animal shall kill any other animal *without cause.*** The animals cannot remember the last two words. But they see now that the commandment has not been violated. The original commandment forbids killing any other animal. The modified commandment forbids killing any other animal without cause. Of course, there is a good reason for killing the traitors who have leagued themselves with Snowball.

In the middle of the summer, the animals are alarmed to hear that three hens have come forward and confessed that inspired by Snowball; they have entered into a plot to murder Napoleon. They are executed immediately, and more precautions for Napoleon's safety are taken. **"Four dogs guard his [Napoleon's] bed at night, one at each corner, and a young pig named Pinkeye was given the task of tasting his food before he ate it, lest it should be poisoned."** In reality, Snowball is totally innocent. There is no evidence at all in the novel that he intends to kill or even harm Napoleon. He does not even try to return to the farm. At present, we do not know where he is. It is Squealer who invents a set of lies and charges and ascribes them to Snowball. By so doing, he manages to persuade the animals that Snowball is their mortal enemy. Having an outside enemy increases the atmosphere of fear on the farm and helps unite the animals.

Through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon is engaged in complicated negotiations with Frederick and Pilkington about the pile of timber that is still unsold. One day the animals are called together for a special meeting in the big barn. In that meeting, Napoleon announces that he has sold the pile of timber to Frederick. Three days after the timber was carried away, Whymper tells Napoleon that the bank-notes are forgeries. Frederick has got the timber for nothing. Moreover, he and his men might make their long-expected attack at any moment. Frederick is their enemy. He must be killed.

The very next morning the attack comes: fifteen men, with have a dozen guns between them, open fire as soon as they get within fifty yards. This battle is later called the Battle of the Windmill. It is the most serious threat the animals face. The men use guns and gain control of the whole farmyard. Then the men blow up the windmill with dynamite. The windmill ceases to exist.

After Fredrick and his men left Animal Farm, the animals heard, from the direction of the farm buildings, the solemn booming of a gun. **"What is that gun firing for?" said Boxer "To celebrate our victory!" cried Squealer.** The animals know very well that they have been defeated and the windmill has been destroyed, but Squealer manages to persuade them that they succeeded in driving the enemy off their soil and this is their victory. As a dictator, Napoleon

must make his power constantly felt by every animal, so he keeps 'truth' firmly in his own hands, whether it bears any resemblance to reality, he shapes it to suit his own purposes. The result is complete absurdity, for without the reality of truth, fixed values disintegrate, everything is arbitrary, and reality itself is made the product of one man's will, man loses his birthright: the freedom to be.

The Battle of the Cowshed is the last fight between man and the animals. Years pass. The more time passes, the more the pigs violate the Seven Commandments. Napoleon and Pilkington are on good terms. One day Squealer appears walking on his hind legs. The animals' old maxim: **Four legs good, two legs bad**, is replaced by **Four legs good, two legs *better*.** The final scene in the novel describes a party to which the pigs have invited the neighbouring humans. In a short speech, Napoleon announces that the pigs, as the owners of the farm, wish only to live in economic and social peace with their human neighbours. The end of the story shows complete collapse of the Rebellion. What began as utopia ends as the opposite. Orwell seems to say, good intentions, good will, ideals, and principles are not enough

Literary Elements in *Animal Farm*

Style

George Orwell's writing style reflects the same simple honesty as his own personality. He never allows himself to fall into obscure complexity to get his effects; indeed he never uses effects for their own sake. He says in the article "Why I Write," that his two main goals are to communicate his political lessons and to achieve an effective literary style; and the simpler and clearer his style, the more effective his lesson. He says that "good prose is like a window pane." For this reason the language of **Animal Farm** is simple and unadorned, and the story is expressed in a straightforward and logical way. Orwell does not write "purple passages," but prefers the effect of understatement; the tone is always carefully controlled.

At the same time as he strives for simplicity of language and expression; however, Orwell makes effective and subtle use of atmosphere, of careful organization for a cumulative effect, and of humour, irony and satire. He has the capacity to make his concern, anger and passionate belief shine through his prose, without losing control of the tone.

Orwell's essay on style and language, called "Politics and the English Language" reveals the rules by which he wrote his books, including **Animal Farm**. These rules are:

1. Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.
2. Never use a long word where a short one will do.
3. If it is possible to cut a word, always cut it out.
4. Never use the passive where you can use the active verb.
5. Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.
6. Break any of these rules sooner than anything outright barbarous.

