

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
ЗАПОРІЗЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ

К. М. Васирина, В. М. Ємельянова, Н. О. Надточій

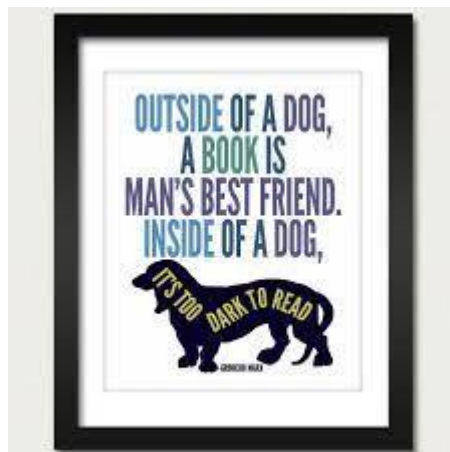
Практичний курс першої іноземної мови (англійської):

Практикум з домашнього читання
для здобувачів ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра спеціальності «Філологія»
освітньо-професійної програми «Мова і література (англійська)»

Abibliophobia:

uh-bib-li-uh-fo-bee-uh

The fear of running
out of reading material.



Запоріжжя
2019

Міністерство освіти і науки України
Запорізький національний університет

К. М. Васирина, В. М. Ємельянова, Н. О. Надточій

ПРАКТИЧНИЙ КУРС ПЕРШОЇ ІНОЗЕМНОЇ МОВИ (АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ)

Практикум з домашнього читання
для здобувачів ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра спеціальності «Філологія»
освітньо-професійної програми «Мова і література (англійська)»

Затверджено
Вченою радою ЗНУ
Протокол № 12 від 18.06.2018 р.

Запоріжжя
2019

УДК: 811.11(076.5)

В 19

Василина К. М. Практичний курс першої іноземної мови (англійської): практикум з домашнього читання для здобувачів ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра спеціальності «Філологія» освітньо-професійної програми «Мова і література (англійська)» / К. М. Василина, В. М. Ємельянова, Н. О. Надточій . – Запоріжжя: Запорізький національний університет, 2019. – 118 с.

Основним призначенням цього видання є розвиток комунікативних навичок, розширення соціокультурної та лінгвокраїнознавчої компетентностей, збагачення словникового запасу студентів шляхом ознайомлення із автентичним текстом роману «Animal Farm» великого англійського письменника Дж. Оруелла.

Практикум містить інформацію про автора, основних персонажів, а також передмову та десять розділів вищезгаданого роману. Кожну із рубрик видання структуровано за єдиною схемою: оригінальний текст супроводжується комплексом вправ та завдань на розвиток різних видів мовно-мовленнєвих компетентностей.

Видання адресоване здобувачам ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра спеціальності «Філологія » освітньо-професійної програми «Мова і література (англійська)». Воно може також бути використане здобувачами ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра, які навчаються за освітньо-професійною програмою «Переклад (англійська мова)», а також студентами факультету іноземної філології, які вивчають англійську мову як другу іноземну, та слухачами мовних курсів.

Рецензент

Г. М. Шмелькова, канд. пед. наук, доц. кафедри ділової комунікації

Відповідальний за випуск

К. М. Ружин, канд. пед. наук, доцент, завідувач кафедри викладання другої іноземної мови

ЗМІСТ

Передмова.....	4
About the Author.....	7
About the Characters.....	12
Preface.....	15
Chapter I.....	21
Chapter II.....	28
Chapter III.....	36
Chapter IV.....	44
Chapter V.....	50
Chapter VI.....	61
Chapter VII.....	72
Chapter VIII.....	82
Chapter IX.....	96
Chapter X.....	105
Література.....	117

ПЕРЕДМОВА

«Практичний курс першої іноземної мови (англійської)» належить до циклу фундаментальних, професійно-орієнтованих дисциплін. Метою вивчення цього курсу є набуття навичок монологічного та діалогічного мовлення, поповнення словникового запасу, розширення соціокультурних та лінгвокраїнознавчих компетентностей.

Основні завдання вивчення дисципліни «Практичний курс першої іноземної мови (англійської)» полягають у тому, щоб розвивати і закріплювати базові вміння і навички використання активного та пасивного лексичного мінімуму з урахуванням попереднього мовного досвіду; поповнювати активний словник, що має розширити комунікативні компетентності студентів; удосконалювати вміння студентів щодо ефективного читання тексту з підручника та поглиблювати навички ознайомлюючого, вивчаючого і пошукового читання; покращувати вміння студентів сприймати текст на слух (з опорою та без опори на друкований текст) та стимулювати активне обговорення сприйнятої інформації в аудиторії; набувати навичок письма з метою підвищення ефективності письмової комунікації; актуалізувати знання практичної граматики у ході побудови монологічного та діалогічного мовлення; логічно структурувати та правильно виконувати словесне оформлення письмового тексту на задану тему; продовжувати роботу над підтриманням правильної вимови та її автоматизації у подальшому; а також закріпити вміння складати розгорнутий монологічний вислів, діалог і бесіду на основі активно засвоєного лексичного, граматичного і фонетичного матеріалу.

Актуальність курсу пояснюється його спрямованістю на підвищення загальної обізнаності студентів, формування філологічних компетенцій взагалі, та лінгвістичних та культурологічних компетентностей зокрема.

У результаті вивчення курсу студент повинен:

Знати:

- вокабуляр з основних тем підручника (мінімум 2700 одиниць);
- прийоми читання оригінальних текстів середньої важкості;
- основні комунікативні стратегії на середньому рівні володіння мовою;
- основні прийоми письмової комунікації.

Уміти:

- розуміти мову співбесідника в безпосередньому спілкуванні у межах засвоєного лексичного і граматичного матеріалу;
- вести бесіду на будь-яку з вивчених програмних тем у нормальному розмовному темпі з правильною вимовою і відповідною інтонацією, адекватно використовуючи лексичний та граматичний матеріал;
- робити повідомлення за темою, прочитаним або прослуханим текстом, описувати картину або фільм;
- інсценувати тексти, складати і драматизувати ситуативні діалоги;

- літературно коректно перекладати навчальні та художні тексти середньої важкості рідною мовою, а також перекладати з рідної мови на англійську окремі тексти з метою тренування перекладацьких навичок;
- читати про себе та розуміти без перекладу неважкий незнайомий оригінальний художній текст і передавати його зміст англійською мовою; правильно і виразно читати вголос нескладний оригінальний текст;
- писати орфографічно правильно в межах активного лексичного мінімуму різні типи текстів: приватний лист, листівку, есе, переказ за прочитаним або прослуханим текстом, фільмом, опис картини.

Вивчення курсу англійської мови у виші передбачає наявність декількох аспектів, кожний з яких покликаний сприяти поглибленому опрацюванню окремих компетентностей. Одним із таких аспектів є «Домашнє читання». Він сприяє подальшому розвитку комунікативних навичок, соціокультурної та лінгвокраїнознавчої компетенції, а також розширенню словникового запасу студентів шляхом ознайомлення із автентичними класичними текстами. При цьому важливим моментом є наявність вправ, котрі супроводжують оригінальний твір та допомагають студентам досягти основної мети курсу. Саме такі вправи до тексту класичного роману «Animal Farm» Дж. Оруелла було розроблено і включено до цього видання, котре адресується здобувачам ступеня вищої освіти бакалавра освітньо-професійної програми «Мова і література (англійська)».

Вибір саме вищезгаданого твору для вивчення на другому курсі був здійснений за декількома критеріями:

-по-перше, тексти класичної літератури надають можливість долучитися до вивчення літературної норми та забезпечують більш свідоме ставлення реципієнтів до культурного спадку країн, мова яких вивчається;

-по-друге, такі знакові тексти як роман Дж. Оруелла «Animal Farm» впливають на формування світоглядних орієнтирів сучасного студента, який має засвоювати уроки історичного минулого для уникнення помилок у майбутньому.

-по-третє, наявність алюзій на певні історичні та культурні реалії у цьому тексті уможливить розвиток інтелектуальної активності майбутніх фахівців з іноземної філології, дозволить розширити їхні інтерпретативні навички та сприятиме формуванню здібностей «обізнаного читача», якими має бути наділений майбутній викладач мови.

Для полегшення сприйняття і засвоєння мовного та соціокультурного матеріалу, який представлено у автентичному тексті роману Дж. Оруелла «Animal Farm», запропоновано систему вправ (фонетичних, лексичних, граматичних, мовленнєвих), які допоможуть скоординувати процес розширення лексичного запасу та соціокультурної компетенції студентів, сформувати вміння ведення грамотної бесіди на матеріалі прочитаного тексту, оформлення власних думок на письмі, а також навичок прискіпливого читання та порівняльного аналізу різних соціокультурних феноменів.

До структури видання включено інформацію про автора, основних

персонажів, а також передмову та десять розділів роману Дж. Оруелла. Кожний із розділів структуровано за єдиною схемою: оригінальний текст супроводжується комплексом вправ та завдань на розвиток різних видів мовно-мовленнєвих компетентностей.

Вправи до розділів носять уніфікований характер і представлені у декількох рубриках:

- “Before Reading” – ці завдання орієнтовані на виявлення фонових знань щодо даного тексту,
- “While Reading” – призначені для відпрацювання лексичного та граматичного матеріалу, репрезентованого у тексті, в обсязі програмних вимог.
- “After Reading” – сфокусовані на активізації комунікативних здібностей студентів, стимулюватимуть до пошуку історичних та культурних алюзій у творах Дж. Оруелла, дозволять студентам розвинути власні креативні здібності, навички оформлення думок як в усній (монологічній та діалогічній), так і у письмовій формах, а також сприятимуть формуванню вмінь здійснення інтермедіального аналізу естетичних явищ.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



GEORGE ORWELL

Orwell wrote literary criticism, poetry, fiction, and polemical journalism. He is best known for the allegorical novella *Animal Farm* (1945) and the dystopian novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949). In 2008, *The Times* ranked him second on a list of "The 50 greatest British writers since 1945".

Orwell's work continues to influence popular and political culture, and the term *Orwellian* – descriptive of totalitarian or authoritarian social practices – has entered the language together with many of his neologisms, including *Big Brother*, *Thought Police*, *Room 101*, *memory hole*, *newspeak*, *doublethink*, *proles*, *unperson*, and *thoughtcrime*.

George Orwell is the pen name of Eric Arthur Blair: essayist, novelist, literary critic, advocate and fighter for political change, and man of contradictions. Blair was born on June 25, 1903, in the Bengal region of Eastern India, which was a British territory. He was the son of Richard Walmesley Blair, a civil servant, and Ida Mabel Blair. George, their only son, was the middle child. He moved to England with his mother and sisters at the age of one. He displayed academic talent from a young age, so his mother took pains to ensure his attendance at a well-known boarding school called St. Cyprian's. His family was neither poor nor wealthy, and Blair attended St. Cyprian's on a scholarship.

Blair excelled academically there but faced many hardships in its puritanical, cutthroat environment. In the autobiographical essay "Such, Such Were the Joys," Blair/Orwell describes the social challenges he endured as a scholarship student among England's wealthy elite. (These challenges would inform his satires of social stratification in his literary works, including *Animal Farm*.) In the essay, he describes his child self with much sympathy and feeling for the child's perspective. Such experiments in empathy prepared him to create *Animal Farm's* brilliantly naive narrator.

Blair's academic prowess continued in secondary school at Eton, a renowned secondary school (more recently famous for Prince William's attendance there). Blair graduated from Eton in 1921. Despite his intelligence, he could not afford to attend college. In 1922, he joined the Indian Imperial Police in Burma. He had spent the first year of his life in a British colony, and this time, he got a thorough experience of

British colonial life and despised what he saw. His experiences made him a champion of the poor and downtrodden, a role in which he would continue for the rest of his life. Moreover, he could not stand the fact that his job put him directly in the position of privileged oppressor. He resigned from the Indian Imperial Police five years later while on leave in England.

Blair/Orwell thus became devoted to the problems of class and government power long before he wrote *Animal Farm*. As Louis Menand writes, "He turned his life into an experiment in classlessness, and the intensity of his commitment to that experiment was the main reason that his friends and colleagues found him a perverse and sometimes exasperating man." To complete his rejection of elitism, Blair lived after the fashion of the poorest Englishers. This included refusing to wear warm clothing in winter or to display table manners. It is questionable whether his destitute lifestyle contributed to his frequent illnesses, but such choices indubitably influenced his written works.

Blair tried his luck in Paris briefly, but found he could not make a living there as a writer. He returned to England in 1929, where he published essays and continued his fascination with and incorporation into the dregs of society. He began to slip into poverty in earnest, so he took a job as a teacher at Frays College. He also secured himself a literary agent. Blair/Orwell published *Down and Out in Paris* in 1932. Before the book's publication, Blair assumed the pen name under which he would become famous. Accounts of why he chose the pen name "George Orwell" vary. Some say the name is deeply symbolic, while others state that it was merely one of a list of names from which he allowed his publishers to choose.

From 1934 on, Orwell thrust himself fully into the writer's arena. He quit his teaching job and moved to Hempstead, a gathering place for young writers at the time, where he worked in a used-book store. He published his first fictional work, *Burmese Days*, in 1934, and followed with *A Clergyman's Daughter* in 1935. Orwell's presence in Hempstead and his interest in the lower class did not go unnoticed. In 1936, the Left Book Club commissioned him to write an account of the destitute state of Northern England. Orwell threw himself into the project, conducting firsthand research in his quest for authenticity. In his travels, he met and married Eileen O'Shaughnessy. The controversial account was published in 1936 under the name *The Road to Wigan Pier*. He published *Aspidistra Flying* in the same year.

Around the time *The Road to Wigan Pier* was published, Orwell took his campaign against elitism and tyranny a step further, volunteering to fight in the Spanish Civil War on the side of the Republicans. He joined POUM, a Trotskyist, revolutionary socialist party that emphasized the need for a working-class uprising and opposed the Spanish Communist Party's belief in collaborating with the middle class. Orwell's experiences in the war, including being shot almost fatally, cemented his hatred of totalitarianism in its many guises. This included Stalinism, against which he held a lifetime grudge. Ironically, Orwell's neck injury very nearly—and literally—robbed the outspoken writer of his voice. However, he did recover, and while doing so Orwell completed a novel, *Coming Up for Air*. Orwell described his social observations of Spain in *Homage to Catalonia*.

In 1940, Orwell and his wife moved to central London, where he worked as a

reviewer. When World War II began, he rose to fight for the cause of freedom again, this time for England. He joined the Home Guard and worked for the BBC to compose and disseminate wartime propaganda. Orwell knew of what he spoke when he skewered propaganda in *Animal Farm* and *1984*. Orwell based his satires not just on hearsay and research but also on personal experience; writing propaganda is said to have made him feel corrupt.

He was also a war correspondent. During wartime, Orwell and his wife adopted a son, but his wife died shortly afterwards. Also during this time, Orwell completed *Animal Farm*, which was published in England in 1945. It was at this point, just when Orwell's personal life was in shambles, that his fame began to grow. The book met with immediate and far-reaching public success, especially since it was so topical.

Orwell continued to write for periodicals while completing his second renowned novel, *1984*. He remarried in 1949, to Sonia Brownell.

Orwell, who was prone to illness, had his career and his life cut short when he died of tuberculosis on January 21, 1950. Orwell's friend, David Astor, saw to it that he was buried in a small county churchyard. Orwell is buried under his birth name. He left a strong literary and political legacy, being one of those artists who influenced not only the literary universe, but also the real world in which he lived. As he wrote in "Politics and the English Language": "In our age there is no such thing as 'keeping out of politics.' All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred and schizophrenia." This statement also illustrates the pessimism for which Orwell was known. Like some other disillusioned people of his generation, Orwell believed that totalitarian governments would inevitably take over the West.

TASKS

I. Read the text aloud and translate it into your native language.

II. Find the following words in the text, translate them and make your own sentences with each word:

- ✓ dystopian novel;
- ✓ to enter the language;
- ✓ neither poor nor wealthy g;
- ✓ to excel academically;
- ✓ renowned secondary school;
- ✓ quest for authenticity;
- ✓ war correspondent;
- ✓ to adopt a child
- ✓ a topical book;
- ✓ to be prone to illness;
- ✓ to cut short;
- ✓ literary universe;
- ✓ pen name;
- ✓ disillusioned people.

III. What do these numbers stand for in the text?

1984; 1945; 50; 1903; 1921; 1922, 1950.

IV. Restore the order of events in G. Orwell's biography:

- 1) He left a strong literary and political legacy;
- 2) Orwell's neck injury very nearly robbed the outspoken writer of his voice;
- 3) Orwell's friend saw to it that he was buried in a small county churchyard;
- 4) He was also a war correspondent;
- 5) His experiences made him a champion of the poor and downtrodden;
- 6) Orwell and his wife moved to central London;
- 7) He displayed academic talent from a young age;
- 8) He turned his life into an experiment in classlessness;
- 9) Orwell threw himself into the project;
- 10) In his travels, he met and married Eileen O'Shaughnessy.

