

ANIMAL FARM (with annotations)

CHAPTER I

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the popholes¹. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched² across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery³, 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 stirring⁴ and a fluttering⁵ all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar⁶, had had a strange dream on the previous⁷ 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 Major⁸ (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded⁹ 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 barn¹⁰, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced¹¹ on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam¹². He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout¹³, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent¹⁴ appearance in spite of the fact that his tusches¹⁵ 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 perched¹⁶ themselves on the window-sills¹⁷, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters¹⁸, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud¹⁹. The two cart-horses²⁰, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast²¹ hairy hoofs²² with great care lest²³ there should be some small animal concealed²⁴ in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare²⁵ approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal²⁶. 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 steadiness²⁷ of character and tremendous²⁸ 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 tempered²⁹. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical³⁰ remark—for instance³¹, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting³² it, he was devoted³³ to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock³⁴ beyond the orchard³⁵, grazing³⁶ side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood³⁷ of ducklings³⁸, which had lost their mother, filed³⁹ into the barn, cheeping⁴⁰ feebly⁴¹ and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on⁴². Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled⁴³ down inside it and promptly⁴⁴ fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap⁴⁵, came mincing⁴⁶ daintily⁴⁷ in, chewing at a lump⁴⁸ of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting⁴⁹ her white mane⁵⁰, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons⁵¹ it was plaited⁵² with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed⁵³ herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred⁵⁴ contentedly⁵⁵ throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame⁵⁶ raven, who slept on a perch⁵⁷ 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 stall⁵⁸, 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, laborious⁵⁹, 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 slaughtered⁶⁰ with hideous⁶¹ cruelty⁶². No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure⁶³ after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain⁶⁴ truth.

“But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford⁶⁵ a decent⁶⁶ life to those who dwell⁶⁷ upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil⁶⁸ of England is fertile⁶⁹, its climate is
55 good, it is capable of affording food in abundance⁷⁰ to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit⁷¹ it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen⁷² horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep—and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity⁷³ that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce⁷⁴ 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
60 have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause⁷⁵ of hunger and overwork is abolished⁷⁶ 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 plough⁷⁷, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord⁷⁸ of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent⁷⁹ them from starving⁸⁰, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills⁸¹ the soil, our dung⁸² fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare
65 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 sturdy⁸³ calves⁸⁴? 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
70 was sold at a year old—you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements⁸⁵ and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations⁸⁶ and a stall?

“And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble⁸⁷, 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 porkers⁸⁸ who are sitting in front of me, every one of
75 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 knacker⁸⁹, who will cut your throat and boil you down⁹⁰ for the foxhounds⁹¹. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick⁹² round their necks and drowns⁹³ them in the nearest pond⁹⁴.

“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 overthrow⁹⁵ 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
85 your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder⁹⁶ 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 struggle⁹⁷ until it is victorious⁹⁸.

“And remember, comrades, your resolution⁹⁹ must never falter¹⁰⁰. No argument must lead you astray¹⁰¹. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common¹⁰² interest, that the prosperity¹⁰³ 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
90 there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.”

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar¹⁰⁴. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept¹⁰⁵ out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters¹⁰⁶, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift¹⁰⁷ dash¹⁰⁸ for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter¹⁰⁹ for silence¹¹⁰.

“Comrades,” he said, “here is a point that must be settled¹¹¹. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits—are they our
95 friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote¹¹². I propose¹¹³ this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?”

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority¹¹⁴ that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients¹¹⁵, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered¹¹⁶ to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

“I have little more to say. I merely¹¹⁷ repeat, remember always your duty¹¹⁸ of enmity¹¹⁹ towards Man and all his
100 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 resemble¹²⁰ him. Even when you have conquered¹²¹ him, do not adopt¹²² his vices¹²³. 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 engage¹²⁴ 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
105 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 vanished¹²⁵. 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 infancy¹²⁶, but it had long since passed out of my mind.
110 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 hoarse¹²⁷, 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
115 was a stirring¹²⁸ tune, something between Clementine and La Cucuracha. The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime¹²⁹,
Hearken¹³⁰ to my joyful tidings¹³¹
120 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 trod¹³² by beasts alone.

125 Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness¹³³ from our back,
Bit¹³⁴ and spur¹³⁵ shall rust forever,
Cruel whips¹³⁶ no more shall crack¹³⁷.

130 Riches¹³⁸ more than mind can picture,
Wheat¹³⁹ and barley¹⁴⁰, oats¹⁴¹ and hay¹⁴²,
Clover¹⁴³, beans, and mangel-wurzels¹⁴⁴
Shall be ours upon that day.

Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,
135 Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes¹⁴⁵
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,
140 All must toil¹⁴⁶ 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.

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The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement¹⁴⁷. 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 preliminary¹⁴⁸ tries, the whole farm burst out into Beasts of England in tremendous unison¹⁴⁹.
150 The cows lowed¹⁵⁰ it, the dogs whined¹⁵¹ it, the sheep bleated¹⁵² it, the horses whinnied¹⁵³ it, the ducks quacked¹⁵⁴ it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession¹⁵⁵, 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 seized¹⁵⁶ the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge¹⁵⁷ of number 6 shot into the
155 darkness. The pellets¹⁵⁸ buried themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly¹⁵⁹. 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.

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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-eminent¹⁶⁰ among the pigs were two young boars¹⁶¹ named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking¹⁶² Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation¹⁶³ for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious¹⁶⁴ 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 Squealer¹⁶⁵, with very round cheeks, twinkling¹⁶⁶ eyes, nimble¹⁶⁷ movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some difficult point he had a way of skipping¹⁶⁸ from side to side and whisking¹⁶⁹ his tail which was somehow very persuasive¹⁷⁰. 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 expounded¹⁷¹ the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they met with much stupidity and apathy¹⁷². Some of the animals talked of the duty of loyalty¹⁷³ 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 contrary¹⁷⁴ 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 firmly¹⁷⁵. "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 badge¹⁷⁶ 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 counteract¹⁷⁷ 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 situated¹⁷⁸ 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 linseed¹⁷⁹ 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 faithful¹⁸⁰ disciples¹⁸¹ 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 absorbed¹⁸² 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 capable¹⁸³ farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days¹⁸⁴. He had become much disheartened¹⁸⁵ after losing money in a lawsuit¹⁸⁶, 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 crusts¹⁸⁷ of bread soaked in beer. His men were idle¹⁸⁸ and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds¹⁸⁹, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected¹⁹⁰, 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 rabbiting¹⁹¹, 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-shed¹⁹² with her horn and all the animals began to help themselves¹⁹³ from the bins¹⁹⁴. It was

215 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, lashing¹⁹⁵ out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord¹⁹⁶, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung¹⁹⁷ themselves upon their tormentors¹⁹⁸. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being butted¹⁹⁹ 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 thrashing²⁰⁰ and maltreating²⁰¹ just as they chose, frightened²⁰² them almost out of their wits²⁰³. After only a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels²⁰⁴. A minute later all five of them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road, with the animals pursuing²⁰⁵ them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening, hurriedly flung²⁰⁶ a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped²⁰⁷ out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped²⁰⁸ after her, croaking²⁰⁹ loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed²¹⁰ the five-barred²¹¹ gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled²¹², 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 gallop²¹³ 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 traces²¹⁴ of Jones's hated reign²¹⁵. 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 castrate²¹⁶ the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well²¹⁷. The reins²¹⁸, the halters²¹⁹, the blinkers²²⁰, the degrading nosebags²²¹, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the animals capered²²² 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 mark²²³ 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 pasture²²⁴ together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll²²⁵ that commanded a view²²⁶ of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed²²⁷ round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs—everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy²²⁸ of that thought they gambolled²²⁹ round and round, they hurled²³⁰ themselves into the air in great leaps²³¹ of excitement. They rolled in the dew²³², they cropped²³³ mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods²³⁴ of the black earth and snuffed²³⁵ its rich scent²³⁶. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed²³⁷ with speechless admiration²³⁸ the ploughland²³⁹, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney²⁴⁰. 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 halted²⁴¹ 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 file²⁴², walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing²⁴³ anything. They tip-toed²⁴⁴ from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper²⁴⁵ and gazing with a kind of awe²⁴⁶ 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 mantelpiece²⁴⁷. They were just coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing. Going back, the others found that she had remained²⁴⁸ 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 reproached²⁴⁹ her sharply²⁵⁰, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen were taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery²⁵¹ was stove in²⁵² with a kick from Boxer's hoof, otherwise nothing in the house was touched. A unanimous²⁵³ resolution²⁵⁴ was passed²⁵⁵ on the spot²⁵⁶ that the farmhouse should be preserved²⁵⁷ as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there.

265 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 harvest²⁵⁸. But there is another matter that must be attended to²⁵⁹ first."

The pigs now revealed²⁶⁰ 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 heap²⁶¹.

270 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 knuckles²⁶² 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
275 their studies of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments²⁶³. 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 rungs²⁶⁴ below him holding the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred²⁶⁵ wall in great white letters that could be read thirty
280 yards away. They ran thus²⁶⁶:

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
- 285 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.

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It was very neatly²⁶⁷ 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 benefit²⁶⁸ of the others. All the animals nodded²⁶⁹ in complete agreement, and the cleverer ones at once began to learn the Commandments by heart²⁷⁰.

295 “Now, comrades,” cried Snowball, throwing down the paint-brush, “to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour²⁷¹ to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do.”

But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy²⁷² for some time past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders²⁷³ were almost bursting²⁷⁴. 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
300 buckets of frothing²⁷⁵ creamy milk at which many of the animals looked with considerable²⁷⁶ interest.

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

“Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash²⁷⁷,” 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,
305 comrades! The hay is waiting.”

So the animals trooped down²⁷⁸ to the hayfield to begin the harvest, and when they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared.

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CHAPTER III

How they toiled and sweated²⁷⁹ to get the hay in!

But their efforts²⁸⁰ were rewarded²⁸¹, for the harvest was an even bigger success than they had hoped. Sometimes the work was hard; the implements²⁸² had been designed for human beings and not for animals, and it was a great
315 drawback that no animal was able to use any tool that involved standing on his hind legs²⁸³. But the pigs were so clever that they could think of a way round every difficulty. As for the horses, they knew every inch²⁸⁴ of the field, and in fact understood the business of mowing²⁸⁵ and raking²⁸⁶ far better than Jones and his men had ever done. The pigs did not actually work, but directed²⁸⁷ and supervised²⁸⁸ the others. With their superior knowledge it was natural
320 that they should assume²⁸⁹ the leadership. Boxer and Clover would harness themselves to the cutter²⁹⁰ or the horse-rake (no bits or reins were needed in these days, of course) and tramp²⁹¹ steadily round and round the field with a pig

walking behind and calling out “Gee up²⁹², comrade!” or “Whoa²⁹³ back, comrade!” as the case might be. And every animal down to the humblest²⁹⁴ worked at turning the hay and gathering²⁹⁵ it. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro²⁹⁶ all day in the sun, carrying tiny²⁹⁷ wisps²⁹⁸ of hay in their beaks²⁹⁹. In the end they finished the harvest in two
325 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 wastage³⁰⁰ whatever; the hens and ducks with their sharp eyes had gathered up the very last stalk³⁰¹. 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 conceived³⁰² it possible to be. Every mouthful of food was an acute³⁰³ positive pleasure, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves and for
330 themselves, not doled³⁰⁴ out to them by a grudging³⁰⁵ master. With the worthless parasitical³⁰⁶ 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 tread³⁰⁷ it out in the ancient³⁰⁸ style and blow away the chaff³⁰⁹ with their breath, since the farm possessed no threshing³¹⁰ machine—but the pigs with their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles always pulled them through. Boxer was the
335 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 entire³¹¹ work of the farm seemed to rest upon his mighty³¹² shoulders. From morning to night he was pushing and pulling, always at the spot³¹³ where the work was hardest. He had made an arrangement with one of the cockerels³¹⁴ to call him in the mornings half an hour earlier than anyone else, and would put in some volunteer³¹⁵ labour at whatever seemed to be most needed, before the regular day’s work began. His
340 answer to every problem, every setback³¹⁶, was “I will work harder!”—which he had adopted³¹⁷ as his personal motto³¹⁸.

But everyone worked according to his capacity³¹⁹. The hens and ducks, for instance, saved five bushels³²⁰ of corn at the harvest by gathering up the stray³²¹ grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the quarrelling³²² and biting and jealousy³²³ which had been normal features of life in the old days had almost disappeared. Nobody
345 shirked³²⁴—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 peculiar³²⁵. 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 affectionately³²⁶, that it was impossible not to
350 believe in her good intentions. Old Benjamin, the donkey, seemed quite unchanged since the Rebellion. He did his work in the same slow obstinate³²⁷ 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 cryptic³²⁸ answer.

355 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 hoisting³²⁹ 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 up³³⁰ the flagstaff³³¹ 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 signified³³² the future Republic of the Animals which would arise³³³
360 when the human race had been finally overthrown. After the hoisting of the flag all the animals trooped³³⁴ 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
365 them made, the other could be counted on³³⁵ to oppose³³⁶ it. Even when it was resolved—a thing no one could object³³⁷ 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 retiring³³⁸ age for each class of animal. The Meeting always ended with the singing of Beasts of England, and the afternoon was given up to recreation³³⁹.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied
370 blacksmithing³⁴⁰, carpentering³⁴¹, and other necessary arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also busied³⁴² himself with organising the other animals into what he called Animal Committees³⁴³. He was indefatigable³⁴⁴ 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 Wool³⁴⁵ Movement for the sheep, and various others, besides instituting³⁴⁶ classes in reading and writing. On the whole, these
375 projects were a failure³⁴⁷. The attempt³⁴⁸ to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. They continued to behave very much as before, and when treated with generosity³⁴⁹, simply took advantage³⁵⁰ 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 sparrows³⁵¹ 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.

380 The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate³⁵² in some degree³⁵³.

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 scraps³⁵⁴ of newspaper which she found on the
385 rubbish heap. Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never exercised his faculty³⁵⁵. 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 trace³⁵⁶ 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 forelock³⁵⁷, 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
390 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 refused³⁵⁸ to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. She would form these very neatly out of pieces of twig³⁵⁹, 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
395 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 thoroughly³⁶⁰ 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 proved³⁶¹ to them that this was not so.

400 "A bird's wing, comrades," he said, "is an organ of propulsion³⁶² and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark³⁶³ of Man is the hand, the instrument with which he does all his mischief³⁶⁴."

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
405 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 maxim³⁶⁵, 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
410 whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies³⁶⁶. As soon as they were weaned³⁶⁷, 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 seclusion³⁶⁸ 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
415 apples were now ripening, and the grass of the orchard was littered³⁶⁹ with windfalls³⁷⁰. The animals had assumed as a matter of course³⁷¹ 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 murmured³⁷², 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
420 imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege³⁷³? 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 brainworkers³⁷⁴. 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
425 happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades," cried Squealer almost pleadingly³⁷⁵, 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
430 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.

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 flights³⁷⁶ of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle³⁷⁷ with the animals on neighbouring farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them the tune³⁷⁸ of Beasts of England.

440 Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom³⁷⁹ of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining³⁸⁰ to anyone who would listen of the monstrous³⁸¹ injustice³⁸² he had suffered³⁸³ in being turned³⁸⁴ out of his property³⁸⁵ by a pack³⁸⁶ of good-for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathised³⁸⁷ 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 misfortune³⁸⁸ to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined³⁸⁹ Animal Farm were on
445 permanently bad terms³⁹⁰. One of them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected³⁹¹, old-fashioned farm, much overgrown by woodland³⁹², with all its pastures worn out and its hedges in a disgraceful³⁹³ 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, shrewd³⁹⁴ man, perpetually³⁹⁵ involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard bargains³⁹⁶. These two
450 disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence³⁹⁷ of their own interests.

Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious³⁹⁸ to prevent³⁹⁹ their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they pretended⁴⁰⁰ to laugh to scorn⁴⁰¹ the idea of animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a fortnight⁴⁰², they said. They put it about that the
455 animals on the Manor Farm (they insisted⁴⁰³ on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name "Animal Farm") were perpetually fighting among themselves and were also rapidly⁴⁰⁴ starving⁴⁰⁵ to death. When time passed and the animals had evidently⁴⁰⁶ not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their tune⁴⁰⁷ and began to talk of the terrible wickedness⁴⁰⁸ that now flourished⁴⁰⁹ on Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised⁴¹⁰ cannibalism⁴¹¹, tortured⁴¹² one another with red-hot⁴¹³ horseshoes⁴¹⁴, and had their females in common⁴¹⁵.
460 This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, these stories were never fully believed. Rumours⁴¹⁶ of a wonderful farm, where the human beings had been turned out and the animals managed their own affairs⁴¹⁷, continued to circulate in vague⁴¹⁸ and distorted⁴¹⁹ forms, and throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls which had always been tractable⁴²⁰ suddenly turned savage⁴²¹, sheep broke down hedges and devoured⁴²² the clover, cows kicked the pail⁴²³ over,
465 hunters⁴²⁴ refused their fences⁴²⁵ and shot⁴²⁶ 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 astonishing⁴²⁷ speed. The human beings could not contain their rage⁴²⁸ when they heard this song, though they pretended to think it merely ridiculous⁴²⁹. They could not understand, they said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible⁴³⁰ rubbish. Any animal caught singing it was given a flogging⁴³¹ on the spot. And yet the song was irrepressible⁴³². The blackbirds whistled⁴³³
470 it in the hedges, the pigeons cooed⁴³⁴ it in the elms⁴³⁵, it got into the din⁴³⁶ of the smithies⁴³⁷ and the tune of the church bells. And when the human beings listened to it, they secretly trembled⁴³⁸, hearing in it a prophecy⁴³⁹ of their future doom⁴⁴⁰.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked⁴⁴¹ and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling⁴⁴² through the air and alighted⁴⁴³ in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men,
475 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 recapture⁴⁴⁴ 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 of⁴⁴⁵ the defensive⁴⁴⁶ operations. He gave his
480 orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched⁴⁴⁷ his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men's heads and muted upon⁴⁴⁸ 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 calves⁴⁴⁹ of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre⁴⁵⁰, intended to create a little disorder,
485 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 head⁴⁵¹ of them, rushed forward and prodded⁴⁵² and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned round and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots⁴⁵³, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat⁴⁵⁴, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

490 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 ambush⁴⁵⁵ in the cow-shed, suddenly emerged⁴⁵⁶ in their rear⁴⁵⁷, cutting them off⁴⁵⁸. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge⁴⁵⁹. He himself dashed straight for⁴⁶⁰ Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks⁴⁶¹ along Snowball's back, and a
495 sheep dropped⁴⁶² dead. Without halting for an instant⁴⁶³, Snowball flung his fifteen stone⁴⁶⁴ 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 up⁴⁶⁵ on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod⁴⁶⁶ hoofs like a stallion⁴⁶⁷. His very first blow⁴⁶⁸ took a stable-lad⁴⁶⁹ from Foxwood on the skull⁴⁷⁰ and stretched⁴⁷¹ him lifeless in the mud⁴⁷². At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook⁴⁷³ them, and the next moment all the animals together were
500 chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored⁴⁷⁴, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance⁴⁷⁵ 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 for⁴⁷⁶ the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious⁴⁷⁷ retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese
505 hissing⁴⁷⁸ after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing⁴⁷⁹ with his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn him over. The boy did not stir⁴⁸⁰.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully⁴⁸¹. "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?"

