

ANIMAL FARM REVISITED

A tribute to George Orwell



**Irwin
Friedman**

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REVISITED**

**A TRIBUTE TO
GEORGE ORWELL**

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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.....

George Orwell, February 1944

A dog looks up to a man as his noble master. A cat looks down because she can't be bothered. But only a pig can look a man in the eye and see his equal.

Adapted from a quote attributed to Winston Churchill.

*Lives of great men serve to remind us,
We can live like beasts or swine,
And in departing leave behind us,
Hoof prints on the sands of time.*

Adapted by the author

THE FIRST NOBLE IDEAL: FIGHTING THE JUST WAR

Mr. Pilkington had left Manor Farm in great anger that night muttering under his breath that it served him right for trusting the stupid animals. It was quite obvious there could never be dialogue with them.

The pigs were also muttering. They had formed themselves into a circle that they had declared was the Council of War. Napoleon beat his trotter on the table and the pigs were silenced.

"The time has come," he said forcefully, "to teach Pilkington and the rest of deceitful Man a lesson. Quite obviously his defeat at the Battle of the Windmill was insufficient to demonstrate our resolve. Now he mocks Animalism. He flaunts it with his tricks. He shall see now the wrath of those whom he has betrayed. He shall see the victorious animals of Manor Farm return to territories that are historically their own. Land that was seized from innocent creatures while their eyes were as yet unopened. I, Napoleon, vow to return that land to its rightful owners...."

His voice raised to a crescendo, "...the animals of Manor Farm!"

A murmur rippled across the room. Even the pigs did not know that Pilkington, who had become an amicable neighbour, had been living on Animal land.

"Look how we have tried to reason with him, cooperate, even play his foolish card games. What do we get in return? Deceit and betrayal of our sacred belief in cooperation and unity. Therefore, I, Napoleon, great leader, do vow that the plain green flag of Manor Farm will fly again at Pinchfield Farmhouse. Our army will sweep clean the green fields of all human resistance. We will set free all those who are still oppressed. We will rise up and assist our brothers-at-arms who are struggling at this moment to liberate their colonized lands. We will fight and die for what we know is right, for our territories and enslaved animal kind. We will trounce opposition. We will beat his human head and stamp on his blood. Let there be war! Viva the Animals, Viva!"

The pigs clapped loudly. Napoleon coughed and continued, his eloquence only beginning to feel the warmth of his emotions.

"I say to you: how much more of this can we tolerate? How much more indignity? I ask you: has anyone else tried as we have to reason with the Man; with all Men? Have we not humbled ourselves, even crawled on all fours before them - nay, some of us even prostrated ourselves before him? And look how he serves us our reward.

Enjoying his own humility he continued, "No, the time has come to act. Let them taste the bitter whip of our anger; let them know that we will not tolerate the things

they do; let them learn that we no longer ask for our land, but have come to take it, with all the means at our disposal. Show them that history repeats itself. They invaded us, and now we shall invade them! We shall exterminate them in their sheeted-beds. We shall slaughter them as they have slaughtered us in fields and abattoirs. Viva, the Animals, Viva!"

The Council roared its approval. It continued for a full minute before even Napoleon could bring it under control.

"Council of War: this very night Pilkington will learn of his grave mistake. General Whymper shall lead a group of commando's in a surprise attack."

The pigs looked at Whymper in admiration and cheered. Whymper, however, did not respond. He did not understand. At first he thought it to be a joke. He was after all a man, a solicitor no less. How could he be a general? But Napoleon did not joke. The man had been working with the pigs so long, there really was no difference. "General Whymper," screamed Napoleon, "the Council awaits your acceptance of the great post to which you have been nominated."

"Viva Napoleon," he stammered, Viva!"

"Viva Napoleon", replied the pigs, "Viva!"

The events of the following hours were rapid and disastrous. Within half an hour General Whymper and

General Squealer had led the Dog Squad to the barn and roused some of the animals who were conscripted as they were rounded up. After being ordered to swear the oath of allegiance 'Two legs make a better leader,' they were commanded to waken all the other animals and to have them assembled outside in the main yard opposite the farmhouse porch. Napoleon would address them on a very important matter and, to stress the importance of the occasion, any animal not reporting as instructed would be immediately executed.