In short, he wanted to write prose so clear and simple that it would be impossible to use it to tell lies; so precise that any insincerity or illogical thinking would stand out and be immediately obvious. The result, in **Animal Farm**, is language that can be understood and appreciated by anybody. The style is perfectly suited for the rural setting and the simple-minded animals from whose viewpoint the story is told.

Orwell was very concerned with the effect of language on thought, and he treated words as tools. As he said: “the meaning should choose the word,” not the other way round; for language should be “an instrument for expressing and not for concealing or preventing thought.” He believed that if we expressed ourselves vaguely and inexactly, we would begin to think in the same manner. And he believed that of all the democratic freedoms, the freedom to think clearly was the most important, the one upon which all the other freedoms rest. It is for this reason that the title of the above-mentioned essay is “Politics and the English language”: our political freedom and institutions are directly affected by the way in which we think, speak, and write. This is one of the most important lessons of **Animal farm**, taught not only by the gradual changing of the Commandments (which gradually destroys the animals’ political freedom), but taught also by Orwell’s writing style. Not only does he try to teach his lessons as clearly as possible, but he also gives us an example of the kind of clear thinking and writing which will protect our freedom.

Satire

Animal Farm is an animal satire. When we speak about satire, we are discussing the form of a story. Satire is the art of criticizing an object through ridicule and contempt. It normally has a witty or humourous tone, but the humour is used to teach a serious lesson: to point out some problem or evil in the real world. Satire – as Orwell uses it – refers to a form of storytelling which is not realistic but fantastic. It teaches its moral indirectly. Of the many kinds of fantastic means which satirists use, the animal satire is a favourite. Instead of speaking directly about human problems, the satirist puts animals into a human situation. This is a situation in which the fantasy and the humour are ready-made; besides, the writer can speak as critically and bitingly as he wishes without having to speak directly.

There are other reasons for the effectiveness of animal satire. Orwell chose to write **Animal Farm** in this form not only because of the difficulty of making a direct attack on Russia at this time, but also because the interest of an animal story, the humour involved, and the simple form in which he was able to express the political ideas, would all help to entertain and convince his readers. Furthermore, he found it easier to arouse sympathy in his readers for the poor victims of the dictatorship when these victims were defenseless farm animals; and it would be easier to arouse scorn and hatred for the dictators when these were greedy pigs and ferocious dogs. It is for these reasons that, when Orwell decided to expose Russian Communism, he retold the history of the development of Soviet Russia as the history of fictional community of animals: in other words as an animal story.

There are several problems involved in writing animal satire, and in **Animal Farm** Orwell solves them successfully. The animals must always remain recognizably animals – they should not appear as humans disguised as animals. For this reason, Orwell, in the first scene of the book describes the animals characteristically; the hens perching on the rafters, the cows chewing cuds. In fact, Orwell's lesson depends in part on reproducing realistically the suffering of ordinary animals – so that their desire to revolt should be understandable: as Major complains:

> No animal escapes the cruel knife in the end . . . You, Boxer, on the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds.

The horses in the story pull loads, the cows must be milked, and the pigs remain piggish. Furthermore, the ironic ending which Orwell planned made it necessary for the real animal qualities of the characters to be stressed, so that the final transformation of the pigs to human is a shock – a shock which illustrates that power corrupts the leaders of the rebellion and makes them exactly like the masters against whom they originally revolted.

At the same time as Orwell must create convincing animals, he must also use them to illustrate specifically human problems (especially the political problems of the Russian revolution), and he must therefore introduce a fantastic element: the animals think and discuss, carry out a rebellion, manage a farm and build a windmill. Orwell must achieve a neat balance between animal and human characteristics in the inhabitants of Animal Farm. To achieve this balance he adopts the tone of a "fairy story" (this is the subtitle of **Animal Farm**), in which the fantastic things are described as though they were real, and the reader suspends disbelief.