510 "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?" exclaimed⁴⁸² somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was feared that the men might have harmed⁴⁸³ her
515 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 manger⁴⁸⁴. She had taken to flight⁴⁸⁵ 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 stunned⁴⁸⁶, had already recovered⁴⁸⁷ and made off⁴⁸⁸.

The animals had now reassembled⁴⁸⁹ in the wildest excitement, each recounting his own exploits⁴⁹⁰ in the battle at the
520 top of his voice. An impromptu⁴⁹¹ 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 solemn⁴⁹² funeral, a hawthorn⁴⁹³ bush being planted on her grave. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising⁴⁹⁴ 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 conferred⁴⁹⁵
525 there and then on Snowball and Boxer. It consisted of a brass⁴⁹⁶ medal (they were really some old horse-brasses⁴⁹⁷ 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 posthumously⁴⁹⁸ 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 sprung⁴⁹⁹. Mr. Jones's gun had been found lying in the mud, and it was
530 known that there was a supply⁵⁰⁰ of cartridges⁵⁰¹ in the farmhouse. It was decided to set the gun up at the foot of the flagstaff, like a piece of artillery⁵⁰², and to fire it twice a year—once on October the twelfth, the anniversary⁵⁰³ of the Battle of the Cowshed, and once on Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion.

535

CHAPTER V

As winter drew on⁵⁰⁴, Mollie became more and more troublesome⁵⁰⁵. 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
540 excellent. On every kind of pretext⁵⁰⁶ 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 strolled⁵⁰⁷ blithely⁵⁰⁸ 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 prance⁵⁰⁹ 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 struck⁵¹⁰ 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 Willington. She was between the shafts⁵¹¹ of a smart dogcart painted red and black, which was standing outside a public-house. A fat red-faced man in check⁵¹² breeches⁵¹³ and gaiters⁵¹⁴, who looked like a publican⁵¹⁵, was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar. Her coat was newly clipped and she wore a scarlet⁵¹⁶ 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 occupied⁵¹⁷ themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly⁵¹⁸ cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified⁵¹⁹ by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes⁵²⁰ between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing⁵²¹ a bigger acreage⁵²² 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 cabbages⁵²³, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots⁵²⁴. 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 canvassing⁵²⁵ support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late⁵²⁶ 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 to⁵²⁷ break into “Four legs good, two legs bad” at crucial⁵²⁸ moments in Snowball’s speeches. Snowball had made a close study of some back numbers of the Farmer and Stock-breeder⁵²⁹ which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans for innovations⁵³⁰ and improvements⁵³¹. He talked learnedly⁵³² about field-drains⁵³³, silage⁵³⁴, and basic slag⁵³⁵, and had worked out a complicated scheme for all the animals to drop their dung⁵³⁶ directly in the fields, at a different spot every day, to save the labour of cartage⁵³⁷. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball’s would come to nothing, and seemed to be biding his time⁵³⁸. But of all their controversies⁵³⁹, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill⁵⁴⁰.

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 saw⁵⁴¹, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer⁵⁴², 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 up⁵⁴³ pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed⁵⁴⁴ at their ease⁵⁴⁵ in the fields or improved⁵⁴⁶ 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 Bricklayer⁵⁴⁷, and Electricity for Beginners. Snowball used as his study a shed which had once been used for incubators⁵⁴⁸ and had a smooth⁵⁴⁹ wooden floor, suitable⁵⁵⁰ for drawing on. He was closeted⁵⁵¹ there for hours at a time. With his books held open by a stone, and with a piece of chalk⁵⁵² gripped between the knuckles of his trotter, he would move rapidly to and fro, drawing in line after line and uttering⁵⁵³ little whimpers⁵⁵⁴ of excitement. Gradually⁵⁵⁵ the plans grew into a complicated mass of cranks⁵⁵⁶ and cog-wheels⁵⁵⁷, covering more than half the floor, which the other animals found completely unintelligible⁵⁵⁸ but very impressive⁵⁵⁹. All of them came to look at Snowball’s drawings at least once a day. Even the hens and ducks came, and were at pains⁵⁶⁰ not to tread on the chalk marks. Only Napoleon held aloof⁵⁶¹. 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 contemplating⁵⁶² them out of the corner of his eye; then suddenly he lifted his leg, urinated⁵⁶³ 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 deny⁵⁶⁴ that to build it would be a difficult business. Stone would have to be quarried⁵⁶⁵ 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 procured⁵⁶⁶, Snowball did not say.) But he maintained⁵⁶⁷ 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 increase⁵⁶⁸ food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death. The animals formed themselves into two factions⁵⁶⁹ under the slogans⁵⁷⁰, “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 plentiful⁵⁷¹ or that the windmill would save⁵⁷² 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 defeated⁵⁷³ in the Battle of the Cowshed they might make another and more determined⁵⁷⁴ attempt to recapture the farm and reinstate⁵⁷⁵ 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 restive⁵⁷⁶ than ever. As usual, Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms⁵⁷⁷ and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up⁵⁷⁸ rebellion among the animals on the other farms. The one argued that if they could not defend themselves they were bound to be⁵⁷⁹ 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 advocating⁵⁸⁰ 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 indifferent⁵⁸¹ as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating again, broke into⁵⁸² a passionate⁵⁸³ appeal⁵⁸⁴ in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies⁵⁸⁵, but in a moment Snowball’s eloquence⁵⁸⁶ had carried them away. In glowing⁵⁸⁷ sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid⁵⁸⁸ labour was lifted from the animals’ backs. His imagination⁵⁸⁹ had now run far beyond chaff-cutters and turnip⁵⁹⁰-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 doubt⁵⁹¹ as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting⁵⁹² a peculiar sidelong⁵⁹³ 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 baying⁵⁹⁴ sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded⁵⁹⁵ collars⁵⁹⁶ came bounding⁵⁹⁷ into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping⁵⁹⁸ jaws⁵⁹⁹. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed⁶⁰⁰ 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 gaining⁶⁰¹ 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 spurt⁶⁰² 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 reared⁶⁰³ 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 wagged⁶⁰⁴ 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 on⁶⁰⁵ to the raised portion⁶⁰⁶ 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, presided⁶⁰⁷ 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 receive⁶⁰⁸ their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion⁶⁰⁹ had given them, the animals were dismayed⁶¹⁰ 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 marshal⁶¹¹ his thoughts; but in the end he could not think of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more articulate⁶¹². Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of disapproval⁶¹³, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep, menacing⁶¹⁴ growls⁶¹⁵, 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 appreciates⁶¹⁶ the sacrifice⁶¹⁷ 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 firmly⁶¹⁸ 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 moonshine⁶¹⁹ 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 obedience⁶²⁰ 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 exaggerated⁶²¹. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword⁶²² 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, voiced⁶²³ 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 broken⁶²⁴ 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 off⁶²⁵ 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 disinterred⁶²⁶ from the orchard and set up on a stump⁶²⁷ at the foot of the flagstaff, beside the gun. After the hoisting of the flag, the animals were required⁶²⁸ to file past the skull in a reverent⁶²⁹ 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 gift⁶³⁰ for composing songs and poems, sat on the front of the raised platform, with the nine young dogs forming a semicircle⁶³¹ 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 gruff⁶³² soldierly style, and after a single singing of Beasts of England, all the animals dispersed⁶³³.

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 opposed⁶³⁴ 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 sly⁶³⁵. That, he said, was Comrade Napoleon's cunning⁶³⁶. He had seemed to oppose the windmill, simply as a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence⁶³⁷. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go forward without his interference⁶³⁸. This, said Squealer, was something called tactics⁶³⁹. He repeated a number of times, "Tactics, comrades, tactics!" skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry⁶⁴⁰ 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 threateningly⁶⁴¹, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.

All that year the animals worked like slaves⁶⁴². 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, thieving⁶⁴³ human beings.

715 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 himself⁶⁴⁴ 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
720 possible to foresee⁶⁴⁵ that the coming winter would be a hard one.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. There was a good quarry⁶⁴⁶ of limestone on the farm, and plenty of sand and cement had been found in one of the outhouses⁶⁴⁷, 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 picks⁶⁴⁸ and crowbars⁶⁴⁹, which no animal could use, because no animal could stand
725 on his hind legs. Only after weeks of vain⁶⁵⁰ effort did the right idea occur to somebody⁶⁵¹—namely, to utilise⁶⁵² the force of gravity⁶⁵³. Huge boulders⁶⁵⁴, far too big to be used as they were, were lying all over the bed of the quarry. The animals lashed⁶⁵⁵ 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 dragged⁶⁵⁶ them with desperate⁶⁵⁷ slowness up the slope⁶⁵⁸ to the top of the quarry, where they were toppled⁶⁵⁹ over the edge, to shatter⁶⁶⁰ to pieces below. Transporting
730 the stone when it was once broken was comparatively⁶⁶¹ simple. The horses carried it off in cart-loads, the sheep dragged single blocks, even Muriel and Benjamin yoked⁶⁶² themselves into an old governess-cart and did their share⁶⁶³. By late summer a sufficient⁶⁶⁴ store⁶⁶⁵ of stone had accumulated⁶⁶⁶, and then the building began, under the superintendence⁶⁶⁷ of the pigs.

But it was a slow, laborious process. Frequently it took a whole day of exhausting⁶⁶⁸ effort to drag a single boulder to
735 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 despair⁶⁶⁹ at finding themselves dragged down the hill, it was always Boxer who strained himself⁶⁷⁰ 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 matted⁶⁷¹ with sweat,
740 filled everyone with admiration. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself⁶⁷², 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 unassisted⁶⁷³.

745 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 extravagant⁶⁷⁴ human beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to outweigh⁶⁷⁵ it. And in many ways the animal method of doing things was more efficient and saved labour. Such jobs as weeding⁶⁷⁶, for instance, could be done with a thoroughness⁶⁷⁷ impossible to human beings. And
750 again, since no animal now stole, it was unnecessary to fence off⁶⁷⁸ pasture from arable⁶⁷⁹ land, which saved a lot of labour on the upkeep⁶⁸⁰ of hedges and gates. Nevertheless, as the summer wore on⁶⁸¹, various unforeseen shortages⁶⁸² began to make themselves felt. There was need of paraffin⁶⁸³ oil, nails, string⁶⁸⁴, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses’ shoes, none of which could be produced on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds⁶⁸⁵ and artificial⁶⁸⁶ manures⁶⁸⁷, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the windmill. How these were to be
755 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 commercial⁶⁸⁸ purpose, but simply in order to obtain⁶⁸⁹ certain materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must override⁶⁹⁰ everything else, he said. He was therefore making arrangements
760 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 contribution⁶⁹¹ towards the building of the windmill.

Once again the animals were conscious⁶⁹² of a vague uneasiness⁶⁹³. Never to have any dealings⁶⁹⁴ 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 timidly⁶⁹⁵, but they were promptly silenced⁶⁹⁶ by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Then, as usual, the sheep broke into “Four legs good, two legs bad!” and the momentary awkwardness⁶⁹⁷ was smoothed over⁶⁹⁸. 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 undesirable⁶⁹⁹. He intended to take the whole burden upon his own shoulders. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor⁷⁰⁰ living in Willingdon, had agreed to act as intermediary⁷⁰¹ 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 dismissed⁷⁰².

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 traceable⁷⁰³ in the beginning to lies circulated by Snowball. A few animals still felt faintly⁷⁰⁴ doubtful, but Squealer asked them shrewdly⁷⁰⁵, “Are you certain that this is not something that you have dreamed, comrades? Have you any record⁷⁰⁶ 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 mistaken⁷⁰⁷.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a sly-looking little man with side whiskers⁷⁰⁸, 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 broker⁷⁰⁹ and that the commissions⁷¹⁰ would be worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of dread⁷¹¹, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused⁷¹² their pride⁷¹³ and partly reconciled⁷¹⁴ 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 prospering⁷¹⁵; indeed, they hated it more than ever. Every human being held it as an article of faith⁷¹⁶ that the farm would go bankrupt⁷¹⁷ 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 ceased⁷¹⁸ 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 simultaneously⁷¹⁹.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and took up their residence⁷²⁰ 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 sty⁷²¹. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed⁷²² 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 off⁷²³ as usual with “Napoleon is always right!”, but Clover, who thought she remembered a definite ruling⁷²⁴ 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 sheets⁷²⁵,’” 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 regarded⁷²⁶. The rule was against sheets, which are a human invention⁷²⁷. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets⁷²⁸. 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 repose⁷²⁹, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties?
820 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 complaint⁷³⁰ 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
825 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 stretch⁷³¹ of clear dry weather, and the animals toiled harder than ever, thinking it well worth while to plod⁷³² 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
830 strength and perpendicularity⁷³³ of its walls and marvelling⁷³⁴ that they should ever have been able to build anything so imposing⁷³⁵. Only old Benjamin refused to grow enthusiastic⁷³⁶ about the windmill, though, as usual, he would utter nothing beyond the cryptic remark that donkeys live a long time.

November came, with raging⁷³⁷ south-west winds. Building had to stop because it was now too wet to mix the cement. Finally there came a night when the gale⁷³⁸ was so violent that the farm buildings rocked⁷³⁹ on their foundations⁷⁴⁰ and
835 several tiles⁷⁴¹ were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up squawking⁷⁴² 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 up⁷⁴³ like a radish⁷⁴⁴. They had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal's throat. A terrible sight had met their eyes⁷⁴⁵. The windmill was in ruins.

840 With one accord they dashed⁷⁴⁶ down to the spot. Napoleon, who seldom⁷⁴⁷ moved out of a walk, raced ahead of them all. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles⁷⁴⁸, levelled⁷⁴⁹ to its foundations, the stones they had broken and carried so laboriously scattered⁷⁵⁰ all around. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully⁷⁵¹ at the litter⁷⁵² of fallen stone. Napoleon paced⁷⁵³ to and fro in silence, occasionally snuffing at the ground. His tail had grown rigid⁷⁵⁴ and twitched⁷⁵⁵ sharply⁷⁵⁶ from side to side, a sign in him of intense mental activity. Suddenly he halted⁷⁵⁷ as though
845 his mind were made up⁷⁵⁸.

"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 roared⁷⁵⁹ in a voice of thunder. "Snowball has done this thing! In sheer malignity⁷⁶⁰, thinking to set back our plans and avenge⁷⁶¹ himself for his ignominious⁷⁶² expulsion, this traitor⁷⁶³ has crept here under cover⁷⁶⁴ of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I
850 pronounce⁷⁶⁵ the death sentence⁷⁶⁶ 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 captures⁷⁶⁷ him alive!"

The animals were shocked beyond measure⁷⁶⁸ to learn that even Snowball could be guilty⁷⁶⁹ of such an action. There was a cry of indignation⁷⁷⁰, 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
855 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 shine⁷⁷¹. We will
860 teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily. Remember, comrades, there must be no alteration⁷⁷² in our plans: they shall be carried out to the day. Forward, comrades! Long live the windmill! Long live Animal Farm!"

865

CHAPTER VII

It was a bitter winter. The stormy weather was followed by sleet⁷⁷³ 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
870 knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious⁷⁷⁴ human beings would rejoice⁷⁷⁵ and triumph if the mill were not finished on time.

Out of spite⁷⁷⁶, the human beings pretended not to believe that it was Snowball who had destroyed 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 snowdrifts⁷⁷⁷ 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 short⁷⁷⁸. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued⁷⁷⁹ to make up for it. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the potato crop had been frosted in the clamps⁷⁸⁰, 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 vitally⁷⁸¹ necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world. Emboldened⁷⁸² 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 famine⁷⁸³ and disease⁷⁸⁴, and that they were continually fighting among themselves and had resorted⁷⁸⁵ to cannibalism and infanticide⁷⁸⁶. 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 impression⁷⁸⁷.

Hitherto⁷⁸⁸ 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 casually⁷⁸⁹ 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 brim⁷⁹⁰ with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext⁷⁹¹ Whymper was led through the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse⁷⁹² of the bins. He was deceived⁷⁹³, 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 escort⁷⁹⁴ 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 surrender⁷⁹⁵ their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through Whymper, a contract⁷⁹⁶ 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 clutches⁷⁹⁷ ready for the spring sitting⁷⁹⁸, and they protested that to take the eggs away now was murder⁷⁹⁹. For the first time since the expulsion of Jones, there was something resembling a rebellion. Led by three young Black Minorca pullets⁸⁰⁰, the hens made a determined effort to thwart⁸⁰¹ 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 ruthlessly⁸⁰². He ordered the hens' rations to be stopped, and decreed⁸⁰³ 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 capitulated⁸⁰⁴ 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 coccidiosis⁸⁰⁵. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were duly⁸⁰⁶ 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 beech⁸⁰⁷ spinney⁸⁰⁸ was cleared⁸⁰⁹. It was well seasoned⁸¹⁰, 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 hiding⁸¹¹ at Foxwood, while, when he inclined towards Pilkington, Snowball was said to be at Pinchfield.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. Snowball was secretly frequenting⁸¹² 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 seed-beds, he gnawed⁸¹³ the bark⁸¹⁴ off the fruit trees. Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute⁸¹⁵ 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 league⁸¹⁶ with Snowball.

Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation⁸¹⁷ 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 cowshed, in the hen-houses, in the vegetable garden, and found traces of Snowball almost everywhere. He would put his snout⁸¹⁸ to the ground, give several deep sniffs, and exclaim in a terrible voice, "Snowball! He has been here! I can smell him distinctly⁸¹⁹!" and at the word "Snowball" all the dogs let out blood-curdling⁸²⁰ growls and showed their side teeth.

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading⁸²¹ 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 plotting⁸²² 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 vanity⁸²³ and ambition⁸²⁴. 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 stupefied⁸²⁵. This was a wickedness far outdoing⁸²⁶ 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 rallied⁸²⁷ and encouraged⁸²⁸ 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 puzzled⁸²⁹. He lay down, tucked⁸³⁰ 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 lure⁸³¹ 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 grazed⁸³² 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, frisking⁸³³ 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 lurking⁸³⁴ 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 shivers⁸³⁵ down all the animals' spines⁸³⁶. They all cowered⁸³⁷ silently in their places, seeming to know in advance⁸³⁸ that some terrible thing was about to happen.

Napoleon stood sternly⁸³⁹ 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 pinned⁸⁴⁰ him to the ground. The dog shrieked⁸⁴¹ for mercy⁸⁴² 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 countenance⁸⁴³, and sharply ordered Boxer to let the dog go, whereat Boxer lifted his hoof, and the dog slunk⁸⁴⁴ away, bruised⁸⁴⁵ and howling⁸⁴⁶.

Presently the tumult⁸⁴⁷ died down. The four pigs waited, trembling, with guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called upon them to confess⁸⁴⁸ their crimes. They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further prompting⁸⁴⁹ 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 incited⁸⁵⁰ them to disobey⁸⁵¹ Napoleon's orders. They, too, were slaughtered. Then a goose came forward and confessed to having secreted⁸⁵² 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 ram⁸⁵³, an especially devoted follower of Napoleon, by chasing him round and round a bonfire⁸⁵⁴ when he was suffering from a cough⁸⁵⁵. They were all slain⁸⁵⁶ on the spot. And so the tale of confessions and executions⁸⁵⁷ went on, until there was a pile of corpses⁸⁵⁸ 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 body⁸⁵⁹. They were shaken⁸⁶⁰ and miserable. They did not know which was more shocking—the treachery⁸⁶¹ of the animals who had leagued⁸⁶² themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution⁸⁶³ they had just witnessed. In the old days there had often been scenes of bloodshed⁸⁶⁴ 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 huddling⁸⁶⁵ 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 fidgeted⁸⁶⁶ to and fro, swishing⁸⁶⁷ his long black tail against his sides and occasionally uttering a little whinny⁸⁶⁸ 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 to⁸⁶⁹ 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 lumbering⁸⁷⁰ trot⁸⁷¹ and made for the quarry. Having got there, he collected two successive⁸⁷² loads of stone and dragged them down to the windmill before retiring⁸⁷³ 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 curling⁸⁷⁴ from the chimneys⁸⁷⁵. It was a clear spring evening. The grass and the bursting⁸⁷⁶ hedges were gilded⁸⁷⁷ by the level⁸⁷⁸ rays⁸⁷⁹ 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 dared⁸⁸⁰ speak his mind⁸⁸¹, 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 lacked⁸⁸² the words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute⁸⁸³ 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 tunefully⁸⁸⁴, 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 aback⁸⁸⁵.

“Why?” cried Muriel.

“It is no longer needed, comrade,” said Squealer stiffly⁸⁸⁶. “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 longing⁸⁸⁷ for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established⁸⁸⁸. 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 shalt⁸⁸⁹ thou⁸⁹⁰ 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 to⁸⁹¹ Beasts of England.

1070

CHAPTER VIII

A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down⁸⁹², 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 square⁸⁹³ with this. Clover asked Benjamin to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when Benjamin, as usual, said that he refused to meddle⁸⁹⁴ in such matters, she fetched Muriel. Muriel read the Commandment for her. It ran⁸⁹⁵: “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 appointed⁸⁹⁶ 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 figures⁸⁹⁷ 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.

1090 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 retinue⁸⁹⁸ of dogs but by a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of trumpeter⁸⁹⁹, 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 upon⁹⁰⁰ 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 anniversaries⁹⁰¹.

Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as “Napoleon.” He was always referred to in formal style as “our Leader, Comrade Napoleon,” and the pigs liked to invent for him such titles as Father of All Animals, Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold⁹⁰², 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 bore⁹⁰³ to all animals everywhere, even and especially the unhappy animals who still lived in ignorance⁹⁰⁴ and slavery on other farms. It had become usual to give Napoleon the credit⁹⁰⁵ for every successful achievement and every stroke⁹⁰⁶ 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 the fatherless!
Fountain⁹⁰⁷ of happiness!
1110 Lord of the swill-bucket⁹⁰⁸! Oh, how my soul is on
Fire when I gaze at thy⁹⁰⁹
Calm and commanding eye,
Like the sun in the sky,
Comrade Napoleon!

1115 Thou art⁹¹⁰ the giver of
All that thy creatures love,
Full belly⁹¹¹ twice a day, clean straw to roll upon;
Every beast great or small
Sleeps at peace in his stall,
1120 Thou watchest⁹¹² over all,
Comrade Napoleon!

Had I a sucking-pig,
Ere⁹¹³ he had grown as big
Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling-pin⁹¹⁴,
1125 He should have learned to be
Faithful and true to thee⁹¹⁵,
Yes, his first squeak⁹¹⁶ should be
“Comrade Napoleon!”

1130 Napoleon approved of⁹¹⁷ 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 surmounted⁹¹⁸ by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in white paint.

Meanwhile, through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in complicated negotiations⁹¹⁹ 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 reasonable⁹²⁰ 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 furious⁹²¹ jealousy⁹²² in him. Snowball was known to be still skulking⁹²³ 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 precautions⁹²⁴ for Napoleon’s safety were taken.
1140 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, lest⁹²⁵ it should be poisoned⁹²⁶.

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 conducted⁹²⁷ 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 impending⁹²⁸ treacherous⁹²⁹ attack grew stronger and stronger. Frederick, it was said, intended to bring against them twenty men all armed with guns, and he had already bribed⁹³⁰ the magistrates⁹³¹ 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 furnace⁹³², he amused himself in the evenings by making cocks fight with splinters⁹³³ of razor-blade⁹³⁴ tied to their spurs⁹³⁵. The animals' blood boiled with rage⁹³⁶ when they heard of these things being, done to their comrades, and sometimes they clamoured⁹³⁷ to be allowed to go out in a body and attack Pinchfield Farm, drive⁹³⁸ out the humans, and set the animals free. But Squealer counselled⁹³⁹ them to avoid rash⁹⁴⁰ 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 scoundrels⁹⁴¹ 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 machinations⁹⁴² was laid bare⁹⁴³. The wheat crop was full of weeds, and it was discovered that on one of his nocturnal⁹⁴⁴ visits Snowball had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn. A gander⁹⁴⁵ who had been privy⁹⁴⁶ to the plot had confessed his guilt to Squealer and immediately committed suicide by swallowing⁹⁴⁷ deadly nightshade berries⁹⁴⁸. 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 censured⁹⁴⁹ for showing cowardice⁹⁵⁰ in the battle. Once again some of the animals heard this with a certain bewilderment⁹⁵¹, 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 purchase⁹⁵² of it, but the structure was completed. In the teeth of⁹⁵³ 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 of⁹⁵⁴ explosives would lay them low this time! And when they thought of how they had laboured, what discouragements⁹⁵⁵ 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 forsook⁹⁵⁶ them and they gambolled⁹⁵⁷ 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; insulting⁹⁵⁸ 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 pensioner⁹⁵⁹ 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 up⁹⁶⁰; 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 beatifically⁹⁶¹, 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 fill⁹⁶². And Boxer put out his nose to sniff at the bank-notes, and the flimsy⁹⁶³ white things stirred⁹⁶⁴ and rustled⁹⁶⁵ in his breath.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo⁹⁶⁶. 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 choking⁹⁶⁷ roar of rage sounded from Napoleon's apartments. The news of what had happened sped⁹⁶⁸ round the farm like wildfire. The bank-notes were forgeries⁹⁶⁹! 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. Sentinels⁹⁷⁰ were placed at all the approaches to the farm. In addition, four pigeons were sent to Foxwood with a conciliatory⁹⁷¹ 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. Boldly⁹⁷² enough the animals sallied forth⁹⁷³ 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 peeped⁹⁷⁴ cautiously⁹⁷⁵ out from chinks⁹⁷⁶ and knot-holes⁹⁷⁷. The whole of the big pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy. For the moment even Napoleon seemed at a loss⁹⁷⁸. He paced up and down without a word, his tail rigid and twitching. Wistful⁹⁷⁹ glances⁹⁸⁰ 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 right⁹⁸¹."

Meanwhile Frederick and his men had halted⁹⁸² about the windmill. The animals watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Two of the men had produced⁹⁸³ a crowbar and a sledge hammer⁹⁸⁴. 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 intently⁹⁸⁵. The two with the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the windmill. Slowly, and with an air⁹⁸⁶ almost of amusement, Benjamin nodded his long muzzle⁹⁸⁷.

"I thought so," he said. "Do you not see what they are doing? In another moment they are going to pack blasting⁹⁸⁸ powder into that hole."

Terrified, the animals waited. It was impossible now to venture⁹⁸⁹ 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 deafening⁹⁹⁰ roar. The pigeons swirled⁹⁹¹ 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 drifted⁹⁹² 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 drowned⁹⁹³ in their rage against this vile⁹⁹⁴, contemptible act. A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and without waiting for further orders they charged forth in a body and made straight for⁹⁹⁵ the enemy. This time they did not heed⁹⁹⁶ the cruel pellets that swept over them like hail⁹⁹⁷. It was a savage, bitter battle. The men fired again and again, and, when the animals got to close quarters⁹⁹⁸, 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 chipped⁹⁹⁹ by a pellet. But the men did not go unscathed¹⁰⁰⁰ 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 detour¹⁰⁰¹ under cover of the hedge, suddenly appeared on the men's flank¹⁰⁰², baying ferociously¹⁰⁰³, 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 good¹⁰⁰⁴, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for dear life¹⁰⁰⁵. 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 thorn¹⁰⁰⁶ hedge.

They had won, but they were weary¹⁰⁰⁷ and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp¹⁰⁰⁸ back towards the farm. The sight
1255 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 partially¹⁰⁰⁹ 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.

1260 As they approached the farm Squealer, who had unaccountably¹⁰¹⁰ been absent during the fighting, came skipping
towards them, whisking his tail and beaming¹⁰¹¹ with satisfaction. And the animals heard, from the direction of the
farm buildings, the solemn¹⁰¹² booming of a gun.

“What is that gun firing for?” said Boxer.

“To celebrate our victory!” cried Squealer.

1265 “What victory?” said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe and split¹⁰¹³ his hoof, and a dozen pellets had
lodged¹⁰¹⁴ 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!”

1270 “What matter¹⁰¹⁵? 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 occupation¹⁰¹⁶ 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 smarted¹⁰¹⁷ painfully. He saw ahead of him the
1275 heavy labour of rebuilding the windmill from the foundations, and already in imagination he braced himself¹⁰¹⁸ 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 conduct¹⁰¹⁹, it did seem to them after all that they
1280 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 hearse¹⁰²⁰, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of the procession¹⁰²¹. 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 bestowed¹⁰²² on every animal, with two ounces¹⁰²³ 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,
1285 the Order of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair
of the bank-notes 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 strains¹⁰²⁴ of Beasts of England were mixed up. At about half-past
1290 nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler¹⁰²⁵ 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
dejectedly¹⁰²⁶, his eyes dull¹⁰²⁷, his tail hanging limply¹⁰²⁸ 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 impart¹⁰²⁹. Comrade Napoleon
1295 was dying!

A cry of lamentation¹⁰³⁰ 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 contrived¹⁰³¹ 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
1300 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 recovery¹⁰³². 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 brewing¹⁰³³
and distilling¹⁰³⁴. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had
1305 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 incident¹⁰³⁵ 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, temporarily¹⁰³⁶ stunned, was sprawling¹⁰³⁷ beside it, and near at hand there lay a lantern, a paintbrush, and an overturned pot of white paint. The dogs immediately made a ring round Squealer, and escorted him back to the farmhouse as soon as he was able to walk. None of the animals could form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin, who nodded his muzzle with a knowing air, and seemed to understand, but would say nothing.

But a few days later Muriel, reading over the Seven Commandments to herself, noticed that there was yet another of them which the animals had remembered wrong. They had thought that 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 excess¹⁰³⁸."

1320

CHAPTER IX

Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing¹⁰³⁹. 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 deal¹⁰⁴⁰. Clover treated the hoof with poultices¹⁰⁴¹ of herbs¹⁰⁴² which she prepared by chewing them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's lungs¹⁰⁴³ 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 late¹⁰⁴⁴ 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 superannuated¹⁰⁴⁵ 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 being¹⁰⁴⁶, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment¹⁰⁴⁷ 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 fleas¹⁰⁴⁸. The animals believed every word of it. Truth to tell¹⁰⁴⁹, Jones and all he stood for had almost faded¹⁰⁵⁰ out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare¹⁰⁵¹, 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 about¹⁰⁵² simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. The young pigs were piebald¹⁰⁵³, 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 discouraged¹⁰⁵⁴ 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 lime¹⁰⁵⁵ 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-iron¹⁰⁵⁶, 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, appetising¹⁰⁵⁷ scent, such as the animals had never smelt before, wafted¹⁰⁵⁸ itself across the yard from the little brew-house, which had been disused¹⁰⁵⁹ 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 tureen¹⁰⁶⁰.

But if there were hardships¹⁰⁶¹ to be borne¹⁰⁶², they were partly offset¹⁰⁶³ 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 Spontaneous¹⁰⁶⁴ 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 precincts¹⁰⁶⁵ 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 caption¹⁰⁶⁶, "Long live Comrade Napoleon!" Afterwards there were recitations¹⁰⁶⁷ of poems composed in Napoleon's honour, and a speech by Squealer giving particulars¹⁰⁶⁸ of the latest increases in the production of foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were the greatest devotees¹⁰⁶⁹ 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 proclaimed¹⁰⁷⁰ a Republic, and it became necessary to elect¹⁰⁷¹ 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 stratagem¹⁰⁷², 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 inflicted¹⁰⁷³ 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 strain¹⁰⁷⁴ 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 reasoned¹⁰⁷⁵, 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 attitude¹⁰⁷⁶ of the pigs towards Moses. They all declared contemptuously¹⁰⁷⁷ 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 gill¹⁰⁷⁸ 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 hide¹⁰⁷⁹ was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches¹⁰⁸⁰ seemed to have shrunk¹⁰⁸¹. The others said, "Boxer will pick up¹⁰⁸² 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 vast¹⁰⁸³ boulder, it seemed that nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At
1420 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
1425 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 glazed¹⁰⁸⁴, his sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled¹⁰⁸⁵ out of his mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side.

"Boxer!" she cried, "how are you?"

1430 "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 growing¹⁰⁸⁶ 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."

1435 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 distress¹⁰⁸⁷ of this misfortune¹⁰⁸⁸ 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.
1440 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 surgeon¹⁰⁸⁹ 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.

1445 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 professed¹⁰⁹⁰ 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
1450 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, braying¹⁰⁹¹ at the
1455 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.

1460 The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused¹⁰⁹², "good-bye!"

"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing¹⁰⁹³ round them and stamping¹⁰⁹⁴ 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:

1465 "'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue¹⁰⁹⁵ Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides¹⁰⁹⁶ and Bone-Meal. Kennels¹⁰⁹⁷ 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 up¹⁰⁹⁸ his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot¹⁰⁹⁹. 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 limbs¹¹⁰⁰ to a gallop, and achieved a
1470 canter¹¹⁰¹. "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 are 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 matchwood¹¹⁰². But alas¹¹⁰³! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter¹¹⁰⁴ 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 brutes¹¹⁰⁵, too ignorant¹¹⁰⁶ to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace¹¹⁰⁷. 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 affecting¹¹⁰⁸ 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 sole¹¹⁰⁹ sorrow¹¹¹⁰ 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 demeanour¹¹¹¹ suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted¹¹¹² suspicious¹¹¹³ glances from side to side before he proceeded¹¹¹⁴.

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 relieved¹¹¹⁵ to hear this. And when Squealer went on to give further graphic details of Boxer's death-bed, the admirable¹¹¹⁶ 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 oration¹¹¹⁷ in Boxer's honour. It had not been possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade's remains for interment¹¹¹⁸ on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath¹¹¹⁹ to be made from the laurels¹¹²⁰ 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 banquet¹¹²¹ 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 grocer¹¹²²'s van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate¹¹²³ 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.

1515

CHAPTER 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'¹¹²⁴ home in another part of the county. 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 rheumy¹¹²⁵ 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 morose¹¹²⁶ and taciturn¹¹²⁷ 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 dim¹¹²⁸ 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 filial¹¹²⁹ 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 milling¹¹³⁰ 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 denounced¹¹³¹ such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally¹¹³².

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 memories¹¹³³ 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 invariably¹¹³⁴ demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble¹¹³⁵; 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 unalterable¹¹³⁶ 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 swelled¹¹³⁷ with imperishable¹¹³⁸ 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 abandoned¹¹³⁹. 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 within the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of Beasts of England was perhaps hummed¹¹⁴⁰ 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

1580 other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch¹¹⁴¹ saplings¹¹⁴². The sheep spent the whole day there browsing¹¹⁴³ 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.

1585 It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant¹¹⁴⁴ evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing¹¹⁴⁵ of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled¹¹⁴⁶, 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.