V. Match the beginning and the end of the sentences:

1. In 1940, Orwell and his wife moved to central London,	a) this time for England.
2. He displayed academic talent from a young age,	b) which he would become famous.
3. When World War II began, he rose to fight for the cause of freedom again,	c) where he worked as a reviewer.
4. To complete his rejection of elitism,	d) so his mother took pains to ensure his attendance at a well-known boarding school called St. Cyprian's.
5. Before the book's publication, Blair assumed the pen name under	e) Blair lived after the fashion of the poorest Englishers.

VI. State whether the sentences are true or false according to the text:

- 1) George Orwell was born to a poor family.
- 2) He had spent the first year of his life in a British colony, and this time, he got a thorough experience of British colonial life and enjoyed what he saw.
- 3) He moved to England with his mother and sisters at the age of one.
- 4) George Orwell wrote women's novels.
- 5) During wartime, Orwell and his wife adopted a son, and they three lived happily.
- 6) As he wrote in "Politics and the English Language": "In our age there is no such thing as 'keeping out of politics.'"
- 7) Orwell was full of illusions.

VII. Make up a plan to the above given text in questions, be ready to retell G. Orwell's biography in class.

VIII. Find information about the plot of the following books by George Orwell and present it to the class in the form of oral and graphic presentation:

Nineteen Eighty-Four, Such, Such Were the Joys, Down and Out in Paris, Burmese Days, A Clergyman's Daughter, Homage to Catalonia.

IX. Prepare to talk about George Orwell (his biography, literary works).

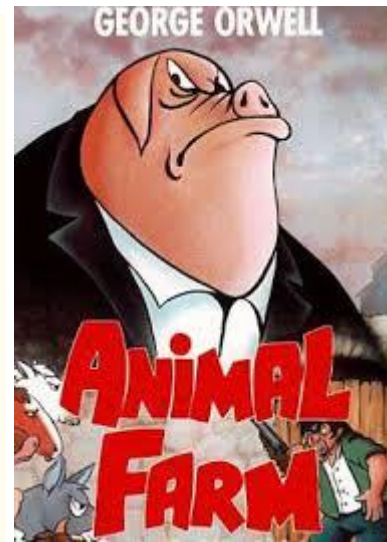
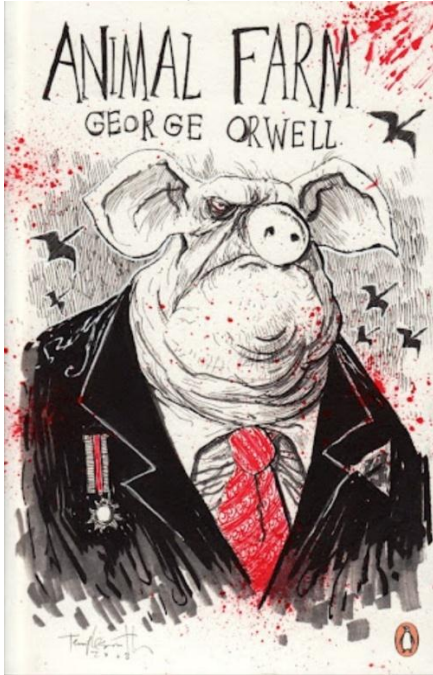
Consider the information of a 2003 BBC Television docudrama George Orwell: A Life in Pictures Full Documentary <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s6txpumkY5I> and a documentary "Круги на воде с Юлией Чернявской. Как стать пророком." <http://news.tut.by/culture/355197.html>

ABOUT THE CHARACTERS

I. You are about to read a story about farm animals that begin running a farm without the help of any humans. Look at different covers of the storybook.

A. What do the covers show?

B. What do you think will happen in the story based on the covers of this book?



II. Identifying animals

1. Read the passage and fill in the missing words from the word selection below:

raised	very	enormous
lantern	small	ordinary
goat	figure	stripe
straw	majestic	themselves
perched	respected	Muriel
behind	Pincher	Before

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of _____ platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a _____ which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a _____-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tushes had never been cut. _____ long the other animals began to arrive and make _____ comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and _____, and then the pigs, who settled down in the _____ immediately in front of the platform. The hens _____ themselves on the windowsills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down _____ the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking _____ slowly and setting down their vast, hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some _____ animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her _____

back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an _____ beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two _____ horses put together. A white _____ down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally _____ for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came _____, the white _____, and Benjamin, the donkey.

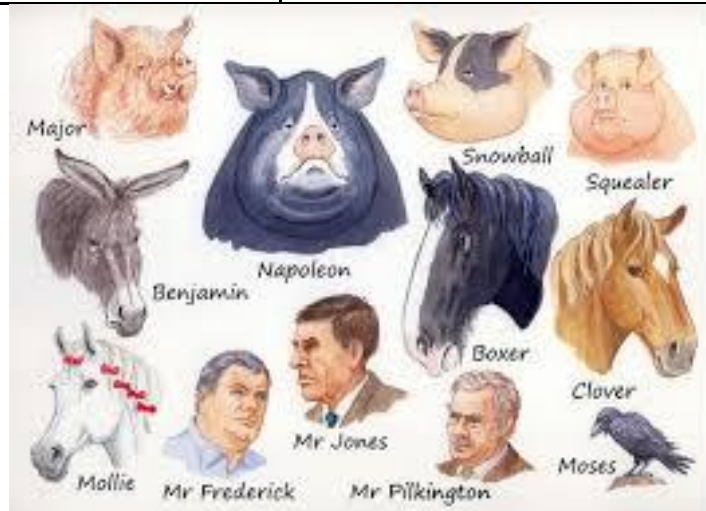
2. Match the pictures of these farm animals with the words at the bottom of this page.

Farm Animal Vocabulary

- | | | | |
|----|---------------------|-----|--------------|
| 1. | Boar _____ | 9. | Sheep _____ |
| 2. | Raven _____ | 10. | Cow _____ |
| 3. | Mare and foal _____ | 11. | Horse _____ |
| 4. | Calf _____ | 12. | Rat _____ |
| 5. | Hen _____ | 13. | Donkey _____ |
| 6. | Sow _____ | 14. | Goat _____ |
| 7. | Dog _____ | 15. | Piglet _____ |
| 8. | Pigeon _____ | 16. | Cat _____ |

3. Track the characters. The major characters in *Animal Farm* are introduced in the first four chapters. As you read, think about the purpose of each of Orwell's characters. Complete the table by noting details that describe each character or by listing key actions of each character. This table will help you keep track of characters in the future chapters.

<i>Character</i>	<i>Characteristics/Actions/Purpose</i>
Old Major	Gets the revolution started, advocates for real change



George Orwell
Preface to 'Kolghosp Tvaryn'
Orwell's Preface to Ukrainian translation of 'Animal Farm'

The Ukrainian translation of *Animal Farm* was intended for Ukrainians living in the camps for Displaced Persons in Germany under British and American administration after World War II. These, as indicated in a letter from the man who organised the translation and distribution, Ihor Szewczenko [Igor Shevchenko], were people who supported the October Revolution and who were determined to defend what had been won, but who had turned against 'the counter-revolutionary Bonapartism of Stalin' and the 'Russian nationalistic exploitation of the Ukrainian people'. They were simple people, peasants and workers, some half-educated, but all of whom read eagerly. For these people he asked Orwell to write a special introduction. The English original has been lost and the version reproduced here is a recasting back into English of the Ukrainian version. Orwell insisted that he receive no royalties for this edition, nor for other translations intended for those too poor to buy them (e.g., editions in Persian and Telugu). Orwell himself paid the production costs of a Russian-language edition printed on thin paper, which was intended for soldiers and others behind the Iron Curtain.

I have been asked to write a preface to the Ukrainian translation of *Animal Farm*. I am aware that I write for readers about whom I know nothing, but also that they too have probably never had the slightest opportunity to know anything about me.

In this preface they will most likely expect me to say something of how *Animal Farm* originated but first I would like to say something about myself and the experiences by which I arrived at my political position.

I was born in India in 1903. My father was an official in the English administration there, and my family was one of those ordinary middle-class families of soldiers, clergymen, government officials, teachers, lawyers, doctors, etc. I was educated at Eton, the most costly and snobbish of the English Public Schools[*]. But I had only got in there by means of a scholarship; otherwise my father could not have afforded to send me to a school of this type.

Shortly after I left school (I wasn't quite twenty years old then) I went to Burma and joined the Indian Imperial Police. This was an armed police, a sort of *gendarmerie* very similar to the Spanish *Guardia Civil* or the *Garde Mobile* in France. I stayed five years in the service. It did not suit me and made me hate imperialism, although at that time nationalist feelings in Burma were not very marked, and relations between the English and the Burmese were not particularly unfriendly. When on leave in England in 1927, I resigned from the service and decided to become a writer: at first without any especial success. In 1928-9 I lived in Paris and wrote short stories and novels that nobody would print (I have since destroyed them all). In the following years I lived mostly from hand to mouth, and

went hungry on several occasions. It was only from 1934 onwards that I was able to live on what I earned from my writing. In the meantime I sometimes lived for months on end amongst the poor and half-criminal elements who inhabit the worst parts of the poorer quarters, or take to the streets, begging and stealing. At that time I associated with them through lack of money, but later then-way of life interested me very much for its own sake. I spent many months (more systematically this time) studying the conditions of the miners in the north of England. Up to 1930 I did not on the whole look upon myself as a Socialist. In fact I had as yet no clearly defined political views. I became pro-Socialist more out of disgust with the way the poorer section of the industrial workers were oppressed and neglected than out of any theoretical admiration for a planned society.

In 1936 I got married. In almost the same week the civil war broke out in Spain. My wife and I both wanted to go to Spain and fight for the Spanish Government. We were ready in six months, as soon as I had finished the book I was writing. In Spain I spent almost six months on the Aragon front until, at Huesca, a Fascist sniper shot me through the throat.

In the early stages of the war foreigners were on the whole unaware of the inner struggles between the various political parties supporting the Government. Through a series of accidents I joined not the International Brigade like the majority of foreigners, but the POUM militia — i.e. the Spanish Trotskyists.

So in the middle of 1937, when the Communists gained control (or partial control) of the Spanish Government and began to hunt down the Trotskyists, we both found ourselves amongst the victims. We were very lucky to get out of Spain alive, and not even to have been arrested once. Many of our friends were shot, and others spent a long time in prison or simply disappeared.

These man-hunts in Spain went on at the same time as the great purges in the USSR and were a sort of supplement to them. In Spain as well as in Russia the nature of the accusations (namely, conspiracy with the Fascists) was the same and as far as Spain was concerned I had every reason to believe that the accusations were false. To experience all this was a valuable object lesson: it taught me how easily totalitarian propaganda can control the opinion of enlightened people in democratic countries.

My wife and I both saw innocent people being thrown into prison merely because they were suspected of unorthodoxy. Yet on our return to England we found numerous sensible and well-informed observers believing the most fantastic accounts of conspiracy, treachery and sabotage which the press reported from the Moscow trials.

And so I understood, more clearly than ever, the negative influence of the Soviet myth upon the western Socialist movement.

And here I must pause to describe my attitude to the Soviet régime.

I have never visited Russia and my knowledge of it consists only of what can be learned by reading books and newspapers. Even if I had the power, I would not wish to interfere in Soviet domestic affairs: I would not condemn Stalin and his associates merely for their barbaric and undemocratic methods. It is quite possible that, even with the best intentions, they could not have acted otherwise under the conditions prevailing there.

But on the other hand it was of the utmost importance to me that people in western Europe should see the Soviet régime for what it really was. Since 1930 I had seen little evidence that the USSR was progressing towards anything that one could truly call Socialism. On the contrary, I was struck by clear signs of its transformation into a hierarchical society, in which the rulers have no more reason to give up their power than any other ruling class. Moreover, the workers and intelligentsia in a country like England cannot understand that the USSR of today is altogether different from what it was in 1917. It is partly that they do not want to understand (i.e. they want to believe that, somewhere, a really Socialist country does actually exist), and partly that, being accustomed to comparative freedom and moderation in public life, totalitarianism is completely incomprehensible to them.

Yet one must remember that England is not completely democratic. It is also a capitalist country with great class privileges and (even now, after a war that has tended to equalise everybody) with great differences in wealth. But nevertheless it is a country in which people have lived together for several hundred years without major conflict, in which the laws are relatively just and official news and statistics can almost invariably be believed, and, last but not least, in which to hold and to voice minority views does not involve any mortal danger. In such an atmosphere the man in the street has no real understanding of things like concentration camps, mass deportations, arrests without trial, press censorship, etc. Everything he reads about a country like the USSR is automatically translated into English terms, and he quite innocently accepts the lies of totalitarian propaganda. Up to 1939, and even later, the majority of English people were incapable of assessing the true nature of the Nazi régime in Germany, and now, with the Soviet régime, they are still to a large extent under the same sort of illusion.

This has caused great harm to the Socialist movement in England, and had serious consequences for English foreign policy. Indeed, in my opinion, nothing has contributed so much to the corruption of the original idea of Socialism as the belief that Russia is a Socialist country and that every act of its rulers must be excused, if not imitated.

And so for the past ten years I have been convinced that the destruction of the Soviet myth was essential if we wanted a revival of the Socialist movement.

On my return from Spain I thought of exposing the Soviet myth in a story that could be easily understood by almost anyone and which could be easily translated into other languages. However, the actual details of the story did not come to me for some time until one day (I was then living in a small village) I saw a little boy, perhaps ten years old, driving a huge cart-horse along a narrow path, whipping it whenever it tried to turn. It struck me that if only such animals became aware of their strength we should have no power over them, and that men exploit animals in much the same way as the rich exploit the proletariat.

I proceeded to analyse Marx's theory from the animals' point of view. To them it was dear that the concept of a class struggle between humans was pure illusion, since whenever it was necessary to exploit animals, all humans united against them: the true struggle is between animals and humans. From this point of departure, it was not difficult to elaborate the story. I did not write it out till 1943, for I was always

engaged on other work which gave me no time; and in the end I included some events, for example the Teheran Conference, which were taking place while I was writing. Thus the main outlines of the story were in my mind over a period of six years before it was actually written.

I do not wish to comment on the work; if it does not speak for itself, it is a failure. But I should like to emphasise two points: first, that although the various episodes are taken from the actual history of the Russian Revolution, they are dealt with schematically and their chronological order is changed; this was necessary for the symmetry of the story. The second point has been missed by most critics, possibly because I did not emphasise it sufficiently. A number of readers may finish the book with the impression that it ends in the complete reconciliation of the pigs and the humans. That was not my intention; on the contrary I meant it to end on a loud note of discord, for I wrote it immediately after the Teheran Conference which everybody thought had established the best possible relations between the USSR and the West. I personally did not believe that such good relations would last long; and, as events have shown, I wasn't far wrong.

I don't know what more I need add. If anyone is interested in personal details, I should add that I am a widower with a son almost three years old, that by profession I am a writer, and that since the beginning of the war I have worked mainly as a journalist.

The periodical to which I contribute most regularly is *Tribune*, a socio-political weekly which represents, generally speaking, the left wing of the Labour Party. The following of my books might most interest the ordinary reader (should any reader of this translation find copies of them): *Burmese Days* (a story about Burma), *Homage to Catalonia* (arising from my experiences in the Spanish Civil War), and *Critical Essays* (essays mainly about contemporary popular English literature and instructive more from the sociological than from the literary point of view).

1947

** These are not public 'national schools', but something quite the opposite: exclusive and expensive residential secondary schools, scattered far apart. Until recently they admitted almost no one but the sons of rich aristocratic families. It was the dream of nouveau riche bankers of the nineteenth century to push their sons into a Public School. At such schools the greatest stress is laid on sport, which forms, so to speak, a lordly, tough and gentlemanly outlook. Among these schools, Eton is particularly famous. Wellington is reported to have said that the victory of Waterloo was decided on the playing fields of Eton. It is not so very long ago that an overwhelming majority of the people who in one way or another ruled England came from the Public Schools. [Orwell's Note]*

TASKS TO THE PREFACE

BEFORE READING

- I. *Find information about the following notions and present it in class:* “camps for the Displaced Persons”, “Iron curtain”, “public school”, “the Teheran Conference”.

WHILE READING

- I. Read the preface, be sure you understand the plot.

- II. Transcribe the following words and phrases, explain their meaning and give their equivalents in your native language, find the sentences with the given words in the text, read them aloud and translate into your native language:

Purge, unorthodoxy, treachery, domestic affairs, associates, mortal danger, elaborate, reconciliation, discord.

