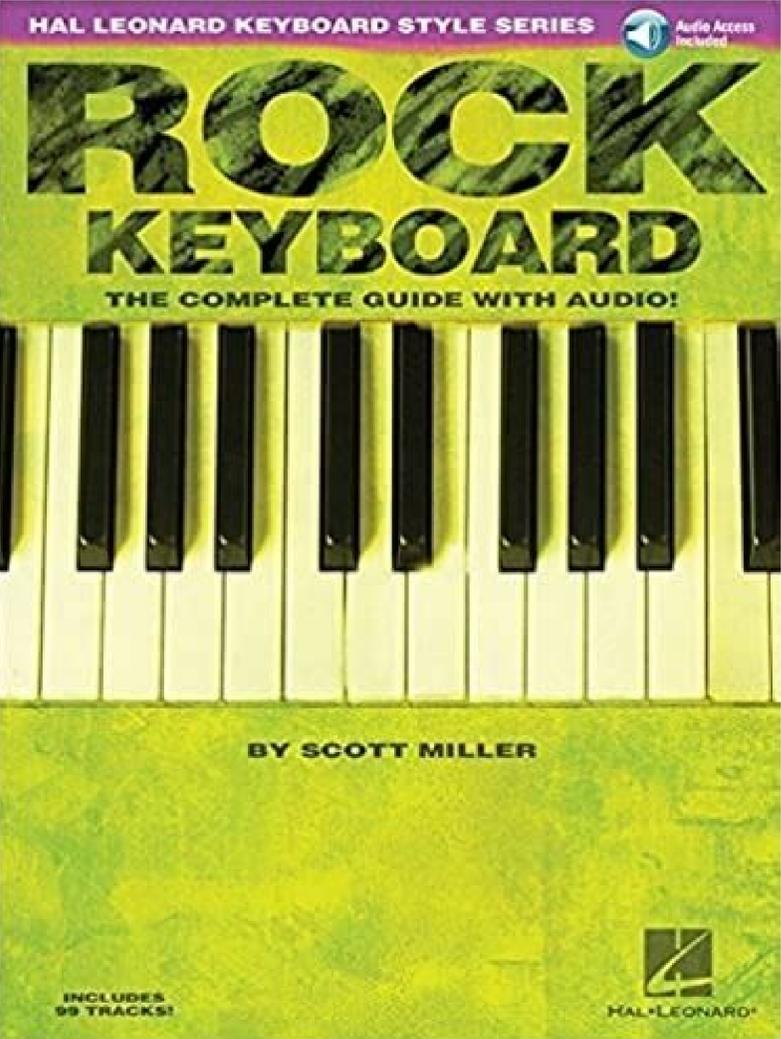
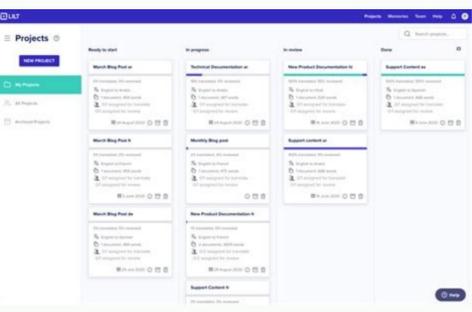


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Animal Farm Study Guide

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They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. All animals are comrades." At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. He carried a whip in his trotter. 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. 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. Chapter 10. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. Napoleon is in the farmhouse celebrating with human beings. "Comrades," he said, "there is a point that must be settled. Indeed, he and his fellow-visitors today had observed many features which they intended to introduce on their own farms immediately. 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. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision. 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. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the banknotes was forgotten. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms. It was Clover's voice. 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. His answer to every problem, every setback, was "I will work harder!"—which he had adopted as his personal motto. The human beings could not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they pretended to think it merely ridiculous. One false step, and our enemies would be upon us. It was surmounted by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in white paint. 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. 5. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said. Whymper had bought himself a dogcart. 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. He and his ruling class of pigs now walk upright on their hand legs, dress in clothing, carry whips, read newspapers and magazines, and talk on the telephone. Many of the animals believed him. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being refilled with beer. 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. 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. November 1943-February 1944 THE END This site is full of FREE ebooks - Project Gutenberg Australia As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. And for a little while they halted in sorrowful silence at the place where the windmill had once stood. The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. 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. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued to make up for it. 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. Chapter 3. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the supervision and organisation of the farm. At last they could stand it no longer. So far as he knew, he said, there was nothing worth reading. 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. 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. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name and lack cunning, they are easily deceived and manipulated. And thereafter, he declared, so much labour would be saved that the animals would only need to work three days a week. The animals were not badly off throughout that summer, in spite of the hardness of their work. 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. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The talk of setting aside a corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been dropped. 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. Then, as usual, the sheep broke into "Four legs good, two legs bad!" and the momentary awkwardness was smoothed over. 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.

