

Chapter I

Mr. Jones, of the **Manor Farm**¹, locked the hen-houses for the night. But he was very drunk and forgot to shut the **pop-holes**². He took a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery. Then he went to bed, where Mrs. Jones slept.

When the light in the bedroom **went out**³ there was a fluttering in the farm buildings. Old Major, the prize boar, had a strange dream and wished to tell it the other animals. The animals will meet in the big barn when Mr. Jones goes away. Old Major (his real name was Willingdon Beauty) was a very respectable person on the farm. Everyone was ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to listen to him.

At one end of the big barn, on a raised platform, Major had his bed of straw, under a lantern. The lantern hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and was stout. But he was still a mighty pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance. And he had sharp tusks. Soon the other animals began to arrive and sit. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs. They sat down in the straw in front of the platform. The hens sat on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters. The sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud.

The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together. They walked very slowly with great care. Clover was a stout motherly mare. Boxer was an enormous beast. He was nearly eighteen hands high, and he was as strong as two ordinary horses. A white stripe on his nose gave him a stupid appearance. In fact, he was not very intelligent. But he was steady and hard-working.

After the horses came Muriel with Benjamin. Muriel was a white goat, and Benjamin was a donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm. He seldom talked. When he talked, he usually made cynical remarks. For instance, he said:

“God gave him a tail to **keep the flies off**⁴, but I prefer not to have the tail and the flies”.

He never laughed among the animals on the farm. He saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, he was devoted to Boxer. They usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock

¹ **Manor Farm** – ферма «Усадьба»

² **pop-holes** – дыры в стене

³ **went out** – погас

⁴ **to keep the flies off** – отгонять мух

beyond the orchard. They grazed side by side and never spoke to each other.

The two horses lay down. After that some ducklings, which lost their mother, came into the barn. They wandered from side to side to find some place. Clover made a wall round them with her great foreleg. So the ducklings sat down inside it and promptly fell asleep.

Soon came Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap. She chewed some of sugar. She took a place near the front and began to flirt her white mane. She wanted to show her red ribbons.

Last of all came the cat. The cat looked round, as usual, for the warmest place. Finally the cat sat down between Boxer and Clover. There she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech. Actually, she did not listen to a word of his speech.

All the animals were now present except Moses. Moses was the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that everybody was comfortable, he cleared his throat and began:

"Comrades, you heard already about my strange dream last night. But I will talk about that dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you long. I shall die one day. And it is my duty to give you some wisdom. My life was long. I had much time to think about different things in my stall, when I was alone. I think I can say that I understand the nature of life on this earth. And I want to talk about it.

Now, comrades, what is the nature of our life? Look: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. The men give us food only to keep the breath in our bodies. The animals who can work must do it all their lives. When they become weak the men slaughter us with hideous cruelty. Which animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure? Nobody! Which animal in England is free? Nobody! The life of an animal is misery and slavery. This is the plain truth.

But is this the law of nature? Is our land poor and cannot give a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good. It can afford food to many animals, to all of them. Our farm can support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep—and all of them can live in a comfort and a dignity. But we don't even imagine it at the moment. Why do we live in this miserable condition? Because men steal the results of our labour. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. The key is a single word — Man. Man is the only our real enemy. Remove Man from the scene, and the hunger and overwork will leave away.

Man is the only creature that eats and does not do anything. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs. He is very weak and cannot pull the plough. He cannot run fast to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. We work for him all the time, and what do we have? The minimum. Just not to die from hunger. He keeps everything for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it. But who owns more than his bare skin? Nobody. I see cows before me. How many thousands of gallons of milk did the man give you last year? And what happened to that milk which was for the sturdy calves? Every drop of it went away to the throats of our enemies.

I hens too. How many eggs did you produce last year? How many of those eggs became chickens? Nearly all of them went to market to bring in money for Jones and his family. And you, Clover, where are your four foals? Will they be the support and pleasure of your old age? Jones sold them all — you will never see them again! You work for him in the fields all the time, but do you get? Bare rations and a stall?!

And even our miserable lives are not long. As for me, I do not grumble. I am lucky. I am twelve years old. I have four hundred children. But many animals can't escape the cruel knife.