- III. Read aloud, translate the following from English into your native language:

Yet one must remember that England is not completely democratic. It is also a capitalist country with great class privileges and (even now, after a war that has tended to equalise everybody) with great differences in wealth. But nevertheless it is a country in which people have lived together for several hundred years without major conflict, in which the laws are relatively just and official news and statistics can almost invariably be believed, and, last but not least, in which to hold and to voice minority views does not involve any mortal danger. In such an atmosphere the man in the street has no real understanding of things like concentration camps, mass deportations, arrests without trial, press censorship, etc. Everything he reads about a country like the USSR is automatically translated into English terms, and he quite innocently accepts the lies of totalitarian propaganda.

- IV. Answer the following questions:

1. Into what languages was Animal Farm translated?
2. Why did Orwell refuse royalties for some editions?
3. What are Orwell's reminiscences of childhood?
4. What are the writer's politics?
5. What is sabotage?
6. What struck the author in the Soviet society after 1930?
7. How does Orwell define totalitarianism?
8. What was a Soviet myth? Why was the author convinced that it should be destroyed?
9. Why were people of the world incapable of assessing the true nature of the Nazi régime in Germany before the beginning of World War II?

AFTER READING

I. Give the general outline of the process of the author's work on the book in 1 minute.

II. Make up a dialogue between a journalist and George Orwell on the basis of the story using the following phrases from the text:

- ✓ to be intended for somebody;
- ✓ to be determined to defend;
- ✓ to read eagerly;
- ✓ to receive royalties for the edition;
- ✓ to arrive at the political position;
- ✓ by means of a scholarship;
- ✓ to stay in the service;
- ✓ to live mostly from hand to mouth;
- ✓ to have clearly defined political views;
- ✓ to find oneself amongst the victims;
- ✓ great purges;
- ✓ false accusations;
- ✓ totalitarian propaganda;
- ✓ to throw into prison;
- ✓ negative influence of the Soviet myth upon the western Socialist movement;
- ✓ Stalin and his associates;
- ✓ barbaric and undemocratic methods;
- ✓ transformation into a hierarchical society;
- ✓ to equalise everybody;
- ✓ to contribute to the corruption of the original idea of Socialism;
- ✓ chronological order.

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 pop-holes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, 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 stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous 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 Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tusches 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 perched themselves 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, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. 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 steadiness of character and tremendous 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 tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark--for instance, 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 admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and

promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch 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 stall, 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, laborious, 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 slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

"But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford 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 is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep--and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce 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 have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished 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 plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare 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 sturdy calves? 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 was sold at a year old--you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, 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 porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of 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 knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

"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 overthrow 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 your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder 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 struggle until it is victorious.

"And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity 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 there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades."

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

"Comrades," he said, "here is a point that must be settled. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits--are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?"

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

"I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his 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 resemble him. Even when you have

conquered him, do not adopt his vices. 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 engage 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 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 vanished. 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 infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. 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 hoarse, 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 was a stirring tune, something between 'Clementine' and 'La Cucaracha'. The words ran:

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 shall be o'erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.

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

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

Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,
Sweeter yet shall 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 singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. 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 preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into '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 so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, 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 seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot into the darkness. The pellets buried themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly. 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.

TASKS TO CHAPTER I

BEFORE READING

- I. **Old Major, the prize boar, has a dream in Chapter I. Read the paragraph below and make predictions about his dream. What will he say? Who will he say it to?**

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals.

- II. **Read, transcribe and translate the following words. Make up 5 sentences of your own.**

pop-holes, lurch, scullery, fluttering, boar, communicate, ensconce, beam, rafter, cud, motherly, hands, graze, file, trod, trap, mince, daintily, mane, contentedly, laborious, slaughter, hideous, abundance, abolish, tills, dung, fertilise, sturdy, hatch, confinement, porker, block, knacker, falter, astray, hindquarters, trotter, dissentient, enmity, tyrannise, sows, clime, hearken, bit, spur, mangel-wurzels, toil, low, whine, bleat, whinny, quack, pellet

WHILE READING

I. Read Chapter 1, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Find the above given words (ex.2 of Before Reading) in the text and translate them in class.

III. Translate the following passage into your native language:

Word had gone round during the day; to be safely out of the way; to be highly regarded; to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear smth; to be ensconced on the bed of straw; to make oneself comfortable after one's fashion; to get the figure back after the fourth foal; to clear the throat; to keep the breath in one's bodies; to work to the last atom of one's strength; the support and pleasure of one's old age; to throw somebody into the wildest excitement; to pick up the tune; let fly a charge.

IV. Explain the grammar of the following sentences:

1. 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.
2. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care *lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw*.
3. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark--for instance, 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.

V. Paraphrase the following sentences using active vocabulary of the text:

1. Mr. Jones stumbled drunkenly to bed after forgetting to secure his farm buildings properly.
2. All the farm animals convene in the big barn to hear a speech by Old Major.
3. Old Major was a pillar of the animal community.
4. The prize boar wanted to impart to the rest of the farm animals a distillation of the wisdom which he had accumulated during his life.
5. Major made himself comfortable on the bed of straw.
6. Animals hardly get enough food during their lives.
7. Major reminds his audience that the ways of man are completely corrupt.
8. The animals began to sing raptly.
9. Mr. Jones thinks that the commotion bespeaks the entry of a fox into the yard and fires a shot into the side of the barn.

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. Where does the action take place?
2. What are the main characters acting in Chapter One?
3. What method of characterization does the author use?
4. What is the height of Boxer? Why is it important?
5. What does Man look like in the eyes of old Major? Describe Man and define traits of Man's character.
6. How many litres does one gallon equal? What is usually measured by the gallons?
7. What are the vices of Man according to Old Major?
8. What means of persuasion did Old Major use in his speech?
9. What animals are the cleverest in Chapter One? How do you know about that?
10. What is the song about? Why did the animals like it?
11. What historical period do the events described in this chapter remind?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

- 1.... he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.
2. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.
3. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished forever.
4. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.
5. 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 engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil.

II. Summarize the speech of Old Major in no more than 10 sentences and reproduce it in class.

III. Learn the song "Beasts of England" by heart (listen to it on youtube channel: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2can9oWxYwQ>) and be ready to reproduce it in class.

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-eminent among the pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious 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 Squealer, with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some difficult point he had a way of skipping from side to side and whisking his tail which was somehow very persuasive. The 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 expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they met with much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the duty of loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as "Master," or made elementary remarks such as "Mr. Jones feeds us. 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 contrary 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 firmly. "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 badge 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 counteract 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 situated 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 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, and the pigs had to argue 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 had great difficulty in thinking anything out for themselves, but having once accepted the pigs as their teachers, they absorbed 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 capable farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days. He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit, 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 crusts of bread soaked in beer. His men were idle and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, 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 rabbiting, 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-shed with her horn and all the animals began to help themselves from the bins. It was 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, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being butted 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 thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them almost out of their wits. After only a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels. A minute later all five of them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road, with the animals pursuing them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening, hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her, croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled, 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 gallop 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 traces of Jones's hated reign. 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 castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the animals capered 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 mark 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 pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs--everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. 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 halted 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 file, walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything. They tiptoed from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with a kind of awe 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 mantelpiece. They were just coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing. Going back, the others found that she had remained 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 reproached her sharply, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen

were taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stove in with a kick from Boxer's hoof, otherwise nothing in the house was touched. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there.

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 harvest. But there is another matter that must be attended to first."

The pigs now revealed 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 heap. 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 knuckles 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 their studies of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. 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 rungs below him holding the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred wall in great white letters that could be read thirty yards away. They ran thus:

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 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.

It was very neatly 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 benefit of the others. All the animals nodded in complete agreement, and the cleverer ones at once began to learn the Commandments by heart.

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

But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy for some time past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders were almost bursting. 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 buckets of frothing creamy milk at which many of the animals looked with considerable interest.

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

"Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash," 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, comrades! The hay is waiting."

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

TASKS TO CHAPTER II

BEFORE READING

I. Based on what has happened in Chapter I, what do you think will happen in Chapter II?

II. With a partner, discuss all of the positive and negative aspects of having a farm run by animals who are all equal. Do you see any problems that may occur? Write down four negative and positive points.

III. Read, transcribe and translate the following words. Make up your own sentences with them.

Bury, pre-eminent, vivacious, porker, nimble, whisk, persuasive, elaborate, expound, stupidity, apathy, mysterious, linseed, disciple, underfed, rabbiting, store-shed, lash, accord, tormentor, butt, maltreat, triumph, flap, expel, caper, gambol, hurl, clod, spinney, inalterable, tarred, udder, frothing, creamy milk.

IV. What are these instruments for?

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| • nose-rings | • blinkers |
| • dog chains | • degrading nosebags |
| • reins | • whips |
| • halters | • bits |

V. What do the following expressions mean? Explain in English and suggest situations for their usage:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| • to have/take the bit in one's teeth; | • to have blinkers/blinders on; |
| • free rein; | • to strap on the old feedbag. |

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Match the words with the following synonyms:

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|---------------|
| 1. uprising | a) hurl | h) toss |
| 2. fling | b) bubble | i) crowd |
| 3. troop | c) horde | j) rich |
| 4. file | d) mutiny | k) buttery |
| 5. creamy | e) foam | l) revolution |
| 6. froth | f) head | m) revolt |
| | g) throw | n) rebellion |

III. Comment on the grammar of the sentences:

1. If he were gone we should starve to death.
2. Why should we care what happens after we are dead?
3. ...the buildings wanted roofing.
4. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up.

IV. Find the following in the text and translate the sentences with the phrases into your native language:

To turn black into white; to be unfailing in the attendance at the secret meetings in the barn; for whole days at a time; to frighten smb. almost out of one's wits; to take to one's heels; to be in full flight down the cart-trace; seven times running from end to end; to make a tour of inspection; to but the door open with the shoulders.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. What effect did Major's speech have on the more intelligent animals?
2. Why were the pigs allotted to teach and organize other animals?
3. What is Animalism?
4. Who refused to accept Animalism? Why?
5. Who was the stupidest animal?
6. How does the question "Will there still be sugar after Rebellion?" characterize Mollie?
7. What is Sugarcandy Mountain? What does it symbolize?
8. Why did Mr. Jones stop being a good farmer?
9. How did the animals banish the people from the farm?
10. How did the animals spend the first day of their free life?
11. What does Orwell mean when he says Squealer can "turn black into white"?
12. How did animals' behavior in the house characterize them?
13. What are the proofs of the fact that the pigs began to slowly take more control than the others?
14. Why did the animals change the name of the farm? Why was it important?

AFTER READING

I. What are these three documents? Compare and contrast them. What do they teach?

A.

1. You shall have no other gods before Me.
2. You shall make no idols.
3. You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain.
4. Keep the Sabbath day holy.
5. Honor your father and your mother.
6. You shall not murder.
7. You shall not commit adultery.
8. You shall not steal.
9. You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.
10. You shall not covet.

B.

1. Devotion to the cause of Communism, love of the socialist Motherland and of the socialist countries.
2. Conscientious labor for the good of society: he who does not work, neither shall he eat.
3. Concern on the part of everyone for the preservation and growth of public property.
4. High sense of public duty; intolerance of actions harmful to the public interest.
5. Collectivism and comradesly mutual assistance: one for all and all for one.
6. Humane relations and mutual respect between individuals: man is to man a friend, a comrade, and a brother.
7. Honesty and truthfulness, moral purity, unpretentiousness and modesty in social and private life.
8. Mutual respect in the family, concern for the upbringing of children.
9. Irreconcilability towards injustice, parasitism, dishonesty, careerism, and profiteering.
10. Friendship and brotherhood among all peoples of the USSR, intolerance of national and racial hatred.
11. Intolerance towards the enemies of communism, peace, and freedom of nations.
12. Fraternal solidarity with the working people of all countries, and with all peoples.

C.

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

II. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion?
2. “Can you not understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?”
3. He was a spy and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker.
4. They had never seen animals behave like this before, and this sudden uprising of creatures whom they were used to thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them almost out of their wits.
5. Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened to go inside.

III. Retell chapter II from the point of view of a participant of the events.

IV. Imagine you were in the same situation as the animals in the book. Think about the rules/laws you would want everyone to follow. Write 5-10 rules. Discuss and compare your rules/laws with a partner.

V. Think about the events that began the Revolution - Jones’ mismanagement of the farm, hungry cows, violence by the human beings - as well as all the thinking, teaching, planning, and organizing that the pigs did. In your opinion would it have been possible for the Revolution to have happened without Animalism?

CHAPTER III

How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in! But their efforts were rewarded, for the harvest was an even bigger success than they had hoped.

Sometimes the work was hard; the implements had been designed for human beings and not for animals, and it was a great drawback that no animal was able to use any tool that involved standing on his hind legs. But the pigs were so clever that they could think of a way round every difficulty. As for the horses, they knew every inch of the field, and in fact understood the business of mowing and raking far better than Jones and his men had ever done. The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others. With their superior knowledge it was natural that they should assume the leadership. Boxer and Clover would harness themselves to the cutter or the horse-rake (no bits or reins were needed in these days, of course) and tramp steadily round and round the field with a pig walking behind and calling out "Gee up, comrade!" or "Whoa back, comrade!" as the case might be. And every animal down to the humblest worked at turning the hay and gathering it. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro all day in the sun, carrying tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. In the end they finished the harvest in two 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 wastage whatever; the hens and ducks with their sharp eyes had gathered up the very last stalk. 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 conceived it possible to be. Every mouthful of food was an acute positive pleasure, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves, not doled out to them by a grudging master. With the worthless parasitical 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 tread it out in the ancient style and blow away the chaff with their breath, since the farm possessed no threshing machine--but the pigs with their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles always pulled them through. Boxer was the 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 entire work of the farm seemed to rest on his mighty shoulders. From morning to night he was pushing and pulling, always at the spot where the work was hardest. He had made an arrangement with one of the cockerels to call him in the mornings half an hour earlier than anyone else, and would put in some volunteer labour at whatever seemed to be most needed, before the regular day's work began. His answer to every problem, every setback, was "I will work harder!"--which he had adopted as his personal motto.

But everyone worked according to his capacity. The hens and ducks, for instance, saved five bushels of corn at the harvest by gathering up the stray grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the quarrelling and biting and

jealousy which had been normal features of life in the old days had almost disappeared. Nobody shirked--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 peculiar. 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 affectionately, that it was impossible not to believe in her good intentions. Old Benjamin, the donkey, seemed quite unchanged since the Rebellion. He did his work in the same slow obstinate 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 cryptic answer.

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 hoisting 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 up the flagstaff 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 signified the future Republic of the Animals which would arise when the human race had been finally overthrown. After the hoisting of the flag all the animals trooped 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 them made, the other could be counted on to oppose it. Even when it was resolved--a thing no one could object 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 retiring age for each class of animal. The Meeting always ended with the singing of 'Beasts of England', and the afternoon was given up to recreation.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other necessary arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also busied himself with organising the other animals into what he called 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 instituting classes in reading and writing. On the whole, these projects were a failure. The attempt to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. They continued to behave very much as before, and when treated with generosity, simply took advantage 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 sparrows 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.

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

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 scraps of newspaper which she found on the rubbish heap. Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never exercised his faculty. 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 trace 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 forelock, 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 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 refused to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. She would form these very neatly out of pieces of twig, 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 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 thoroughly 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 proved to them that this was not so.

"A bird's wing, comrades," he said, "is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of man is the HAND, the instrument with which he does all his mischief."

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation, and all the humbler animals set to work to learn the new maxim by heart. **FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD**, was inscribed on the end wall 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 maxim, 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 whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as

they were weaned, 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 seclusion 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 apples were now ripening, and the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had assumed as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally; one day, however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. 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 was sent to make the necessary explanations to the others.

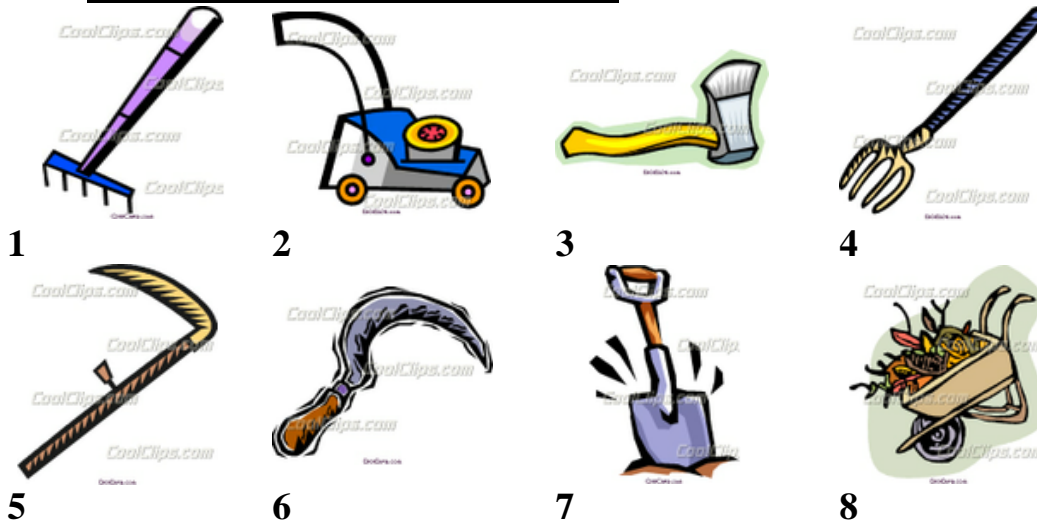
"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brainworkers. 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 happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades," cried Squealer almost pleadingly, 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 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.

