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| ***Ani B mal Farm*** |
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## Chapter I

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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 usuallymincing 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 II

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 fierce-looking   
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 store-shed 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 five-barred 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 paint-brush, "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 III

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 meal-times, 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 IV

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, old-fashioned 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 thirty-five, 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 V

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 old-fashioned 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   
chaff-cutters 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 full-grown, 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 Sunday-morning 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 VI

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 VII

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 VIII

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-a-doodle-doo" 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 Sheep-fold, 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   
title-deeds 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   
re-establish 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 five-barred 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 knot-holes. 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 paint-brush, 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 IX

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 thirty-one 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 death-bed, 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 X

X   
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 upside-down. 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, TitBits, 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 wear on Sundays.   
  
A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dogcarts 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 fellow-visitors 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 stiff 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.