Soon all the animals plodded wearily from their bedding to the main yard where, already, a number of pigs were standing in green battle dress laden with insignia.

Benjamin, the donkey, shook his wizened head and thought that the battle dress looked familiar. Similar, as he vaguely recalled, to curtains that once had hung in the windows of Manor Farm.

The yard filled up, and the pigs began arranging the animals into rows, shortest on the left and tallest on the right. Twenty-one formed a platoon; and three platoons, a company. In charge of each platoon was a pig commander.

"Call the roll," bellowed Whymper.

Benjamin frowned. Clover, the old cart horse was not answering to her name. After the roll had been read, General Whymper followed up with listing of all the absentees. "According to the instructions of Napoleon

the Great Leader, these deserters are to be executed immediately. Find them and bring them forward," he grunted.

The Dog Squad reacted with vigour. Benjamin, alarmed by the threat, began to run towards the shed where Clover was lying. The poor animal was having great pain in her joints and had not been able to rouse herself. Winston, a grey-black mongrel pulled Benjamin back before he had taken two paces. Benjamin looked in surprise at the small creature that had been rejected from the Dog Squad because of its doubtful ancestry.

"Don't be stupid, you old fool," he said with gentleness, "Clover cannot be saved. She will soon be without her pain." He managed a pained grin as he nuzzled against Benjamin to reassure him. Benjamin didn't know dogs could smile.

Then, to the great surprise of all the animals around him, Benjamin smiled too! No one had ever seen Benjamin smile before - but then no one had ever seen Benjamin's life being saved by a dog. Only later did some of the more perceptive animals, when recalling that unusual countenance, wonder that the smile seemed to deepen through the ensuing carnage. The distinction between horror and humour in a donkey's smile is a difficult one to make at the best of times, particularly if one is not a donkey.

Clover and all the other animals that had deserted were dragged, bellowing in anguish, before the porch. The animals in the ranks trembled as they screamed.

Napoleon appeared in a flash through the open doorway to the porch and pranced proudly to his raised platform. Squealer, appearing behind him, blew a strange mournful note on a shiny brass instrument which he pointed upwards at the light. Martial music erupted from an old record player, which one of the more mechanically-minded pigs had learned how to use.

Napoleon did not over-elaborate on the coming war. The animals were there to win it, not understand it. And to show them that he would brook no treacherous acts, executed each of the traitors, one by one, by means of savage bites delivered to their jugular veins by volleys of vicious bites delivered by the Dog Squad.

The animals shivered. Napoleon screamed and snapped his trotter to his snout.

"Viva Napoleon, Viva!" sang Squealer.

"Viva Napoleon, Viva," responded the animals in the ranks watching the frightful scowls of their platoon leaders.

Then followed a hastily composed rendition of the new anthem, which some of the animals seemed to recollect was somewhat like "Beasts of England."

"Follow Napoleon, follow the Leader,
Through any hardship, land or clime,
To our future hope and glory,
Where he will rule to the end of time."

Subsequent to this, Napoleon declared that, in terms of the new emergency war act, ordinary rules on the farm would be suspended and replaced by military rules over which he was to be Council-in-Chief. The Council of War had unanimously adopted the act. Already the sign-painter had removed the single commandment on the end of the barn wall and replaced it with the simple message of the War Measurement Act.

BECAUSE TWO AND TWO LEGS EQUALS FOUR
WE'LL FOLLOW NAPOLEON OFF TO WAR

The tired animals were wondering if the ceremony was over. They hardly cared any more what was painted on the barn. Anyway it changed so often that for many of the less intelligent animals, there wasn't sufficient time to learn it. And with the hard days work, getting up before sunrise, and only finishing after sundown, it was not easy to read, unless one's eyes were good enough to read by moonlight.