Orwell makes his task easier by choosing human characteristics appropriate to each animal. For example, in the first scene, Clover is "a stout motherly mare . . . who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal," and "last of all came the cat, who looked around, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word . . . . " And after the successful rebellion, when the animals finally dare to enter Jones's: "Some hams hanging in the kitchen were taken out for burial . . . . "

Orwell is always adding simple, realistic details of the animal traits to their human characteristics. For example, after telling how Snowball writes the Commandments on the wall of the barn, he adds "It was very neatly written, and except that 'friend' was written 'freind' and one of the S's was the wrong way

round, the spelling was correct all the way through." Again, when Orwell satirizes the Soviet committees into which the Russian people were organized by Trotsky, Orwell gives appropriate names to the committees which Snowball organizes: "The Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows . . . . ." Orwell describes how the cat joins one of these committees, the Re-education Committee to tame wild animals: "She was seen one day sitting on a roof and talking to some sparrows who were just out of her reach. She was telling them that all the animals were now comrades and that any sparrow who chose could come and perch on her paw; but the sparrows kept their distance." Napoleon's heroic names (copies of Stalin's titles) are: "Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold, Ducklings' Friend . . . . " and so on. Orwell gets a certain humour out of the appropriate combinations of animal and human traits.

Satire generally combines several levels of meaning. In **Animal Farm** these levels are found: the animal story, a history of Communist Russia, and a more general political and social discussion about ideals, revolutions, and the abuse of power. All these levels should be kept in mind at once when reading the book, because the levels interact, and each adds meaning to the others.

Irony

Irony, like humour, is one of the methods by which satire communicates its message. The simplest definition of irony is the stating of one thing while intending its opposite. The effect of humour is to make us laugh for the sake of laughter. Irony uses wry humour as a weapon to teach a lesson. A good example of humourous irony is found in the paragraph above, in the description of the cat's dealings with the sparrows. The cat is apparently friendly towards the birds; in reality her motives are the opposite, and she is using the excuse of the Re-education Committee in order to catch them. There are several ironic lessons here: the general one about instinct overcoming training and laws, and a more specific political one: that individual character must be taken into account as well as abstract theories when political changes are planned.

There are more complex ironies in **Animal Farm**. One central irony has already been mentioned; it is developed throughout the whole book until its climax in the last scene: the transformation of the pigs into humans. This irony depends upon the teachings of old Major in the first chapter, specifically that men are the real enemies of the animals and the cause of the animals' sufferings – so that animals should never copy any human habits. As old Major says, "In fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices." This is the central rule of the Commandments. The one infallible argument that Squealer offers to satisfy the discontented animals is: "Do you want Jones back?" – that is, the animals' suffering under the pigs is necessary to prevent the return of the human oppression. The ironic lesson lies in the fact that Major's teachings are simply falsified; the pigs, the leaders in the revolt against man, gradually assume more and more human characteristics, both in their luxurious way of life and in their cruelty to the animals. The ironic climax in the last scene is the final transformation of the pigs into humans; the last scene reads: "It was impossible to say which was which." This irony underlies the fact the pigs have merely replaced Jones as the exploiters of the animals – the rebellion has failed.

Point of View

The story of **Animal Farm** is told in the third person, and the author does not intrude his own personality into the story. Nor do we enter into the minds of either Napoleon or any other pig or human in the story. The point of view is always in the naïve one of the poor farm animals. This point of view in introduced by old Major himself. He says, for example, to the cows: "How many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk, which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down to the throats of our enemies." By limiting the point of view in this way, Orwell retains an element of surprise, and deepens our sympathy for the animals, by revealing the successive plots of the pigs as these working beasts slowly become aware of them. The reader, on the other hand, can understand clues to the truth which the animals cannot – and through this dramatic irony readers are shocked and frustrated, and are able to identify with the poor animals.

One example of this process is the scene in which Squealer is found lying stunned on the ground beside a broken ladder beneath the wall on which the Seven Commandments are written. "None of the animals could form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin who . . . would say nothing." Most of the animals do not understand that this scene is proof that Squealer has been transforming the Commandments; but the reader does understand, and feels frustration and sympathy. In this way we are carried along from the point of high ideals and hopes at the start, to the shock of final understanding at the end, when the farm animals peep into Jones's house. It is through their eyes that we see that the pigs have changed into humans. But though the animals are confused by this sight, the reader understands clearly the implications of this final scene: that the rebellion has come full circle, back to the time of Jones himself.

Setting

The physical setting of a farm is ideal for Orwell's story. It is appropriate to the pastoral, nostalgic vision of old Major. Its life is simple in the sense that it is unlike the urban life typical of the twentieth century. It also has the necessary isolation from the world for the birth and development of a new society.

The isolated setting also helps the form of the novel. Satire often uses a closed society – a ship, a spaceship, a farm, a lonely village – to make a simplified description of life more believable. Such a closed society does not come in contact with the rest of the world, so the author does not have to explain its absence.

