

ANIMAL FARM

CHAPTER X

Years passed. The seasons came and went. Life moved quickly. 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. Snowball was forgotten. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. Clover was an old overweight mare¹ now. She was two years past the retiring age, but in fact no animal had ever actually retired. A corner of the pasture for retired animals had long since been dropped. Napoleon was now a heavy boar² of twenty-four stone³. Squealer was so fat that he could with difficulty see of his eyes. Only old Benjamin was much the same as ever and, since Boxer's death, more morose⁴ and taciturn than ever.

There were many creatures on the farm now, although the increase was not so great as had been expected in early years. Many animals had been born and for them the Rebellion was only an old tradition, an others had been bought who had never heard mention such a thing before their arrival. The farm owned three horses now besides Clover. They were fine beasts, willing

1 Female horse

2 Big mare pig

3 Traditional English measure in weight equal 6.75 kg.

4 Bad tempered, unhappy

workers and good comrades, but very stupid. None of them were able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of the Animalism, although they didn't understand very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organized: it had two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The windmill had been successfully finished at last, and the farm possessed a threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings had been built. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for milling corn, and gave large money profits. The animals worked hard to build another windmill. It was said that the dynamos would be installed when the windmill was finished. Nobody talked anymore about the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream, the stalls with electric light, hot and cold water and the three-day week. Napoleon had announced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of the Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally⁵.

It seemed as if the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer -except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. These creatures worked in the supervision and organization of the farm as Squaler was never tired of explaining them. Much of these work was of a kind that the other animals were

5 Satisfying only the basic needs, living without luxury.

too ignorant to understand. For example, Squaler told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day upon mysterious things called “files”, “reports”, “minutes” and “memoranda”⁶. These were large sheets of paper which had to be written, and as soon as they were written, they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squaler said. But still, neither pigs and 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 was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw⁷, they drank from the pool, they laboured⁸ in the fields; in winter they had problems with the cold, and in the summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them tried to remember and 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 were nowhere to get information to compare with their present lives: they had to believe in Squaler's list of figures⁹, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble. Only old Benjamin was able 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, hardship¹⁰, and disappointment¹¹ being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never gave up¹² hope. 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 country -in all England!- owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the youngest, not even the newcomers¹³ who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever stopped being amazed by that. And when they heard the gun and saw the green flag their hearts felt a great pride, and the talk always turned 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. The republic of The Animals which Major had predicted was still believed in. Some day it was coming: it might not be soon, it might not be within the life time of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of “Beast of England” was perhaps sang secretly here and there although every animal on the farm knew that it is not allowed to sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of their hopes had come true; but they were conscious that they were not as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical

6 Different types of documents.

7 Piece of grass.

8 Work in something.

9 Statistics and numbers.

10 Hardworked.

11 Upset, sadness (you have a hope but you didn't get it)

12 Stop having; lose.

13 Somebody new on the farm.

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 are equal.

One day in the early summer Squaler ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm. The sheep spent the whole day there under Squaler's supervision. Squaler 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 nice evening when the animals had finished work and were going back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing¹⁴ of a horse sounded from the yard. It was Clover's voice. She neighed again, and all the animals ran into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squaler. He was moving strangely across the yard but with perfect balance. 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 but everyone of them could walk around the yard successfully. And finally, there was a tremendous barking¹⁵ of dogs and a crowing¹⁶ from the cockerel when Napoleon himself came out, majestically standing, looking from side to

14 Sound made by a horse.

15 Sound made by a dog.

16 Sound made by a cock.

side and with his dogs jumping around him.

He carried a whip¹⁷ in his hands (pig's feet)

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as if the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock passed. In spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticizing, no matter what happened they might have cried some words of protest. But just at that moment, all the sheep came into a tremendous shouting of "*Four legs good, two legs better!*", "*Four legs good, two legs better!*"

So it continued for five minutes without stopping. When the sheep became silent, the chance to tell any protest had passed, the pigs had already marched back into the farmhouse.

Benjamin felt a nose at his shoulder. He looked around. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked sadder than ever. Without saying anything, she led him round to the end of the big barn¹⁸, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood looking at the painted wall with its white letters.