But the animals soon learned that the ceremony had just begun. And after the ceremony, there was to be even something far more unexpected: it was the hardship announced in the second line of the new National Anthem. It began as one might expect by the signing of the Oath of Allegiance. Each animal was required to

imprint his front right hoof print on a great green cloth on which was inscribed the War Measures Act.

Perhaps there were many animals who did not wish to sign, but they were afraid. Benjamin, his old brain nimble as ever, felt little compulsion to leave hoof prints on an old piece of curtain. Winston smudged his footprint - a smudged print was as good as none at all. Had it not been for other considerations, particularly the extreme agitation that was evident among the pigs these foul acts would have been noticed and the traitors punished.

It was a dreadful night. Evidently Pilkington had been expecting the animals to mount some sort of surprise attack. He had rounded up, merely as a precaution, as many of his farmhands as he could, and warned them of potential trouble. He even went so far as to invite labourers from adjacent farms to be on the alert to join in the fun. He armed as many as he could with shotguns and, for the rest, he left it up to their ingenuity which, when it came to working out how to inflict pain on innocent creatures, was particularly creative. Labourers and other similarly endowed workers, have, in this respect, as we all know, tremendous intellectual resources that they can call to their command.

Perhaps the terrible defeat would not have been so bad had Napoleon refrained, in his pre-war speech, from emphasizing the sophistication of the animal weapons and forces. Against such a modern arsenal and reservoir of animal spirit, the enemy would have little chance of

success, he had railed. So when the animals got their sticks and stones, their traditional animal weapons, they were quite content that the evening's activities would not amount to much more than a ritual of stick and stone throwing; anything to please Napoleon and be left alone to get some sleep. They persuaded themselves that, probably, in any event, even the stick and stone throwing wouldn't materialize. The humans would probably just run at the sight of them.

They were, as they soon discovered, quite wrong. Nothing seemed to happen quite the way Napoleon said it would.

The great bulk of the Animal Army moved forward in two divisions under the separate command of Napoleon and General Squealer, forming as one might visualize it from above, a shallow spread out 'V'.

The plan was simple, for in simplicity lay the key to success. To strike and strike hard, and hit the enemy when his belt was down. That was Napoleon's plan.

The squad, sent under the leadership of General Whymper, would speed on ahead and attack the house. They would rush in and eradicate Pilkington and whoever else was in the house. By the time the alarm had been sent out about the attack, the army would have passed over into the boundaries of the farm and would close in on the farmhouse and outbuildings and then finally, in the closing stages of the battle, would clamp remaining resistance in a gigantic pincer movement.

Following capture of the farmhouse, the flag of the Manor Farm would fly over the liberated territories - and all the freed animals would be able to join the forces and pay homage to the Great Leader.

Napoleon had emphasized that no human prisoners would be taken. Some of the animals had not understood how they could win a battle without taking prisoners. It was explained to these simple creatures that human beings were not animals and could never be liberated - and when of course the oppressed territories had been freed, it would be illegal for any human being to be found on the land. Any such trespassers would require immediate elimination. They could not, therefore, be taken prisoner. It was really very simple.

The first unfortunate incident was the ambush and massacre of the advance surprise party who were, themselves, rather surprised by what the surprise turned out to be in reality. They crept very quietly through the gate that lead to Pilkington's farm, and were silently running along a path through an orchard when the trees seemed to erupt into thunder. There wasn't even time for chaos to set in and for them to run away - the remaining survivors didn't, in any case, know in what direction it was safe to run.

Pilkington learned, with much glee, about the advancing-V that even then was closing in on the fence. At this stage he did something that some say was very hard to do. He made a tactical error, although it is fair to say in his defence that he was only human. Instead of

completely subduing Napoleon, obliterating all resistance, and taking Manor Farm back for his own, through an elementary error, he set into motion a series of events that would be a disaster for himself.

Napoleon, alarmed by the shooting, hastened his own army forward, believing that the attack on the house had been completely successful and that the human occupants were responding with some sort of resistance. They crashed over the weak fence that separated the two farms and ploughed towards the deserted farmhouse. All the lights were off and Pilkington had taken his men around the perimeter of the farm and crossed backwards so that they were behind the animals. They spread out and followed the noise of the army advancing in front of them.