The setting is ideal for the satire in another way. Because it is pleasant and pastoral, it offers the most vivid possible contrast to the direction the society of Animal Farm takes. Appropriate to old Major, the setting is inappropriate to the authoritarian society of Napoleon. This is shown especially well in the scene on the knoll after the purge trials, when Clover looks upon the attractive landscape and wonders what has gone wrong in putting old Major's vision into practice. It is almost impossible for her to believe that in such a place bloodshed and cruelty – man's inhumanity to man, in effect – could become a part of day-to-day life.

That the story should be set in England, like **1984**, is significant. Orwell was never mysterious when he had something to say to his fellow man. As in the latter novel, he is saying: it could happen here.

Symbolism

Orwell uses a number of symbols in the novel as part of the mechanism of his satire and as a way of embodying the ideas he intends to communicate. Some are related to human beings and the evil they represent to the animals: the house, the whips, and walking on two legs. At first, these symbols are associated solely with Jones. But when the pigs adopt them at the end of the novel, they indicate how the pigs have become so indistinguishable from the animals' former master.

Other symbols are associated exclusively with life in Animal Farm. The windmill, so important in the plot of the novel, has several meanings. At first, it represents, in Snowball's eyes, the kind of success and good life which the animals will make for themselves. Then it comes to stand for the conflict between Snowball and Napoleon and their factions. Later, it represents the back-breaking labour which Napoleon uses to keep the other animals busy. It also, of course, represents what the animals must defend against the human enemy.

Like any good symbols, those that Orwell uses are, to begin with, natural aspects of the story he is telling. They take on meaning only because they are shown to be important in the reality he is depicting in the novel. To be too obvious and contrived is the sign of poor use of symbolism, which Orwell never falls into in **Animal Farm**.

Textual Notes

Chapter 1

pop-holes: small openings in the walls of a henhouse just big enough for a bird to pass through.

scullery: back kitchen; a room for washing up dishes

Middle White boar: Major belongs to a breed of pigs that appears sulky and aggressive. It is a breed of pig chiefly used for pork.

Willingdon Beauty: Major's pedigree name; the name recorded at his birth because he is a carefully-bred pig. He is called after the nearby town.

ensconced (v): comfortably seated

stout (adj.): rather fat and heavy

mare: a female horse

never quite got her figure back: Clover is like a woman who having given birth to a child is unable to regain her slim, youthful body.

foal: a young horse

hands: units for measuring the height of horses. Each is four inches (about 10.2cm)

cynical: sneering, without illusions about life or human behaviour

paddock: a small, fenced field for horses to graze and rest

mincing: walking in an affected, swaying manner

Comrades . . . : Major speaks to the animals in the manner of a socialist or communist leader addressing a crowd. His speech is a simple statement of Marxist political theory: the animals (or workers) labour but do not benefit from their work. All the benefits go to Man (or the employers, the ruling class) who

consumes without producing, that is, enjoys the products of labour without having worked for them.

confinement: time when a mother is giving birth to a baby.

natural span: period of time for which an animal might expect to live under ordinary conditions.

porkers: pigs bred for their meat

scream your lives out at the block: pigs used to be killed by having their throats slit after which they would scream and bleed to death.

knacker: a man who slaughters old horses and sells their meat.

All men are enemies. All animals are comrades: Major's political message is simple and stirring, just right for stirring rebellion.

dissentients: those who disagree with the view of the majority.

I cannot describe that dream to you: Major is an excellent orator. He adds a touch of mystery to his speech and then whips up the feelings of the listeners by getting them to sing together. There is no time for a critical discussion of what he has said.

Our lives are miserable, labourious and short: an echo of the pessimistic philosopher Thomas Hobbes, who wrote, in 1651, that the life of the peasant was "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short."

The produce of our labour …: a clear reference to a key concept in the thought of Marx: Who is entitled to what is produced by labourers?

'Beasts of England': the song is a parody of the *Internationale***,** the anthem of international Communism: 'Arise ye prisoners of starvation! / Arise ye slaves, no more in thrall . . . .'

*'***Clementine'** and ***'La Cucuracha'****:* the first is an old ballad-style song and the second is a Mexican folksong, associated with the Mexican struggle for independence.

bit: a metal mouthpiece for restraining a horse

spur: a sharply pointed piece of metal attached to a rider's heel for urging a horse forward

lowed . . . whined . . . bleated . . . whinnied . . . quacked: words which convey the sounds made by the different animals.