I see young porkers who sit in front of me. Every one of you will die within a year. We all must come to that horror—cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate., Boxer, when your muscles lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker. And the knacker will cut your throat. What about the dogs? When they grow old and toothless, Jones will tie a brick round their necks and drown them in the pond.

It is clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of our life come from the tyranny of men. Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour will be our own! We can become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, to overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades. Rebellion! I do not know when the Rebellion will come, in a week or in a hundred years. But I know, that sooner or later justice will be done. Think of it, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And pass my message to those who come after you. Future generations will fight for freedom, the struggle will be victorious!

And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. Don't go astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest. Never listen when they tell you that that the prosperity of the man is the prosperity of the animals. This is not true. Man serves the interests of himself. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades!"

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. Four large rats crept out of their holes and sat on their hindquarters. They listened to him. The dogs suddenly saw the rats, and tried to catch them. The rats dashed for their holes very fast and saved their lives.

“Comrades,” Major said, “listen to me. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits – are they our friends or our enemies? Let us vote. Let us decide: are rats comrades?”

They voted. The majority said that rats were comrades. Only four animals disagreed: the three dogs and the cat. But afterwards it was discovered that the cat voted on both sides.

Major continued:

“I have something more to say. I merely repeat: remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his decisions. He who goes upon two legs is an enemy. He who goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember also that when we fight against Man, we must not resemble him. Even when you conquer him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise animals. We are all brothers – weak or strong, clever or simple. No animal must kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the future earth when Man vanishes. But it reminded me of something. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows sang an old song. Last night, it came back to me in my dream. And the words of the song also came back. The animals sang these words many years ago, I am certain. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse. But when I teach you, you can sing it better. It is called 'Beasts of England'.

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. He sang well, and it was a wonderful song – something between 'Clementine' and 'La Cucaracha'. Here are the words:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.

Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man will be overthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Will be trod by beasts alone.

Rings will vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur will rust forever,
Cruel whips no more will crack.

Riches more than mind can picture,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,
Clover, beans, and **mangel-wurzels**¹
Will be ours upon that day.

Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer will its waters be,
Sweeter yet will blow its breezes
On the day that sets us free.

For that day we all must labour,
Though we die before it break;
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,
All must toil for freedom's sake.

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken well and spread my tidings
Of the golden future time!

The animals sang this wonderful song and became wild and excited. When Major reached the end, they began to sing it again. Even the stupidest animals sang few words, and the clever animals – pigs and dogs – learned the entire song **by heart**² within a few minutes. And then the whole farm began to sing 'Beasts of England' in tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were very delighted with the song and sang it five times.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones. He sprang out of bed. He was sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and shot six times into the darkness. The pellets flew into the barn and the meeting came to its end hurriedly. Everyone ran to his own sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals were in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep very quickly.

¹ **mangel-wurzels** – кормовая свёкла

² **by heart** – наизусть

Chapter II

Three nights later old Major died peacefully. His body was buried in the orchard.

This was March. During the next three months there was secret activity. Major's speech gave to the more intelligent animals a completely new feeling. When will the Rebellion take place? Maybe not within their own lifetime. But they were sure it was their duty to prepare for it. The pigs began to work on it. Why pigs? The pigs were the cleverest animals there. Especially two young boars – Snowball and Napoleon. Mr. Jones wanted to sell them soon.

Napoleon was a large, fierce Berkshire boar. He was the only Berkshire on the farm. He did not talk much. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon. Snowball liked to talk and was more inventive, but did not have the same depth of character. All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named **Squealer**¹. He had very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker. When he argued some difficult point he skipped from side to side and whisked his tail. It was very persuasive. They said Squealer was able to turn black into white.

These three pigs elaborated Major's words into a system of thought. They named it Animalism. Many nights, when Mr. Jones slept, they organized secret meetings in the barn and expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they saw much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they called "Master". They said "Mr. Jones feeds us. If he goes away, **we shall starve to death**"².

Others asked such questions as "Why must we think what happens after we die?" or "If this Rebellion happens anyway, why work for it?" It was very difficult for the pigs to explain the spirit of Animalism. Mollie, the white mare asked the stupidest questions of all. For example, she asked:

"Will there be sugar after the Rebellion?"

