

Penguin



Readers



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CHAPTER ONE

Major's dream

Mr Jones, of Manor Farm, drank too much with his friends one night. He came home and pushed open the back door of the farmhouse. He kicked off his shoes, drank one last glass of **beer** and went up to bed. Mrs Jones was already sleeping.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out, animals started to move all across the farm. Major, the oldest of the pigs, wanted to talk to them about his strange **dream**. Most of the animals liked old Major, and they wanted to hear him. They walked, or flew, quietly into the big **barn** to listen.

Old Major was lying at one end of the barn, waiting for them. He was twelve years old and quite fat, and he was a kind and intelligent animal. The dogs, Jessie, Bluebell and Pincher, were the first into the barn, and the other pigs followed them. They lay down in front of Major. The chickens sat under the windows, while the **pigeons** flew up to the top of the barn and rested there. The sheep and cows sat behind the pigs.

Two horses, Clover and Boxer, came in together, walking slowly because they did not want to hurt any of the smaller animals. Clover was not young, and she was now a bit fat. Boxer was an enormous horse, more than six feet tall, and very strong. He was not intelligent, but he was very kind and worked hard. After the horses came Muriel, the white **goat**, and Benjamin, the **donkey**. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and he was never happy and never laughed. But he was a good friend to Boxer, and on Sunday you could find them together in a field, eating grass, but never speaking.



Then Mollie came in, eating a piece of sugar. Mollie was a pretty young horse, and she pulled Mr Jones's **trap**. The last animal to come in was the cat. She lay down and was soon sleeping. When Major saw that everybody was ready, he began to speak.

"Friends," he said, "I have something important to tell you. I have lived for a long time, and I don't think that I'll be with you for much longer. I have learned many things in my long life, and, before I die, I want to tell you about them.

"The lives of all animals on this farm are short, and we are not happy. We work all of our lives, and, when we can't work any more, they kill us. We're not **free**. No animal in England is. But England is a rich country with good weather, and fruit and vegetables grow well here. There's enough food for every animal, but people steal all that food from us.

"People don't work," said Major. "They don't give us eggs or milk. They never work hard in the fields. We do all the work, and they keep everything. You cows give milk, but does it go to your children?



And you chickens, what happens to your eggs? And Clover, you had four children, but Mr Jones sold them. Where are they now? I'm lucky. I'm twelve years old. But many of the young pigs here will die in the next year. And Boxer, when you're old and can't work any more, they'll kill you, too!

"In my strange dream last night, I saw a world without people. Our problems come from people,

and without them we can be rich and free. So we must work night and day to start a **rebellion**. When will it happen? I don't know – maybe in a week, or maybe in a hundred years. But we must be ready. Remember! All people are **enemies**. All animals are friends.”

Old Major waited for a minute, and then he spoke again.

“Remember that people are the enemy. Anyone with two legs is an enemy. Anyone with four legs, or wings, is a friend. And animals must never do the same things as people. We must never live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink **alcohol**, or touch money. And all animals are brothers. Animals must not kill other animals.”

The animals were now very excited, and they were making a lot of noise. Mr Jones woke up, took his gun and **fired** it out of the window. The animals ran back to their homes. In a few minutes, everyone on the farm was sleeping.

CHAPTER TWO

The Rebellion

Three nights later, old Major died. It was early March, and for three months the animals worked to get ready for the Rebellion. Everyone agreed that the pigs were the most intelligent animals, so they taught the other animals.

The two most important pigs were Napoleon, a black pig, and a white pig called Snowball. Napoleon was quiet and thought a lot, and some of the animals were a little afraid of him. Snowball talked more, but the animals did not like him as much. One of the younger pigs, Squealer, talked a lot and explained difficult ideas very well. "Squealer could turn black to white," the other animals said.

Napoleon, Snowball and Squealer taught the other animals more about old Major's ideas. They called these ideas Animalism, and the other animals had a lot of questions. "Who will feed us when Mr Jones isn't there?" they said, and, "Why are we learning