Chapter 2

Major died peacefully: Marx never lived to see the Russian Revolution. He died in 1883 and it was left to others to carry out the revolution he inspired.

breeding up for sale: these are pigs that are kept and fed until fully mature for breeding purposes and then Jones will sell them.

Berkshire: a breed of pig often used for ham

Snowball and Napoleon: Orwell contrasts their characters. Snowball is a clever theorist concerned for the welfare of the other animals whilst Napoleon has, from the start, a lust for power and self-indulgence, like his great historical name-sake.

turn black into white: Squealer is clever enough to make even evil seem good and is thus perfectly cast as Napoleon's public-relations man and propaganda chief.

a complete system of thought: this is the second stage of revolutionary activity, when the ideas of the leader are developed and spread amongst the people by his followers. There was much activity of this sort in Russia before the revolution.

Boxer and Clover: they are representatives of the simple peasants who crave a better way of life and loyally support those who appear to be concerned for them.

Mollie: she stands for the vain, self-indulgent parasites and servants of the Tsar's court.

linseed cake: solid mass of seeds fed to birds in captivity.

the two cart horses: large, muscular horses bred for farm work. Boxer and Clover are representatives of the simple peasants who crave a better way of life and loyally support those who appear to be concerned for them.

He had fallen on evil days: there had been considerable economic difficulty and bad government in Russia in the years leading up to 1917. The country had also been weakened by its involvement in the First World War as Jones had been by his lawsuit.

Midsummer's Eve: June 23rd and traditionally a night for revels

rabbiting: shooting wild rabbits

News of the World: a popular British Sunday newspaper, known for its sensational coverage of crimes and other events

carpet-bag: a travelling bag made out of hard-wearing cloth, like carpet

Queen Victoria: Queen of Britain from 1837 to 1901. She was very popular.

threw on to the fire the ribbons: a parallel may be found in the abandonment of the Tsar's system of honours and decorations which were worn on public occasions.

knoll: little hill

spinney: little wood; a small woods or clump of trees

lithographs: a lithograph is a kind of picture made by taking a print from a prepared flat block of polished stone on which a drawing has been treated with water and ink.

Windsor chair: a simple chair made entirely of wood with a curved back-support

drawing-room: in a farmhouse, this would be the best sitting-room

some hams . . . were taken out for burial: since they were, of course, the remains of dead comrades.

reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments: Orwell's criticism of propaganda is clear. The title of the system is itself designed to arouse national feeling and a false sense of exclusiveness. It is based on fear of man as the ever-present enemy and it is to this that Squealer will always refer in the future to overcome any animal opposition. The system is false too because it pays no attention to individual needs and its principles are not carefully thought out.

Chapter 3

mowing and raking: cutting grass and gathering it up into heaps

Gee up . . . Whoa back: phrases used when shouting to a horse; the first meaning to move faster, and the second to slow down or to come to a standstill

worthless parasitical human beings: this phrase reflects Marx's view of the capitalists, the owners, as being parasites who live off the efforts of the workers.

cockerels: young cocks

bushels: measures of capacity; a bushel is 8 gallons or 36.3 liters.

Donkeys live a long time: Benjamin has had more experience and can see further than the other animals and he knows that the rebellion will not ultimately improve their lot.

cryptic answer: mysterious brief answer

a hoof and a horn: a witty parallel to the flag of the Soviet Union with its hammer and sickle, signs which symbolize the union of the industrial workers with the rural peasantry.

the future Republic of the Animals: Snowball was not content with overthrowing humans on Manor Farm but wished to extend the rebellion. Marx himself had proposed a worldwide communist revolution.

the meeting: in Russia in the early days of the revolution, such meetings were an important feature of life on the big collective farms.

Animal Committees: many 'Worker Committees' were established by Trotsky immediately after the Soviet Revolution. Their purpose was to educate the illiterate masses and spread the principles of Marxism.

faculty: ability or skill at something

an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation: means of moving forward and not a means of handling something. Orwell mocks the abstract language used by some politicians to justify their beliefs.

Chapter 4

flights of pigeons: the work of pigeons in spreading news of the rebellion is parallel to that of communist infiltration and sympathizers working in non-communist countries.