TASKS TO CHAPTER III

BEFORE READING

I. Give the names of the tools below



II. Match the pictures 1-5 with their descriptions A-E:



1

A good tree pruning saw will cut up to 3 inch branches and is ideal for close in pruning. Blades are either curved or straight. Curved blades offer greater cutting speed with less effort and are easier for overhead branches.

A



2

A garden trowel is a must have tool because it can perform lots of essential tasks. From digging out weeds to making holes for new plants or bulbs this is a tool that should be on any basic garden tool list.

B



3

The garden spade is one of the most basic but essential tools a gardener can have. It is very versatile and can be used for digging, cutting, reshaping or for planting and cultivating and moving small amounts of earth.

C



4

The Dutch hoe or push hoe is ideal for weeding between vegetable rows or plants that are spaced apart. A wide single cutting edge at the front of the hoe is pushed forward under the soil surface and severs the plant from its root.

D



5

If there are seed beds to prepare, or soil to level, then invest in a soil rake. As well as soil preparation, they are great for clearing weeds after hoeing and removing debris and stones from borders and beds.

E

III. Match the words with their definitions:

1. implement - n.	a. a tool or instrument used in doing work
2. welfare - n.	b. to give out sparingly or in small quantities
3. resolution - n.	c. a brief statement expressing the guiding principles of a person or organisation
4. motto - n.	d. possible solution to a problem, voted on by an organisation
5. maxim - n.	e. an expression, usually a general truth or principle
6. dole out - v.	f. to be hidden, in secret, not easily seen an individual's health and well-being
7. seclusion - n.	

IV. Explain the meaning of the following expressions in English, translate them into Ukrainian and use in the sentences of your own:

Sisypean toil, slave and toil to earn one's living, son of toil, sweat and toil, to be at rest from toil, toil like a galley slave, toil way, back-breaking toil, return to daily toil, hellish toil, toil-worn, to go like clockwork, to dole out to smb., to tread smth. out, in the ancient style, to rest on one's mighty shoulders, to work according to one's capacity.

V. Think about the following: At the end of Chapter II, the animals have freed themselves from Mr. Jones and his men. Now they must take care of themselves. What kinds of decisions do you think they will have to make? What will the animals do?

VI. Interpret in English the idea expressed in the poem by a Byelorussian poet. What types of agricultural labour are mentioned here? What implements are needed to carry them out?



ІГОР ШКЛЯРЕВСЬКИЙ

<p><i>Скарга щасця</i> Рукі баляць! Ногі баляць! Канюшыну скасілі. Жыта даспела. Жыта дажалі. Сад абіраць. Глянеш, а грэчка пачырванела. Грэчку сабралі. Лён царабіць. Лён пасушылі. Сена вазіць. Сена дагрэблі. Бульбу капаць. Выбралі бульбу. Кныра смаліць. Дровы сячы. Журавіны мачыць. Вуллі здымаць. Сад ацяпляць. Рукі баляць. Ногі баляць!</p>	<p><i>Жалоба счасця</i> Руки болят! Ноги болят! Клевер скосили. Жито поспело. Жито собрали. Сад убирать. Глянешь, а греча уже покраснела. Гречу убрали. Лен колотить. Лен посушили. Сено возить. Сено сметали. Бульбу копать. Бульбу вскопали. Хряка смолить. Клюкву мочить. ДрОвы возить. Ульи снимают. Сад утепляют. Руки болят! Ноги болят!</p>
---	---

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Transcribe and translate the words, find and translate them in the sentences from the text:

Toil, implement, hind legs, mow, rake, supervise, assume, cutter, horse-rake, tramp, gee up, whoa back, to and fro, wisp, beak, wastage, stalk, conceive, grudging, chaff, cockerel, bushel, shirk, mischief, maxim, whelp, wean, windfalls.

III. Answer the questions:

1. Who was Sisyphus?
2. Whom do we call an indefatigable person?
3. Investigate the meaning of the contractions “лікбез”, “комбід”, “рабкрін.” In what way are they connected to the text?
4. Were all the animals equal in their back-breaking toil?
5. Why did nobody shirk--or almost nobody?
6. What is blacksmithing and carpentering?
7. What do the interjections *gee up*, *whoa back* mean?
8. What is Boxer's motto?
9. What did the animals do every Sunday morning?
10. How did different animals study? Were all of them literate?
11. Why did they have to reduce commandments to only seven ones?
12. Who did the harvest for the animals?
13. What reason did Squealer give for the pigs' taking all the apples and milk?
14. What does Snowball make the central tenet of Animalism?
15. What further examples of the difference between the pigs and the other animals occur in this chapter?
16. What shows that there are already problems in the leadership of the new government?
17. Considering the pigs are in charge, do you think it is fair that only the pigs are allowed to drink the milk produced? Why or why not?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others.
2. Every mouthful of food was an acute positive pleasure, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves, not doled out to them by a grudging master.
3. But everyone worked according to his capacity
4. 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.
5. It is for YOUR sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples.

II. Characterize these animals by quotations from the text:

- Pigs;
- Boxer;
- Ducks and hens;
- Mollie;
- Benjamin;
- Snowball;
- Napoleon;
- Muriel;
- Clover;
- Sheep;
- Jessie and Bluebell;
- Squealer

III. What are the following implements for?

Threshing machine, garden fork, cutter, horse-rake, mowing machine

IV. Retell the story from the perspective of one of the characters from the chapter in 2 minutes, use as many words from the text as possible.

V. Discuss your ideas with your fellow-students: Think about the essential functions of government needed for a society to be successful. The word “function” can be thought of as job. Examples could be: Making sure that police officers are honest, teachers are well-trained, etc.

VI. Fill in the table: Now think of how your community functions and how the government works. Use this information and compare it to Animal Farm using the table below. There are a number of different categories to fill in. A few examples have been given for you to get started.

Functions of Government	How does my community try to accomplish this function?	Examples in Animal Farm	Why does this function develop at this particular point in the story?
Economics			
Leadership Ideology	Teaching values, how to treat one another, etc.	Old Major’s dream, the concept of Animalism	Need to convince animals of the need to rebel against Jones. Need to unify the members of Animal Farm into one community.
Education Law	Build schools, pay teachers, diplomas, exams	Teaching animals to read, teaching animals the Seven Commandments	
Security			
Other			

CHAPTER IV

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 flights of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle with the animals on neighbouring farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them the tune of 'Beasts of England'.

Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by a pack of good-for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathised 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 misfortune to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined Animal Farm were on permanently bad terms. One of them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected, old-fashioned farm, much overgrown by woodland, with all its pastures worn out and its hedges in a disgraceful condition. 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, shrewd man, perpetually involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard bargains. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests.

Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they pretended to laugh to scorn the idea of animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a fortnight, they said. They put it about that the animals on the Manor Farm (they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name "Animal Farm") were perpetually fighting among themselves and were also rapidly starving to death. When time passed and the animals had evidently not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their tune and began to talk of the terrible wickedness that now flourished on Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised cannibalism, tortured one another with red-hot horseshoes, and had their females in common. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, these stories were never fully believed. Rumours of a wonderful farm, where the human beings had been turned out and the animals managed their own affairs, continued to circulate in vague and distorted forms, and throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls which had always been tractable suddenly turned savage, sheep broke down hedges and devoured the clover, cows kicked the pail over, hunters refused their fences and shot their riders on to the other side. Above all, the tune and even the words of 'Beasts of England' were known everywhere. It had spread with astonishing speed. The human beings could not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they pretended to think it merely ridiculous. They could not understand, they said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible rubbish. Any animal caught singing it was given a flogging on the spot. And yet the song was irrepressible. The blackbirds

whistled it in the hedges, the pigeons cooed it in the elms, it got into the din of the smithies and the tune of the church bells. And when the human beings listened to it, they secretly trembled, hearing in it a prophecy of their future doom.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and 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, 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 recapture 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 of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men's heads and rained upon them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, 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 head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned around and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which 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 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 ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant, Snowball flung his fifteen stone 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 up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance 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 for the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

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

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

"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?" exclaimed somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was feared that the men might have harmed her 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 manger. She had taken to flight 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 stunned, had already recovered and made off.

The animals had now reassembled in the wildest excitement, each recounting his own exploits in the battle at the top of his voice. An impromptu 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 solemn funeral, a hawthorn bush being planted on her grave. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising 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 conferred there and then on Snowball and Boxer. It consisted of a brass medal (they were really some old horse-brasses 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 posthumously 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 sprung. Mr. Jones's gun had been found lying in the mud, and it was known that there was a supply of cartridges in the farmhouse. It was decided to set the gun up at the foot of the Flagstaff, like a piece of artillery, and to fire it twice a year--once on October the twelfth, the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed, and once on Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion.

TASKS TO CHAPTER IV

BEFORE READING

I. Match the words with their definitions:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. anniversary - n. | a. to run away |
| 2. charge - v. | b. a surprise attack |
| 3. military decoration - n. | c. to run directly at someone in order to make an attack |
| 4. cowshed - n. | d. an entrance, especially of an armed force, as if to take over |
| 5. retreat- v. | e. an adventure or exciting story |
| 6. invasion - n. | f. a medal given as an award, usually pinned on a uniform, in honor of special bravery or success |
| 7. exploit - n. | g. a celebration that happens at regular intervals to remember an important event |
| 8. rebelliousness - n. | h. a shelter for cows |
| 9. ambush - n. | i. the attitude of wanting to make a revolution, or general disobedience |

II. Looking again at the list of words above, what do you think will happen in Chapter IV? Who will be involved?

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Translate and practice the pronunciation of the following. Make up a story crammed to capacity with the words:

Mingle, good-for-nothing, worn out, shrewd, vague, distort, tractable, devour, contemptible, flog, irrepressible, blackbirds, coo, elm, din, smithy, stack, whirl, alight, recapture, be in charge of, to and fro, muted, from mid-air, viciously, calves, skirmishing manoeuvre, launch, prod, hobnail, ambush, hurled, iron-shod, stable-lad, gore, trample, vengeance, make a bolt for, ignominious, dripping, manger, stun, exploit, impromptu, hawthorn, unanimously, confer, posthumously, cowshed.

III. Evaluate on the grammar of the sentences:

1. ...the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasizing the need for all animals to be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.
2. Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by a pack of good-for-nothing animals.

3. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired.
4. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion.

IV. Translate into English:

між господарями обох ферм, що межують із оборами, не припинялися чвари; спочатку вони просто насміхалися над тваринами; на початку жовтня зібрали, заскиртовали й почали обмолочувати пшеницю; в Англії не залишилося жодного місця, де б не знали мелодії та й слів «Тварини Англії», її насвистували дрозди на огорожах, цвірінькали горобці на гілках в'язів, вибивали молоти ковалів, видзвонювали церковні дзвони; але це був лише відволікаючий маневр; заснувати нагороду за бойові заслуги; двічі на рік відзначати залпом річницю Бою під корівником.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Mr. Jones spend his time? What did the other farmers think of him?
2. How did human beings respond to the animals singing "Beasts of England"?
3. What do you know about the hedges of England?
4. What were animals everywhere doing in solidarity with the animals of Animal Farm?
5. Why would Frederick and Pilkington be threatened by Animal Farm? How did they try to prevent animal rebellion on their own farms?
6. What kind of organization did the animals have?
7. Where did Snowball learn strategies of warfare?
8. Who died in the Battle of the Cowshed?
9. What do the animals do to celebrate their victory?
10. What did Boxer feel when he thought he killed a farmhand?
11. How did the outer world try to distract other animal farms from the idea of Animalism?

AFTER READING

I. Explain the meaning of the expressions, translate them. Use them in situations or dialogues:

turn out of property, turn misfortune to one's own advantage, expect an elm-tree to yield pears, the shrewd will be tamed, http://www.multitran.ru/c/m.exe?t=7187838_1_2&s1=My%20head%20is%20in%20a%20whirl, flog to death, flog a dead horse, dog in the manger, be stunned by surprise.

II. Define whether the statements are true or false according to the text:

1. The other farmers were really good friends with Mr. Jones and wanted to help him.
2. The animals were surprised by the humans' attack.
3. Snowball commanded the animals in battle.
4. The stable lad was killed by Boxer.

III. Discuss the following: At the end of Chapter IV, the animals decide to fire Mr. Jones' gun twice a year to celebrate the anniversaries of the Battle of the Cowshed and the Rebellion. In your culture, are there any celebrations that are similar to these anniversaries? How are they important to your culture?

IV. Give your opinion on the following: Who would you say is/are the hero/heroes of the battle? Why?

V. Read the following quotations from after the Battle of the Cowshed and compare Snowball's and Boxer's reactions. What does this say about their characters?

"I have no wish to take life, not even human life," repeated Boxer, and his eyes were full of tears."

"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."

VI. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests.
2. They could not understand, they said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible rubbish.
3. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations.
4. "War is war. The only good human being is a dead one."
5. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising the need for all animals to be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.

VII. Retell the story in 1 minute, use as many words from the text as possible.

VIII. Battle Log

The animals recognize the Battle of the Cowshed as a pivotal moment in the Revolution. What effects did the battle have on the animals, individually and as a group? On your own, write a short battle log describing the events and evaluate the animals' behavior. Share your battle log with a partner and compare your evaluations of the events and their effects.

IX. Role-play: While addressing a serious topic on one level, the plot of *Animal Farm*, when taken literally, is also an amusing story. Divide Chapters I through IV among the members of your group. Identify passages or scenes you find funny or amusing. Briefly role-play these scenes and then discuss how Orwell creates humor. Present one or two of your scenes to the rest of the class.

CHAPTER V

As winter drew on, Mollie became more and more troublesome. 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 excellent. On every kind of pretext 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 strolled blithely 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 prance 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 struck 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 Willingdon. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart painted red and black, which was standing outside a public-house. A fat red-faced man in check breeches and gaiters, who looked like a publican, was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar. Her coat was newly clipped and she wore a scarlet 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 occupied themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing a bigger acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots. 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 canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of

late 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 to break into "Four legs good, two legs bad" at crucial moments in Snowball's speeches. Snowball had made a close study of some back numbers of the 'Farmer and Stockbreeder' which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains, silage, and basic slag, and had 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. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball's would come to nothing, and seemed to be biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

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 saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangelslicer, 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 up pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved 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 Bricklayer', and 'Electricity for Beginners'. Snowball used as his study a shed which had once been used for incubators and had a smooth wooden floor, suitable for drawing on. He was closeted there for hours at a time. With his books held open by a stone, and with a piece of chalk gripped between the knuckles of his trotter, he would move rapidly to and fro, drawing in line after line and uttering little whimpers of excitement. Gradually the plans grew into a complicated mass of cranks and cog-wheels, covering more than half the floor, which the other animals found completely unintelligible but very impressive. All of them came to look at Snowball's drawings at least once a day. Even the hens and ducks came, and were at pains not to tread on the chalk marks. Only Napoleon held aloof. 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 contemplating them out of the corner of his eye; then suddenly he lifted his leg, urinated over the plans, and walked out without uttering a word.

The whole farm was deeply divided on the subject of the windmill. Snowball did not deny that to build it would be a difficult business. Stone would have to be carried 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 procured, Snowball did not say.) But he maintained 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 increase food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death. The animals formed themselves into two factions under the slogan, "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 plentiful or that the windmill would save 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 defeated in the Battle of the Cowshed they might make another and more determined attempt to recapture the farm and reinstate 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 restive than ever. As usual, Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms. The one argued that if they could not defend themselves they were bound to be 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 advocating 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 indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating again, broke into a passionate appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a moment Snowball's eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals' backs. His imagination had now run far beyond chaff-cutters and turnip-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 doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong 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 baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for

Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed 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 gaining 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 spurt 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 reared 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 wagged 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 on to the raised portion 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, presided 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 receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball's expulsion had given them, the animals were dismayed 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 marshal his thoughts; but in the end he could not think of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more articulate. Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of disapproval, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep, menacing growls, 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 appreciates the sacrifice 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 firmly 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 moonshine 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 obedience 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 exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword 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, voiced 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 broken 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 off 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 disinterred from the orchard and set up on a stump at the foot of the flagstaff, beside the gun. After the hoisting of the flag, the animals were required to file past the skull in a reverent 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 gift for composing songs and poems, sat on the front of the raised platform, with the nine young dogs forming a semicircle round them, and the other pigs sitting behind. 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 gruff soldierly style, and after a single singing of 'Beasts of England', all the animals dispersed.