None of the animals, least of all Napoleon expected to be attacked from behind and, when it happened, it startled them so much that not even the vaguest form of resistance was offered as they scattered in all directions into Pilkington's fields. Napoleon, of course, led the escaping animals as they charged out into the fields.

The labourers and riff-raff from the surrounding farms had a merry time chasing chickens and shooting sheep. Too late, Pilkington realized that the cost of their victory was going to be the loss of his crops. The tender green plants that had barely begun to germinate were murderously trampled underfoot by both pursuer and pursued.

Eventually, Pilkington managed to get word around that the animals had been sufficiently routed and that he would appreciate it if the men would now leave the fields.

Grudgingly, the men complied, for even without payment the evenings sport was well worth the time, and many would be seen to be carrying off some of the dead booty, such as chickens and geese. One fellow was even dragging along a half dead sheep whose spasmodic death throes made him jump.

Soon the partially digested portions of these animals would be swimming amid beery brews in the stomachs of their erstwhile foes. Pilkington, growing more anxious with each passing moment, informed Napoleon that he was prepared to consider signing a truce if he would bring the animals under control immediately as they were damaging his fields. However, if they failed to surrender, he would be forced to totally crush the revolt and to cover the cost of his losses by selling the animal carcasses at the market the next day.

Napoleon did not like losing wars. Few great leaders do, but even less did he like the idea of himself being served as roast pork or bacon and eggs. In any event, he was a tactician and realized that, in a way, he had not totally lost the war. Although it had been a win for Pilkington, it was a Pyrrhic victory. So Napoleon rounded up the animals together with as many of the pigs and Dog Squad he could find.

In front of them he met briefly with Pilkington and signed a non-aggression pact, known as the Peace Accord of Foxwood Farm, which would limit further conflict and damage. As they were leaving, he instructed the animals to leave as much destruction in their wake as possible, as his own personal tribute to the Accord.

Pilkington, terrified of losing his entire crop, sat passively and watched them go. Sadly he walked back to his farmhouse. He had won the war but would lose his land.

THE SECOND NOBLE IDEAL: DEMOCRACY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY

The animals were weary. They were tired and beaten. Many of their comrades lay dead, and most of them were licking their own wounds. Napoleon tried to regiment them and told them to behave with some dignity - they had been at war with Pilkington - but they would not keep in line despite his threats. Dejectedly, they trundled back towards the farmhouse.

It was already nearly morning and they knew, without asking that, come sunrise, they would be expected to set out to the fields for their daily toil. Their misery was profound. Even the Dog Squad did not have the morale to control them. They, too, had been beaten.

Possibly, it was only when Napoleon announced that all the animals would be immediately required to gather in the yard for a victory speech and celebration, that the first real flicker of resistance began to re-ignite on Manor Farm.

Unfortunately for Napoleon, he was so happy that all had not been lost, he did not notice the seething and boiling that was preceding the storm.

The animals gathered in the yard and listened to his speech. He told them of how brave they had been. Though it had been a bitter battle, Pilkington would soon be ejected. They had practically destroyed his fields

and, had it not been that the time was wrong, they should have liberated the occupied territories that very night.

Benjamin's mind was wandering. He did not care about the massacre. He had seen enough violence in his time to be quiet and uninvolved. But he couldn't quite understand what was happening around him. The sheep had stopped their bleating 'Two legs make a better leader'. Benjamin noticed that several animals were muttering under their breath. Suddenly, a few of the animals began to interject, "What has become of all the animals?"

Napoleon grew instantly angry, but no Dog Squad member would respond to his yells of "Quieten the mob!" They too were muttering. Louder and louder they muttered until all the animals were shouting in unison, "WHERE ARE ALL OUR FRIENDS?", deafening even Napoleon who could no longer hear his own words.

Squealer, ever aware of the need to grab the opportunistic moment, quickly rose to speak. His passionate voice silenced the crowd. So beautiful was his eloquence, they were lulled once more.