"No," said Snowball firmly. "We can't make sugar on this farm. Besides, you do not need sugar. You will have your oats and hay."

"And will I wear ribbons in my mane?" asked Mollie.

¹ **Squealer** – Визгун

² **we shall starve to death** – мы умрём с голоду

“Comrade,” said Snowball, “those ribbons are the badge of slavery. Do you understand that liberty is more important than ribbons?”

Mollie agreed, but she was not convinced.

The pigs had even more difficulties to counteract the words of Moses, the tame raven. Moses, who was Mr. Jones’s pet, was a spy and a tale-bearer. But he was also a clever talker. He knew of the existence of a mysterious country called **Sugarcandy Mountain**¹. To this country all animals go when they die. It is situated somewhere up in the sky, a little distance beyond the clouds. In Sugarcandy Mountain it was Sunday seven days a week, there was clover all the year round, and lump sugar and linseed cake grew on the hedges. The animals hated Moses because he told tales and did no work. But some of them believed in Sugarcandy Mountain. The pigs knew it was very hard to persuade them that there was no such place.

Their most faithful disciples were the two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover. These two were unable to think at all. But they accepted the pigs as their teachers. They absorbed everything that the pigs told them. These horses retold the principles of Animalism to the other animals. They used simple language. They were the first animals at the secret meetings in the barn which began to sing the hymn ‘Beasts of England’.

The Rebellion took place early and easily. In past years Mr. Jones was a good farmer. But now evil days arrived. He became much disheartened. He lost money in a lawsuit, and became a drunker. He liked to do absolutely nothing in his chair in the kitchen. He liked to read the newspapers, drink and occasionally feed Moses. His workers were idle and dishonest. The fields were full of weeds, the buildings ruined, and the animals were hungry.

June came and the hay was almost ready. On Midsummer’s Eve, which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and did not come back till midday on Sunday. The workers milked the cows in the early morning and then went out. They did not feed the animals. When Mr. Jones came back he immediately went to sleep on the sofa with the newspaper over his face. When evening came, the animals were still hungry. At last they began to protest.

One of the cows broke in the door of the store-shed with her horn. Then all the animals began to eat from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The next moment he and his four men stood with whips in their hands. **This was too much!**²

¹ Sugarcandy Mountain – Леденцовая Гора

² This was too much! – Это было уже слишком!

The hungry animals ran to their tormentors. The animals butted and kicked Jones and his men from all sides. This sudden rebellion of animals frightened the farmer and his workers a lot. Soon the men ran away. A minute later all five of them were in the cart-track that led to the main road. The animals pursued them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window. She saw what happened, hurriedly took a few bags and slipped out of the farm. Moses flapped after her, he croaked loudly. Meanwhile the animals chased Jones and his men on the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. So Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was not his anymore.

For the first few minutes the animals did not believe in their **good fortune**¹. They ran round the boundaries of the farm to see that no man was there. Then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe out the last traces of Jones's reign.

The harness-room at the end of the stables was open. The bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones castrated the pigs and lambs, were all on the ground. The animals threw the reins, the halters, the blinkers and the whips into the fire. All the animals moaned when they saw the whips in flames. Snowball also threw into the fire the ribbons with which the horses' manes and tails were usually decorated on market days.

"Ribbons," he said, "are the man's clothes. All animals must go naked."

Soon the animals destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and gave a double ration of corn to everybody. More over, each dog got two biscuits. Then they sang 'Beasts of England' seven times, and after that they went to sleep peacefully.

But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembered the glorious victory. So they all ran to the pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll. The animals rushed to the top of it. Yes, it was theirs—everything was theirs! In the ecstasy, they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air. They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass. They kicked up clods of the black earth. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm. They surveyed the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. They did not believe their eyes – everything was theirs!

Then they came back to the farm buildings and halted outside the door of the farmhouse. It was their house too, but they were

¹ good fortune – удача

frightened to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon opened the door with their shoulders and the animals entered. They tiptoed from room to room. They were afraid to speak loudly. They gazed with awe at the unbelievable luxury, at the beds with their feather mattresses, the looking-glasses, the horsehair sofa, the carpet, the lithograph of Queen Victoria over the mantelpiece. They came down the stairs and saw Mollie.

