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They did not want Jones back. 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 dates. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. They were weaned by Snowball, who was best at writing) took a brush, petamed the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out MANE and FARM from the top of the pig and in its place printed ANIMAL FARM. At the appointed time the pigs were taken to 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. 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. It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. Fredrick 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 on it. In another moment they are going to pack blasting powder into that hole." Terrified, the animals waited. It was possible to foresee that the coming winter would be a hard one. Everyone fled to his own sleeping-place. 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. 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. His twelfth birthday was approaching. 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. 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'. 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. One night at about twelve o'clock there was a loud crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stons. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. SNOWBALL!" he suddenly roared in a voice of thunder. It had been overlooked at the time when the house was first occupied. He had, he said, only one real ambition left—to see the windmill well under way before he reached the age of retirement. The attempt to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has vanished. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. 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. They had been credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he proceeded. They were executed immediately, and fresh precautions for Napoleon's safety were taken. 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. Have you any record of such a resolution? 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. Then there was a deafening roar. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?" Once again this argument was unanswerable. 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, comrades—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. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, "Beasts of England" had been abolished. "Boxer!" she cried. 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 arrangements. They were glad to believe so. In the evenings he sat in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. 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. The others reproached her sharply, and they went outside. 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. On the whole, these projects were a failure. 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. 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. The animals believed every word of it. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. Napoleon sniffed deeply at them and pronounced them to be Snowball's. At eleven o'clock Squealer came out to make another announcement. But the pigs seemed comfortable enough, and in fact were putting on weight if anything. All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. 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. 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. 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 intended to take the whole burden upon his own shoulders. More, they now lost, even for an instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. The solution, as I see it, is to work harder. Chapter 6. They limped into the yard. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. 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. I shall follow in a few minutes. But it reminded me of something that I had long forgotten. They could not knock it down in a week. If they had not more food than they had had in Jones's day, at least they did not have less. Only Boxer remained on his feet. 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. The others said, "Boxer will pick up when the spring grass comes on," but the spring came and Boxer grew no fatter. And now, he said finally, he would ask the company to rise to their feet and make certain that their glasses were full. On the day appointed for the banquet, a grocer's van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate at the farmhouse. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. 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 pulled up like a radish. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. I had only another month to go in any case. Napoleon acted swiftly and ruthlessly. They had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal's throat. It had become usual to give Napoleon the credit for every successful achievement and every stroke of good fortune. 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. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun in his hands. "If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right." "That is the true spirit, comrades!" cried Squealer, but it was not the true spirit of Snowball. The animals were so excited that they were unable to do anything but stare at the speaker. In the evening the four sows had all littered about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, but Boxer would never listen to her. Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. 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. And not an animal on the farm had stolen so much as a mouthful. 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. First came the hoisting of the flag. 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. 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. None of them proved able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. 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. Mrs. Paine, 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 were always cold, and usually hungry as well. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. Snowball and Napoleon were far the most active in the debates. Once again Clover and Benjamin warned him to take care of his health, but Boxer paid no attention. 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. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the brains of the farm, should have a quiet place to work in. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. Clover learnt the whole alphabet, but could not put words together. Snowball had found in the harness-room an old green tablecloth of Mrs. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Can you not understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?" Mollie agreed, but she did not sound very convinced. Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time. 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. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. 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. They took refuge in the farm buildings and peeped cautiously out from chinks and knot-holes. 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. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too had a few words to say. "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 howling. It is called 'Beasts of England.' Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. They had also dropped their championship of Jones, who had given up hope of getting his farm back again. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. "Comrades," he said quietly, "do you know who is responsible for this? Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. Man serves no interests of his own creature except himself. He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit, and had taken to drinking more than was good for him. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro all day in the sun, carrying tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do Mr. Jones. Kennels Supplied." Do you not understand what that means? The whole thing would be over in a fortnight, they said. All the animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames. Each was sold at a year old—you will never see one of them again. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. Nevertheless, towards the end of January it became obvious that it would be necessary to procure some more grain from somewhere. 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. He had declared himself against the windmill from the start. 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. 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. All orders were now issued through Squealer or one of the other pigs. 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. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. 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. However, Benjamin and Clover could only we with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The hens woke up squawking with terror because they had all dreamed simultaneously of hearing a gun go off in the distance. The two with the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the windmill. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. Boxer and Clover pulled the wagon which served as a hearse, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of the procession. It was announced that later, when bricks and timber had been purchased, a schoolroom would be built in the farmhouse garden. There lay Boxer, between the shafts of the cart, his neck stretched out, unable even to raise his head. Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making sure that there was a fox in the yard. 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. "Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash," said one of the hens. All the animals remembered passing such resolutions: or at least they thought that they remembered it. "Why?" cried Muriel. It was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. In the evening he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told the sheep to stay where they were. Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected. 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. 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 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. It was soon noticed that when there was work to be done the cart could never be found. Chapter 2. 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. "No more delays, comrades!" cried Napoleon when the footprints had been examined. On Sundays there would be no work. Does it not say something about never sleeping in a bed?" With some difficulty Muriel spelt it out. 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? He was indefatigable at this. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said. "My sight is failing," she said finally. "Impossible!" cried Napoleon. 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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. I cannot describe that dream to you. No animal shall sleep in a bed. The animals were happy as they had never conceived it possible to be. It was Clover's voice. Never had he 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. 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. Chapter 9. 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. 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. The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. From now onwards it was forbidden to sing it. 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. One day, however, he arrived unexpectedly to examine the plans. But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. They could only be traced for a few yards, but appeared to lead to a hole in the hedge. When captured, he said, Frederick should be boiled alive. They saw that they were in danger of being surrounded. 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