«My sight was 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

17 A long leather weapon attached to a handle used to hit or punish people or animals.

18 A big building to keep animals, straw and wheat or farm tools.

Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?»

For once Benjamin broke his silence and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single and simple Commandment. It ran¹⁹:

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 hands. It did not seem strange that the pigs had bought themselves a radio, a telephone and had taken out subscriptions to some human magazines and newspapers. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen walking in the farmhouse garden with a pipe²⁰ in his mouth, wearing a black coat, leather leggings²¹ and a silk dress which Mrs Jones had worn on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, some dogcarts²² drove up to the farm. A group of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection. They were shown all over the farm, and they liked so much everything they saw, especially the windmill. The animals were working on the fields. They worked

diligently²³, hardly²⁴ 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 voices came from the farmhouse and the animals felt very curious about that. What could be happening in there, now that for the first time animals and human beings were meeting?. They began to walk as quietly as possible into the farmhouse garden.

At the gate they paused, frightened to go on, but Clover continued in the first place. They walked close to the house and peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent²⁵ pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The company had been enjoying a game of cards, and had stopped for a moment in order to drink a toast²⁶. They were drinking beer from a large jug²⁷. No one noticed the animals at the window.

Mr. Pilkington of Foxwood had stood up his glass in his hand. In a moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But, before, he wanted to say a few words.

It was a great satisfaction to him, he said, to feel that a long period of misunderstanding had now finished. There had been a time when the owners of Animal Farm had been seen with

19 Said.

20 An object made in any of various shapes and sizes in which tobacco or other substances are smoked.

21 A leather trousers wore by farmers.

22 Means of transportation pulled by animals.

23 Hard, work with with care and perseverance

24 Without.

25 Important.

26 To wish happiness or success when you are drinking.

27 A big glass with a handle to drink something.

hostility by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred... It had been thought that a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow²⁸ strange and could be dangerous to the neighbours. The farmers had been nervous about the effects on their own animals, or even on their human employees. But all these doubts were now overcome²⁹. Today he and his friends had visited Animal Farm and inspected it with their own eyes, and what did they find? Not only the most modern methods, but discipline and order, which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. He believed that the animals on Animal Farm did more work and received less food than any animals in the county. Indeed, he and his colleagues today had observed many methods which they would like to introduce on their own farms immediately.

He finally said that there should be friendly feelings between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there should not be any conflict. Their struggles³⁰ and their difficulties were the same. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere? After much talking he finally said: "If you have your lower animals to handle³¹, we have our lower classes!". Mr. Pilkington congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours, and the strong government which he had observed on Animal

Farm.

"Gentlemen" - concluded Mr. Pilkington- "gentlemen, I give you a toast: to the prosperity of Animal Farm!"

Animals and human beings were absolutely glad! Napoleon was so happy that he left his place and came round the table to clink his glass against Mr. Pilkington's before emptying it. When the toast finished Napoleon, who had stayed on his feet, declared that he 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 ended. For a long time there had been rumours -circulated, he had reason to think, by some cruel enemy- that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the pigs' government. They would have wanted to provoke rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms... Nothing could be more wrong! Their only 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, was a cooperative enterprise³².

He said that certain changes had been made recently in the farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence. Until now the animals on the farm had had the custom of calling one another as "Comrade". This should be suppressed. There had also been a very strange custom, of marching every Sunday

28 A little; in some unspecified way .

29 No doubts anymore.

30 Fights.

31 To control, to manage.

32 Company, corporation.

morning in front of a pig's skull which was put 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 house and that the old one had been removed.

He had only one thing to say to Mr. Pilkington: Mr. Pilkington had referred to "Animal Farm". He could not of course know that the name "Animal Farm" had been abolished. From now on the farm would 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 top. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of the Manor Farm!."

There was the same loud and enthusiastic shouts as before, and the mugs were emptied. But as the animals outside looked at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening. What was it that had changed in the faces of the pigs? Clover's old eyes went from

one face to another. Then, the applause ended, the company took up their cards and continued the game that had been interrupted, and the animals quietly walked away.

But they had not gone very far away when they stopped. Loud voices were coming from the farmhouse. They looked through the window again. Yes, a violent fight was happening. The source of the trouble was that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of hearts simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting angrily 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.

The End