They went back and found that she was in the best bedroom. She took a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones's dressing-table. She held it against her shoulder and admired herself in the mirror. The others reproached her. The animals took some hams from the kitchen to bury them. Boxer's hoof kicked the barrel of beer in the scullery. They did not touch anything in the house. The farmhouse will be a museum. No animal must live there.

The animals had their breakfast. Then Snowball and Napoleon called them together again.

"Comrades," said Snowball, "it is half-past six. We have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter."

During the past three months the pigs taught themselves to read and write from an old book which belonged to Mr. Jones's children. Napoleon took the black and white paint and went to the gate. Then Snowball (Snowball was the best writer) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter. He **painted out**¹ MANOR FARM from the top of the gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was the real name of the farm!

After this they went back to the farm buildings. Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder. They set it against the end wall of the big barn. They explained the pigs reduced the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments will now be written on the wall. They will form an unalterable law for all the animals on Animal Farm.

With some difficulty (for it is not easy for a pig to balance himself on a ladder) Snowball climbed up and began to work. Squealer held the **paint-pot**². The Commandments were written on the wall in great white letters:

The Seven Commandments

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
3. No animal must wear clothes.

¹ **painted out** – закрасил

² **paint-pot** – банка с краской

4. No animal must sleep in a bed.
5. No animal must drink alcohol.
6. No animal must kill any other animal.
7. All animals are equal.

It was very good. Except that the word “friend” was written “freind” and one of the “S’s” **was the wrong way round**¹, the spelling was correct. Snowball read it aloud. All the animals nodded in agreement. The cleverer animals began to learn the Commandments by heart.

“Now, comrades,” cried Snowball and threw down the paint-brush, “to the hayfield! Let us work more quickly than Jones and his men!”

But at this moment the three cows began to moo. They were not milked for twenty-four hours. After a little thought, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows successfully. Soon there were five buckets of milk. Many of the animals looked at the buckets with interest.

“What will happen to that milk?” said someone.

“Jones sometimes mixed some of it in our mash,” said one of the hens.

“Don’t think about the milk, comrades!” cried Napoleon and stood in front of the buckets. “The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward, comrades! The hay waits for us!”

So the animals went to the hayfield to begin to work. When they came back in the evening the milk disappeared.

Chapter III

How they toiled and sweated! But their efforts were rewarded. The harvest was even bigger than they hoped.

Sometimes the work was hard. The instruments were for men and not for animals. At first, no animal was able to use any tool. But the pigs were very clever. They found the way. As for the horses, they knew every inch of the field, and understood the business better than Jones and his men.

The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others. They had their superior knowledge, so they were the leaders.

Boxer and Clover harnessed themselves to the cutter or the horse-rake. No bits or reins, of course. Then they and tramped

¹ **was the wrong way round** — было развёрнуто в другую сторону

steadily round and round the field. A pig walked behind and called out "Gee up, comrade!" or "Whoa back, comrade!"

Every animal worked. They turned the hay and gathered it. Even the ducks and hens toiled all day in the sun. They carried tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. In the end they finished the harvest sooner than usually did Jones and his men. Moreover, it was the biggest harvest on the farm. There was no wastage. The hens and ducks with their sharp eyes gathered up every stalk. And nobody on the farm stole anything.

In that summer the work of the farm went like clockwork. The animals were happy. Every mouthful of food was their big pleasure. It was truly their own food. They produced it by themselves and for themselves! The worthless parasitical men are gone, there was more food for everyone. There was more leisure too.

But the animals met with many difficulties. For instance, when they harvested the corn, they treaded it out blew away the chaff with their breath. But the pigs with their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles always helped them. Everybody admired Boxer. He was a hard worker even in Jones's time. Now he worked like three horses. There were days when the entire work of the farm rested on his mighty shoulders. From morning to night he pushed and pulled something. One of the cockerels called him very early in the mornings to start his work. His answer to every problem was "I will work harder!" It was his personal motto.