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 opposed 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 sly. That, he said, was Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He had SEEMED to oppose the windmill, simply as a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go forward without

his interference. This, said Squealer, was something called tactics. He repeated a number of times, "Tactics, comrades, tactics!" skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry 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 threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.

TASKS TO CHAPTER V

BEFORE READING

I. Match the words with their definitions. Make up 5 sentences.

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1. faction - n. | a. a large machine that uses wind to generate power |
| 2. urinate - v. | b. to hide oneself in seclusion, often to perform a task in solitude |
| 3. scheme - n. | c. a plan |
| 4. closet - v. | d. to pee |
| 5. assume - v. | e. a small group with beliefs of interests that are different than the larger group |
| 6. tactic - n. | f. specific amount of food given out |
| 7. ration - n. | g. to accept as true without thinking |
| 8. protest - v. | h. the ability to speak persuasively or expressively |
| 9. windmill - n. | i. to express strong disapproval or disagreement |
| 10. eloquence - n. | j. to be against something |
| 11. oppose - v. | k. a method or action used to achieve a short-term goal |

II. Predict on the following: In Chapter IV, Napoleon takes some puppies away from the farm area. What do you think will become of these puppies? What do you believe they may be used for?

III. Track the hidden meaning: Orwell's characters use language to communicate hidden meanings. Sometimes Orwell hints that language should be carefully questioned, other times it's up to the reader to notice. As you read Chapters V through VII, complete the table by filling in some examples of manipulative communication. Then state what you think the language really means. Use as many boxes as you need. You may paraphrase the passages from the text.

<i>The Words</i>	<i>What They Really Mean</i>
In the future, all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs presided over by himself.	Napoleon is going to make all the decisions.
"No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make	

<p>decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where would you all be?"</p>	

IV. What are these pictures? Comment on them.



WHILE READING

- I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.**
- II. Explain the meaning of the following:**
 To be at pains not to do smth., with one's moonshine of windmills, in a reverent manner, gruff soldierly style.
- III. Transcribe and translate the following. Find the phrases in the text and translate the sentences into your native language.**
 To draw on, pretext, blithely, to stroke, to prance about, to paw, to look smb. in the face, to gallop away, to take to one's heels, hoof, shafts, breeches, gaiters, publican, to stroke, clipped, forelock, to ratify, acreage, barley, roots, to canvass, liable, learnedly, drains, silage, basic slag, cartage, to bide one's time, dynamo, mangel-slicer, to conjure up, closeted, cranks, cog-wheels, aloof, to contemplate, to procure, faction, to side with smb., to reinstate, restive, procure, to be bound to smth., to set forth, to advocate, eloquence, glowing sentences, sordid, harrows, rollers, reapers, binders, whimper, baying, brass-

studded, snapping jaws, to be close on one's heels, to gain on smb., to close one's jaws on smth., to whisk smth. free, spurt, expulsion, to marshal, menacing growls, arrangement, watchword, to disinter, to disperse.

IV. Find in the text of chapter V the equivalents of the following. Make up 5 short situations.

Ставати нестерпним, запізнюватися на роботу, водопій, приглядатися до власного відзеркалення у воді, приваландатися весело на подвір'я, один з наймитів пана Пількінгтона, дати слово честі, місце перебування, червонопика людина у картатих штанях і гетрах, схожа на корчмаря, залучити більшість на свій бік блискучими промовами, коли треба й коли нетреба, меліорація, консервування зеленої маси, штучні добрива, складна схема складання гною безпосередньо в полі, забезпечувати колгосп електричною енергією, освітлювати й обігрівати стайні, удосконалювати свій розум читанням та розмовами, триматися віддалік, розколотися на дві фракції.

V. Evaluate on the grammar of the following:

1. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon.
2. With his books held open by a stone, and with a piece of chalk gripped between the knuckles of his trotter, he would move rapidly to and fro, drawing in line after line and uttering little whimpers of excitement.
3. Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his speech.

VI. Translate the following into your native language in writing:

"Comrades," he said, "I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice 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 firmly 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 moonshine 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 obedience 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 exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today. One false step, and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?"

VII. Answer the following questions:

1. What happened to Mollie?
2. What was the weather like in January?
3. What kind of disagreement did there appear between Snowball and Napoleon?
4. What was the plan of the windmill like? What were the arguments pro and contra its erection?
5. How does Napoleon exert his power?
6. What did Napoleon want to express by urinating over the plans?
7. Why did the animals find themselves in agreement with the one who was speaking at the moment?
8. Why did Napoleon stop all the meetings at once?
9. What animal freedoms and rights were preserved?
10. What does 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, symbolize?
11. Is iron discipline good?

AFTER READING

I. Define whether the statements are true or false according to the text.

1. The animals supported Napoleon's announcement that Sunday meetings would be canceled.
2. The chapter begins in winter and ends in spring.
3. At the end of the chapter, Napoleon will continue with the plans to build the windmill.
4. Squealer tells the animals that the windmill was actually Napoleon's idea.

II. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. Hidden under the straw was a little pile of lump sugar and several bunches of ribbon of different colours.
2. All of them came to look at Snowball's drawings at least once a day. Even the hens and ducks came, and were at pains not to tread on the chalk marks.
3. 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.
4. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure!
5. 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 threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.

III. Give your opinion on the following:

1. What role does "Four legs good, two legs bad," play in Napoleon's propaganda? What is its meaning?
2. "[Squealer] repeated a number of times, 'Tactics, comrades, tactics!' skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry 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 threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.”If the animals didn’t understand Squealer’s words, why do you think they accepted his explanation?

3. How useful are speeches like Snowball’s if people don’t understand them?
4. It was “assumed” that the windmill plans had been rubbed off the floor. How does Orwell use this word to describe the animals’ level of thought? This is the second time the animals have assumed something. What did the animals assume in Chapter III that proved false? How dangerous is it to assume things?
5. Who do Snowball’s plans benefit? Do you believe the windmill will succeed?

IV. Organise “the Great Windmill Debate”:

1. As a class, read the following paragraph and then discuss the questions together.

“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 occupied themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing a bigger acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots. Each had his own following, and there were some violent debates.”

- a) Which group has taken over decision-making on the farm?
 - b) Which sentence in this paragraph is evidence of this?
 - c) Which two pigs are the strongest leaders?
 - d) Why were there debates?
 - e) What is the main point of disagreement?
2. Now that you have read the passage and discussed the questions as a class, you have a much better understanding of the Great Windmill Debate that happened in Chapter V. You will now hold your own debate. Divide yourselves in half. Half of the class will be Napoleon and the other half will be Snowball. You will be writing a speech to convince the others in your class about your opinion about the windmill being built.
 - Use the text above and take notes for your character only (Snowball or Napoleon but not both) using the table given below.
 - Once you have thought of some points and opinions from your character, you should begin writing a speech that you can address to your opposing character.

Remember, this speech is supposed to convince the others that you are right about your position.

- In speeches, speakers often use sentences like “Vote for Snowball for four weeks holiday a year,” or “Vote for Napoleon and full stomachs” at the end of a speech to summarize what has been said.
- There are many ways you can do this. You can do this in small groups (three against three) or as individuals (one against one).

	<i>Snowball</i>	<i>Napoleon</i>
What are the main points of disagreement?		
What is his opinion on the windmill?		
What are his reasons?		
What is his opinion on farm defence?		
Is his attitude positive or negative?		
Any other notes		

3. On a separate sheet, write a speech for your character trying to convince others to vote for your ideas. End the speech with your slogan. If you wish, you may begin your speech with: “Comrades of Animal Farm! Time has come for important decisions to be made. I firmly believe that...”

CHAPTER VI

All that year the animals worked like slaves. 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, thieving human beings.

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 himself 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 possible to foresee that the coming winter would be a hard one.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. There was a good quarry of limestone on the farm, and plenty of sand and cement had been found in one of the outhouses, 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 picks and crowbars, which no animal could use, because no animal could stand on his hind legs. Only after weeks of vain effort did the right idea occur to somebody--namely, to utilise the force of gravity. Huge boulders, far too big to be used as they were, were lying all over the bed of the quarry. The animals lashed 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 dragged them with desperate slowness up the slope to the top of the quarry, where they were toppled over the edge, to shatter to pieces below. Transporting the stone when it was once broken was comparatively simple. The horses carried it off in cart-loads, the sheep dragged single blocks, even Muriel and Benjamin yoked themselves into an old governess-cart and did their share. By late summer a sufficient store of stone had accumulated, and then the building began, under the superintendence of the pigs.

But it was a slow, laborious process. Frequently it took a whole day of exhausting effort to drag a single boulder to 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 despair at finding themselves dragged down the hill, it was always Boxer who strained himself 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 matted with sweat, filled everyone with admiration. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, 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 unassisted.

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 extravagant human beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to outweigh it. And in many ways the animal method of doing things was more efficient and saved labour. Such jobs as weeding, for instance, could be done with a thoroughness impossible to human beings. And again, since no animal now stole, it was unnecessary to fence off pasture from arable land, which saved a lot of labour on the upkeep of hedges and gates. Nevertheless, as the summer wore on, various unforeseen shortages began to make them selves felt. There was need of paraffin oil, nails, string, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses' shoes, none of which could be produced on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial manures, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the windmill. How these were to be 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 commercial purpose, but simply in order to obtain certain materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must override everything else, he said. He was therefore making arrangements 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 contribution towards the building of the windmill.

Once again the animals were conscious of a vague uneasiness. Never to have any dealings with human beings, never to engage in trade, never to make use of money--had not these been among the earliest resolutions passed at that first triumphant Meeting after Jones was expelled? 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 timidly, but they were promptly silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Then, as usual, the sheep broke into "Four legs good, two legs bad!" and the momentary awkwardness was smoothed over. 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 undesirable. He intended to take the whole burden upon his own shoulders. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon, had agreed to act as intermediary 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 dismissed.

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 traceable in the beginning to lies circulated by Snowball. A few animals still felt faintly doubtful, but Squealer asked them shrewdly, "Are you certain that this is not something that you have dreamed, comrades? Have you any record 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 mistaken.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a solicitor in a very small way of business, but sharp enough to have realised earlier than anyone else that Animal Farm would need a broker and that the commissions would be worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new 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 prospering; indeed, they hated it more than ever. Every human being held it as an article of faith that the farm would go bankrupt 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 ceased 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 simultaneously.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse and took up their residence 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 sty. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed 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 off as usual with "Napoleon is always right!", but Clover, who thought she remembered a definite ruling 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 sheets,'" 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 regarded. The rule was against sheets, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. 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 repose, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? 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 complaint 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 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 stretch of clear dry weather, and the animals toiled harder than ever, thinking it well worth while to plod to and fro all day with blocks of stone if by doing so they could raise the walls another foot. 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 strength and perpendicularity of its walls and marvelling that they should ever have been able to build anything so imposing. Only old Benjamin refused to grow enthusiastic about the windmill, though, as usual, he would utter nothing beyond the cryptic remark that donkeys live a long time.

November came, with raging south-west winds. Building had to stop because it was now too wet to mix the cement. Finally there came a night when the gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up squawking 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 up like a radish. They had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal's throat. A terrible sight had met their eyes. The windmill was in ruins.

With one accord they dashed down to the spot. Napoleon, who seldom moved out of a walk, raced ahead of them all. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, the stones they had broken and carried so laboriously scattered all around. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone. Napoleon paced to and fro in silence, occasionally snuffing at

the ground. His tail had grown rigid and twitched sharply from side to side, a sign in him of intense mental activity. Suddenly he halted as though his mind were made up.

"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 roared in a voice of thunder. "Snowball has done this thing! In sheer malignity, thinking to set back our plans and avenge himself for his ignominious expulsion, this traitor has crept here under cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence 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 captures him alive!"

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

TASKS TO CHAPTER VI

BEFORE READING

I. Complete the crossword using the clues and the definitions.

solicitor- n.

broker- n.

commission- n.

gale- n.

sixty-hour week- n.

quarry- n.

slogan- n.

boulder- n.

vague- adj.

intermediary- n.

avenge- v.

despair- n.

Across

2. a kind of lawyer

4. a place where stone for building is taken from

5. a week when someone works for sixty hours

6. money given as payment to somebody who sells something for another person

8. a very large rock

10. the feeling of having no hope

11. to take revenge for a crime or for wrongdoing

12. a very strong wind

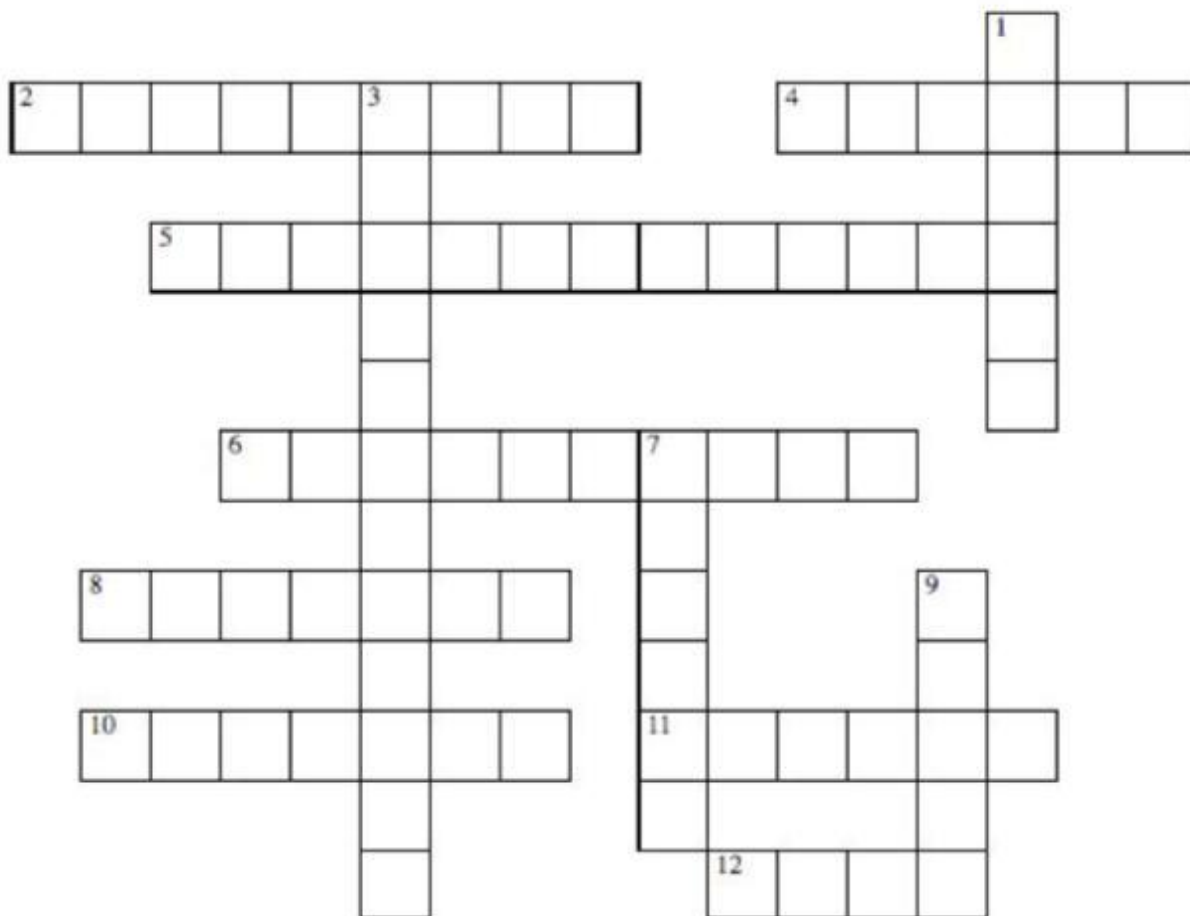
Down

1. a person who organizes sales between an owner and a buyer

3. someone who communicates between two different people

7. a saying, like a motto or maxim

9. not clear, not well defined



II. Translate and transcribe the following. Use the words in situations or dialogues:

Quarry, limestone, pick, crowbar, topple, shatter, cart-loads, to yoke, claw, arable land, upkeep, paraffin oil, ware on, override, uneasiness, dismiss, sly-looking, solicitor, on all fours, reconcile, plod, perpendicularity, imposing, gale, dies, squawk, pluck up, rigid.

III. Find information on the following question and represent it in class: When and why did the young Soviet Republic start trading with other countries?

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Match 1-10 with A-J: Find these expressions in the text and translate the passages into your native language.