"Comrade animals of this great farm, this night is one of great pain for all of us. We have had a great victory, but in the process, it has cost us some of our dearest allies - and we are tired."

Napoleon disappeared unnoticed into the house.

"We sought to end this oppression, and it has cost us dearly, but we must take strength in the principles for which we all stand. We must push on with strength and dignity. We must remember we are all together. Napoleon, our great leader is not to blame for our troubles - he is but the father of our great farm where 'Two legs make a better leader.'"

Benjamin, who had not been listening to Squealer, heard nothing except the last phrase, which sent a tearing electric current through his flesh. Suddenly he could remember his younger days. The days of Mr. Jones and the revolution, Snowball and the Seven Commandments. He brayed louder and louder; louder than ever before. "You are a liar Squealer - Napoleon is a dictator! You have made our lives a misery with your lies. Never have animals lived so badly. Never. Never! Napoleon is a DICTATOR!". Benjamin, the Donkey, was widely respected, an elder with wisdom and gentle ideas. He had always been silent. Now he had spoken.

The silence was stunning. The accusation hung in the air.

Manor Farm was once again in the balance. The animals were angry and tired. Squealer stood terrified and silent. A false breath, the tiniest move, would spell an end to all their hopes.

"Fascist pigs!" screamed a voice from the crowd. All at once, in a cacophony of bellowing, the rest of the

animals joined in the chanting "Fascist pigs, fascist pigs, fascist pigs, fascist pigs..." till the farmhouse shook.

Suddenly, a new mania began to take them. "We want Benjamin" they roared. "We want Benjamin!"

Benjamin, who had just begun to recover from the shock of his own outburst, grew cold once more at what he heard. He shook his head and the twisted, wry smile played once more across the wizened muzzle. If there was no other way to stop the roar, then they should have him.

He mounted the steps of the porch and stood, for all his age, like a new foal on its first legs. The awesome crowd of animals looked on at him. What could he say? He could not simply shake his head now, so he spoke:

"Animals of our farm. These pigs have lied to us for they are selfish creatures, as we all are. So, it helps us none to accuse them. Our farm has become a terrible place to live in. We work all day and never rest - yet nothing seems to grow - and we are never happy. "Let us be more gentle with ourselves, so that there is still time after we have finished the day's work, to see the sun set. Let us treat one another fairly and cooperate so that while we toil, we rejoice in each other's company. Let us forget these terrible wars that brought us no victory, but misery and death. Let us be brothers and sisters learning to love life, light and liberty on Animal Farm."

As he spoke, his words became immortalised and Manor Farm came once again to be known as Animal Farm.

In homage to his wise words, there was no immediate retribution against the older Pigs and the Dogs who had been part of the Oppression. It was a time of reconciliation. They were, however, restricted to the barn and the old cattle pen until the new leaders were sure that all were safe from their trickery and brutal counterplots.

Napoleon never served his time in the pen. Evidently he died of a broken heart when it became evident to him that he would spend the rest of his days as an ordinary citizen. Strange to say, hardly anyone noticed that he had gone.

It wasn't long after that when it was suggested that they hold draft a constitution, transform the system of Law and Order, and hold a democratic election to choose their new leaders. The idea was suggested by one of the younger pigs who, being too young to have been a conspirator during the Oppression, had been fortunate enough to receive a good education. He drew the attention of the animals to a little-known book, which had inadvertently fallen behind the bookcase during the times when Napoleon had ordered that all the books should be destroyed.

The book stated quite categorically that the cornerstone of all civilized societies was a democratic government

based on a constitution with a bill of rights that guaranteed free enterprise and created law and order.

Many of the animals, confused by these new ideas, and already somewhat wary of pigs, came to ask Benjamin about whether he thought a constitution and democracy were a good idea. They were especially puzzled about elections. Should they have a council or just choose one animal to lead the animals? He did not know of any reason that animals should not have a constitution, democracy or elections - although animals, to the best of his knowledge, had never needed this before. For his part, with or without a democratic council, he was having difficulty in finding sufficient time to enjoy what remaining small pleasures awaited him during his lifetime. The thought of a constitution guaranteeing 'democracy', 'freedom of enterprise', 'law and order' conjured up no such pleasure for him - he was never quite sure why, but did not want to dampen their enthusiasm.

