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 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.

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....

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.

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...

 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.

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?"
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!"

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.

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.

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!"

....

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