1	принаймні не менше		F	to engage in trade with...
2	схопити когось живим		S	to take up the residence somewhere
3	низка погожих сухих днів		C	in sheer malignity
4	припинити захист		D	to utilise the force of gravity
5	увійти у торгові відносини з з.....		E	to suggest a resolution
6	заради прийдешніх поколінь		F	to capture smb. alive
7	суто зі зловтіхи		G	stretch of clear dry weather
8	внести резолюцію		H	at least not less
9	розташуватись десь		I	to drop the championship
10	використати силу тяжіння		J	for the benefit of those who would come after them

III. Give synonyms to the following:

To foresee, to lay hold of smth., unassisted, to abolish, manure, intermediary, to avenge oneself

IV. Explain the grammar:

1. To see him toiling up the slope inch by inch, his breath coming fast, the tips of his hoofs clawing at the ground, and his great sides matted with sweat, filled everyone with admiration.
2. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, but Boxer would never listen to her.
3. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon, had agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world, and would visit the farm every Monday morning to receive his instructions.

4. In their spare moments the animals would walk round and round the half-finished mill, admiring the strength and perpendicularity of its walls and marvelling that they should ever have been able to build anything so imposing.
5. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, the stones they had broken and carried so laboriously scattered all around. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone.
6. There was a cry of indignation, and everyone began thinking out ways of catching Snowball if he should ever come back.
7. Long live Animal Farm!

V. Substitute the italicized phrases with their equivalents:

1. All that year the animals worked *like slaves*.
2. The four young pigs who had protested when Napoleon *abolished* the Meetings raised their voices timidly, but they *were* promptly *silenced* by a tremendous growling from the dogs.
3. 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.

VI. Answer the questions:

1. How did the daily routine change under Napoleon's rule?
2. What hindered the process of windmill construction?
3. What did the windmill symbolize?
4. Why did there come some unforeseen shortages at the end of the summer?
5. Why did Napoleon decide to trade with neighbouring farms?
6. What kind of a person did Napoleon choose for trading? Why?
7. Which event marked appearing of a new layer in the animal's society?
8. What was the new edition of the 4th Commandment?
9. What was the real reason of Napoleon's declaring Snowball the enemy?
10. What was the evidence of Snowball's coming to Animal farm at night? Was it a suitable proof?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half.
2. The advantage of only having to feed themselves, and not having to support five extravagant human beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to outweigh it.
3. Their relations with the human race were now not quite the same as they had been before.
4. And when, some days afterwards, it was announced that from now on the pigs would get up an hour later in the mornings than the other animals, no complaint was made about that either.

5. They had had a hard year, and after the sale of part of the hay and corn, the stores of food for the winter were none too plentiful, but the windmill compensated for everything.
6. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone.

II. Give your ideas on the following:

1. How is Snowball used as a scapegoat (person who takes blame for another's action)?
2. How much work are the animals now doing, and how are they forced to work more and harder?
3. How is the windmill destroyed? Why does Napoleon blame Snowball?
4. Who do the animals believe is responsible for the windmill? Do you agree with them? Why or why not?

III. The other side of the fence.

Not all the characters in the book see things the same way. Many characters have a different point of view regarding certain activities and thoughts about the farm. We will now look at how some people see things differently than others, and why.



IMAGE A



IMAGE B

1. Look at Image A and Image B. What do you see? Write down what you see in each picture and then compare with a partner. Do you both see the same thing?
2. Read Text A and Text B. Text A describes how humans and animals perceive the farm in Chapter IV, and Text B describes how humans perceive the farm in Chapter VI. After reading the texts, divide up into three groups.
 - Group 1: Mr. Pilkington
 - Group 2: Mr. Frederick
 - Group 3: Pinky, a pig on Mr. Frederick's farm.

3. Each group will write a formal letter expressing what their character thinks and feels about the events on Animal Farm:
 - Mr. Pilkington will write to Mr. Frederick.
 - Mr. Frederick will write to Mr. Pilkington.
 - Pinky will write to his cousin on Foxwood Farm.
4. Write a letter, giving **your** opinion of Animal Farm. This should include opinions on:
 - Quality of life for the animals.
 - Animal self-governance.
 - Animal behavior towards each other.
5. Get into groups of three. In each group you should have a : Mr. Pilkington, a Mr. Frederick and a Pinky.
Take turns reading your letters to one another and then answer the following questions in your notebook.
 - A. What are the perceptions of Animal Farm for the characters in your group?
 - B. How do the characters interests affect their perceptions? Why does Frederick feel one way about the farm, and Pinky feel another way?
 - C. Would these perceptions change if they actually lived on Animal Farm? Why or why not?

TEXT A

“Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by a pack of good- for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathized 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’ misfortune to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined Animal Farm were on permanently bad terms. One of them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected, old-fashioned farm, much overgrown by woodland, with all its pastures worn out and its hedges in a disgraceful condition. 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, shrewd man, perpetually involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard bargains. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests. Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they pretended to laugh to scorn the idea of animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a fortnight, they said. They put it about that the animals on the Manor Farm (they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name ‘Animal Farm’) were perpetually fighting among themselves and were also rapidly starving to death. When time passed and the

animals had evidently not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their tune and began to talk of the terrible wickedness that now flourished on Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised cannibalism, tortured one another with red-hot horseshoes, and had their females in common. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.”

TEXT B

“Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a solicitor in a very small way of business, but sharp enough to have realised earlier than anyone else that Animal Farm would need a broker and that the commissions would be worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with a kind of dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new 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 prospering; indeed, they hated it more than ever. Every human being held it as an article of faith that the farm would go bankrupt 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 ceased 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 simultaneously.”

IV. How life has changed on the farm: Do you think life is better or worse for the animals on Animal Farm since the Revolution? Fill in the table. After, write at least two paragraphs and use examples from the text to support your answer.

<i>Ways Life Has Improved</i>	<i>Ways Life Has Worsened</i>

CHAPTER VII

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

Out of spite, 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 snowdrifts 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 short. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued to make up for it. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the potato crop had been frosted in the clamps, 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 vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world. Emboldened 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 famine and disease, and that they were continually fighting among themselves and had resorted to cannibalism and infanticide. 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 impression. Hitherto 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 casually 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 brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext Whymper was led through the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse of the bins. He was deceived, 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 escort 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 surrender their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through Whymper, a contract 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 clutches ready for the spring sitting, and they protested that to take the eggs away now was murder. For the first time since the expulsion of Jones, there was something resembling a rebellion. Led by three young Black Minorca pullets, the hens made a determined effort to thwart 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 ruthlessly. He ordered the hens' rations to be stopped, and decreed 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 capitulated 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 coccidiosis. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were duly delivered, a grocer's van driving up to the farm once a week to take them away.

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 beech spinney was cleared. It was well seasoned, 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 hiding at Foxwood, while, when he inclined toward Pilkington, Snowball was said to be at Pinchfield.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. Snowball was secretly frequenting 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 seedbeds, he gnawed the bark off the fruit trees. Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute 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 league with Snowball.

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

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers. 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 plotting 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 vanity and ambition. 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 stupefied. This was a wickedness far outdoing 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 rallied and encouraged 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 puzzled. He lay down, tucked 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 lure 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 grazed 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, frisking 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 lurking 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 shivers down all the animals' spines. They all cowered silently in their places, seeming to know in advance that some terrible thing was about to happen.

Napoleon stood sternly 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 pinned him to the ground. The dog shrieked for mercy 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 countenance, and sharply ordered Boxer to let the dog go, whereat Boxer lifted his hoof, and the dog slunk away, bruised and howling.

Presently the tumult died down. The four pigs waited, trembling, with guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called upon them to confess their crimes. They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further prompting 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 incited them to disobey Napoleon's orders. They, too, were slaughtered. Then a goose came forward and confessed to having secreted 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 ram, an especially devoted follower of Napoleon, by chasing him round and round a bonfire when he was suffering from a cough. They were all slain on the spot. And so the tale of confessions and executions went on, until there was a pile of corpses 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 body. They were shaken and miserable. They did not know which was more shocking--the treachery of the animals who had leagued themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they had just witnessed. In the old days there had often been scenes of bloodshed 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 huddling 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 fidgeted to and fro, swishing his long black tail against his sides and occasionally uttering a little whinny 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 to 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 lumbering trot and made for the quarry. Having got there, he collected two successive loads of stone and dragged them down to the windmill before retiring 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 curling from the chimneys. It was a clear spring evening. The grass and the bursting hedges were gilded by the level rays 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 dared speak his mind, when fierce, growling dogs roamed everywhere, and when you had to watch your comrades torn to pieces after confessing to shocking crimes. 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 lacked the words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was unable to find, she began to sing 'Beasts of England'. The other animals sitting round her took it up, and they sang it three times over--very tunefully, 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 aback.

"Why?" cried Muriel.

"It's no longer needed, comrade," said Squealer stiffly. "'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 longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. 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 shalt thou 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 to 'Beasts of England'.

TASKS TO CHAPTER VII

BEFORE READING

I. Create one sentence for each word below.

chaff- n. straw cut up for animal food
mangel- n. a vegetable with a large root, cultivated as feed for livestock
infanticide- n. the crime of a mother killing her infant
capitulated- v. cease to resist an opponent or an unwelcome demand; surrender
stupefied- v. to be made unable to think or feel properly
categorical- adj. unambiguously explicit and direct
countenance- n. a person's face or facial expression

II. Dwell on the following:

1. What do you think will become of the windmill? Do you think the animals will be successful in rebuilding it?
2. Do you think that Napoleon's attitude will change? How so? Will he become a kinder leader or remain a dictator on the farm?

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Translate, transcribe and make up 2 situations with the following:

well into February, to lose one's heart, joy of service, dignity of labour, drastically, make up for smth., clamp, emboldened, famine, to resort, infanticide, brim, to surrender, clutch, to thwart, coccidiosis, beech spinney, to frequent, to gnaw, to attribute, to decree, snuffed, pervading, to skip, to be in league with smb., to tuck one's fore hoofs, to lure smb. to the doom, frisking, to lurk, to cower, sternly, to change countenance.

III. Match 1 – 15 to A – O:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. out of spite | A. з харчами стало скрутно |
| 2. the quarry was full of snowdrifts | B. здавалось, що голод починає заглядати їм у вічі |
| 3. food fell short | C. вони були сухі |
| 4. starvation seemed to stare them in the face | D. ледве не по край |
| 5. nearly to the brim | E. придавлений, завиваючи, чкурнув нишком |
| 6. in a ceremonial manner | F. ось істинний дух |
| 7. to lay | G. з пересердя |
| 8. it was well seasoned | H. гарчали так, що холола кров у жилах |
| 9. let out blood-curdling growls | I. скавучати, благаючи помилування |
| 10. that is the true spirit | J. на врочистий спосіб |
| 11. to keep one's eyes very wide open | |
| 12. to shriek for mercy | |

13. slunk away, bruised and howling
14. presently the tumult died down
15. were taken aback

- К. каменяря була зав'яна кучугурами
- Л. вони були вражені
- М. гармидер за мить ущух
- Н. пильно стежити
- О. нестися

IV. Explain the grammar

1. The animals carried on as best they could with the rebuilding of the windmill, well knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious human beings would rejoice and triumph if the mill were not finished on time.
2. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were duly delivered, a grocer's van driving up to the farm once a week to take them away.
3. He was rumoured to be hiding on one of the neighbouring farms, either Foxwood or Pinchfield.
4. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers.
5. Boxer saw them coming and put out his great hoof, caught a dog in mid-air, and pinned him to the ground.

V. Translate into English:

тварини знали, що воно не так; зернову пайку було різко зменшено; кагати, що були прикриті не досить щільно; тварини їли лише половину та кормові буряки; дійшло до поїдання одноплемінників та власних дітей; згадувати принагідно в його присутності про побільшення пайки; кинути оком на засіки; біля кожних дверей вартували лихі собаки; квочки піднесли жахливий крик; вони злітали аж на крокви і там несли яйця, що падали на долівку й розбивались щент; подохли від курячої холери; ніччю, потайки, навідувався до колгоспу; ним просякнуте повітря довкола; набагато перевищувало знищення вітряка; певна кількість шпигунів у ці хвилини сидить притаєна між нами.

VI. Answer the following questions:

1. What has changed in the plans for the windmill?
2. Why was life not as good on Animal Farm?
3. What did the animals find most inspirational?
4. Why did Napoleon and the other pigs need to hide the food situation on the farm?
5. What rumors were spread about the Animal Farm?
6. Why did Napoleon order bins to be filled with sand and covered with grain and seed?
7. Why was the song "Beasts of England" replaced by a short song that does NOT praise obedience and duty?
8. What sacrifices did animals have to make to survive? What were the outcomes?

7. What did the hens do to protest the selling of their eggs?
8. How did Napoleon force the hens to end their protest?
9. What did Squealer accuse Snowball of? How was the image of Snowball changed into an utter enemy of the Animal Farm?
10. How did the pigs make use of the illiteracy of the other animals?
11. Why did the dogs attack Boxer?
12. What happened after the four pigs and many other animals confess their crimes?
13. What was the animals' reaction to the executions?
14. Why was the song "Beasts of England" abolished?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. It was vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world.
2. For five days the hens held out, then they capitulated and went back to their nesting boxes.
3. 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 seedbeds, he gnawed the bark off the fruit trees. Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute it to Snowball
4. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it.
5. If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.
6. They did not know which was more shocking--the treachery of the animals who had leagued themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they had just witnessed.
7. So 'Beasts of England' was heard no more.

II. Give your ideas on the following:

1. Why do you think no animals helped the hens during the protest?
2. What things are blamed on Snowball in Chapter VII? Do you think these accusations are true? Why or why not?
3. Do the animals believe Squealer when he accuses Snowball of being a traitor? Why or why not?
4. Do you believe that Squealer really has secret documents that prove Snowball was a traitor? What is your evidence?
5. Foreshadowing is when the author gives us clues about what will happen next in a story. How is it an example of foreshadowing when Squealer gives a "very ugly look at Boxer"?
6. What is Boxer's solution to the bloodshed (killing, violence) and what does this say about Boxer?

- III. Read the poem below by W. H. Auden.** Think about what Auden is saying about a particular kind of leader. After, try to answer the questions that follow.

Epitaph on a Tyrant

By W. H. Auden

Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
And the poetry he invented was easy to understand;
He knew human folly like the back of his hand,
And was greatly interested in armies and fleets;
When he laughed, respectable senators burst with laughter,
And when he cried the little children died in the streets.

1. What kind of leader does Auden describe?
2. What does Auden mean by, “He knew human folly”? How does this help the leader?
3. Explain the effect the leader has on both the senators and the children. Why do they react this way?
4. What connections can you make to characters and events in *Animal Farm*? (Think especially about the following words and ideas in the poem: perfection, poetry, human folly, senators burst with laughter, children died.).

IV. Discuss the following:

1. What is your opinion about Snowball’s expulsion from *Animal Farm*, and why?
2. Do you think it’s fair that those who are more educated or more skilled—like the pigs in *Animal Farm*—have more influence in decision-making? Consider how decisions are made in your community, state, or in the nation.

V. Interpret the following:

1. Identify three ways that Napoleon tries to solidify his leadership position on the farm. How does the process of decision-making on the farm change under Napoleon’s leadership?
2. Why do the executions take place? What message do these events send to the animals about their role in a future society?

CHAPTER VIII

A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down, some of the animals remembered--or thought they remembered--that the Sixth Commandment decreed "No animal shall kill any other animal." And though no one cared to mention it in the hearing of the pigs or the dogs, it was felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this. Clover asked Benjamin to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when Benjamin, as usual, said that he refused to meddle in such matters, she fetched Muriel. Muriel read the Commandment for her. It ran: "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 appointed 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 figures 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.

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 retinue of dogs but by a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of trumpeter, 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 upon 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 anniversaries.

Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as "Napoleon." He was always referred to in formal style as "our Leader, Comrade Napoleon," and this pigs liked to invent for him such titles as Father of All Animals, Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold, 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 bore to all animals everywhere, even and especially the unhappy animals who still lived in ignorance and slavery on other farms. It had become usual to give Napoleon the credit for every successful achievement and every stroke 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 fatherless!
Fountain of happiness!
Lord of the swill-bucket!
Oh, how my soul is on
Fire when I gaze at thy
Calm and commanding eye,
Like the sun in the sky,
Comrade Napoleon!
Thou are the giver of
All that thy creatures love,
Full belly twice a day, clean straw to
roll upon;
Every beast great or small
Sleeps at peace in his stall,
Thou watchest over all,

Comrade Napoleon!
Had I a sucking-pig,
Ere he had grown as big
Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling-pin,
He should have learned to be
Faithful and true to thee,
Yes, his first squeak should be
"Comrade Napoleon!"

Napoleon approved of 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 surmounted by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in white paint.

Meanwhile, through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in complicated negotiations 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 reasonable 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 furious jealousy in him. Snowball was known to be still skulking 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 precautions for Napoleon's safety were taken. 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, lest it should be poisoned.