1590 Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk¹¹⁴⁷ 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 trifle¹¹⁴⁸ unsteady¹¹⁴⁹ 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
1595 from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty¹¹⁵⁰ 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
1600 shock had worn off¹¹⁵¹ 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!”

1605 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 nuzzling¹¹⁵² at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged¹¹⁵³ 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 tarred wall with its white
1610 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:

1615

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
1620 in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set¹¹⁵⁴, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions¹¹⁵⁵ to John Bull, Tit-Bits, and the Daily Mirror. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden with a pipe in his mouth—no, not even when the pigs took Mr. Jones's clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather leggings, while his favourite sow appeared in the watered¹¹⁵⁶ silk¹¹⁵⁷ dress which Mrs.
1625 Jones had been used to wear on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dog-carts drove up to the farm. A deputation¹¹⁵⁸ 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 diligently¹¹⁵⁹, hardly raising their faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of the pigs or of the human
1630 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 stricken¹¹⁶⁰ 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.

1635 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 eminent¹¹⁶¹ pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company¹¹⁶² had been enjoying a game of cards, but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast. A large jug¹¹⁶³ was circulating, and the mugs¹¹⁶⁴
1640 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 toast¹¹⁶⁵. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent¹¹⁶⁶ 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
1645 company, had shared such sentiments¹¹⁶⁷—but there had been a time when the respected proprietors¹¹⁶⁸ of Animal Farm had been regarded, he would not say with hostility¹¹⁶⁹, but perhaps with a certain measure of misgiving¹¹⁷⁰, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current¹¹⁷¹. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an unsettling¹¹⁷² effect in the neighbourhood. Too many farmers had assumed, without due¹¹⁷³ enquiry¹¹⁷⁴, that on such a farm a spirit
1650 of licence¹¹⁷⁵ and indiscipline would prevail¹¹⁷⁶. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But all such doubts were now dispelled¹¹⁷⁷. 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
1655 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 subsisted¹¹⁷⁸, and ought to¹¹⁷⁹ subsist, between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash¹¹⁸⁰ of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the
1660 same everywhere? Here it became apparent¹¹⁸¹ that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared witticism¹¹⁸² on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking¹¹⁸³, during which his various chins¹¹⁸⁴ turned purple, he managed to get it out: “If you have your lower animals to contend¹¹⁸⁵ with,” he said, “we have our lower classes!” This bon mot¹¹⁸⁶ 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
1665 pampering¹¹⁸⁷ 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 gratified¹¹⁸⁸ that he left his place and came round the table to clink¹¹⁸⁹ his mug against Mr. Pilkington’s before emptying it. When the cheering had died down,
1670 Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated¹¹⁹⁰ 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 subversive¹¹⁹¹ 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.
1675 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-operative¹¹⁹² enterprise¹¹⁹³e. The title-deeds¹¹⁹⁴, which were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly¹¹⁹⁵.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions¹¹⁹⁶ still lingered¹¹⁹⁷, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the farm which should have the effect of promoting¹¹⁹⁸ confidence¹¹⁹⁹ still further. Hitherto
1680 the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom¹²⁰⁰ of addressing one another as “Comrade.” This was to be suppressed¹²⁰¹. 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
1685 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. Henceforward¹²⁰² the farm was to be known as “The Manor Farm”—which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

1690 “Gentlemen,” concluded Napoleon, “I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim¹²⁰³. 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 dregs¹²⁰⁴. 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 flitted¹²⁰⁵ from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, 1695 some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting¹²⁰⁶ 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, 1700 hangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials¹²⁰⁷. The source¹²⁰⁸ of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades¹²⁰⁹ 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.

1705

Quelle: <http://gutenberg.ca/ebooks/orwellg-animalfarm/orwellg-animalfarm-00-h.html>

¹**popholes** small open door in the side of a building, through which small animals go in and out – ²**(to) lurch** (to) make an abrupt sudden movement – ³**scullery** room for rough kitchen work such as cleaning pots, pans etc. – ⁴**stirring** disturbance, fuss, excitement – ⁵**(to) flutter** (to) wave or flap rapidly in an irregular manner – ⁶**boar** male pig – ⁷**previous** happening or existing before sth. or sb. else; prior – ⁸**major** military rank of a commissioned officer – ⁹**regarded** looked at; considered – ¹⁰**barn** large building on a farm in which animals or hay and grain are kept – ¹¹**(to) ensconce** (to) settle (oneself) securely or comfortably – ¹²**beam** long, thick piece of wood, metal, or concrete, especially used to support weight in a building – ¹³**stout** fat and solid-looking – ¹⁴**benevolent** kind and helpful – ¹⁵**tush** relatively long teeth on the side of the mouth (also called canine or vampire teeth) – ¹⁶**(to) perch** (to) sit on or near the edge of something – ¹⁷**window-sill** shelf formed by the bottom part of the frame of a window – ¹⁸**rafter** any of the large, sloping pieces of wood that support a roof – ¹⁹**cud** food that has been eaten by an animal with more than one stomach, such as a cow – ²⁰**cart-horse** strong horse used for pulling carts or other heavy loads – ²¹**vast** extremely big – ²²**hoof** the hard part of the foot of an animal such a horse – ²³**lest** for fear that – ²⁴**(to) conceal** (to) keep from being observed or discovered – ²⁵**mare** an adult female horse – ²⁶**foal** young horse – ²⁷**steadiness** constancy; consistency, reliability – ²⁸**tremendous** enormous, outstanding – ²⁹**and the worst tempered** here: in the worst mood – ³⁰**cynical** sarcastic, mocking – ³¹**for instance** for example – ³²**(to) admit** (to) say or agree that sth. is real, valid, or true, especially unwillingly – ³³**devoted** extremely loving and loyal – ³⁴**paddock** area surrounded by fences – ³⁵**orchard** area of land where fruit or nut trees are grown – ³⁶**(to) graze** (to) eat grass – ³⁷**brood** group of young birds all born at the same time – ³⁸**duckling** young duck – ³⁹**(to) file** (to) walk or stand in line positioned one behind the other – ⁴⁰**(to) cheep** (to) make a high, weak cry – ⁴¹**feebly** in a weak way, without energy, strength, or power – ⁴²**(to) tread, trod, trodden on** (to) step on – ⁴³**(to) nestle** (to) rest oneself in a warm, comfortable, and protected position – ⁴⁴**promptly** quickly, without delay – ⁴⁵**(to) draw a trap** (to) set up a device or hole for catching animals or people and preventing their escape – ⁴⁶**(to) mince** (to) walk with small, delicate steps, in a way that does not look natural – ⁴⁷**daintily** in an attractive, charming, careful way; delicately – ⁴⁸**lump** irregularly shaped mass or piece – ⁴⁹**(to) flirt** (to) toss, flip, or jerk suddenly – ⁵⁰**mane** the long, thick hair that grows along the top of a horse’s neck – ⁵¹**ribbon** long, narrow strip of material used to tie things together or as a decoration – ⁵²**(to) plait** (to) arrange longer hair or string-like material in a pattern by dividing it into sections and putting these over one another in turn – ⁵³**(to) squeeze** (to) force (oneself) into or through a narrow space – ⁵⁴**(to) purr** (to) make a low, soft, vibrant sound (typical for a cat) – ⁵⁵**contentedly** satisfied; quietly happy – ⁵⁶**tame** changed by humans from a naturally wild state into a tractable, domesticated, or cultivated condition – ⁵⁷**perch** place where a bird sits, especially a thin rod in a cage – ⁵⁸**stall** compartment for one animal in a barn or shed – ⁵⁹**laborious** hard-working – ⁶⁰**(to) slaughter** (to) kill an animal for meat – ⁶¹**hideous** ugly; awful, horrible – ⁶²**cruelty** feelings of extreme heartlessness, brutality, inhumanity – ⁶³**leisure** time when you are free from work or other duties and can relax – ⁶⁴**plain** simple, obvious – ⁶⁵**(to) afford** (to) provide, give – ⁶⁶**decent** acceptable, satisfactory, good – ⁶⁷**(to) dwell** (to) reside, live – ⁶⁸**soil** ground – ⁶⁹**fertile** able to produce a large number of high-quality crops – ⁷⁰**abundance** when there is more than enough of something – ⁷¹**(to) inhabit** (to) live in a place – ⁷²**dozen** twelve – ⁷³**dignity** the importance and value that a person has that makes other people respect them or makes them respect themselves – ⁷⁴**produce** food or any other things that are grown or obtained through farming – ⁷⁵**root cause** real reason – ⁷⁶**(to) abolish** (to) put an end to something – ⁷⁷**plough** large farming tool with blades that digs the soil in fields so that seeds can be planted – ⁷⁸**lord** man who has a lot of power in a particular area of activity – ⁷⁹**(to) prevent** (to) stop something from happening or sb. from doing sth. – ⁸⁰**(to) starve** (to) become very weak or die because there is not enough food to eat – ⁸¹**(to) till** (to) prepare and use land for growing crops – ⁸²**dung** solid waste from animals, especially cattle and horses – ⁸³**sturdy** strong and solid – ⁸⁴**calf, pl. calves** young cow – ⁸⁵**confinements** the situation in which a

person or animal is kept somewhere, usually by force – ⁸⁶**ration** portion of some limited amount of food given to each member of a group – ⁸⁷**(to) grumble** (to) complain about sb. or sth. in an annoyed way – ⁸⁸**porker** pig, especially one raised to produce meat – ⁸⁹**knacker** sb. who buys up old horses for slaughter – ⁹⁰**(to) boil down** (to) reduce in volume by boiling – ⁹¹**foxhounds** type of dog with ears that hang down and short, smooth fur that is usually black, white, and light brown – ⁹²**brick** rectangular block of hard material used for building walls and houses – ⁹³**(to) drown** (to) kill sb. by putting their head under water so it is not possible to breathe – ⁹⁴**pond** area of water smaller than a lake, often artificially made – ⁹⁵**overthrow** occasion when someone or something is removed from power using force – ⁹⁶**remainder** rest – ⁹⁷**struggle** here: fight – ⁹⁸**victorious** having won a game, election, fight, etc. – ⁹⁹**resolution** decision – ¹⁰⁰**(to) falter** (to) lose strength or purpose and stop, or almost stop – ¹⁰¹**astray** away from the correct path or correct way of doing something – ¹⁰²**common** shared, joint, mutual – ¹⁰³**prosperity** well being and success – ¹⁰⁴**uproar** situation in which a lot of people complain about something angrily or make a lot of noise – ¹⁰⁵**(to) creep, crept, crept** (to) move slowly, quietly, and carefully, usually in order to avoid being noticed – ¹⁰⁶**hindquarters (pl.)** the back part of an animal with four legs – ¹⁰⁷**swift** fast, quick – ¹⁰⁸**dash** act of running somewhere very quickly – ¹⁰⁹**trotter** pig's foot – ¹¹⁰**silence** absence of sound; complete quiet – ¹¹¹**(to) settle** (to) arrange, work out, set to rights – ¹¹²**(to) put to vote** (to) let the group decide in an election – ¹¹³**(to) propose** (to) suggest – ¹¹⁴**majority** the larger number or part of something – ¹¹⁵**dissentient** somebody who has a different opinion that the others – ¹¹⁶**(to) discover** (to) find information, a place, or an object, especially for the first time – ¹¹⁷**merely** just, only – ¹¹⁸**duty** something that you have to do; obligation – ¹¹⁹**enmity** feeling of hate – ¹²⁰**(to) resemble** (to) look like or be like someone or something – ¹²¹**(to) conquer** (to) overcome, defeat – ¹²²**(to) adopt** here: (to) start behaving in a particular way – ¹²³**vice** moral fault or weakness in someone's character – ¹²⁴**(to) engage** (to) deal with – ¹²⁵**(to) vanish** (to) disappear or stop existing – ¹²⁶**infancy** time when someone is very young – ¹²⁷**hoarse** rough, harsh – ¹²⁸**stirring** producing strong, positive emotions – ¹²⁹**clime** particular region defined by its weather or climate – ¹³⁰**(to) hearken** (to) listen – ¹³¹**tidings** news – ¹³²**(to) treat, trod, trodden** (to) put your foot on sth. – ¹³³**harness** piece of equipment with straps and belts, used to control or hold in place a person, animal, or object – ¹³⁴**bit** piece of metal put in a horse's mouth to allow the person riding it to control its movements – ¹³⁵**spur** U-shaped device that is attached to the heel of a boot and used by a rider to urge a horse to go faster – ¹³⁶**whip** piece of leather or rope that is fastened to a stick, used for hitting animals – ¹³⁷**(to) crack** (to) make a sudden, short noise – ¹³⁸**riches (pl.)** large quantity of a valuable natural substance; wealth – ¹³⁹**wheat** plant whose yellowish-brown grain is used for making flour – ¹⁴⁰**barley** tall plant whose grain is used for food and for making beer and whisky – ¹⁴¹**oats** plant that is a type of grass, or its grain used in baking and cooking or to feed animals – ¹⁴²**hay** grass that is cut and dried and used as animal food – ¹⁴³**clover** small plant with three round leaves on each stem, often fed to cows – ¹⁴⁴**clover** variety of the common beet having a large yellowish root, used chiefly as cattle feed – ¹⁴⁵**breeze** light and pleasant wind – ¹⁴⁶**(to) toil** (to) work hard – ¹⁴⁷**excitement** here: emotion of great happiness – ¹⁴⁸**preliminary** preparatory – ¹⁴⁹**unison** the simultaneous singing of notes at the same pitch – ¹⁵⁰**(to) low** (to) make the deep, long sound of a cow; (to) moo – ¹⁵¹**(to) whine** (to) make a long, high, sad sound – ¹⁵²**(to) bleat** (to) utter the typical sound that goats and sheep make – ¹⁵³**(to) whinny** (to) make a soft, high sound (typical for a horse) – ¹⁵⁴**(to) quack** (to) make the usual sound of a duck – ¹⁵⁵**succession** series of things coming one after another – ¹⁵⁶**(to) seize** (to) take, grab – ¹⁵⁷**charge** here: bullet or other explosive object shot from a gun – ¹⁵⁸**pellets** small metal objects that are shot from some types of gun – ¹⁵⁹**hurriedly** in a hurried or hasty manner – ¹⁶⁰**pre-eminent** more important or better than others – ¹⁶¹**boar** male pig kept for breeding on a farm – ¹⁶²**fierce** hostile and violent, especially by nature or temperament; wild – ¹⁶³**reputation** opinion that others generally have about sb. or sth. – ¹⁶⁴**vivacious** full of energy; lively – ¹⁶⁵**(to) squeal** (to) make a long, very high sound or cry – ¹⁶⁶**(to) twinkle** (to) sparkle or shine in this way usually to express amusement or delight – ¹⁶⁷**nimble** quick and exact either in movement or thoughts – ¹⁶⁸**(to) skip** (to) move lightly and quickly, making a small jump after each step – ¹⁶⁹**(to) whisk** (to) move lightly and rapidly; (to) wag, flip – ¹⁷⁰**persuasive** making you want to do or believe a particular thing – ¹⁷¹**(to) expound** (to) give a detailed explanation of sth. – ¹⁷²**apathy** absence of interest or concern, especially regarding matters of general importance – ¹⁷³**loyalty** condition of being closely tied to another by affection or faith; faithfulness, fidelity – ¹⁷⁴**contrary** opposite; against – ¹⁷⁵**firmly** here: in a way that is certain or not likely to change; forcefully – ¹⁷⁶**badge** a small piece of metal, plastic, cloth, etc. that you wear on your clothing to identify who you are, the organization you belong to, etc. – ¹⁷⁷**(to) counteract** (to) remove the effect of something by producing an opposite effect – ¹⁷⁸**situated** located – ¹⁷⁹**linseed** type of flax plant grown for its seeds, from which oil is made – ¹⁸⁰**faithful** firm and not changing in your friendship with or support for a person or an organization – ¹⁸¹**disciple** follower – ¹⁸²**(to) absorb** (to) take in – ¹⁸³**capable** able to do things effectively and skilfully – ¹⁸⁴**(to) fall on evil days** (to) get into difficult times – ¹⁸⁵**disheartened** having lost confidence, hope, and energy – ¹⁸⁶**lawsuit** case in a court of law involving a claim, complaint, etc. – ¹⁸⁷**crust** the outside layer of a loaf of bread – ¹⁸⁸**idle** lazy – ¹⁸⁹**weed** any wild plant that grows in an unwanted place – ¹⁹⁰**(to) neglect** (to) not give enough care or attention – ¹⁹¹**(to) rabbit** (to) hunt rabbits or hares – ¹⁹²**store-shed** a small building in which things are kept for future use – ¹⁹³**(to) help oneself** (to) give oneself or take (food etc.) – ¹⁹⁴**bin** large container used for storing things – ¹⁹⁵**(to) lash** (to) hit with a lot of force – ¹⁹⁶**with one accord** all agreeing on a decision; unanimously – ¹⁹⁷**(to) fling, flung, flung** here: (to) attack suddenly, especially by jumping or flying down to catch or take hold of sth. or sb. – ¹⁹⁸**tormentors** sb. who causes a person or an animal great mental suffering and unhappiness, or physical pain – ¹⁹⁹**(to) butt** (to) hit something or someone hard with the head or the horns – ²⁰⁰**(to) trash** (to) cause a lot of damage to sth. – ²⁰¹**(to) maltreat** (to) treat sb. cruelly or violently – ²⁰²**(to) frighten** (to) make someone feel fear; (to) terrify; (to) scare – ²⁰³**wits (pl.)** intelligence and the ability to think quickly – ²⁰⁴**(to) take to one's heels** (to) quickly run away – ²⁰⁵**(to) pursue** (to) follow sb., in order to catch or attack him – ²⁰⁶**(to) fling, flung, flung** here: (to) throw sth. suddenly and with a lot of force – ²⁰⁷**(to) slip** here: (to) go somewhere quickly so that you are not noticed – ²⁰⁸**(to) flap** (to) move wings up and down – ²⁰⁹**(to) croak** (to) utter a low-pitched, harsh cry, as the sound of a frog or a raven. – ²¹⁰**(to) slam** (to) move against a hard surface with force and usually a loud noise – ²¹¹**bar** long, thin, straight piece of metal or wood – ²¹²**(to) expel** (to) force sb. to leave a place – ²¹³**(to) gallop** (to) run rapidly by leaps (like a horse)