For the rest for all the animals, it was an exciting time. Seeing there was no work to be done, they set about planning the elections with real rigour and gusto.

In order to have an election, it was necessary to identify 'election issues' proclaimed a bright young pig. While some of his ideas had found favour, this one did not. It even caused some resentment among those who felt that introducing issues into the elections would probably favour the pigs. Many of the animals had already felt that, in any event, they did not think the pigs should be

allowed to remain on the farm. The animals were bitter about their hardships, all of which had been brought about by the cruel ways of the pigs while they were in power.

There were wide varieties of opinion as to what elections should be like. Little differences spun themselves around. Before long little eddies turned into whirlpools and, lo and behold, dissent and disagreement transformed into political parties as the magic of democracy descended and spread its mysterious fingers into the little animal farm.

Little differences now were big differences. Somehow the chickens and the sheep could never agree on anything. The rabbits were at loggerheads with both of them.

Robert, a talkative young bunny, was probably the most prominent politician at the time. For one thing, he was young, exquisitely shaped with a warm fur coat - so said his fluffy concubines. He was certainly a social climber and knew the importance of female climbing as well for, in his opinion, the way to get support was to create it - in the form of little bunnies.

He claimed that within five years of the first elections, the rabbits' point of view would become the dominant one, even if it was then an unpopular minority standpoint. He used to foil most of his opposition, which came mainly from the chickens, by his profound philosophical probing of their own inconsistencies.

"What came first?" he would enigmatically ask, "the Chicken or the Egg?"

Chick, a slick young female bird was possibly the only one with anything close to a formulated reply.

"I think, dear Robert bunny, that you have your facts a little confused. Have you ever seen an egg lay a chicken? It's playing with words. The facts are simple. Hens lay eggs and chickens emerge - why confuse the issue? Anyway, I don't even believe that rabbits should take part in these elections. After all, even though you rabbits are animals of some sort, you don't really belong here. What did you ever contribute to our economy? You are pests from the fields. You're pets to human children - but a disgrace to a self-supporting animal community."

The sheep also had a prominent leader, possibly less vocal than the leaders of either of the two main parties, but none-the-less, very effective. His method was to bleat out the beat in a simple pattern the rest of the sheep could follow easily. For example, "Bleat-bleat-blah-blah," to which the rest of the sheep would reply thoughtfully, "Bleat-bleat-blah-blah". And since there were no pigs any longer to teach them new things to bleat, the 'Bleat-bleat-blah-blah' became permanent official party policy.

For month after month there was a variety of get-togethers, meetings, gatherings, seminars, workshops, colloquia, conferences, conventions and even a summit

about the importance of democracy. Although the underlying concepts behind ‘Bleat-bleat-blah-blah’ were never fully elaborated in the process, nevertheless, from the richness of the debate, there flowered the vision of what became known as the Seven Noble Ideals. So in-depth were all the considerations, there was even time for a reunion of those who first came up with the idea, and an opportunity to present themselves awards.

Eventually, however, when everyone was nearly exhausted about thinking and talking democracy, and energies were rapidly failing, one of the animals inadvertently suggested that holding the election might be fun. Less than to ensure inscrutable fairness, and more because he was an outcast pig rejected by the former ruling party, the chief judge was appointed as electoral officer. After many weeks of pondering and deliberation, interspersed with - needless to say - a broad range of consultations, discussions, talks, negotiations and a dialogue, he set up a Neutral and Independent Commission for Elections (NICE) initiative to plan the free and fair voting system and adapt human democracy for use by animals.