Foxwood . . . Pinchfield: the two neighbouing farms suggest the countries of Britain and Germany respectively. World reaction to the Russian Revolution passed through the various stages of alarm, scorn, exaggeration and real fear which are outlined by Orwell in these paragraphs.

cannibalism: the eating of its own kind by humans or animals

hunters refused their fences: horses trained for racing or foxhunting refused to jump over fences or other obstacles that their riders wished them to clear.

smithies: workshops where metal objects such as horseshoes and farming tools are made.

an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns: probably Caesar's *Commentaries* in translation, describing, among others, his conquests of Gaul and Britain. Julius Caesar was a Roman statesman and solider, famous for (among many other things) his tactics in the Gallic wars. His descriptions and commentaries on these are often used as a sort of primer of the Latin language, a subject required for any sort of education in England as late as Orwell's day.

a light skirmishing maneuver: a brief, carefully-planned small scale battle

Hob-nailed boots: boots with heavy-headed nails in their soles

his fifteen stone: his full weight (95.25 kg)

posthumously: after death

October the twelfth: the anniversary of the Bolshevik uprising of 1917, the beginning of the Russian Revolution; the seizing of power in Russia by the Bolsheviks is known as the 'October Revolution'. It was on the night of 12-13 October 1917 that a cavalry corps supporting the government was defeated

outside Moscow, thus securing the position of the new leaders who had seized power four days earlier.

Chapter 5

pretext: excuse

canvasing: obtaining votes and promises of support

Farmer and Stockbreeder: an agricultural journal; a weekly journal for farmers

cranks and cog-wheels: shafts and wheels for transmitting power or motion

the windmill: the planning and building of the windmill corresponds to the first of the Soviet Union's Five Year Plans (1928) in which heavy industries received preference over the production of consumer goods.

incubators: apparatus for hatching birds and rearing them in artificial heat

closeted: shut away to discuss or study privately

Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement: the two main issues are the economy and foreign policy. While Snowball wants industrial development, Napoleon appears at this stage to be advocating the growth of agriculture rather than heavy industry. Snowball still holds by the Marxist ideal of world-wide revolution whilst Napoleon wants to concentrate on developing national strength. The Soviet Union did, under Stalin, pursue the latter policy. Snowball eloquently offers the animals a paradise where all drudgery would be carried out by machines but Napoleon wins by the weapons of a dictator: the sheep bleat for him, like the disciplined cheers at a Nazi rally, and the dogs, his secret police or storm-troopers, frighten the other animals.

Snowball . . . was seen no more: the expulsion of Snowball may be compared with the exile of Trotsky from the Soviet Union in 1927.

a special committee of pigs: the rebellion enters a new phase with absolute control being assumed by a group of senior party officials who increasingly enjoy additional privileges and material comfort.

Squealer was sent round the farm: just as Napoleon becomes the party chief and withdraws and becomes aloof, Squealer becomes the propaganda chief; his job is to explain away all the changes of policy.

Napoleon is always right: the remote political leader becomes idolized by the suffering but ignorant peasants who follow him blindly.

The skull of old Major: although, generally speaking, Major's role corresponds with that of Karl Marx, this incident recalls the placing on permanent display in a mausoleum in Moscow of Lenin's mummified body after his death in 1924.

File past the skull: a clear reference to the permanent exhibition in Moscow of the embalmed body of Lenin, who is generally accepted as the father of the Soviet Revolution.

maneuver: trick

Both in and out of season: at all times, appropriate and otherwise

basic slag: a by-product of a steel mill, used as fertilizer

harrows: farm implements used to break up the soil or drag it to cover seeds

public house: an inn or tavern that provides food and lodging as well as drink

publican: keeper of a public house

Chapter 6

arable land: land on which crops are or can be grown rather than pasture, which is grass-land for animals to graze on.

solicitor: a lawyer who advises clients but does not plead in court.

broker: a middleman or agent in business

governess cart: a light two-wheeled carriage drawn by a horse

paraffin oil: oil distilled from petroleum used for lamps and heating

never . . . with both simultaneously: Stalin similarly toyed with different alliances at the same time. In March 1939, he was still denouncing Hitler, yet in August of the same year, he signed a peace pact with Germany while he was actually negotiating a mutual alliance with Britain and France.

sleep in a bed with sheets: gradually the pigs change all the commandments and lose the original ideals of the rebellion as the dictator increasingly seeks his own personal comfort.