– 214**trace** sign that sth. has happened or existed – 215**reign** the period of time when a king or queen rules a country – 216**(to) castrate** (to) remove the two round male sex organs that produce sperm – 217**well** deep hole in the ground from which you can get water, oil, or gas – 218**rein (usually pl.)** long, thin piece of material, especially leather, that helps you to control and direct a horse – 219**halter** piece of rope or a leather strap that is tied around a horse's head and is used to lead or secure the animal – 220**blinker** two pieces of leather that are put at the side of a horse's eyes so that it can only see forward – 221**nosebag** bag for holding food that is hung around a horse's head – 222**(to) caper** (to) run and jump about in an energetic, happy way – 223**mark** typical feature or one that allows you to recognize sb. or sth. – 224**pasture** land covered with grass or similar plants suitable for animals, such as sheep and cows, to eat – 225**knoll** small low hill with a rounded top – 226**(to) command a view** (to) grant, give a view – 227**(to) gaze** (to) stare; (to) look – 228**ecstasy** state of extreme happiness – 229**(to) gambol** (to) run and jump in a happy way – 230**(to) hurl** (to) throw something with a lot of force – 231**leap** large jump or sudden movement – 232**dew** drops of water that form on the ground and other surfaces outside during the night – 233**(to) crop** (to) make shorter, cut – 234**clod** piece of soil or clay – 235**(to) snuff** (to) inhale with the nose – 236**scent** smell – 237**(to) survey** (to) look at or examine something carefully – 238**admiration** feeling of pleasure, approval, and often respect or wonder – 239**ploughland** land that is ploughed in preparation for growing crops – 240**spinney** small wood – 241**(to) halt** (to) stop moving or doing sth. – 242**in single file** line of people, animals, or things standing or moving one behind the other – 243**(to) disturb** here: (to) move or change sth. from its usual position or arrangement – 244**(to) tiptoe** (to) walk on your toes with the heel of your foot lifted off the ground, – 245**whisper** way of speaking very quietly, using the breath but not the voice – 246**awe** feeling of great respect sometimes mixed with fear or surprise – 247**mantelpiece** shelf above a fireplace, usually part of a frame that surrounds the fireplace – 248**(to) remain** (to) stay in the same place or in the same condition – 249**(to) reproach** (to) criticize someone, especially for not doing what is expected – 250**sharply** here: severely and angrily – 251**scullery** room next to the kitchen where pans are washed and vegetables are prepared for cooking – 252**(to) stave in, staved/stove in, staved/stoven in** to hit sth. so that it breaks towards the inside – 253**unanimous** all agreeing on a decision – 254**resolution** official decision that is made after a group has voted – 255**(to) pass** here: (to) accept – 256**on the spot** immediately, at once – 257**(to) preserve** (to) keep in good or unchanged condition; maintain – 258**harvest** the gathering of a ripened crop – 259**(to) attend to** (to) deal with – 260**(to) reveal** (to) make known sth. that is surprising or that was previously secret – 261**heap** untidy pile or mass of things – 262**knuckle** (dated) here: part of a pig's leg just above the foot; ham hock – 263**Seven Commandments** biblical term for a set of (originally ten) rules or guidelines that must be followed – 264**rung** rod or bar forming a step of a ladder – 265**tar** black substance, sticky when hot, used especially for making roads – 266**they ran thus** they read like this – 267**neatly** in a tidy and orderly way – 268**benefit** helpful or good effect – 269**(to) nod** (to) move the head down and then up again, especially to show agreement – 270**by heart** learned in such a way that you can repeat it from memory – 271**point of honour** matter of respect, pride, and honesty – 272**uneasy** slightly worried or uncomfortable about a particular situation – 273**udder** the organ of a cow that produces milk and hangs like a bag between the legs – 274**(to) burst** here: (to) break open or apart suddenly – 275**(to) frothing** (to) produce a lot of small bubbles in or on a liquid – 276**considerable** here: very much – 277**mash** mixture of boiled grain, bran, meal, etc., fed to farm animals – 278**(to) troop** (to) walk somewhere in a large group, usually with one person behind another; (to) march – 279**(to) sweat** (to) work very hard to achieve sth. – 280**effort** physical or mental activity needed to achieve sth. – 281**(to) reward** (to) give sth. in return for a service or accomplishment – 282**implement** tool or other piece of equipment for doing work – 283**hind legs** legs at the back part of an animal with four legs – 284**inch** unit used for measuring length (about 2.54 centimeters) – 285**(to) mow** (to) cut plants, such as grass or wheat, that have long, thin stems and grow close together – 286**(to) rake** to make earth level or to collect leaves with the appropriate tool – 287**(to) direct** (to) control an activity – 288**(to) supervise** (to) watch an activity to make sure that everything is done correctly – 289**(to) assume** here: (to) take or begin to have responsibility or control, sometimes without the right to do so – 290**cutter** light sleigh drawn by one horse – 291**(to) tramp** (to) walk, especially long distances or with heavy steps – 292**gee up!** used as a command to a horse to make it move faster – 293**whoa** used as a command make a horse stop – 294**humble** low in importance, status, or condition – 295**(to) gather** (to) collect from different places; assemble – 296**to and fro** back and forth; here and there – 297**tiny** extremely small – 298**wisp** small bunch or bundle of straw, hair, or grass etc. – 299**beak** hard, pointed part of a bird's mouth – 300**wastage** anything lost by using or handling it carelessly – 301**stalk** main stem of a plant – 302**(to) conceive** (to) imagine – 303**acute** here: short – 304**(to) dole** (to) give out in portions or shares – 305**(to) grudge** (to) think that someone does not deserve something good that they have – 306**parasitical** living at the expense of others – 307**(to) tread** (to) to step or walk as to press or crush sth.; trample – 308**acient** very old – 309**chaff** outer layer that is separated from grains such as wheat before they are used as food – 310**(to) thresh** (to) separate the grains or seeds from the straw – 311**entire** complete – 312**mighty** powerful, strong; huge, very large – 313**spot** particular place – 314**cockerel** young male chicken – 315**volunteer** sb. who does something, especially helping others, willingly and without being forced or paid – 316**setback** sth. that causes delay or stops progress – 317**(to) adopt** here: (to) accept or start to use sth. new – 318**motto** short sentence or phrase that expresses a belief or purpose – 319**capacity** ability – 320**bushel** dry measure, containing four pecks, eight gallons, or thirty-two quarts – 321**stray** scattered; occasional – 322**(to) quarrel** here: (to) fight – 323**jealousy** feeling of unhappiness and anger because sb. has sth. that you want – 324**(to) shirk** (to) avoid work, duties, or responsibilities, especially if they are difficult or unpleasant – 325**puculiar** unusual and strange – 326**affectionately** in a way that shows liking or love – 327**obstinate** unwilling to change one's opinion or action despite argument or persuasion; stubborn – 328**cryptic** mysterious and difficult to understand – 329**(to) hoist** to lift, raise sth. heavy – 330**(to) run up** (to) raise – 331**flagstaff** pole on which a flag is or can be displayed – 332**(to) signify** (to) be a sign of sth.; to mean – 333**(to) arise** here: (to) come into existence – 334**(to) troop** (to) walk somewhere in a large group – 335**(to) count on sth.** (to) expect sth. – 336**(to) oppose** (to) disagree with sb. or sth., often by speaking or fighting against it – 337**(to) object** (to) feel or express opposition, dislike, or disapproval – 338**(to) retire** (to) leave your job or stop working because of old age or ill health – 339**recreation** enjoying oneself when not working – 340**blacksmith** worker who forges and shapes iron with an anvil

and hammer. — ³⁴¹**carpenter** skilled worker who makes, finishes, and repairs wooden objects and structures — ³⁴²**(to) busy with** (to) occupy with — ³⁴³**committee** group of people officially delegated to perform a function, such as investigating, considering, reporting, or acting on a matter — ³⁴⁴**indefatigable** always determined and energetic in trying to achieve something — ³⁴⁵**wool** soft, curly hair from sheep, or thread or cloth made from this — ³⁴⁶**(to) institute** (to) establish, organize, or introduce — ³⁴⁷**failure** the fact of sth. not working as it should — ³⁴⁸**attempt** the act of trying to do sth., especially sth. difficult — ³⁴⁹**generosity** willingness and liberality in giving away one's money, time, etc. — ³⁵⁰**(to) take advantage** (to) make use of a situation for one's own benefit — ³⁵¹**sparrow** small, grey-brown bird that is especially common in towns — ³⁵²**literate** able to read and write — ³⁵³**degree** level — ³⁵⁴**scraps** small piece of sth. or a small amount of information — ³⁵⁵**faculty** talent; gift — ³⁵⁶**(to) trace** (to) draw a shape by showing the main or outer lines — ³⁵⁷**forelock** part of a horse's mane that falls forward between its ears — ³⁵⁸**(to) refuse** (to) say that you will not do or accept sth. — ³⁵⁹**twig** small, thin branch of a tree or bush — ³⁶⁰**thoroughly** in a detailed and careful way — ³⁶¹**(to) prove** (to) show that something is true — ³⁶²**propulsion** force that pushes something forward — ³⁶³**distinguishing mark** a feature that makes sb. or sth. different from similar people or things — ³⁶⁴**mischievous** here: damage or harm — ³⁶⁵**maxim** short statement of a general truth, principle, or rule for behaviour — ³⁶⁶**puppy** young dog — ³⁶⁷**(to) wean** (to) cause (a child or young animal) to become used to food other than the mother's milk — ³⁶⁸**seclusion** state of being alone, away from other people — ³⁶⁹**(to) litter** (to) spread across an area or place untidily — ³⁷⁰**windfall** piece of fruit blown down from a tree — ³⁷¹**as a matter of course** automatically or as part of a routine or policy — ³⁷²**(to) murmur** (to) speak or say something very quietly — ³⁷³**privilege** benefit only given to certain people — ³⁷⁴**brainworker** thinker — ³⁷⁵**pleadingly** in an emotional and urgent way that shows you want sth. very much — ³⁷⁶**flight** group, especially of birds or aircraft, flying together — ³⁷⁷**(to) mingle** (to) be with or among others, especially talking to them — ³⁷⁸**tune** melody — ³⁷⁹**taproom** pub or bar, or part of one, where devices are used that control the flow of beer from a barrel — ³⁸⁰**(to) complain** (to) say that sth. is wrong or not good enough — ³⁸¹**monstrous** very cruel; extremely evil — ³⁸²**injustice** situation in which there is no fairness and justice — ³⁸³**(to) suffered** (to) experience physical or mental pain — ³⁸⁴**(to) turn sb. out** (to) force sb. to leave, (to) expel — ³⁸⁵**property** object(s) that belong to sb.; building or area of land, or both together — ³⁸⁶**pack** group of animals — ³⁸⁷**(to) sympathize** (to) understand and care about someone's problems — ³⁸⁸**misfortune** bad luck, or an unlucky event: — ³⁸⁹**(to) adjourn** (to) be very near, next to, or touching — ³⁹⁰**on bad terms** in a state of disagreement, dislike, or contempt with sb. else — ³⁹¹**(to) neglect** (to) not give enough care or attention — ³⁹²**woodland** land covered with trees — ³⁹³**disgraceful** very bad; shameful; scandalous — ³⁹⁴**shrewd** able to judge a situation accurately and turn it to one's own advantage — ³⁹⁵**perpetually** seeming to never end; endlessly; constantly — ³⁹⁶**bargain** agreement between two people or groups in which each promises to do sth. in exchange for sth. else — ³⁹⁷**defence** protection or support against an attack or criticism — ³⁹⁸**anxious** worried and nervous — ³⁹⁹**(to) prevent** (to) keep from happening; (to) stop — ⁴⁰⁰**(to) pretend** (to) behave as if something is true when it is not; (to) make believe — ⁴⁰¹**(to) scorn** (to) treat with disrespect; (to) reject, turn down — ⁴⁰²**fortnight** a period of two weeks (fourteen nights) — ⁴⁰³**(to) insist** (to) make a determined demand; (to) hold firmly to an opinion or plan etc. — ⁴⁰⁴**rapidly** quickly, fast — ⁴⁰⁵**(to) starve** (to) be hungry; (to) go without food — ⁴⁰⁶**evidently** obviously, clearly — ⁴⁰⁷**(to) change tune** (to) change one's attitude, opinion on something to a more positive view — ⁴⁰⁸**wickedness** evilness, badness — ⁴⁰⁹**(to) flourish** (to) grow or develop successfully — ⁴¹⁰**(to) practise sth.** (to) to do sth. habitually or frequently — ⁴¹¹**cannibalism** a person who eats the flesh of other humans; an animal that eats others of its own kind — ⁴¹²**(to) torture** (to) cause great physical or mental pain to sb. intentionally — ⁴¹³**red-hot** extremely hot — ⁴¹⁴**horseshoe** U-shaped piece of metal that is attached to the bottom of a horse's hoof to protect it — ⁴¹⁵**(to) have one's females in common** (to) share one's females sexually — ⁴¹⁶**rumour** information, often a mixture of truth and untruth, passed from person to person; gossip, hearsay — ⁴¹⁷**affair** sth. that involves or affects only one person or group; matter, concern — ⁴¹⁸**vague** not clear in meaning or expression; imprecise; indistinct — ⁴¹⁹**distorted** false, wrong — ⁴²⁰**tractable** easily dealt with, controlled — ⁴²¹**savage** wild — ⁴²²**(to) devour** (to) eat eagerly and in large amounts, so that nothing is left — ⁴²³**pail** bucket — ⁴²⁴**hunter** here: hunting horse — ⁴²⁵**fence** here: obstacle for a horse to jump (in horse racing or showjumping) — ⁴²⁶**(to) shoot** here: (to) throw out of the saddle — ⁴²⁷**astonishing** very surprising — ⁴²⁸**rage** extreme anger — ⁴²⁹**ridiculous** very silly; deserving to be laughed at — ⁴³⁰**contemptible** deserving to be treated with disrespect; despicable — ⁴³¹**(to) flog** (to) beat sb. very hard with a whip or a stick, as a punishment — ⁴³²**irrepressible** impossible to stop — ⁴³³**(to) whistle** here: (to) sing in high musical notes (typical for birds) — ⁴³⁴**(to) coo** (to) make a low soft sound (typical for doves and pigeons) — ⁴³⁵**elm** large tree that loses its leaves in winter — ⁴³⁶**din** loud and confused noise — ⁴³⁷**smithy** place where things are made out of metal (iron or steel) by heating and using a hammer — ⁴³⁸**(to) tremble** (to) shake slightly — ⁴³⁹**prophecy** statement that says what is going to happen in the future — ⁴⁴⁰**doom** death, destruction, or any very bad situation that cannot be avoided — ⁴⁴¹**(to) stack** (to) arrange things in an ordered pile — ⁴⁴²**(to) whirl** (to) turn around in circles — ⁴⁴³**(to) alight** (to) settle, land — ⁴⁴⁴**(to) recapture** (to) take something into your possession again, especially by force — ⁴⁴⁵**in charge of** responsible for — ⁴⁴⁶**defensive** intended to protect against an attack — ⁴⁴⁷**(to) launch** (to) begin, start — ⁴⁴⁸**(to) mute** here: (to) pass the contents of the bowels out of the body — ⁴⁴⁹**calve** thick curved part at the back of the human leg between the knee and the foot — ⁴⁵⁰**skirmishing manoeuvre** small fight before the real battle — ⁴⁵¹**head** here: front, beginning — ⁴⁵²**(to) prod** (to) push with something pointed (e.g. a finger); to poke — ⁴⁵³**hobnailed boot** heavy boot or shoe that has nails fixed into the bottom to make it last longer — ⁴⁵⁴**(to) retreat** (to) withdraw, move away — ⁴⁵⁵**ambush** sudden attack made from a hidden position — ⁴⁵⁶**(to) emerge** (to) appear — ⁴⁵⁷**rear** back — ⁴⁵⁸**(to) cut sb. off** (to) interrupt or block sb.'s way — ⁴⁵⁹**charge** here: attack — ⁴⁶⁰**(to) dash** here: (to) move with speed and violence — ⁴⁶¹**streak** long thin mark, stripe, or trace of some contrasting colour — ⁴⁶²**(to) drop** to fall or to let sth. fall — ⁴⁶³**instant** extremely short period of time — ⁴⁶⁴**fifteen stone** 14 pounds (6.4 kilograms) — ⁴⁶⁵**(to) rear up** (to) rise up — ⁴⁶⁶**shod** here: nailed — ⁴⁶⁷**stallion** adult male horse — ⁴⁶⁸**blow** here: sudden hard stroke or hit — ⁴⁶⁹**stable-lad or stable boy** young man who works in a stable and takes care of the horses — ⁴⁷⁰**skull** the bones of the head that surround the brain — ⁴⁷¹**(to) stretch sb. to the ground (here: in the mud)** (to) knock sb. down — ⁴⁷²**mud** soft wet earth — ⁴⁷³**(to) overtake** (to) overcome — ⁴⁷⁴**(to) gore** (to) injure with the horns or tusks — ⁴⁷⁵**vengeance** action against sb. to punish that person for having hurt you —