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 conducted 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 impending treacherous attack grew stronger and stronger. Frederick, it was said, intended to bring against them twenty men all armed with guns, and he had already bribed the magistrates 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 furnace, he amused himself in the evenings by making cocks fight with splinters of razor-blade tied to their spurs. The animals' blood boiled with rage when they heard of these things being done to their comrades, and sometimes they clamoured to be allowed to go out in a body and attack Pinchfield Farm, drive out the humans, and set the animals free. But Squealer counselled them to avoid rash 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 scoundrels 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 machinations was laid bare. The wheat crop was full of weeds, and it was discovered that on one of his nocturnal visits Snowball had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn. A gander who had been privy to the plot had confessed his guilt to Squealer and immediately committed suicide by swallowing deadly nightshade berries. 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 censured for showing cowardice in the battle. Once again some of the animals heard this with a certain bewilderment, 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 purchase of it, but the structure was completed. In the teeth of 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 of explosives would lay them low this time! And when they thought of how

they had laboured, what discouragements 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 forsook them and they gambolled 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; insulting 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 pensioner 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 up; 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 beatifically, and wearing both his decorations, Napoleon reposed on a bed of straw on the platform, with the money at his side, neatly piled on a china dish from the farmhouse kitchen. The animals filed slowly past, and each gazed his fill. And Boxer put out his nose to sniff at the bank-notes, and the flimsy white things stirred and rustled in his breath.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo. 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 choking roar of rage sounded from Napoleon's apartments. The news of what had happened sped round the farm like wildfire. The banknotes were forgeries! 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. Sentinels were placed at all the approaches to the farm. In addition, four pigeons were sent to Foxwood with a conciliatory 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. Boldly enough the animals sallied forth 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 peeped cautiously out from chinks and knot-holes. The whole of the big pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy. For the moment even Napoleon seemed at a loss. He paced up and down without a word, his tail rigid and twitching. Wistful glances 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 right."

Meanwhile Frederick and his men had halted about the windmill. The animals watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Two of the men had produced a crowbar and a sledge hammer. 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 intently. The two with the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the windmill. Slowly, and with an air almost of amusement, Benjamin nodded his long muzzle.

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

Terrified, the animals waited. It was impossible now to venture 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 deafening roar. The pigeons swirled 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 drifted 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 drowned in their rage against this vile, contemptible act. A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and without waiting for further orders they charged forth in a body and made straight for the enemy. This time they did not heed the cruel pellets that swept over them like hail. It was a savage, bitter battle. The men fired again and again, and, when the animals got to close quarters, 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 chipped by a pellet. But the men did not go unscathed 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 detour under cover of the hedge, suddenly appeared on the men's flank, baying ferociously, 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 good, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for dear life. The animals chased them right down to the bottom of the field, and got in some last kicks at them as they forced their way through the thorn hedge.

They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp back towards the farm. The sight 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 partially 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.

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

"What is that gun firing for?" said Boxer.

"To celebrate our victory!" cried Squealer.

"What victory?" said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe and split his hoof, and a dozen pellets had lodged 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!"

"What matter? 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 occupation 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 smarted painfully. He saw ahead of him the heavy labour of rebuilding the windmill from the foundations, and already in imagination he braced himself 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 conduct, it did seem to them after all that they 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 hearse, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of the procession. 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 bestowed on every animal, with two ounces 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, the Order of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the banknotes 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 strains of 'Beasts of England' were mixed up. At about half past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler 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 dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply 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 impart. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

A cry of lamentation 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 contrived 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 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 recovery. 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 brewing and distilling. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had 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 incident 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, temporarily stunned, was sprawling beside it, and near at hand there lay a lantern, a paint-brush, 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 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 EXCESS."

TASKS TO CHAPTER VIII

BEFORE READING

I. Create one sentence for each word below.

cunning- n. skill in deception; guile

machination- n. the act of plotting; a crafty or cunning plan for the accomplishment of a sinister end

pensioner- n. a person who is receiving a pension, usually an old-age pension from the state

hullabaloo- n. a loud confused noise of protest; commotion

sentinel- v. to watch over as a guard; to provide with a guard

unaccountably- adv. free from accountability; not responsible

forgery- n. the act of forging, especially the illegal production of something counterfeit

deputation- n. a group appointed to represent others

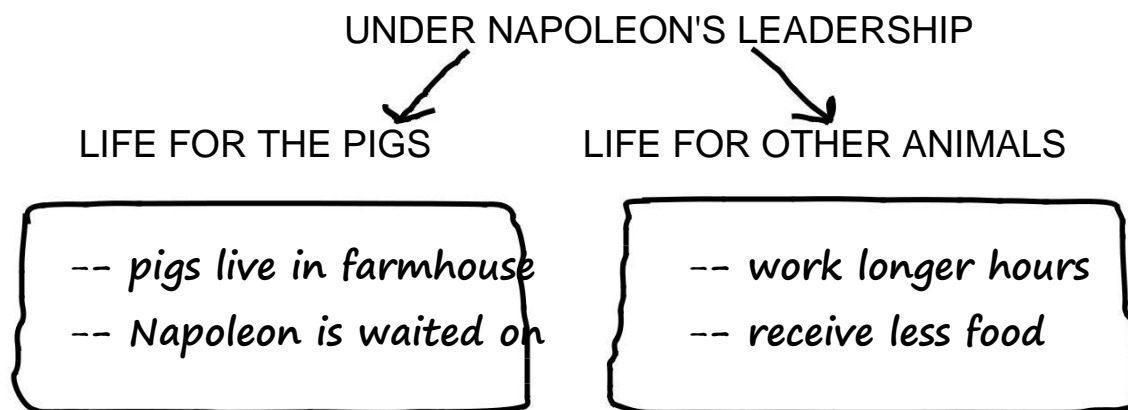
II. Answer the following questions:

1. What association does Napoleon's title of Leader give you?
2. To what historical event does the attack on Animal farm refer?
3. Are there different kinds of revolution? What are they? Do you know of any revolutions from real life? How did they end?
4. Do revolutions bring about real and lasting change? Why or why not? What are the alternatives to revolution?

III. With a partner, identify and discuss factors that a government can modify such as policies and those that it cannot such as climate conditions.

Consider, also, whether there are elements to the human condition so basic that no revolution can change them. Try and think of ways people can change their societies for the better other than revolution.

IV. As Napoleon takes over leadership of the farm, a new social and political structure emerges. This restructuring leads to many changes in power and privilege among the animals. As you read chapters VIII – X, use the diagram below to record and compare the living conditions of the pigs with the living conditions of the other animals.



WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Translate and transcribe the following. Find them in the text and translate the sentences:

Execution, to meddle, slip out, to violate, traitor, trotter, retinue, trumpeter, sheepfold, belly, rolling-pin, to surmount, to arouse, jealousy, to skulk, to inspire, precautions, magistrates, tide-deeds, furnace, splinters, to clamour, rash, beneath, scoundrel, gander, privy, hitherto, cowardice, treachery, beatifically, to repose, hullabaloo, forgery, treacherous, sentinel, stinging, refuge, twitching, muzzle, to venture out, vile, heed, hail, unscathed, to gore, bleeding, to limp, to vanish, hearse, tiptoe.

III. Give synonyms to the following:

Ferociously, weary, wistful, boldly, unaccountably, flimsy, to bestow, rejoicing, cellar, dejectedly, lamentation, to halt, paddock, sprawling, excess.

IV. Combine the words into phrases:

Deafening, conciliatory, class of, to bay, treacherous, tiredness, a cry of, booklets on, brewing and distilling, forsook, message, lamentation, ferociously, roar, attack, foodstuffs.

V. Comment on the grammar:

1. A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down, some of the animals remembered – or thought they remembered – that the Sixth Commandment decreed: ‘No animal shall kill any other animal.’
2. And though no one cared to mention it in the hearing of the pigs or the dogs, it was felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this.
3. On Sunday mornings Squealer, holding down a long strip of paper with his trotter, would read out to them lists of figures proving that the production of every class of foodstuff had increased by two hundred per cent.
4. In his speeches Squealer would talk with the tears rolling down his cheeks of Napoleon's wisdom, the goodness of his heart.

5. And a young pig named Pinkeye was given the task of tasting all his food before he ate it, lest it should be poisoned.
6. Napoleon himself, attended by his dogs and his cockerel, came down to inspect the completed work.
7. Meanwhile the timber was being carted away at high speed.
8. 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.
9. 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.
10. It was nearly nine o'clock when Squealer made his appearance, walking slowly and dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply behind him, and with every appearance of being seriously ill.

VI. Explain the meaning of the following, answer the questions:

To serve smb. right; to be alarmed at (smth.); impending treacherous attack; slip (from) one's mind; be to blame; black sheep; catch someone off guard; get along with; go to pieces

1. To whom did the words 'Serves you right' refer?
2. What were animals alarmed to hear?
3. What has slipped from animal's mind?
4. Who was blamed for misfortunes on the farm?
5. What made animals go to pieces?

VII. Fill in gaps with the names:

1. It was ___ who had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn.
2. ___ asked ___ to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when ___, as usual, said that he refused to meddle in such matters, she fetched ___.
3. It was said, ___ inhabited separate apartments from the others.
4. The bank-notes were forgeries! ___ had got the timber for nothing!
5. 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 ___.

VIII. Answer the questions:

1. Why didn't the animals understand that the rules were changed?
2. How did Napoleon alter his routine?
3. What names did the animals give to Napoleon? Why?
4. How was Napoleon's cult developed?
5. What did Frederick do? Why did it make animals so angry?
6. What were the consequences of the attack?
7. Why was Napoleon ill?
8. What has changed on the barn wall at the end of Chapter VIII?
9. What was wrong with the money Napoleon gets from Frederick?
10. What human qualities did the animals acquire?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. 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.
2. 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!"
3. As the summer wore on, and the windmill neared completion, the rumours of an impending treacherous attack grew stronger and stronger.
4. This was merely a legend which had been spread some time after the Battle of the Cowshed by Snowball himself.
5. The pigs were in ecstasies over Napoleon's cunning.
6. When they got up again, a huge cloud of black smoke was hanging where the windmill had been. Slowly the breeze drifted it away. The windmill had ceased to exist!
7. The animals slain in the battle were given a solemn funeral.
8. At about half past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr. Jones's, was distinctly seen to emerge from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard, and disappear indoors again.

II. Give your opinion on the following:

1. Frederick gives Napoleon forged money and Pilkington refuses to help him. Which of Napoleon's actions may have made the farmers behave this way towards him?
2. What makes the battle against Frederick's men different from the Battle of the Cowshed?
3. How is Napoleon becoming more and more like a typical dictator?
4. The animals celebrate a victory, but at what cost? What happened to the animals during the battle?
5. Describe the whisky incident. Why would Orwell make this scene a little humorous?

III. Roleplaying: the Drunken Pigs and Squealer's Fall.

1. As a class, enact a few scenes from Chapter VIII. This will help you visualize how the events happened as well as practice your speaking/listening skills.
2. Choose some students to be the six main characters and a narrator and have other students build the set, using your imagination and objects from around the classroom. Read the script and act out the events for the class.

-- **Characters:** Squealer, Napoleon, Dogs, Other Pigs, Group of Animals, Muriel, Narrator

-- **Settings:** Farmhouse, Yard, Barn labeled with the Seven Commandments

- Words to use:

whisky - n. an alcoholic drink
gallop - v. to run fast (usually describing a horse)
lamentation - n. a song or speech expressing grief
tiptoe - v. to walk slowly and carefully on your toes
brewing and distilling- v. making beer and whisky
barley - n. a grain used for making beer and whisky

Scene 1:

All the pigs are out of sight in the barn, making party noises. The other animals are in the yard listening.

Narrator:

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 strains of "Beasts of England" were mixed up.

Action: Pigs begin singing a drunken version of "Beasts of England." **Narrator:**

At about half-past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr. Jones', was distinctly seen to emerge from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard, and disappear indoors again.

Action: Napoleon gallops around the classroom.

Narrator:

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 dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply 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 impart.

Action:

Squealer comes out of the farmhouse and approaches the other animals who are sitting in a group. He hangs his head, walks slowly, and, in general, looks rather ill. Squealer, in a very serious and sad voice, says: "Comrade Napoleon is dying!"

Narrator:

A cry of lamentation went up.

Action: All the animals begin crying and wailing. They talk about how concerned they are, saying things like, “What will we do without Comrade Napoleon,” and “Snowball must have poisoned him!”

Narrator:

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.

Action: Napoleon lays down (perhaps across a desk or two chairs). He looks very ill, close to death. Animals walk on tiptoe, slowly and reverently in front of Napoleon, whispering again their concern.

Narrator:

A rumor went round that Snowball had after all contrived 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 pronounced a solemn decree.

Action: Squealer approaches the group and makes an announcement. He says, “The drinking of alcohol will be punished by death!”

Narrator:

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 recovery. 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 brewing and distilling. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had 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.

Action: Animals ask one another what Napoleon and the pigs will do with a field of barley?

Scene 2:

Squealer and the dogs are in front of the barn. Ideally, they cannot be seen by the other animals.

The other animals are gathered together in the yard.

Narrator:

About this time there occurred a strange incident 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.

Action: Squealer makes a loud crashing noise (perhaps by knocking a chair over) and falls to the ground. The animals rush over to see what has happened.

Narrator:

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, temporarily stunned, was sprawling 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.

Action: Squealer, picks himself up off of the floor and shakes himself together. He looks very guilty. The dogs, who also look very guilty, make a circle around Squealer. Squealer and the dogs slowly and suspiciously leave the area.

Narrator:

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.

Action: Animals gather in front of the Commandments, trying to read. Muriel says, "I thought the Fifth Commandment was 'No animal shall drink alcohol.' But there are two words that I have forgotten. Actually the Commandment reads: 'No animal shall drink alcohol to excess.'"

CHAPTER IX

Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing. 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 deal. Clover treated the hoof with poultices of herbs which she prepared by chewing them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's lungs 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 late 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 superannuated 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 being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment 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 fleas. The animals believed every word of it. Truth to tell, Jones and all he stood for had almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare, 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 about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. The young pigs were piebald, 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 discouraged 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 lime 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-iron, 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, appetising scent, such as the animals had never smelt before, wafted itself across the yard from the little brew-house, which had been disused 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 tureen.

But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset 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 Spontaneous 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 precincts 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 caption, "Long live Comrade Napoleon!" Afterwards there were recitations of poems composed in Napoleon's honour, and a speech by Squealer giving particulars of the latest increases in the production of foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were the greatest devotees 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 proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary to elect 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 stratagem, 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 inflicted 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 strain 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 reasoned, 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 attitude of the pigs towards Moses. They all declared contemptuously 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 gill 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 hide was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches seemed to have shrunk. The others said, "Boxer will pick up 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 vast boulder, it seemed that nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At 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 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 glazed, his sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled out of his mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side.

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

"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 growing old too, they will let him retire at the same time and be a companion to me."

"We must get help at once," said Clover. "Run, somebody, and tell Squealer what has happened."

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 distress of this misfortune 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. 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 surgeon 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.

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 professed 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 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,

braying at the 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.

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

"Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping 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:

"'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels 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 up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. 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 limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "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're 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 matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter 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 brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace. 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 affecting 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 sole sorrow 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 demeanour suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he proceeded.

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 relieved to hear this. And when Squealer went on to give further graphic details of Boxer's death-bed, the admirable 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 oration in Boxer's honour. It had not been possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade's remains for interment on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath to be made from the laurels 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 banquet 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 grocer's van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate 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.

TASKS TO CHAPTER IX

BEFORE READING

I. Create one sentence for each word below. Compare your sentences with a partner.

complicity- n. the state of being involved with others in an illegal activity or wrongdoing

knacker- n. someone who buys old things and breaks them up to recover the materials in them

poultice- n. a soft, moist mass of material, typically of plant material or flour, applied to the body to relieve soreness and inflammation

dignity- n. the state or quality of being worthy of honor or respect

spontaneous- adj. happening or arising without apparent external cause

republic- n. a state in which supreme power is held by the people and their elected representatives

falter- v. start to lose strength or momentum

interment- n. the burial of a corpse in a grave or tomb, typically with funeral rites

II. Answer the questions:

1. What do you think will become of Boxer? Will he recover from his injuries? If not, what do you think will happen?
2. Do you believe the animals will have the motivation to rebuild the windmill and support themselves?

WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Translate and transcribe the following. Find the words in the text and translate them in context:

Poultice, pension, superannuated, readjustment, piebald, tureen, spontaneous, caption, complicity, accumulate, medicine, banquet, uproarious, beak, desperation, inebriate, morose, taciturn, install, insoluble, sapling, terrify, stroll, subsist, witticism, subversive, suppressed, dregs, unalterable, incumbent, trotter, demeanour, drum, turnip, trickle, retirement, linseed, allowance, gill, insufficient.

III. Explain the meaning of the following:

to make all the difference, by means of stratagem, to bear the strain, to work like a slave, to go on pension, to be a companion to smb, at a smart trot, one's last hours.

