

## Chapter 3

HOW they worked 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 tools had been made for human beings and not for animals. 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. Boxer and Clover would 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.

Even the ducks and hens worked 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. It was the biggest harvest that the farm had ever seen. Nothing was wasted at all; 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 thought it possible to be. They really enjoyed every mouthful of food, now that it was their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves.

Everybody admired Boxer. He had been a hard worker even in Jones's time, but now he seemed more like three horses than one. From morning to night he was pushing and pulling, always at the spot where the work was hardest. He had asked one of the cockerels to call him in the mornings half an hour earlier than anyone else. His answer to every problem was "I will work harder!"- which he had chosen as his personal motto.

But everyone worked as best they could. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the quarrelling and jealousy which had been part 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 sometimes left work early because there was a stone in her hoof. And the cat was a bit strange. 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.

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual, and after breakfast there was a special ceremony. First came the hoisting of the flag. Snowball had found an old green tablecloth and had painted on it a hoof and a horn in white. This was hoisted up the flag pole 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 represented the future Republic of the Animals. After the hoisting of the flag all the

animals went into the big barn for what 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 never agreed. The Meeting always ended with the singing of Beasts of England.

The pigs had chosen a room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other subjects from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also organised the other animals into what he called Animal Committees. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails Committee for the cows and the Whiter Wool Committee for the sheep. He also started reading and writing classes which were a great success. By autumn nearly all the animals were more or less literate.

The pigs 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 slightly 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. Clover learnt the whole alphabet, but could not put words together. Boxer could not get beyond the letter D. He would write A, B, C, D, in the dust but very often could not remember what came next. Sometimes 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 happy with the first four letters, and used to write them out once or twice every day. Mollie refused to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. 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 said that the Seven Commandments could be made much shorter : "Four legs good, two legs bad." This, he said, was the most important principle of Animalism.

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation. Most of the animals started to learn this by heart. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD, was written on the wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger letters. The sheep liked it so much 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 had puppies soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine strong puppies. As soon as they had stopped

drinking their mother's milk, 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 room below, He kept them away from the rest of the animals on the farm and soon all the animals forgot about them

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon explained. It was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. The early apples were now ripening, and the grass of the orchard was covered with windfalls. The animals had thought that these would be shared equally. One day it was decided that all the windfalls were to be collected and given to the pigs. Some of the other animals complained, but it was no use. All the pigs were in full agreement on this point, even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer was sent to explain this to the others.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not think, I hope, that we pigs are doing this because we are selfish? Many of us actually don't like milk and apples. I dislike them myself. We are only doing this so we stay healthy. Milk and apples (this has been proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary for pigs. We pigs are brain workers. The whole organisation of this farm depends on us. 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, 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.. So it was agreed without more argument that the milk and the windfall apples should be reserved for the pigs alone.