⁴⁷⁶**(to) make a bolt** (to) run quickly to or at sth. – ⁴⁷⁷**ignominious** embarrassing because of being a complete failure – ⁴⁷⁸**(to) hissing** (to) make a noise like a long s sound – ⁴⁷⁹**(to) paw** (to) strike or scrape sth. repeatedly with a paw – ⁴⁸⁰**(to) stir** here: (to) move – ⁴⁸¹**sorrowfully** in a very sad way – ⁴⁸²**(to) exclaim** (to) say or shout something suddenly because of surprise, fear, pleasure – ⁴⁸³**(to) harm** (to) hurt sb. or damage sth. – ⁴⁸⁴**manger** open box from which cattle and horses feed – ⁴⁸⁵**flight** escape, running away – ⁴⁸⁶**stunned** unable to act or respond; shocked – ⁴⁸⁷**(to) recover** (to) become completely well again after an illness or injury – ⁴⁸⁸**(to) make off** (to) leave quickly, usually in order to escape – ⁴⁸⁹**(to) reassemble** (to) come together again in a single place – ⁴⁹⁰**exploit** sth. unusual, brave, or funny that sb. has done – ⁴⁹¹**impromptu** without earlier planning or preparation; spontaneous – ⁴⁹²**solemn** here: formal, ceremonious – ⁴⁹³**hawthorn** species of flowering plant – ⁴⁹⁴**(to) emphasise/emphasize** (to) show that something is very important or worth giving attention; to stress – ⁴⁹⁵**(to) confer** (to) consult or discuss something together; (to) compare ideas or opinions. – ⁴⁹⁶**brass** bright yellow metal made from copper and zinc – ⁴⁹⁷**brass** here: plaque or medallion attached to horse harness for decoration – ⁴⁹⁸**posthumously** after sb's death – ⁴⁹⁹**(to) spring, sprung, sprung** (to) develop, originate – ⁵⁰⁰**supply** amount of sth. that is available for use – ⁵⁰¹**cartridge** small tube containing an explosive substance and a bullet for use in a gun – ⁵⁰²**artillery** very large guns that are moved on wheels or metal tracks – ⁵⁰³**anniversary** the day on which an important event happened in a previous year – ⁵⁰⁴**(to) draw on** (to) approach, come nearer – ⁵⁰⁵**troublesome** causing trouble or difficulty; worrying; annoying – ⁵⁰⁶**pretext** reason given in order to hide the real reason; excuse – ⁵⁰⁷**(to) stroll** (to) walk in a slow relaxed way, especially for pleasure – ⁵⁰⁸**blithely** happily, light-heartedly – ⁵⁰⁹**(to) prance** (to) walk with exaggerated or unnatural motions expressing self-importance or self-display – ⁵¹⁰**(to) strike, struck, struck / stricken** here: (to) enter the mind of – ⁵¹¹**shaft** one of two poles on a cart to which a horse is harnessed – ⁵¹²**check / checked** with a pattern of squares formed by lines of different colours crossing each other – ⁵¹³**(riding) breeches (pl.)** knee-length trousers worn for riding, mountaineering, etc. – ⁵¹⁴**(riding) gaiter** gaiters are a type of protective clothing for a person's ankles and legs below the knee. – ⁵¹⁵**publican** manager of a pub – ⁵¹⁶**scarlet** bright red – ⁵¹⁷**(to) occupy** (to) to keep sb. busy or interested – ⁵¹⁸**manifestly** very obviously – ⁵¹⁹**(to) ratify** (to) agree to formally and officially, especially in writing – ⁵²⁰**dispute** discussion, often heated, in which a difference of opinion is expressed; argument, disagreement – ⁵²¹**(to) sow** (to) put seeds in or on the ground so that plants will grow – ⁵²²**acreage** area of land measured in acres – ⁵²³**cabbage** large, round type of vegetable with usually green, edible leaves – ⁵²⁴**root** lower part of a plant that grows down into the earth to get water and food – ⁵²⁵**(to) canvass** (to) try to get political support or votes – ⁵²⁶**of late** not long ago, recently – ⁵²⁷**(to) be liable to** (to) be very likely to do sth. – ⁵²⁸**crucial** extremely important – ⁵²⁹**stock breeder** someone who keeps animals for the purpose of producing young animals in a controlled way – ⁵³⁰**innovation** development of new products, designs, or ideas – ⁵³¹**improvement** process of making sth. better or of getting better – ⁵³²**learnedly** in an educated and knowledgeable way – ⁵³³**field-drains** an underground pipe made of quite rough clay (often shaped with the hands) allowing water to flow away from fields – ⁵³⁴**silage** grass or other green plants that are cut and stored, without being dried first, to feed cattle in winter – ⁵³⁵**basic slag** waste material produced when removing unwanted substances from metals, used to make plants grow well by spreading it on fields – ⁵³⁶**dung** excrement of animals; manure – ⁵³⁷**cartage** transport of goods by cart – ⁵³⁸**(to) bide one's time** (to) wait for the right moment to speak or take action – ⁵³⁹**controversy** disagreement, often a public one, that involves different ideas or opinions about something – ⁵⁴⁰**windmill** machine (in a towerlike building) with large rotating blades or sails that are powered by wind generating usable energy for grinding, pumping etc. – ⁵⁴¹**circular saw** electrical saw having a disk-shaped blade – ⁵⁴²**mangel-slicer** machine for slicing mangel-wurzels – ⁵⁴³**(to) conjure up** (to) create or produce sth. seemingly magically – ⁵⁴⁴**(to) graze** to eat grass – ⁵⁴⁵**at sb.'s ease** in a relaxed and comfortable way – ⁵⁴⁶**(to) improve** (to) get or make better – ⁵⁴⁷**bricklayer** person who builds walls or buildings using bricks – ⁵⁴⁸**incubator** container that has controlled air and temperature conditions in which a weak or premature baby (born too early) can be kept alive – ⁵⁴⁹**smooth** having a surface free from irregularities, roughness; even – ⁵⁵⁰**suitable** appropriate, acceptable, right, fitting – ⁵⁵¹**closeted** being in a state of secrecy or cautious privacy. – ⁵⁵²**chalk** type of soft white rock which was used in schools for writing on boards – ⁵⁵³**(to) utter** (to) say something or to make a sound with your voice – ⁵⁵⁴**whimper** series of small, weak sounds expressing pain or unhappiness – ⁵⁵⁵**gradually** making slow progress; slowly – ⁵⁵⁶**crank** handle or bar on a machine that you can turn to make another part turn – ⁵⁵⁷**cog-wheel** wheel with cogs around its edge, used to turn another wheel or part in a machine – ⁵⁵⁸**unintelligible** unable to be understood; unexplainable – ⁵⁵⁹**impressive** causing sb. to feel admiration or respect – ⁵⁶⁰**(to) be at pains** (to) try hard – ⁵⁶¹**(to) hold aloof** (to) keep at distance, but within view; (to) stay apart, away – ⁵⁶²**(to) contemplate** (to) look thoughtfully at – ⁵⁶³**(to) urinate** (to) release the yellowish liquid from the body – ⁵⁶⁴**(to) deny** (to) say that something is not true – ⁵⁶⁵**(to) quarry** (to) get (stone) from an open pit by cutting, digging, or blasting – ⁵⁶⁶**(to) procure** to get something, especially after an effort – ⁵⁶⁷**(to) maintain that** here: (to) claim that – ⁵⁶⁸**(to) increase** (to) make something larger or greater – ⁵⁶⁹**faction** group – ⁵⁷⁰**slogan** short and easily remembered phrase used in politics or advertising; a motto – ⁵⁷¹**plentiful** existing in great number or quantity – ⁵⁷²**(to) save** to avoid that time, money, or effort is wasted – ⁵⁷³**(to) defeat** to win against sb. in a fight, war, or competition – ⁵⁷⁴**determined** showing the strong desire to follow a particular plan of action even if it is difficult – ⁵⁷⁵**(to) reinstate** (to) give sb. back their previous job or position – ⁵⁷⁶**restive** unwilling to be controlled or be patient – ⁵⁷⁷**firearms** gun that can be carried easily – ⁵⁷⁸**(to) stir up** (to) to set in motion; (to) instigate – ⁵⁷⁹**bound to be** having a moral or legal duty to do sth. – ⁵⁸⁰**(to) advocate** (to) to speak in support of an idea – ⁵⁸¹**indifferent** not thinking about or interested in sb. or sth. – ⁵⁸²**(to) break into** here: (to) begin suddenly – ⁵⁸³**passionate** full of emotion – ⁵⁸⁴**appeal** act of asking for sth. – ⁵⁸⁵**sympathy** here: feeling or expression of support and agreement: – ⁵⁸⁶**eloquence** the ability to use language with fluency and precision – ⁵⁸⁷**(to) glow** highly interested and enthusiastic – ⁵⁸⁸**sordid** dirty and unpleasant – ⁵⁸⁹**imagination** ability to form mental pictures of something – ⁵⁹⁰**turnip** widely cultivated plant having a large fleshy edible white or yellow root – ⁵⁹¹**doubt** not being certain about something, especially about how true it is – ⁵⁹²**(to) cast a look, glance, smile, etc.** (to) look, smile, etc. in a particular direction – ⁵⁹³**sidelong** directed to or from the side – ⁵⁹⁴**(to) bay** (to) utter a deep, prolonged bark – ⁵⁹⁵**(to) stud** (to) cover a metal object with a thin layer of another

(often more valuable) metal; plated – ⁵⁹⁶**collar** strap or band made of leather or other strong material that is put around the neck of an animal – ⁵⁹⁷**(to) bound** (to) move forwards or make (one's way) by leaps or jumps – ⁵⁹⁸**(to) snap** (to) bite – ⁵⁹⁹**jaw** either of the two bones in your mouth that hold the teeth – ⁶⁰⁰**amazed** extremely surprised – ⁶⁰¹**(to) gain on sb.** (to) come closer to sb. – ⁶⁰²**spurt** a short burst or increase of activity, speed, or energy – ⁶⁰³**(to) rear** (to) care for young animals or children until they are able to care for themselves – ⁶⁰⁴**(to) wag** (to) move from side to side, especially rapidly and repeatedly – ⁶⁰⁵**(to) mount on** (to) go up or onto – ⁶⁰⁶**portion** part of a whole; section – ⁶⁰⁷**(to) preside** (to) be in charge of or to control a meeting or event – ⁶⁰⁸**(to) receive** (to) get – ⁶⁰⁹**expulsion** act of forcing sb., or of being forced, to leave a building or territory – ⁶¹⁰**(to) dismay** (to) make sb. feel unhappy and disappointed – ⁶¹¹**(to) marshal** (to) bring together or organize people or things in order to achieve a particular aim – ⁶¹²**articulate** able to express thoughts and feelings easily and clearly – ⁶¹³**disapproval** feeling of disliking sth. or what sb. is doing – ⁶¹⁴**menacing** causing fear in somebody of sth. unpleasant or violent; threatening to harm – ⁶¹⁵**growl** long, low, and threatening sound made by a dog – ⁶¹⁶**(to) appreciate** (to) be grateful for sth. or to value sb. or sth. highly. – ⁶¹⁷**sacrifice** act of giving up sth. that is valuable to for oneself in order to help sb. else – ⁶¹⁸**firmly** here: strongly – ⁶¹⁹**moonshine** foolish talk or thought; nonsense – ⁶²⁰**obedience** willingness of people or animals to do what they are told to do – ⁶²¹**(to) exaggerate** (to) make something seem larger, more important, better, or worse than it really is – ⁶²²**watchword** word or phrase expressing a principle or rule how to behave; slogan. – ⁶²³**(to) voice** (to) say what you think about a particular subject, especially to express a doubt, complaint – ⁶²⁴**(to) break** here: (to) change suddenly – ⁶²⁵**(to) rub off** (to) remove or erase by pressure and friction – ⁶²⁶**disinter** (to) dig up a dead body from the ground; (to) exhume – ⁶²⁷**stump** part of sth. such as a tree, tooth, arm, or leg that is left after most of it has been removed – ⁶²⁸**required** necessary according to the rules or for a particular purpose – ⁶²⁹**reverent** showing great respect and admiration – ⁶³⁰**gift** talent, ability – ⁶³¹**semicircle** half a circle – ⁶³²**gruff** dealing with people in a way that lacks patience and seems unfriendly – ⁶³³**(to) disperse** (to) move away over a large area – ⁶³⁴**(to) oppose** (to) disagree with sth., often by speaking or fighting against it – ⁶³⁵**sly** not letting others know true opinions or intentions; dishonest – ⁶³⁶**cunning** skill; cleverness – ⁶³⁷**influence** effect of one person or thing on another – ⁶³⁸**interference** intervening or intruding in the affairs of others; meddling – ⁶³⁹**tactic (usually pl.)** planned way of doing something – ⁶⁴⁰**merry** happy – ⁶⁴¹**threateningly** in a way of causing fear in somebody of sth. unpleasant or violent; menacingly – ⁶⁴²**slave** person who is legally owned by sb. else and has to work for that person – ⁶⁴³**thieving** used to describe people who steal things – ⁶⁴⁴**(to) absent** (to) keep (oneself) away – ⁶⁴⁵**(to) foresee** (to) imagine or know about something before it happens: – ⁶⁴⁶**quarry** large hole in the ground that workers dig in order to use the stone and sand for building material – ⁶⁴⁷**outhouse** small building joined to or near to a larger one – ⁶⁴⁸**pick** here: pickaxe – ⁶⁴⁹**crowbar** heavy metal bar with a bent end that is used to lift heavy objects off the ground or to force things open – ⁶⁵⁰**vain** unsuccessful – ⁶⁵¹**(to) occur to sb.** (to) come to sb. mind – ⁶⁵²**(to) utilise** (to) use sth. in an effective way – ⁶⁵³**gravity** force that attracts objects towards one another, especially the force that makes things fall to the ground – ⁶⁵⁴**boulder** very large rock – ⁶⁵⁵**(to) lash** (to) tie or fasten together tightly and firmly – ⁶⁵⁶**(to) drag** (to) pull – ⁶⁵⁷**desperate** very great or extreme – ⁶⁵⁸**slope** side of a hill or mountain – ⁶⁵⁹**(to) topple** (to) lose balance and fall down – ⁶⁶⁰**(to) shatter** (to) break – ⁶⁶¹**comparatively** as compared to sth. else – ⁶⁶²**(to) yoke** (to) fit or join with a yoke (wooden frame placed over the necks of oxen to hold them together when they are pulling a cart) – ⁶⁶³**share** here: part – ⁶⁶⁴**sufficient** enough for a particular purpose – ⁶⁶⁵**store** stock or supply of sth. for future use – ⁶⁶⁶**(to) accumulate** (to) collect a large number of things over a long period of time – ⁶⁶⁷**superintendence** management by overseeing and controlling the action or operation of a person or group – ⁶⁶⁸**exhausting** making you feel extremely tired – ⁶⁶⁹**despair** feeling of being without hope or of not being able to improve a situation – ⁶⁷⁰**(to) strain oneself** (to) make a strong effort – ⁶⁷¹**matted** twisted into a firm, messy mass – ⁶⁷²**(to) overstrain sb.** (to) ask or demand too much of sb. – ⁶⁷³**unassisted** without being helped by anyone or anything – ⁶⁷⁴**extravagant** spending much more than is necessary or wise – ⁶⁷⁵**(to) outweigh** (to) be greater than sth. else – ⁶⁷⁶**weeding** removing wild plants from a place where they are not wanted – ⁶⁷⁷**thoroughness** large amount of care and attention to detail – ⁶⁷⁸**(to) fence off** (to) separate or keep out by means of a fence or other barrier – ⁶⁷⁹**arable land** land suitable for farming like growing crops – ⁶⁸⁰**upkeep** cost or process of keeping sth. in good condition – ⁶⁸¹**(to) wear on** (to) pass very slowly – ⁶⁸²**shortage** situation in which there is not enough of sth. – ⁶⁸³**paraffin** clear liquid with a strong smell that is made from coal or petroleum, and used as a fuel, especially in heaters and oil lamps – ⁶⁸⁴**string** strong, thin rope made by twisting very thin threads together – ⁶⁸⁵**seed** small, round or oval object produced by a plant and from which, when it is planted, a new plant can grow – ⁶⁸⁶**artificial** made by people, often as a copy of something natural – ⁶⁸⁷**manure** solid waste from animals, especially horses, that is spread on the land in order to make plants grow well – ⁶⁸⁸**commercial** related to buying and selling things – ⁶⁸⁹**(to) obtain** (to) get sth., especially by a planned effort – ⁶⁹⁰**(to) override** (to) to be more important than sth. – ⁶⁹¹**contribution** support or other help – ⁶⁹²**conscious** being especially aware of or worried about sth. – ⁶⁹³**worry or anxiety** – ⁶⁹⁴**dealing** activities involving buying and selling or business in general – ⁶⁹⁵**timidly** in a shy or nervous way – ⁶⁹⁶**(to) silence** (to) make someone or something be quiet – ⁶⁹⁷**awkwardness** situation that is difficult and not relaxed; embarrassment – ⁶⁹⁸**(to) smooth over** (to) treat hurriedly or avoid dealing with properly; to bring (sth.) into a state of agreement or accord – ⁶⁹⁹**undesirable** not wanted, approved of, or popular – ⁷⁰⁰**solicitor** lawyer who is trained to prepare cases and give advice on legal subjects – ⁷⁰¹**intermediary** sb. who carries messages between people who are unwilling or unable to meet; mediator – ⁷⁰²**(to) be dismissed** (to) formally ask or order sb. to leave – ⁷⁰³**traceable** capable of being tracked or followed – ⁷⁰⁴**faintly** slightly or not strongly – ⁷⁰⁵**shrewdly** having or showing a clear understanding and good judgment of a situation; clever, bright – ⁷⁰⁶**record** here: written document – ⁷⁰⁷**mistaken** wrong in opinion or judgment – ⁷⁰⁸**whiskers (pl.)** hair that grows on a man's side of the face; beard (of the cheeks) – ⁷⁰⁹**broker** person who acts as an agent for others, as in making contracts, purchases, or sales – ⁷¹⁰**commission** payment made to an agent or broker for carrying out a transaction – ⁷¹¹**dread** strong feeling of fear or worry – ⁷¹²**(to) rouse** (to) give rise to – ⁷¹³**pride** sense of one's own proper dignity or value; self-respect. – ⁷¹⁴**(to) reconcile** (to) to restore or reestablish a friendly relationship; (to) bring back to harmony – ⁷¹⁵**(to) prosper** (to) do well, become successful, especially in