Everyone worked according to his capacity. The hens and ducks, for instance, saved five bushels of corn at the harvest. They gathered up the stray grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations. The quarrels and jealousy which were normal features of life in the old days almost disappeared. Nobody shirked—or almost nobody.

Mollie, it was true, did not like to get up early in the mornings. She was always ready to leave work early when she saw a stone in her hoof. And the behaviour of the cat was peculiar. When there was work the cat was always absent. She vanished for hours, and then reappeared at meal-times, or in the evening after work. But she always made excellent excuses, and purred affectionately. It was impossible not to believe in her good intentions.

Old Benjamin, the donkey, seemed unchanged since the Rebellion. He did his work slowly as in Jones's time. He never shirked and never volunteered for extra work either. He expressed no opinion about the Rebellion and its results. When the others asked him whether he was happy or not, he said only "Donkeys live a long time. None of you saw dead donkey, right?"

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual. After breakfast there was a ceremony. First came the hoisting of the flag. Snowball found in the harness-room an old green tablecloth of Mrs. Jones's. He painted on it a hoof and a horn in white. This was the flag in the farmhouse garden. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to represent the green fields of England. And the hoof and horn signified the future Republic of the Animals. This Republic will arise when the human race is finally disappeared.

After that all the animals trooped into the big barn for a general assembly. It was called the Meeting. Here they planned the work of the next week and put forward some resolutions. It was always the pigs who put forward the resolutions. The other animals understood how to vote, but they never thought of their own resolutions.

Snowball and Napoleon were the most active in the debates. But these clever pigs were never in agreement. Whatever suggestion either of them made, the other was against it. Even when the animals resolved to set aside the small paddock behind the orchard as a home of rest for the old animals, there was a stormy debate over the correct **retiring age**¹ for each class of animal. The Meeting always ended with the song 'Beasts of England'.

The harness-room was a headquarters for the pigs. Here, in the evenings, they studied necessary arts from books which they brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also organized the other animals into Animal Committees. He was indefatigable at this. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades' Re-education Committee (the object of this was to tame the rats and rabbits), the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and various others. Besides that there were classes in reading and writing.

But these projects were a failure. The attempt to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. If someone treated the wild animals with generosity, they simply took advantage of it. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. One day she sat on a roof and talked to some sparrows. She told them that all animals were now comrades and invited sparrows to come and perch on her paw. But the sparrows kept their distance.

The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate.

¹ **retiring age** — пенсионный возраст

As for the pigs, they read and wrote perfectly. The dogs learned to read fairly well, but were not interested in this art. They read the Seven Commandments only. Muriel, the goat, read better than the dogs, and sometimes read to the others in the evenings from scraps of newspaper which she found on the rubbish heap.

Benjamin read as well as a pig, but never exercised his faculty. He said, this was useless. Clover learned the alphabet, but to put words together was a problem. Boxer knew the first four letters of the alphabet only. He wrote A, B, C, D, in the dust with his great hoof, and then stared at the letters. Sometimes he shook his forelock, and tried to remember what came next. He never succeeded. On several occasions, indeed, he learned E, F, G, H, but he suddenly forgot A, B, C, and D. Finally he decided to be content with the first four letters. He wrote them once or twice every day to refresh his memory.

Mollie learned six letters which spelt her own name. She made these letters from some twigs, and then decorated them with flowers and walked round them.

The other animals on the farm knew the letter A only. And this was enough. The stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and ducks, were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. Snowball offered to reduce the Seven Commandments to a single maxim: "Four legs good, two legs bad." This, he said, contained the essential principle of Animalism. The birds at first objected, since they also had two legs, but Snowball said,

"A bird's wing, comrades, is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. Therefore it is a leg. The mark of man is the HAND, the instrument with which he does all his mischief."

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation. All the humbler animals began to learn the new maxim by heart. Four Legs Good, Two Legs Bad, was inscribed on the end wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger letters. The animals liked this maxim very much. Often as they lay in the field they started to bleat "Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!" for hours.