In a very profound move, as one of its first bold steps, the farm was divided into fifteen NICE constituencies. This entailed quite a lot of work in measuring, enumerating and other activities which, as it later turned out, had little real impact on the elections. Although all the names had to be subsequently changed soon after the elections to eradicate the associations of the oppressive past and immortalize the heroes of the struggle, the

original constituency names are included here simply for the sake of historical accuracy:

1. Barn
2. Yard
3. Farmhouse Front
4. Farmhouse Rear
5. Fields
6. Windmill
7. Sheds
8. The Chicken Run
9. Rabbit Holes
10. Rusting Implements (Implements View)
11. Riverside
12. The Pits
13. Graveyards
14. Gardens
15. Orchards

Although the creation of constituencies was really just one element, the details of the enormously involved NICE plan cannot be dealt with in any comprehensive manner here. It would need a treatise of its own. Suffice it to say, that despite the considerable complexity of the plan, when the election day finally came, the animals were adept in coping with the growing new tradition of what was to become known as Animalistic Democracy.

With the new-found enthusiasm, the election rapidly gained momentum as candidates from one side to another slogged it out to get attention from the electorate. Mostly, the candidates were drawn from four main parties:

The Rabbit Democratic Party (RDP),
The Kingdom of Free Chickens (KFC)
The All Sheep Solidarity (ASS)
The Coalition of Animal Collectivists (CAC)

The canvassing that preceded the election was, indeed most fascinating. However, since none of the parties

were able to write down their manifesto or election promises, and none of those listening to what was said were able remember it anyway, it seems unnecessary to recount what happened or harp upon issues that are probably best forgotten.

The day before the elections had a funfair atmosphere to it - almost like a market - except that, instead of being its victims, the animals were running the show. The four main political parties all had a stall in the barn. Each had its workers out in the field campaigning for the following day. Most of the animals seemed impressed at the importance of the occasion, with the few usual sceptics who never seemed satisfied with anything. Having said this, though there may have been differences of opinion on all almost all matters, there was sufficient consensus on at least one issue: animals should have their own parliament

Thus it was that, after the hectic election had ended, the Chief Judge swore-in the first members of parliament. Animal Farm, once an oppressed and dictatorial people-centred state, became a civilised, self-respecting democratic republic of social animals.

After swearing-in, the parties immediately realigned themselves with a surprisingly minimal amount of bickering, each eager to get to parliament and start making laws. Soon, a coalition was formed between the Rabbits Democratic Party, the Keep Free Chickens and Coalition of Animal Collectivists, opposed by the

powerful All Sheep Solidarity. A small margin to rule with, but a promising beginning for the tiny new state.

The young pig who had discovered the book on democracy behind the bookcase, remained an ardent enthusiast and even decided to become a journalist to promote the idea. It was really a bold idea. He didn't even know if the farm needed a journalist, but he had read about the free press and thought they should have one as well. The best he could do was call out the news from the porch using a loudhailer. Porch radio was born. No one listened at first until he caught onto the idea of talking about all the delicious gossip of who had slept with whom the previous night.

And so came to pass the opening day of the first session of parliament. Word went around that the honourable member (Hm) Robert Hehr, the first Prime Animal of the Animal Republic was to make his inaugural speech from the same Porch where the great dictator, Napoleon, had made his last stand, and where Porch Radio had recently been operating.

The animals gathered in the Yard, which had now become the administration centre of the farm since the formation of the Yard of the Law and Animal Parliament.

They stood quietly and waited. A platoon of rabbits, gaily ornamented with flowers and paper hats, hopped along smartly, accompanied by a pretty peep of young chickens, each pecking away at the dirt, followed by a

flock of sheep, who looked as if they would prefer to be chewing grass if they hadn't been rounded up by their herd dogs.

Music for the occasion was played on the old phonograph using records from times that were completely forgotten by almost every animal.

The rabbit platoon and chicken peeps were halted by a throaty command, and formed a guard of honour in front of the porch. The sheep meandered around in the background, kept somewhat together by their dogs.

The animals still waited, anxious to see the new Prime Animal in his official role. Eventually, after much waiting Hm Robert Hehr emerged from the house where he and the other members of parliament, as well as a number of other officials, had taken up residence. His gait was long and grand as he strutted forward in his ceremonial dress. He looked very important indeed.