sure to silence him with a tremendous bleating of "Four legs good, two legs bad!" But by and large the animals enjoyed these celebrations. All relations with Foxwood had been broken off, insulting messages had been sent to Pilkington. And very comfortable beds were too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you, comrades, all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. 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. Snowball used as his study a shed which had once been used for incubators and had a smooth wooden floor, suitable for drawing on. "Mollie," she said, "I have something very serious to say to you. Napoleon was hesitating between the two, unable to make up his mind. June came and the hay was almost ready for cutting. 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. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial manures, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the windmill. And yet the song was irrepresible. Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into Snowball's activities. During the next three months there was much secret activity. "What is going to happen to all that milk?" said someone. 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. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. The very next morning the attack came. 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. 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. 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. "Quick, quick!" he shouted. 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. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go forward without his interference. I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused, "good-bye!" "Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. Snowball did not deny that to build it would be a difficult business. Frequently he did not even appear on Sunday mornings, but issued his orders through one of the other pigs, usually Squealer. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. 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 had demanded payment in real five-pound notes, which were to be handed over before the timber was removed. 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 had spread with astonishing speed. Once again all rations were reduced, except those of the pigs and the dogs. The farm is now better organized, more prosperous, and enlarged. The other farm, which was called Pinchfield, was smaller and better kept. You will have all the oats and hay you want." "And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?" asked Mollie. On the whole, these projects were a failure. Having got there, he collected two successive loads of stone and dragged them down to the windmill before retiring for the night. The harvest is more important. Not even a rat had been killed. 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. Someone said it was the smell of cooking barley. The men gave a shout of triumph. Rings shall vanish from our noses, and the harness from our backs, Bit and spur shall rust forever. Cruel whips no more shall crack. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. 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. No animal shall kill any other animal. "And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. 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. 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. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. Yes, it was gone; almost the last trace of their labour was gone! Even the foundations were partially destroyed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by. There is a pretty good store of stone accumulated. Here the work of the coming week was planned out and resolutions were put forward and debated. 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. 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. Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. 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. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? 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. 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. The van began to gather speed. And in rebuilding it they could not this time, as before, make use of the fallen stones. They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Meanwhile life was hard. The importance of keeping the pigs in good health was all too obvious. 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. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. The boy did not stir. 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. And when the human beings listened to it, they secretly trembled, hearing in it a prophecy of their future doom. Forward, comrades! Long live the windmill! Long live Animal Farm!" Chapter VII It was a bitter winter. Moses, who was Mr. Jones's especial pet, was a spy and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker. I cannot describe that dream to you. One night at about twelve o'clock there was a loud crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. All of the original Commandments have been forgotten; only one remains that states that all animals are equal, but some are more equal than others, meaning the pigs. Today we begin the hay harvest. 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. She appeared to be enjoying herself, so the pigeons said. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good comrades, but very stupid. When it was all over, the remaining animals, except for the pigs and dogs, crept away in a body. Table of Contents | Message Board | Printable Version | Barron's Booknotes Free Study Guide-Animal Farm by George Orwell-Free Plot Summary Project Gutenberg Australiaa treasure-trove of literaturetreasure found hidden with no evidence of ownership BROWSE the site for other works by this author(and our other authors) or SEARCH the entire site with Google Site Search Title: Animal Farm Author: George Orwell eBook No.: 0100011h.html Language: English Date first posted: August 2001 Most recent update: March 2008 This eBook was produced by: Colin Choat View our licence and header * Read our other eBooks by George Orwell by George Orwell Contents Chapter 1. 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. 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. Squealer came to announce the news to the others. There were shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials. 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. 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. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. 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.

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