Napoleon was not interested in Snowball's committees. He said that the education of the young was more important. Jessie and Bluebell gave birth to nine sturdy puppies. Napoleon took them away from their mothers. He will be responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft. It was possible to enter the loft by a ladder from the harness-room only. He kept them there in seclusion and the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

What about the milk? It was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. The early apples ripened, and the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals wanted to share the apples equally. One day, however, they heard an order,

"You must collect all the windfalls and bring them to the harness-room for the pigs!"

At this some of the other animals murmured, but it was no use. All the pigs were in full agreement on this point, even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer made the necessary explanations to the others.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are full of selfishness? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. The object is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (Science proved that, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary for a pig. We pigs are **brainworkers**¹. The whole management and organization of this farm depend on us. Day and night we watch over your welfare. We drink that milk and eat those apples for *your* sake only. Do you know what will happen if we pigs die? Jones will come back! Yes, Jones will come back! Surely, comrades," cried Squealer and skipped from side to side and whisked his tail, "surely there is nobody who wants to see Jones here!"

He was absolutely right. Nobody wanted to see Jones again. So the animals had nothing to say. The pigs' health was obviously very important. So they animals agreed without further argument to reserve the milk and the windfall apples (and also the main crop of apples) for the pigs alone.

Chapter IV

Soon the news of the Animal Farm spread across half the county. Every day Snowball and Napoleon sent out pigeons and instructed them to mingle with the animals on neighbouring farms, to tell them the story of the Rebellion, and to teach them the tune of 'Beasts of England'.

Most of this time Mr. Jones spent in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon. He complained to anyone who listened of the monstrous injustice he suffered. Some stupid animals turned him out of his property. The other farmers listened to him, but they did give him much help. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined Animal Farm did not like each other. One of them, which was called Foxwood, was a large old-fashioned farm,

¹ **brainworkers** – работники интеллектуального труда

with all its pastures and its hedges in a disgraceful condition. Its owner, Mr. Pilkington, was an **easy-going**¹ gentleman farmer who liked to fish or hunt more.

The other farm, which was called Pinchfield, was smaller. Its owner was a Mr. Frederick, a tough, shrewd man. He was perpetually involved in lawsuits. These two disliked each other much. It was difficult for them to come to any agreement.

Nevertheless, the rebellion on Animal Farm frightened them. They wanted to prevent their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they laughed to scorn the idea of animal managers on the farm for themselves. The Manor Farm (they called it the Manor Farm; they hated the name "Animal Farm") will rapidly starve to death, of course. But the time passed and the animals did not evidently starve to death. So Frederick and Pilkington began to talk of the terrible wickedness that flourished on Animal Farm. The animals there practiced cannibalism, tortured one another with horseshoes, and had common females. This was against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, the people did not believe these stories. Rumours of a wonderful farm, where the animals managed their own affairs, continued to circulate. Throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls which were always tractable suddenly became savage. Sheep broke down hedges and devoured the clover. Cows kicked the pail over. Above all, everyone knew the music and even the words of 'Beasts of England'. It spread with astonishing speed. The men did not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they said, "It's ridiculous!"

And yet the song was irrepresible. The blackbirds whistled it in the hedges, the pigeons cooed it in the elms. And when the people listened to it, they secretly trembled.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked, some pigeons alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, entered the five-barred gate and came to the farm. They all carried sticks, except Jones, who marched ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they wanted to attempt the recapture of the farm.

The animals were ready. They made all preparations. Snowball, who studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns (he found it in the farmhouse), was in charge of the defensive operations.

¹ **easy-going** – беспечный

He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

As the men approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons flew over the men's heads and muted upon them. Then the geese rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light manoeuvre. The animals intended to create a little disorder. The men easily drove the geese off with their sticks.

Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward. They prodded and butted the men from every side. Benjamin turned around and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men were too strong for them. The people had their sticks and their heavy boots. Suddenly, Snowball gave a squeal. It was the signal for retreat. All the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They rushed after their enemies. This was Snowball's plan. As soon as the men were inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs suddenly emerged in their rear. Snowball gave the signal. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep was dead.

Snowball flung against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung. He lost his gun. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer. He reared up on his hind legs and stroke out with his great hoofs like a stallion. He pushed a **stable-lad**¹ and stretched him lifeless in the mud.