business – ⁷¹⁶**article of faith** very basic belief not to be doubted – ⁷¹⁷**bankrupt** unable to pay what you owe; financially ruined – ⁷¹⁸**(to) cease** (to) stop – ⁷¹⁹**simultaneously** occurring at the same time – ⁷²⁰**residence** place where sb. lives – ⁷²¹**sty/pigsty** enclosed area where pigs are kept – ⁷²²**disturbed** troubled; restless; shocked – ⁷²³**(to) pass sth. off** (to) set sth. aside; (to) ignore – ⁷²⁴**ruling** official decision – ⁷²⁵**sheet** large piece of thin cloth used on a bed for sleeping on or under – ⁷²⁶**regarded** considered, thought about, looked at – ⁷²⁷**invention** product which has never been made or never existed before – ⁷²⁸**blanket** flat cover made of wool or similar warm material, usually used on a bed – ⁷²⁹**repose** rest or sleep – ⁷³⁰**complaint** statement that sth. is wrong or not good enough – ⁷³¹**stretch** period of time – ⁷³²**(to) plod** (to) walk taking slow steps, as if your feet are heavy; (to) trot – ⁷³³**perpendicularity** quality of being at right angles (geometrically) – ⁷³⁴**(to) marvel** (to) show or experience great surprise or admiration – ⁷³⁵**imposing** noticeable or impressive because of large size, appearance, or importance – ⁷³⁶**enthusiastic** excited, motivated – ⁷³⁷**raging** furious; violent; very active – ⁷³⁸**gale** very strong wind – ⁷³⁹**(to) rock** (to) move back and forth – ⁷⁴⁰**foundation** base that is built below the surface of the ground to support a building – ⁷⁴¹**tile** thin, usually square or rectangular piece for covering roofs, floors, walls, etc. – ⁷⁴²**(to) squawk** (to) make an unpleasantly loud, sharp noise – ⁷⁴³**(to) pluck up** (to) pull out; (to) uproot – ⁷⁴⁴**radish** small vegetable with a red-skinned white root used as food – ⁷⁴⁵**(to) meet sb.'s eye** (to) make eye contact with one – ⁷⁴⁶**(to) dash** (to) run or move very quickly; (to) rush – ⁷⁴⁷**seldom** rarely – ⁷⁴⁸**struggle** very great effort to do sth. – ⁷⁴⁹**levelled** here: completely destroyed – ⁷⁵⁰**scattered** spread or dispersed in an untidy or irregular way – ⁷⁵¹**mournfully** in a very sad way – ⁷⁵²**litter** objects spread or scattered about – ⁷⁵³**(to) pace** (to) walk with regular steps in one direction and then back again – ⁷⁵⁴**rigid** not able to be bent or moved; stiff or fixed; – ⁷⁵⁵**(to) twitch** (to) make a sudden small movement with a part of the body, usually without intending to – ⁷⁵⁶**sharply** quickly and suddenly – ⁷⁵⁷**(to) halt** (to) stop sth., or to bring sth. to a stop – ⁷⁵⁸**made up** very happy about sth. good that has happened – ⁷⁵⁹**(to) roar** (to) make a long, loud, deep sound – ⁷⁶⁰**malignity** intense ill will or hatred – ⁷⁶¹**(to) avenge** (to) harm or hurt sb. as punishment or penalty in return for sth.; (to) take revenge – ⁷⁶²**ignominious** embarrassing because of being a complete failure – ⁷⁶³**traitor** sb. who gives away secrets of his or her country, or sb. who is not loyal to particular beliefs or friends – ⁷⁶⁴**under cover** being hidden or protected by darkness – ⁷⁶⁵**(to) pronounce** (to) say sth. officially or certainly – ⁷⁶⁶**death sentence** legal punishment of a crime by death: – ⁷⁶⁷**(to) capture** to take someone as a prisoner – ⁷⁶⁸**beyond measure** here: without limits; in excess; greatly – ⁷⁶⁹**guilty** responsible for an offence or misdeed – ⁷⁷⁰**indignation** anger about a situation that you think is wrong or not fair – ⁷⁷¹**shine** sunshine – ⁷⁷²**alteration** change – ⁷⁷³**sleet** wet, partly melted falling snow – ⁷⁷⁴**envious** wishing you had what another person has – ⁷⁷⁵**(to) rejoice** (to) feel or show great happiness about sth. – ⁷⁷⁶**spite** feeling of anger towards another person that makes sb. want to annoy, upset, or hurt them – ⁷⁷⁷**snowdrift** mass of snow piled up by the wind – ⁷⁷⁸**(to) fall short** (to) be not enough or not good enough – ⁷⁷⁹**(to) issue** (to) give out or distribute officially – ⁷⁸⁰**clamp** storage pit used to keep food cool and fresh underground – ⁷⁸¹**vitality** in a way that is extremely important, or necessary for the success or continued existence of sth. – ⁷⁸²**(to) embolden** (to) make sb. brave or willing to take more risks – ⁷⁸³**famine** situation in which there is not enough food for a great number of people – ⁷⁸⁴**disease** illness – ⁷⁸⁵**(to) resort** (to) begin to when all other methods of solving a problem have failed – ⁷⁸⁶**infanticide** crime of killing a child – ⁷⁸⁷**impression** the way that sth. seems, looks, or feels to a particular person – ⁷⁸⁸**hitherto** until now or until a particular time – ⁷⁸⁹**casually** in a way that does not show any particular interest or care – ⁷⁹⁰**brim** the very top edge of a container – ⁷⁹¹**pretext** pretended reason for doing sth. that is used to hide the real reason – ⁷⁹²**glimpse** (to) see sth. or sb. for a very short time or only partly – ⁷⁹³**(to) deceive** (to) persuade sb. that sth. false is the truth; (to) trick, fool – ⁷⁹⁴**escort** one or more persons accompanying sb. to guide, protect, or show honor – ⁷⁹⁵**(to) surrender** (to) give up a possession, claim, or right – ⁷⁹⁶**contract** legal document that states and explains a formal agreement between two different people or groups – ⁷⁹⁷**clutch** small group of eggs produced by the same bird, especially in a nest – ⁷⁹⁸**sitting** process in which a bird keeps its eggs warm until the young come out; brooding – ⁷⁹⁹**murder** crime of intentionally killing sb. – ⁸⁰⁰**pullet** female chicken that is less than a year old – ⁸⁰¹**(to) thwart** (to) stop sth. from happening or someone from doing sth. – ⁸⁰²**ruthlessly** having no compassion or pity; merciless – ⁸⁰³**(to) decree** (to) officially decide or order that sth. must happen – ⁸⁰⁴**(to) capitulate** (to) accept sth. or agree to do sth. unwillingly – ⁸⁰⁵**coccidiosis** parasitic disease of many animals resulting from infestation of the digestive tract by coccidia – ⁸⁰⁶**duly** at the correct time; as expected – ⁸⁰⁷**beech** tree with a smooth, grey trunk and small nuts – ⁸⁰⁸**spinney** small wood – ⁸⁰⁹**(to) clear** (to) remove or get rid of sth. or remove sth. blocking the way – ⁸¹⁰**(to) season** (to) make wood hard by drying it gradually, in order to make it ready for use – ⁸¹¹**in hiding** remaining hidden – ⁸¹²**(to) frequent** (to) be in or visit a particular place often – ⁸¹³**(to) gnaw** (to) bite or chew something repeatedly – ⁸¹⁴**bark** hard outer covering of a tree – ⁸¹⁵**(to) attribute** (to) to say or think that sth. is the result of a particular thing – ⁸¹⁶**(to) be in league** (to) be secretly working or planning sth. with sb., usually to do something bad – ⁸¹⁷**investigation** examining sth. carefully, especially to discover the truth about it – ⁸¹⁸**snout** nose and mouth that stick out from the face of some animals – ⁸¹⁹**distinctly** in a way that is clearly noticeable or very definite – ⁸²⁰**blood-curdling** causing a feeling of extreme fear (so that the blood gets thicker and develops lumps) – ⁸²¹**(to) pervade** (to) to spread throughout all parts of – ⁸²²**(to) plot** (to) make a secret plan to do something wrong, harmful, or illegal – ⁸²³**vanity** the fact that you are too interested in your appearance or achievements – ⁸²⁴**ambition** strong wish to achieve something – ⁸²⁵**stupefied** very surprised or shocked – ⁸²⁶**(to) outdo** (to) be, or do sth., better than sb. else – ⁸²⁷**(to) rally** (to) bring into order again; (to) gather and organize or inspire anew – ⁸²⁸**(to) encourage** (to) mentally support; (to) motivate, give courage, hope or spirit – ⁸²⁹**puzzled** confused because you do not understand sth. – ⁸³⁰**(to) tuck** here: (to) hold part of your body in a particular position – ⁸³¹**(to) lure** (to) persuade sb. to do sth. or go somewhere by offering them sth. exciting – ⁸³²**(to) graze** (to) touch lightly the surface – ⁸³³**(to) frisk** (to) move around in a happy, energetic way – ⁸³⁴**(to) lurk** (to) stay around a place secretly, or to stay hidden, waiting to attack or appear – ⁸³⁵**shivers (pl.)** feeling of being frightened of sb. or sth. – ⁸³⁶**spine** line of bones down the center of the back that provides support for the body – ⁸³⁷**(to) cower** (to) bend down or move backward with your head down because you are frightened – ⁸³⁸**in advance** before sth. happens – ⁸³⁹**sternly** harsh, severe or strict – ⁸⁴⁰**(to) pin** (to) through sth. away – ⁸⁴¹**(to) shriek** (to) a short, loud, high cry – ⁸⁴²**mercy** kindness shown toward sb. whom you

have the right or power to punish – ⁸⁴³**countenance** appearance or expression of sb.'s face – ⁸⁴⁴**(to) slink, slunk, slunk** (to) walk away from somewhere quietly so that you are not noticed – ⁸⁴⁵**bruised** injured in a way that causes discoloration to the skin – ⁸⁴⁶**(to) howl** (to) make a loud sound, usually to express pain, sadness, or another strong emotion – ⁸⁴⁷**tumult** loud noise made by a crowd in a state of confusion, change, or uncertainty – ⁸⁴⁸**(to) confess** (to) make known that you have done sth. wrong; (to) admit – ⁸⁴⁹**prompting** the act of saying something to persuade, encourage, or remind someone to do or say something – ⁸⁵⁰**(to) incite** (to) encourage sb. to do sth. unpleasant or violent – ⁸⁵¹**(to) disobey** (to) fail or refuse to do sth. that you are told to do – ⁸⁵²**(to) secret** (dated) (to) hide secretly – ⁸⁵³**ram** adult male sheep that can breed – ⁸⁵⁴**bonfire** large fire that is made outside to burn unwanted things, or for pleasure – ⁸⁵⁵**cough** act of forcing air out of your lungs through your throat with a short, loud sound, often unwillingly – ⁸⁵⁶**(to) slay, slew, slain** (to) kill in a violent way – ⁸⁵⁷**execution** legal punishment of killing someone – ⁸⁵⁸**corpse** dead body – ⁸⁵⁹**body** here: group of people acting as one – ⁸⁶⁰**shaken** shocked and upset by an unpleasant experience – ⁸⁶¹**treachery** behaviour that deceives or is not loyal to sb. who trusts you; violation of faith – ⁸⁶²**(to) league** (to) come together in or as if in a league or alliance – ⁸⁶³**retribution** deserved and severe punishment – ⁸⁶⁴**bloodshed** spilling of blood, especially by killing or slaughtering – ⁸⁶⁵**(to) huddle** (to) come close together in a group, or to hold your arms and legs close to your body, especially because of cold or fear – ⁸⁶⁶**(to) fidget** (to) make continuous, small movements that annoy other people – ⁸⁶⁷**(to) swish** (to) move quickly through the air making a soft sound – ⁸⁶⁸**whinny** (to) make a soft, high sound (typical for a horse) – ⁸⁶⁹**due to** because of – ⁸⁷⁰**(to) lumber** (to) move in a slow, awkward, and heavy way – ⁸⁷¹**trot** movement of a horse at a slow speed – ⁸⁷²**successive** happening one after the other without any break – ⁸⁷³**(to) retire** here: (to) stop working; (to) go to bed – ⁸⁷⁴**curling** (to) form or cause something to form a curving or twisted shape – ⁸⁷⁵**chimney** hollow structure that allows the smoke from a fire inside a building to escape to the air outside – ⁸⁷⁶**bursting hedges** here: hedges whose buds are opening (up), which later become flowers – ⁸⁷⁷**(to) gild** (to) cover the surface of sth. with bright, gold-coloured light – ⁸⁷⁸**level** flat or horizontal – ⁸⁷⁹**ray** narrow beam of light – ⁸⁸⁰**(to) dare** (to) be brave enough to do sth. difficult or dangerous or that you should not do – ⁸⁸¹**(to) speak one's mind** (to) say what you think about sth. very directly – ⁸⁸²**(to) lack** (to) be missing, not have sth. that is needed or wanted – ⁸⁸³**substitute** thing or person that is used instead of another thing or person – ⁸⁸⁴**tunefully** in a way that has a pleasant tune – ⁸⁸⁵**(to) be taken aback** (to) be shocked or surprised – ⁸⁸⁶**stiffly** harshly, severely – ⁸⁸⁷**(to) longing** feeling of wanting sth. or sb. very much – ⁸⁸⁸**(to) establish** (to) start a company or organization that will continue for a long time; (to) found, set up – ⁸⁸⁹**shalt** shall – ⁸⁹⁰**thou** (dated) you – ⁸⁹¹**(to) come up to** (to) reach the usual or necessary standard – ⁸⁹²**(to) die down** (to) lose strength; (to) become calm or quiet – ⁸⁹³**(to) square** (to) match or agree with sth., or to think that one thing is acceptable together with another thing – ⁸⁹⁴**(to) meddle** (to) try to change or have an influence on things that are not one's responsibility – ⁸⁹⁵**(to) run** here : (to) say, read, go – ⁸⁹⁶**appointed** agreed, arranged, scheduled – ⁸⁹⁷**figure** number – ⁸⁹⁸**retinue** group of people who help and who travel with an important person – ⁸⁹⁹**trumpeter** musician who plays a trumpet – ⁹⁰⁰**(to) wait upon** (to) serve – ⁹⁰¹**anniversary** day on which an important event happened in a previous year – ⁹⁰²**sheep-fold / sheepfold** area surrounded by fences or walls for sheep – ⁹⁰³**(to) bear** (to) have or continue to have sth. – ⁹⁰⁴**ignorance** lack of knowledge, understanding, or information about sth. – ⁹⁰⁵**(to) give sb. the credit** (to) ascribe or attribute an achievement to sb. – ⁹⁰⁶**stroke** piece of luck – ⁹⁰⁷**fountain** source – ⁹⁰⁸**swill-bucket** bucket with the food for pigs – ⁹⁰⁹**thy** (dated) your – ⁹¹⁰**art** are – ⁹¹¹**belly** stomach – ⁹¹²**watchest** (dated) watch – ⁹¹³**ere** before – ⁹¹⁴**rolling pin** tube-shaped object that is used for making pastry flat and thin before cooking it – ⁹¹⁵**thee** you – ⁹¹⁶**(to) squeak** (to) make a short, very high cry or sound – ⁹¹⁷**(to) approve** (to) have a positive opinion of sb. or sth. – ⁹¹⁸**(to) surmount** (to) deal successfully with a difficulty or problem – ⁹¹⁹**negotiation** process of discussing sth. with sb. in order to reach an agreement, or the discussions themselves – ⁹²⁰**reasonable** based on or using good judgment and therefore fair and practical – ⁹²¹**furious** extremely angry – ⁹²²**jealousy** feeling of unhappiness and anger because someone has sth. that you want – ⁹²³**(to) skulk** (to) hide or move around as if trying not to be seen, usually with bad intentions – ⁹²⁴**precaution** action that is done to prevent sth. unpleasant or dangerous happening – ⁹²⁵**lest** for fear that – ⁹²⁶**poisoned** substance that can make people or animals ill or kill them if they eat or drink it – ⁹²⁷**(to) conduct** (to) organize and perform a particular activity – ⁹²⁸**impending** about to happen – ⁹²⁹**treacherous** characterized by faithlessness or readiness to support an enemy – ⁹³⁰**(to) bribe** (to) try to make sb. do sth. for you by giving them money, presents, or sth. else that they want – ⁹³¹**magistrate** person who acts as a judge in a law court that deals with crimes that are less serious – ⁹³²**furnace** container for holding burning substances, usually to heat buildings or to melt metals and other materials – ⁹³³**splinter** small, sharp, broken piece of wood, glass, plastic, or similar material – ⁹³⁴**razor-blade** thin flat piece of metal with a sharp edge for cutting – ⁹³⁵**spur** here: stick with iron hook attached to the leg of a gamecock in cockfighting – ⁹³⁶**rage** extreme or violent anger – ⁹³⁷**(to) clamour** (to) make a loud noise or outcry; (to) make a public demand – ⁹³⁸**(to) drive** here: (to) force sb. to go somewhere – ⁹³⁹**(to) counsel** (to) advice; (to) recommend – ⁹⁴⁰**rash** without thought for what might happen or result; unwise, – ⁹⁴¹**scoundrel** wicked or evil person; villain – ⁹⁴²**machinations (pl.)** clever and secret plans usually developed for evil purposes – ⁹⁴³**(to) lay bare sth.** (to) make sth. known – ⁹⁴⁴**nocturnal** of the night; happening at night – ⁹⁴⁵**gander** male goose – ⁹⁴⁶**privy** having secret knowledge – ⁹⁴⁷**(to) swallow** (to) To cause (food, drink etc.) to pass from the mouth into the stomach – ⁹⁴⁸**black nightshade** very poisonous plant with small, black, shiny fruits, that grows in Europe, North Africa, and Western Asia – ⁹⁴⁹**(to) censure** here: (to) criticize sb. officially – ⁹⁵⁰**cowardice** behaviour of sb. who is not at all brave and tries to avoid danger – ⁹⁵¹**bewilderment** confusion resulting from failure to understand – ⁹⁵²**purchase** the act of buying sth. – ⁹⁵³**in the teeth of** despite, in spite of, regardless of – ⁹⁵⁴**nothing short of** nothing equal to, not even – ⁹⁵⁵**discouragement** state of having lost your confidence or motivation for sth. – ⁹⁵⁶**(to) forsake, forsook, forsaken** (to) leave, abandon without intending to return – ⁹⁵⁷**(to) gambol** (to) run and jump in a happy way – ⁹⁵⁸**(to) insult** (to) say or do sth. to sb. that is rude or offensive – ⁹⁵⁹**pensioner** sb. who receives a pension, especially from the government, when they have stopped working – ⁹⁶⁰**(to) pay up** (to) give all the money that is owed or asked for – ⁹⁶¹**beatifically** in a way that appears happy and delighted; saintly, blissfully – ⁹⁶²**(to) gaze one's fill** (to) not be able to take one's eyes of sth. – ⁹⁶³**flimsy** very thin – ⁹⁶⁴**(to) stir** here:

(to) move – ⁹⁶⁵**rustled** (to) make soft sounds, as of dry leaves or paper – ⁹⁶⁶**hullabaloo** loud confused noise, especially of protest – ⁹⁶⁷**choking** dry, harsh, rough-sounding – ⁹⁶⁸**(to) speed, sped, sped** (to) move, go fast – ⁹⁶⁹**forgery** illegal copy of sth. – ⁹⁷⁰**sentinel** sb. that stands watch; guard – ⁹⁷¹**conciliatory** intended to end disagreement in a friendly way – ⁹⁷²**boldly** in a brave and confident way, without showing any fear – ⁹⁷³**(to) sally forth** (to) rush out to make an attack – ⁹⁷⁴**(to) peep** (to) secretly look at sth. for a short time – ⁹⁷⁵**cautiously** careful – ⁹⁷⁶**chink** narrow opening or crack – ⁹⁷⁷**knot-hole** hole in a piece of wood where branch was joined to the tree – ⁹⁷⁸**at a loss** puzzled, confused – ⁹⁷⁹**wistful** sad and thinking about sth. that is impossible or past – ⁹⁸⁰**glance** quick short look – ⁹⁸¹**(to) serve sb. right** (to) happen to sb. who is thought to deserve it – ⁹⁸²**(to) halt** (to) stop moving – ⁹⁸³**(to) produce** (to) bring sth. out from somewhere for a particular purpose – ⁹⁸⁴**sledge hammer / sledgehammer** large, heavy hammer with a long handle, used for breaking stones or other heavy material – ⁹⁸⁵**intently** giving all your attention to sth. – ⁹⁸⁶**air** here: facial expression – ⁹⁸⁷**muzzle** mouth and nose of an animal – ⁹⁸⁸**(to) blast** (to) explode or destroy with explosives – ⁹⁸⁹**(to) venture** (to) risk going somewhere or doing sth. that might be dangerous – ⁹⁹⁰**deafening** loud enough to cause (temporary) hearing loss – ⁹⁹¹**(to) swirl** (to) move quickly in twisting circular way – ⁹⁹²**(to) drift** (to) be carried away by air – ⁹⁹³**(to) be drowned** here: (to) be overwhelmed, overpowered – ⁹⁹⁴**vile** unpleasant, immoral, and unacceptable – ⁹⁹⁵**(to) make straight for** (to) move directly towards – ⁹⁹⁶**(to) heed** (to) consider, pay attention to – ⁹⁹⁷**hail** small, hard balls of ice that fall from the sky like rain – ⁹⁹⁸**close quarters (pl.)** direct and close contact in a fight – ⁹⁹⁹**chipped** small broken or cut off piece – ¹⁰⁰⁰**unscathed** not injured or harmed – ¹⁰⁰¹**detour** different or less direct route to a place – ¹⁰⁰²**flank** side of sth. – ¹⁰⁰³**ferociously** in a frightening and violent way – ¹⁰⁰⁴**while the going was good** as long as it was possible – ¹⁰⁰⁵**for dear life** as if you fear you will die; desperately, urgently – ¹⁰⁰⁶**thorn** short, hard, pointed part of a stem or branch of a woody plant – ¹⁰⁰⁷**weary** very tired or exhausted – ¹⁰⁰⁸**(to) limp** (to) walk with an uneven step, especially with a weak or injured leg – ¹⁰⁰⁹**partially** partly; not completely – ¹⁰¹⁰**unaccountably** in a way that cannot be explained or understood; inexplicably – ¹⁰¹¹**(to) beam** (to) smile with obvious pleasure – ¹⁰¹²**solemn** here: ceremonial – ¹⁰¹³**(to) split** (to) divide fully or partly along a more or less straight line – ¹⁰¹⁴**(to) lodge** (to) become stuck in a place – ¹⁰¹⁵**What matter?** What does it matter? – ¹⁰¹⁶**occupation** here: control – ¹⁰¹⁷**(to) smart** (to) hurt or sting with a sharp pain – ¹⁰¹⁸**(to) brace oneself** (to) prepare or strengthen oneself – ¹⁰¹⁹**conduct** behaviour, way of acting – ¹⁰²⁰**hearse** vehicle for carrying a dead person to the burial – ¹⁰²¹**procession** group of people, vehicles, or objects moving along in an orderly, formal manner – ¹⁰²²**(to) bestow** (to) present as a gift or an honor – ¹⁰²³**ounce** unit of weight (about 28 grams) – ¹⁰²⁴**strains (pl.)** melody – ¹⁰²⁵**bowler** sb. who throws the ball in the game cricket – ¹⁰²⁶**dejectedly** miserably – ¹⁰²⁷**dull** not bright, vivid, or shiny – ¹⁰²⁸**limply** (to) walk lamely, especially with irregularity, as if favoring one leg. – ¹⁰²⁹**(to) impart** (to) communicate, make known – ¹⁰³⁰**lamentation** sadness and grief – ¹⁰³¹**(to) contrive** (to) plan with cleverness – ¹⁰³²**recovery** process of becoming well again after an illness or injury – ¹⁰³³**(to) brew** (to) make beer – ¹⁰³⁴**(to) distill** here: (to) use a chemical process of heating and cooling to produce strong alcoholic drinks – ¹⁰³⁵**incident** event that is either unpleasant or unusual – ¹⁰³⁶**temporarily** for a limited time only; not permanently – ¹⁰³⁷**(to) sprawl** (to) sit or lie with the body and limbs spread out awkwardly – ¹⁰³⁸**excess** the state or act of going beyond normal, sufficient or permitted limits – ¹⁰³⁹**healing** natural process by which the body repairs itself – ¹⁰⁴⁰**a great deal** very much – ¹⁰⁴¹**poultice** piece of cloth covered with a thick, often warm substance, wrapped around an injury to reduce pain or swelling; cataplasm – ¹⁰⁴²**herb** aromatic type of plant used to flavour food or to make medicines – ¹⁰⁴³**lung** either of the two organs in the chest with which people and some animals breathe – ¹⁰⁴⁴**of late** recently – ¹⁰⁴⁵**superannuated** (dated) retired – ¹⁰⁴⁶**for the time being** for a limited time only; not permanently; temporarily – ¹⁰⁴⁷**readjustment** process of changing in order to fit a different situation – ¹⁰⁴⁸**flea** very small blood-sucking insect that jumps instead of flying and lives on the bodies of animals or people – ¹⁰⁴⁹**truth to tell** to tell the truth; speaking frankly and honestly – ¹⁰⁵⁰**(to) fade** (to) disappear gradually – ¹⁰⁵¹**bare** here: just sufficient; simple – ¹⁰⁵²**(to) litter about** (to) give birth – ¹⁰⁵³**piebald** having a pattern of two different colours of hair, especially black and white – ¹⁰⁵⁴**(to) discourage** (to) persuade sb. not to do sth. – ¹⁰⁵⁵**lime** white powdery substance used in building materials and to improve earth for crops – ¹⁰⁵⁶**scrap-iron / scrap iron** iron to be melted again and reworked – ¹⁰⁵⁷**appetising** interesting or attractive, especially because you think it will be good to eat – ¹⁰⁵⁸**wafted** (to) move gently through the air – ¹⁰⁵⁹**(to) disuse** (to) stop using – ¹⁰⁶⁰**tureen** large bowl – ¹⁰⁶¹**hardship** difficult or unpleasant conditions of life – ¹⁰⁶²**(to) bear** (to) tolerate, accept, or endure sth. – ¹⁰⁶³**(to) offset** (to) counterbalance, counteract, or compensate for – ¹⁰⁶⁴**spontaneous** happening naturally, without planning or encouragement – ¹⁰⁶⁵**precinct** area – ¹⁰⁶⁶**caption** title, brief explanation, or comment accompanying an illustration – ¹⁰⁶⁷**recitation** saying a piece of writing aloud from memory – ¹⁰⁶⁸**particular** detail – ¹⁰⁶⁹**devotee** enthusiast, fan – ¹⁰⁷⁰**(to) proclaim** (to) announce sth. publicly or officially – ¹⁰⁷¹**(to) elect** (to) choose or select by vote – ¹⁰⁷²**stratagem** plan or trick to achieve sth. – ¹⁰⁷³**(to) inflict** (to) give or impose sth. unpleasant and unwanted – ¹⁰⁷⁴**strain** here: way – ¹⁰⁷⁵**(to) reason** (to) try to understand or conclude by logical thinking – ¹⁰⁷⁶**attitude** feeling or opinion about sth. or sb. – ¹⁰⁷⁷**contemptuously** shows strong dislike or a lack of respect for sb. or sth. – ¹⁰⁷⁸**gill** measure of liquid (0.142 litres or a quarter of a pint) – ¹⁰⁷⁹**hide** thick tough skin or pelt of a large animal – ¹⁰⁸⁰**haunch** one of the back legs of an animal with four legs – ¹⁰⁸¹**(to) shrink** (to) become smaller – ¹⁰⁸²**(to) pick up** (to) improve in condition or activity – ¹⁰⁸³**vast** extremely big – ¹⁰⁸⁴**glazed** not showing any emotion because you are tired; lacking liveliness – ¹⁰⁸⁵**(to) trickle** (to) flow slowly and without force – ¹⁰⁸⁶**(to) grow** here: (to) become gradually – ¹⁰⁸⁷**distress** feeling of extreme worry, sadness, or pain – ¹⁰⁸⁸**misfortune** unlucky event; bad luck – ¹⁰⁸⁹**veterinary surgeon / vet** doctor for animals – ¹⁰⁹⁰**(to) profess** (to) claim sth. – ¹⁰⁹¹**(to) bray** (to) make the loud noise typical of a donkey – ¹⁰⁹²**(to) chorus** (to) say similar things at the same time (in a group of people) – ¹⁰⁹³**(to) prance** (to) spring forward on the hind legs – ¹⁰⁹⁴**(to) stamp** (to) put a foot down on the ground quickly and hard, making a loud noise, often to show anger – ¹⁰⁹⁵**glue** sticky substance that is used for joining things together permanently, produced from animal bones and skins or by a chemical process – ¹⁰⁹⁶**hides** strong, thick skin of an animal, used for making leather – ¹⁰⁹⁷**kennels (pl.)** place where dogs are kept for the purpose of producing young animals in a controlled way – ¹⁰⁹⁸**(to) whip (up)** (to) strike with a strap or rod; (to) lash – ¹⁰⁹⁹**smart** done quickly with a lot of force or effort – ¹¹⁰⁰**limb** arm or leg of a person or animal – ¹¹⁰¹**canter** movement of a horse that is like a slow

gallop – ¹¹⁰²**matchwood** wood in small pieces or splinters suitable especially for making matches – ¹¹⁰³**alas** used to express sadness or feeling sorry about sth. – ¹¹⁰⁴**faint** not strong or clear – ¹¹⁰⁵**brute** animal, especially a large one – ¹¹⁰⁶**ignorant** not having enough knowledge, understanding, or information about sth. – ¹¹⁰⁷**pace** speed – ¹¹⁰⁸**affecting** causing a strong emotion, especially sadness – ¹¹⁰⁹**sole** only – ¹¹¹⁰**sorrow** feeling of great sadness – ¹¹¹¹**demeanour** way of looking and behaving – ¹¹¹²**(to) dart** (to) quick, sudden movement – ¹¹¹³**suspicious** making you feel that sth. is wrong – ¹¹¹⁴**(to) proceed** (to) continue, go on – ¹¹¹⁵**relieved** happy that something unpleasant has not happened – ¹¹¹⁶**admirable** deserving respect and admiration; excellent – ¹¹¹⁷**oration** formal public speech about a serious subject – ¹¹¹⁸**interment** act of burying a dead body – ¹¹¹⁹**wreath** ring of freshly cut or dried flowers, placed on a memorial – ¹¹²⁰**laurel** small evergreen tree – ¹¹²¹**banquet** large formal meal – ¹¹²²**grocer** person who owns or works in a store selling food – ¹¹²³**crate** box made of wood, especially one divided into parts to hold bottles: – ¹¹²⁴**inebriates** sb. who has drunk too much alcohol or who regularly does this; alcoholic – ¹¹²⁵**rheumy eyes** eyes that have a lot of water in them and are not clear – ¹¹²⁶**morose** unhappy, annoyed, and unwilling to speak or smile – ¹¹²⁷**taciturn** tending not to speak much – ¹¹²⁸**dim** lacking sharpness or clarity; vague – ¹¹²⁹**filial** of a son or daughter – ¹¹³⁰**(to) mill** (to) crush grain into flour or another substance into powder – ¹¹³¹**(to) denounce** to criticize sth. or sb. strongly and publicly – ¹¹³²**frugal** careful to use only as much money, food, etc. as necessary – ¹¹³³**(to) rack one's memory** (to) think try very hard to remember sth. (correctly) – ¹¹³⁴**invariably** always – ¹¹³⁵**insoluble** so difficult that it is impossible to solve – ¹¹³⁶**unalterable** unable to be changed or altered – ¹¹³⁷**(to) swell** (to) become larger and rounder – ¹¹³⁸**imperishable** never becoming weaker with age; enduring permanently – ¹¹³⁹**(to) abandon** (to) give up – ¹¹⁴⁰**(to) humm** (to) make a continuous, low sound with closed lips – ¹¹⁴¹**birch** tree with smooth, often white bark and thin branches – ¹¹⁴²**sapling** young tree – ¹¹⁴³**(to) browse** (to) through sth. to see what is there – ¹¹⁴⁴**pleasant** enjoyable – ¹¹⁴⁵**(to) neigh** (to) long, loud, high call that is produced by a horse when it is excited or frightened – ¹¹⁴⁶**startled** surprised and slightly frightened – ¹¹⁴⁷**bulk** sth. or sb. that is very large – ¹¹⁴⁸**a trifle** slightly – ¹¹⁴⁹**unsteady** not smooth or regular – ¹¹⁵⁰**haughty** very proud; snobbish, arrogant – ¹¹⁵¹**(to) wear off** (to) stop having an effect or influence – ¹¹⁵²**(to) nuzzle** (to) touch, rub, or press sth. or sb. in a gentle and friendly way – ¹¹⁵³**(to) tug** (to) to pull sth. quickly – ¹¹⁵⁴**wireless set** device for communication without wires; walkie-talkie – ¹¹⁵⁵**subscription** amount of money that you pay regularly to receive a product or service – ¹¹⁵⁶**watered** having a wavelike pattern – ¹¹⁵⁷**silk** material for making clothes made from the fine threads produced by certain insect larvae – ¹¹⁵⁸**deputation** group of representatives or delegates – ¹¹⁵⁹**diligently** carefully and using a lot of effort – ¹¹⁶⁰**stricken** (dated) here: affected by sth. overwhelming; hit – ¹¹⁶¹**eminent** here: important – ¹¹⁶²**company** group of people – ¹¹⁶³**jug** container for liquids for holding or pouring liquids that usually has a handle and a narrow opening at the top – ¹¹⁶⁴**mug** large cup with straight sides used for hot drinks – ¹¹⁶⁵**toast** act of raising a glass and drinking in honor of or to the health of a person or thing – ¹¹⁶⁶**incumbent** morally necessary; obligatory – ¹¹⁶⁷**sentiment** thought, view, or attitude, especially one based mainly on emotion instead of reason – ¹¹⁶⁸**proprietor** owner – ¹¹⁶⁹**hostility** warlike or hostile attitude or nature – ¹¹⁷⁰**misgiving** doubt, distrust – ¹¹⁷¹**current** happening or existing at the present time – ¹¹⁷²**unsettling** causing worry or anxiety – ¹¹⁷³**due** here: proper – ¹¹⁷⁴**enquiry** process of asking a question or asking for information about sb. or sth. – ¹¹⁷⁵**licence** here: permission or freedom to do what you want – ¹¹⁷⁶**(to) prevail** here: (to) be widespread or current; exist generally – ¹¹⁷⁷**(to) dispel** (to) remove fears, doubts, or false ideas, usually by proving them wrong or unnecessary – ¹¹⁷⁸**(to) subsist** (to) get enough food or money to stay alive – ¹¹⁷⁹**ought to** should – ¹¹⁸⁰**clash** fight, argument – ¹¹⁸¹**apparent** evident; visible; obvious – ¹¹⁸²**witticism** remark that is both clever and humorous – ¹¹⁸³**(to) choke** – ¹¹⁸⁴**chin** lower part of the face – ¹¹⁸⁵**(to) content with** (to) cope with; (to) manage – ¹¹⁸⁶**bon mot** intelligent and funny remark – ¹¹⁸⁷**(to) pamper** (to) treat with too much kindness and attention – ¹¹⁸⁸**gratified** pleased, satisfied – ¹¹⁸⁹**(to) clink** (to) make a short, ringing sound like that of pieces of glass or metal knocking together – ¹¹⁹⁰**(to) intimate** (to) make clear what you think or want without saying it directly – ¹¹⁹¹**subversive** tending to weaken or destroy an established political system, organization, or authority – ¹¹⁹²**co-operative** done together with others – ¹¹⁹³**enterprise** business organisation – ¹¹⁹⁴**title-deed / title deed** document that states and proves sb.'s legal right to own a piece of land or a building – ¹¹⁹⁵**jointly** together, in partnership – ¹¹⁹⁶**suspicious** belief or idea that something may be true – ¹¹⁹⁷**(to) linger** (to) take a long time to disappear – ¹¹⁹⁸**(to) promote** (to) help sth. become successful – ¹¹⁹⁹**confidence** feeling of trust – ¹²⁰⁰**custom** habit – ¹²⁰¹**(to) suppress** (to) end something by force – ¹²⁰²**henceforward** from now on – ¹²⁰³**brim** the very top of a glass or other container – ¹²⁰⁴**dregs (pl.)** small, solid pieces that sink to the bottom of a liquid – ¹²⁰⁵**(to) flitt** (to) fly or move quickly and lightly – ¹²⁰⁶**(to) melt** (to) turn from sth. solid into sth. soft or liquid – ¹²⁰⁷**denial** statement that sth. is not true or does not exist – ¹²⁰⁸**source** origin – ¹²⁰⁹**ace of spades** high playing card