IV. Evaluate on the grammar of the following:

1. For the time being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment of rations.

2. 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.

V. Find in the text of chapter IX the equivalents of the following. Make up 5 short situations.

Розщеплене копито гоїлося, одностайно призначено щедри пенсії було б незгідне з основами тваринізму занадто дріб'язково застосовувати засаду рівності пайки, доводилось годувати значно більше їдців, все ще не доставало грошей, Колгосп Тварин проголошено республікою і довелося вибрати президента, після кількарічної відсутності, хтось розпустив нерозумні і злостиві чутки, підозріло скинув оченятами в усі боки, послали на заріз, відбути бенкет на чиюсь честь.

VI. Give synonyms to the following:

to refuse, to sniff, maxims, to charge, retirement, to declare, to bray, to put on weight, to feel uneasy.

VII. Answer the questions:

1. What was the Law of the retirement on the Farm like?
2. What was the readjustment in rations? What was the reference point to show that it was not a reduction?
3. What were the privileges for the pigs? Why?
4. What was the purpose of a "Spontaneous Demonstration"? What were the regulations for the day?
5. What happened at the "Spontaneous Demonstration"?
6. What was Boxer's only real ambition?
7. What happened in April?
8. What did Moses do when he reappeared on the Farm?
9. How did Boxer get hurt? How did the animals treat him?
10. How did Boxer die? How was it reported to the animals? How did the animals commemorate his death?
11. How did Napoleon keep workers motivated during hard times of Animal Farm?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. As yet no animal had actually retired on pension, but of late the subject had been discussed more and more.
2. But the pigs seemed comfortable enough, and in fact were putting on weight if anything.
3. 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.
4. They all declared contemptuously 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 gill of beer a day.

5. 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.
6. 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.
7. The animals were enormously relieved to hear this.

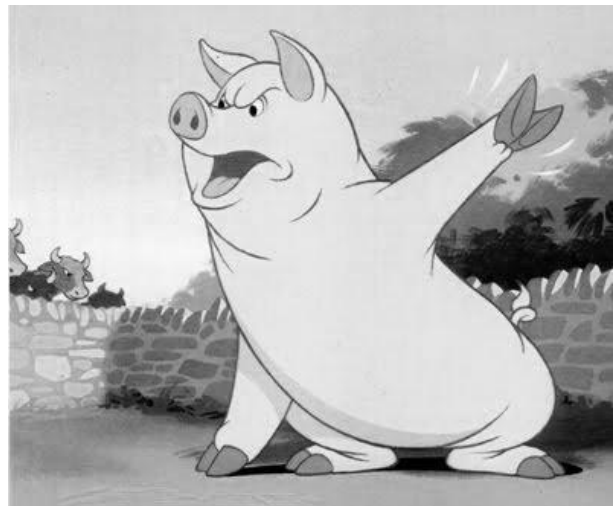
II. Discuss with your partner the following points:

1. Why do you think that only the young pigs are being educated?
2. Should everyone be educated at the farm, or would this lead to any problems?
3. Do you think it was fair how the president of the new republic was elected? Would you have done it another way?
4. How has Boxer changed? Who really cares about Boxer and how do they show it?
7. Was it fair what happened to Boxer? If you were the leader, what would you have done with Boxer?

III. What's the Reader's Job?

Orwell expects that you'll fill in essential information that the animals miss; he assumes that you'll make **inferences**. It's an unwritten partnership between writer and reader. Even though the animals don't seem to know what is being done to them, you're able to understand.

Inference - (n): In logic, the process of making conclusions from premises known or assumed to be true.



Read the following passages from Chapter IX. In your notebook, explain the inferences and insights you can make that the characters can't.

- A. 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 dogs. A too rigid equality in rations, Squealer explained, would have been contrary to the principles of Animalism.
- B. In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary to elect 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 stratagem, but had been openly fighting on Jones' side.

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' home in another part of the country. 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 rheumy 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 morose and taciturn 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 dim 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 filial 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 milling 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 denounced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.

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 memories 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 invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; 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 unalterable 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 swelled with imperishable 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 abandoned. 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 hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. 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 other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing 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.

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

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk 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 trifle unsteady 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 from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty 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 shock had worn off 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!"

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 nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged 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 tatted wall with its white 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:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.

After that it did not seem strange when next day the pigs who were supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions 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 watered silk dress which Mrs. Jones had been used to wearing on Sundays.

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

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse. And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were stricken 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.

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 eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company had been enjoying a game of cards but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs 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 toast. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent 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 company, had shared such sentiments--but there had been a time when the respected proprietors of Animal Farm had been regarded, he would not say with hostility, but perhaps with a certain measure of misgiving, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. Too many farmers had assumed, without due enquiry, that on such a farm a spirit of licence and indiscipline would prevail. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But all such doubts were now dispelled. 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 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 subsisted, and ought to subsist, between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere? Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared witticism on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking, during which his various chins turned purple, he managed to get it out: "If you have your lower animals to contend with," he said, "we have our lower classes!" This BON MOT 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 pampering 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 gratified that he left his place and came round the table to clink his mug against Mr. Pilkington's before emptying it. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated 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 subversive 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. 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-operative enterprise. The title-deeds, which were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions still lingered, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence still further. Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom of addressing one another as "Comrade." This was to be suppressed. 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 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. Henceforward the farm was to be known as "The Manor Farm"--which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

"Gentlemen," concluded Napoleon, "I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. 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 dregs. 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 flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting 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, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades 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.

November 1943-February 1944

THE END

TASKS TO CHAPTER X

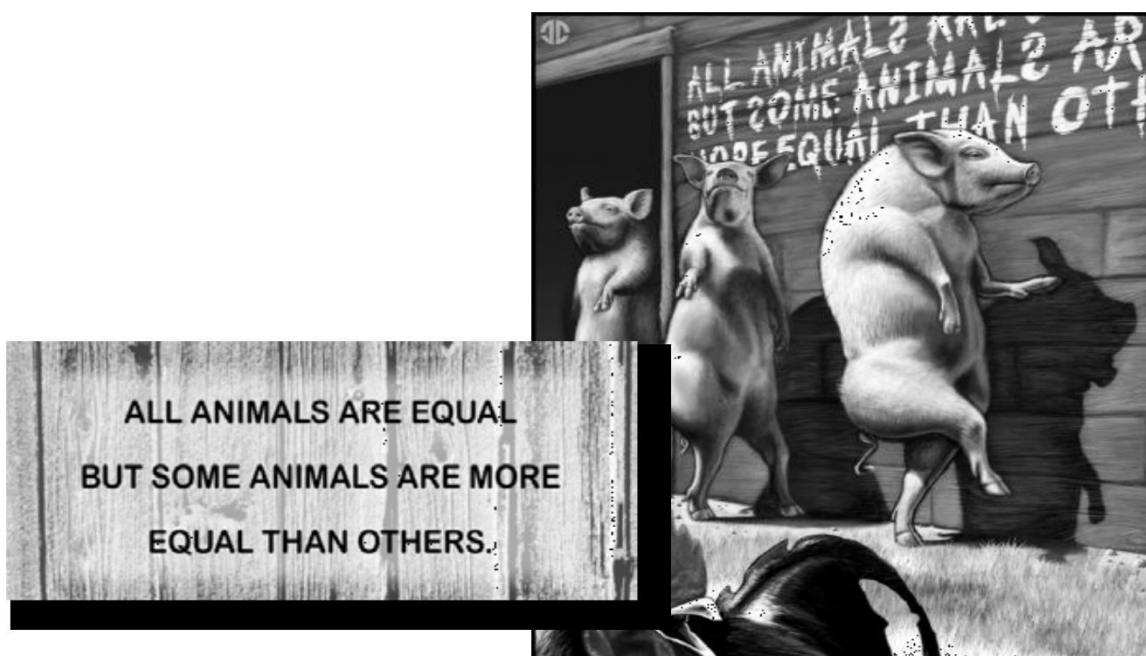
BEFORE READING

I. Match the words with their definitions.

1. insoluble - adj.	a. to maintain or support oneself at a minimal level
2. unalterable - adj.	b. entailing little expense; requiring few resources
3. frugally - adv.	c. impossible to solve
4. prosperous - adj.	d. successful in material terms; flourishing financially
5. admiration - n.	e. respect and warm approval
6. subsist - v.	f. not capable of being changed or altered

II. Give your ideas on the following:

1. This is the last chapter of the book. How do you think things will end up for the pigs, the other animals and the humans?
2. Do you think that the pigs will be successful in the end, or do you believe that they will fall and be in a worse position than the other animals they have been abusing? How and why?



WHILE READING

I. Read the chapter, be sure you understand the plot.

II. Transcribe and translate the words and use them in the sentences of your own:

inebriate, superannuated, muzzle, morose, taciturn, milling, frugally, furnace, insoluble, professed, hardship, saplings, haughty, diligently, creep, jug, incumbent, mistrust, abnormal, enquiry, dispel, subsist, pampering, malignant, subversive, sole, jointly, imperishable, gambol, consent, eminent, linger.

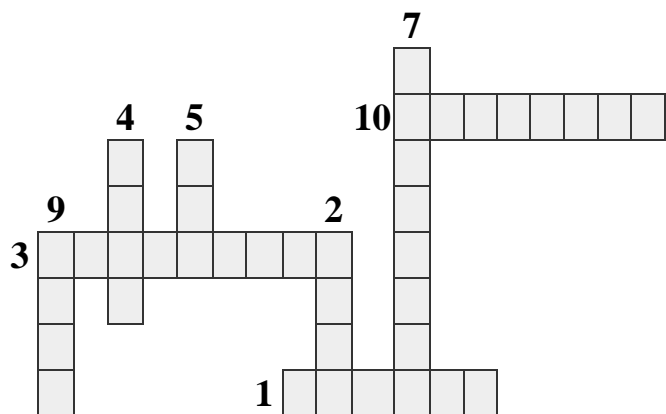
III. Fill in the blanks:

1. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the _____ and organisation of the farm.
2. This was of the highest importance for the _____ of the farm, Squealer said.
3. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the _____ wall with its white lettering.
4. A _____ of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection.
5. They _____ up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough peered in at the dining-room window.
6. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an _____ effect in the neighbourhood.
7. Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared _____ on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by _____ to be able to utter it.
8. _____ the farm was to be known as "The Manor Farm"—which, he believed, was its correct and original name.
9. There were shoutings, _____ on the table, sharp suspicious glances, _____ denials.
10. And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were stricken with _____.

IV. Complete the crossword using the words of Ex.2:

DOWN

- 2- tending not to speak much
- 4- being one only; single
- 5- a container for holding liquids that has a handle and a shaped opening at the top for pouring
- 7- difficult or unpleasant conditions of life, or an example of this
- 9- to have doubts about the honesty or abilities of someone



ACROSS

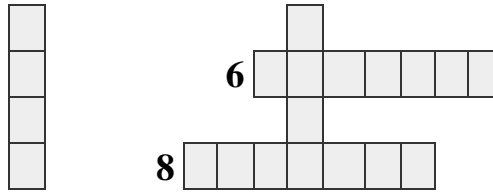
1-to remove fears, doubts, and false ideas, usually by proving them wrong or unnecessary

3- having a strong wish to do harm

6- to get enough food or money to stay alive, but no more

8- done by or involving two or more people or organizations

10- different from what is usual or average, especially in a way that is bad.



V. Explain the grammar:

1. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard.
2. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off 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.
3. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table.
4. And when they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their hearts swelled with imperishable 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.
5. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision.
6. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady 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.
7. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.
8. Without saying anything she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written.

VI. Match 1-11 to A-K:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. to drink a toast | a. веселощі трохи вщухли |
| 2. the most up-to-date methods, | b. чокатися |
| 3. clash of interests | c. захоплені опласки |
| 4. the cheering had died down | d. потайки наспівувана |
| 5. threshing machine | e. виголосити тост |
| 6. hummed secretly | f. кухлі були осушені до останньої краплі |
| 7. enthusiastic cheering | g. молотарка |
| 8. the unalterable law of life. | h. піковий туз |
| 9. to clink the mug | i. незмінний закон життя |
| 10. the mugs were emptied to the dregs | j. конфлікт інтересів |
| 11. ace of spades | k. найпередовіші методи |

VII. Translate the abstract into your native language:

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 swelled with imperishable 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 abandoned. 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 with in the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of *Beasts of England* was perhaps hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. 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.

VIII. Answer the questions:

1. How did the animals and their farm change through the ages?
2. Who represented the Soviet intelligentsia in "Animal Farm"?
3. How is it proved in the novel that language can be used as an instrument of control?
4. Why did the animals feel that they were not like other animals?
5. What was the result of sheep's remaining for the whole week at the other end of the farm?

6. What deeds of pigs caused outcry on the farm? Why?
7. What made Benjamin break his rule and read out to Clover what was written on the wall of the big barn?
8. What made Clover so terrified?
9. What changes in pigs' behavior didn't seem strange? Why?
10. Why did the farm have visitors?
11. How do you feel about the ending?
12. What are your predictions on Animal Farm?

AFTER READING

I. Reproduce the situation from the text, comment on it:

1. They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they understood very much of it.
2. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.
3. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer's lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better.
4. ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.
5. They worked diligently hardly raising their faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of the pigs or of the human visitors.
6. This BON MOT 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 pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.
7. 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.
8. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.
9. 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.

II. Discuss the following points:

1. How does Orwell make fun of bureaucracy?
2. How do the animals now feel about their society on the farm? Why do they feel this way?
3. All Seven Commandments are erased. What is the new commandment and how has it been true from the beginning?
4. What changes have the years brought to the farm?
5. At the conference with neighboring farmers, what new changes does Napoleon point out?
6. How do you feel after reading the end of the novel For example, do you find it uplifting, depressing, cynical? Explain your opinion.

III. Evaluate and Connect.

1. In Chapter X the pigs begin to walk on two legs. In your opinion is this evolution a sign of progress? Explain your opinion.
2. Some critics believe that, at the end of the book, Orwell suggests that the pigs and human political leaders are interchangeable. Do you think most government rulers are interchangeable?
3. How might power change those who have it? Explain your opinion.

IV. Newspaper Article

Imagine that you had to write a newspaper article for *Animal Farm*. Analyze the descriptions of Napoleon’s physical and behavioral characteristics found in Chapters IX and X. On a separate sheet of paper, use these details to write a profile of Napoleon for *Animal Farm*’s local newspaper.

V. PERSONAL RESPONSE: *Animal Farm* contains many extremely effective scenes. Some are humorous or witty, others are bitterly ironic or pessimistic. Which scene did you find most memorable and effective? Why?

VI. Watch two film versions of the novel and compare them.

a) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TP_ZDwimxM

b) <https://my-hit.org/film/188937/>

1. There are many differences between the films and the book. Using the table below, fill in the blank spaces with the differences between the films and the book.

THE BOOK	FILM (1)	FILM (2)

2. The book and the films ended differently. What were the differences? Which ending did you prefer and why?

ЛІТЕРАТУРА

Основна:

1. Orwell G. Animal Farm [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: <https://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/o/orwell/george/o79a/>
2. George Orwell's "Animal Farm": A Study Guide [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: http://curriculumproject.org/wp-content/uploads/AF_SB_DRAFT_Aug2012-web.pdf.
3. Murphy R. English Grammar in Use. A Self-Study Reference/ Raymond Murphy. – Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005. – 393 p.

Додаткова:

1. George Orwell [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: <https://www.biography.com/people/george-orwell-9429833>.
2. Collins English Dictionary [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: <http://www.collinsdictionary.com>.
3. Free Online Dictionary of Pronunciation [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: <http://www.howjsay.com>.
4. Каушанская В.Л. Грамматика английского языка / В. Л. Каушанская [Електронний ресурс]. – Режим доступу: <http://padabum.com/d.php?id=49352>.

Навчальне видання
(англійською мовою)

Василина Катерина Миколаївна
Ємельянова Валентина Миколаївна
Надточій Наталя Олександрівна

ПРАКТИЧНИЙ КУРС ПЕРШОЇ ІНОЗЕМНОЇ МОВИ (АНГЛІЙСЬКОЇ)

Практикум з домашнього читання для здобувачів ступеня
вищої освіти бакалавра спеціальності «Філологія»
освітньо-професійної програми
«Мова і література (англійська)»

Рецензент *Г. М. Шмелькова*
Відповідальний за випуск *К. М. Ружин*
Коректор *О. І. Лужаниця*

Підп. до друку 08.08.2018. Формат 60x90/16.
Папір офсетний. Друк ризографічний. Гарнітура Times.
Умовн. друк. арк. 7,3. Тираж 6 прим. Зам. № 174.

Запорізький національний університет
69600, м. Запоріжжя, МСП – 41
вул. Жуковського, 66.

Свідоцтво про внесення суб'єкта видавничої справи
до Державного реєстру видавців, виготівників
і розповсюджувачів видавничої продукції
ДК № 5229 від 11.10.2016.