At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them. The next moment all the animals together began to chase them round and round the yard. Every animal on the farm took vengeance on them. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof onto a cowman's shoulders. She sank her claws in his neck. The cowman yelled horribly. The men were glad to rush out of the yard.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer pawed with his hoof at the stable-lad. The boy lay face down in the mud and did not move.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully. "I forgot that I had iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?"

"No sentimentality, comrade!" cried Snowball from whose wounds the blood still dripped. "War is war. The only good man is a dead man."

¹ **stable-lad** — КОШИОХ

“I don’t want to kill men,” repeated Boxer. His eyes were full of tears.

“Where is Mollie?” exclaimed somebody.

Indeed, where was Mollie? For a moment there was great alarm. In the end, however, they found her. She hid in her stall. Her head buried among the hay in the manger. And when the others came back, the stable-lad, who was only stunned, already recovered and ran away.

The animals now reassembled in the excitement. Everyone recounted his own exploits in the battle. They celebrated the victory! They ran up the flag and sang ‘Beasts of England’. The poor sheep was buried. A hawthorn bush was planted on her grave.

At the graveside Snowball made a little speech. He emphasized the need for all animals to be ready to die for the Animal Farm. The animals decided unanimously to create a **military decoration**¹, “Animal Hero, First Class”. Snowball and Boxer were rewarded. It consisted of a brass medal (an old horse-brass from the harness-room). There was also “Animal Hero, Second Class”: the dead sheep was rewarded posthumously.

The animals named this fight “The Battle of the Cowshed”. The animals set Mr. Jones’s gun at the foot of the Flagstaff to fire it twice a year. October the twelfth was the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed. And Midsummer Day was the anniversary of the Rebellion.

Chapter V

In winter, Mollie became more and more troublesome. She was late for work every morning, and she complained of mysterious pains. But her appetite was excellent. She often ran away from work and went to the drinking pool. There she stood and gazed foolishly at her own reflection in the water. But there were something more serious. One day, when Mollie flirted her long tail and chewed at a stalk of hay, Clover took her aside.

“Mollie,” she said, “I have something very serious to say to you. This morning you looked over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from Foxwood. One of Mr. Pilkington’s men stood on the other side of the hedge. And I saw this—he talked to you and you allowed him to stroke your nose. What does that mean, Mollie?”

“He didn’t! I wasn’t! It isn’t true!” cried Mollie.

¹ **military decoration** — воинская награда

“Mollie! Look at me. Do you give me your word of honour that the man did not stroke your nose?”

“It isn’t true!” repeated Mollie, but she did not look at Clover. The next moment she galloped away into the field.

Clover did not say anything to the others. She went to Mollie’s stall and turned over the straw with her hoof. Clover found a little pile of lump sugar and several bunches of ribbon of different colours under the straw.

Three days later Mollie disappeared. For some weeks nobody saw her. Then the pigeons reported that they saw her on the other side of Willingdon. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart, which was outside a **public-house**¹. A fat red-faced man in breeches and gaiters, probably a **publican**², stroked her nose and fed her with sugar. She had a new coat and she wore a scarlet ribbon round her forelock. She was happy, so the pigeons said. None of the animals ever mentioned Mollie again.

In January there came hard weather. The earth was like iron, and the animals did not work in the fields. They attended meetings in the big barn. The pigs planned out the future work. The pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, will decide all questions of farm policy. But their decisions will be ratified by a majority vote.

This arrangement worked well enough. But the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon! These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them offered to sow a bigger acreage with barley, the other demanded a bigger acreage of oats. If one of them said that a field was just right for cabbages, the other declared that it was useless for anything except roots. There were violent debates between them. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches. But Napoleon was better at intrigues. He was especially successful with the sheep. The sheep often bleated “Four legs good, two legs bad”, and they often interrupted the Meeting with this. They began to bleat “Four legs good, two legs bad” at crucial moments in Snowball’s speeches.

Snowball read some ‘Farmer and Stockbreeder’ magazines which he found in the farmhouse. He was full of plans for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains, silage, and basic slag. He worked out a complicated scheme for all the animals to drop their dung directly in the fields, at a different spot every day, to save the labour of cartage.

¹ **public-house** – таверна

² **publican** – трактирщик