Snowball!: Napoleon is able to make Snowball appear to be the cause of all the evils they suffer by mounting a smear campaign against him. Only the all-powerful leader is in apposition to save his people from his imaginary enemy.

Two-year plan for the windmill: a clear reference to Russia's first Five-Year Plan (originally suggested by Trotsky and put into effect by Stalin in 1928). An attempt to industrialize Russia rapidly, it was a failure and in conjunction with the nationalization of agriculture led to famine and other terrible suffering for the people.

Chapter 7

clamps: piles of vegetables covered by straw and earth so as to preserve them

infanticide: murder of new-born babies

clutches: sets of eggs for hatching

pullet: a young hen

Black Minorca pullets: young hens of a popular breed for egg-laying which originally came from Minorca, the island in the Mediterranean.

Their eggs . . . smashed to pieces: the destructive revolt of the hens corresponds to the opposition of the Kulaks, landowning peasants, to Stalin's formation of farms collectives. In 1929 they burnt their farms and killed their cattle rather than that they should fall into the hands of the government.

coccidiosis: a serious disease of poultry

He snuffed in every corner: Stalin, too, rigorously pursued and eliminated potential opposition to his power in the 1930s.

blood-curdling: terrifying; sufficiently frightening to congeal the blood (metaphorically).

formulate: clearly express; put into words

categorically: with absolute clarity and certainty

They confessed . . . in touch with Snowball: in August 1932, Stalin charged a group of Communist Party officials with being Trotskyists and with plotting with enemy powers outside Russia. To the amazement of the rest of the world, they confessed to these charges and were executed. This was the first of a series of 'show trials' in the years between 1936 and 1938. It was later proved that the confessions were the result of brainwashing and torture.

Confessions and executions went on: the brainwashing is so effective that not only are the dissidents punished but even the innocent are drawn into the blood-

purge. This a clear reference to Stalin's five great 'show trials' of 1936 to 1938, when groups of Party officials were tried for deviationism and plotting with enemy agents. They surprised the world by confessing and were put to death immediately. Some ten years after Orwell wrote **Animal Farm,** it was proved that the 'free' confessions were the result of brainwashing and torture.

This song has no longer any purpose: With the establishment of the totalitarian communist state, the leader declares the revolution to be complete. No longer is any serious attempt to achieve worldwide revolution: the anthem of international communism is replaced by a national anthem.

Chapter 8

lists of figures: statistics can be made to prove anything as the Soviet authorities demonstrated in the 1930s.

Napoleon himself was not seen in public: this assuming of elaborate ritualized appearances and a string of meaningless titles is typical of the totalitarian leader.

Crown Derby dinner service: valuable porcelain dishes (dating from the 18th century) with well-known crown pattern made at Derby in the north of England.

swill-bucket: a bucket in which is kept discarded food to be fed in watered mixture to pigs.

skulking: hiding a shameful way

the rumors of an impending treacherous attack: these may be compared with the gathering fears of a Nazi invasion of Russia before the Second World War.

cocks fight: cock fighting was banned in England. It consisted of setting cocks with sharp weapons attached to their legs to attack each other.

privy to: aware of the secret

deadly nightshade berries: belladonna; a highly poisonous wild plant with purple flowers that grows wild in parts of England.

He had sold the pile to Frederick: see note to **never . . . with both simultaneously**.

pensioner: someone who receives money or support from a patron. After his exile from the Soviet Union, Trotsky lived in Mexico until his assassination there in 1940.

bottom of the field: the farthest end of the field

five-pound notes: bills worth about fifteen dollars each (a British pound was worth about three United States dollars when Orwell wrote his novel).

title-deeds: documents proving ownership to property

Less figures and more food: a reference to the 1930's fondness of the Soviet government for publishing almost endless statistics designed to impress other countries with Russia's progress. During the period there were actually some years of famine, and most of the published figures were inflated.

The whole of the big pasture . . . hands of the enemy: Hitler invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941 and advanced to the gates of Moscow. Great destruction and loss of life occurred, particularly at the battle for Stalingrad, and it was not until the spring of 1944 that Russian soil was cleared of German invaders.

That is our victory: Orwell emphasizes the futility of war and victory celebrations. The animals suffer material destruction, wounding and deaths and only end up with the land they previously possessed anyway.

Chapter 9

poultices: medicinal applications to a wound; soft masses made with boiling water and placed on wounded flesh to help it heal

superannuated: sent into retirement with pension

a readjustment of rations: Orwell is merciless with language which is used to disguise reality for propaganda purposes.

