

# **Animal Farm**

by George Orwell

# **Contents**

**CHAPTER 1**

**CHAPTER 2**

# CHAPTER 1

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the

night, but was too  
drunk to remember to  
shut the popholes.

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  
tushes 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

This is the end of  
the Demo

**Return to Start**

**Sorry, this item is not  
available in the demo.**

**RETURN  
TO CONTENTS**