The young pigs: and so a new, self-perpetuating and privileged ruling class, set apart from the rest of the people is established.

Spontaneous Demonstration: the display of military might and a long march is the main feature of the May Day parades in Moscow which also involve "a lot of waiting about in the cold.'

haunches: the part of the body between the thighs and bottom ribs, the back part of the horse's body

low-crowned bowler hat: a hard felt black hat with a dome-like crown and curved brims

demeanour: awkward behaviour

knacker: a horse slaughterer and glue maker

Horse Slaughterer: note the sad irony of Boxer's tragic end. It is exactly what old Major had forecast for him under the rule of Jones (Chapter 1).

oration: a formal speech

Chapter 10

an inebriates' home: place where alcoholics, people who have a drink problem, are treated and looked after.

rheumy eyes: eyes that run with a watery fluid

filial: the relationship of a child with its parents

dog-cart: a two-wheeled horse-drawn cart

Daily Mirror: a very popular London daily morning newspaper

John Bull: a British weekly magazine aimed at a family readership

Tit bits: a London weekly newspaper, geared for instruction and amusement of a mass audience

The windmill . . . was used for milling corn: so the ideal of isolation from the profit-making capitalist world is abandoned and the economy of the communist country becomes the same as that of its neighbours.

'files', 'reports', 'minutes', and 'memoranda': all the apparatus of bureaucracy and official paper work. **Minutes** are records of meetings and **memoranda** are the directives that officials send to one another. Orwell suggests that this work is worthless and unproductive, only existing to give the pigs an easy life.

wireless set: a radio

rat-catcher trousers: full-cut pants which fit close to the legs from the knees downwards, worn by sportsmen and farmers

watered silk: silk material with a wavy finish

a deputation of neighbouring farmers: the meeting with party of human visitors, led by Pilkington, who proposes the toast, suggests the Allied Conference at Teheran in December 1943.

felt it incumbent upon him: felt it to be his duty, felt obliged

bon mot: witty remark

title-deeds: documents proving the ownership of a property. Napoleon's boast of possession that government in a communist country is, in the end, handled in much the same way as it is in capitalist countries.

Suggestions for Further Reading

Alldritt, Keith. **The Making of George Orwell.** New York, 1970.

Atkins, John A. **George Orwell: A Literary and Biographical Study**. New York, 1955.

Beadon, Roger. **"With Orwell in Burma"** in Listener LXXXI (29 May, 1969).

Brander, Lawrence. **George Orwell.** New York, 1954.

Connolly, Cyril. **Enemies of Promise.** Boston: Boston University Press, 1939.

Crick, Barnard. "Introduction to George Orwell," **Nineteen Eighty Four.** Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1984.

Greenblatt, Stephen. **Three Modern Satirists: Waugh, Orwell and Huxley.** New Haven: Yale University Press, 1965.

Gross, Miriam (ed.). **The World of George Orwell.** London: Weidenfield & Nicolson, 1972.

Hollis, Christopher. **A Study of George Orwell: The Man and his Works.** Chicago, Chicago University Press, 1956.

Kalechofsky, Roberta. **George Orwell.** New York: Frederick Unger, 1973.

Kubal, David. **Outside the Whale: George Orwell's Art and Politics.** Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press. 1972.

Lee, Robert. **Orwell's Fiction.** Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1969.

Meyers, Jeffery (ed.). **George Orwell: The Critical Heritage.** London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975.

Oxley, Bit. **George Orwell: Literature in Perspective.** London: Evans Brothers Limited, 1973.

Orwell, Sonia and Angus (eds.) **Orwell: An Age Like This.** Letters 31 and 33, New York: Harcourt, Brace & World. N. D.

Rees, Richard. **George Orwell: Fugitive from the Camp of Victory.** Carbondale, Southern Illinois: university Press, 1962.

Stansky, P. and W. Abrahams, **The Unknown Orwell.** New York, Knopf, 1972.

Trocchi, Alexander. "A Note on George Orwell", Evergreen Review, 2 1958.

Williams, Raymond (ed.). **George Orwell: A Collection of Critical Essays.** Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1974.

Woodcock, George. **The Crystal Spirit: A Study of George Orwell.** Boston: Little Brown and Co., 1966.

Voorhees, Richard J. **The Paradox of George Orwell.** Lafayette. Ind., 1961.