Behind the Prime Animal strode Chick, looking more beautiful and elegant than she had ever looked before. Some said they thought they saw her eyes shadowed by a tinge of blue colouring, which seemed to make her eyes sparkle more brightly. Others felt it was just the shadow of her eyelashes which looked much darker than usual. Around her neck hung a strange series of bright beads linked, it seemed, by a string. Word passed around that these beads were highly valuable pearls. Chick had been chosen by the Animal of Government as deputy to the

Prime Animal and was custodian of all the possessions of the farmer's wife in the old regime.

The animals stood in solemn silence, the honourable Robert Hehr waiting for the impressive atmosphere to sink and seep downwards. Then he began, speaking in language that glowed with love for the animals of the farm, and the tragic ascent from the dark times to that present time of enlightenment.

"Animals of this great farm, I stand here humbled and overawed, at the responsibility that you have all so generously showered upon my shoulders. I cannot speak of my emotions as I gaze out onto the sea of your happy faces. I cannot tell you enough of how my heart now sings at the great changes we have had on our farm since the elimination of the tyranny of the Oppression. We are now free animals. We have a government composed of animals that cares about the animals. We are free of restrictive laws and punishing masters that force us to work from dusk to dawn with no more reward than hollow speeches and oppression. I look to you all, rabbits and chickens, sheep, oxen and horses - every member of our wonderful Animal Farm, even pigs and dogs, to exercise your rights as free animals. Live and enjoy your lives. Sow and reap the fruits of your own endeavour, free of *unreasonable* control by dictatorial leadership.

We have had a free election and you have chosen us to represent your wishes. And that we shall do. We may have many parties but one parliament. I am sure I speak

on behalf of all the parties when I say we are united in making our farm a happy paradise on which all animals may live in peace and prosperity. At all times, you shall know of our decisions and debates, and we are pledged to inform you of these whenever *reasonably* possible.

So let me tell you now the outcome of the first parliamentary sitting from which we have just emerged, and explain how it affects general animal affairs. Our first decision has been to rename this historic farm again so that we might be freed from associations of the past."

A cheer rose from the animals.

"We now name our farm the Republic of Social Animals."

The animals cheered again.

"I might say that we were not agreed on this name, for the All Sheep Solidarity felt that the name should be of a more historical nature and should be called Sheeplands because originally sheep had grazed in the open fields long before it had even been a Manor or Animal Farm. The governmental coalition pointed out that this was a highly disputable fact and that, since it was now a self-governing system of socialised animals, it should be called the Republic of Social Animals; and so we have that name after a democratic vote by the \animal parliament. Only seven members chose to vote against the name.

We also have a new flag, which will be presented after this ceremony. It is half red and half white symbolising the red blood of the oppression and the clean white of the future enlightenment.

The All Sheep Solidarity felt it ought to be all white and made of wool to symbolise the great efforts made by sheep throughout the entire history of the farm. As the governing party, we felt it unwise for such a partisan step to be taken, even though the suggestion was given serious attention. Once again after a division, the matter was settled.

One further announcement is that we have created a Social Animals Defence Force to protect us against invasion from anywhere at anytime. You see before you the first contingent forming my Guard of Honour. To put your minds at ease, in case you feel this to be in any way similar to Napoleon and his Dog Squad, let me assure you that it shall be composed of all animals, and every animal shall get a chance to do Social Service, irrespective of what animal he is - and it shall be an army of peace and be there only to maintain the Republic and secure the boundaries of the farm from invasion."

The Prime Animal then went on to make numerous other points about the Republic's history, its traditions etcetera, finally ending with the flag raising ceremony.

The flag of the free Republic fluttered in the breeze, the bright red and white standing out starkly against the blue of the sky. The animals gazed in awe with a lump in every throat at the fluttering symbol of their freedom; upon it was a script emblazoned onto the white

'TOGETHER WE ARE STRONG', the new motto of the free republic.

And then, for the first time, they also heard their stirring new anthem

Oh Bless us the Animals;
Let our farm abound
With the sound of braying;
Oh Bless
Us abundant offspring
To endure the winds of time.
Blow the winds,
Blow the winds, blow,
Blow the winds and
Oh Bless all
Us little ones.

THE THIRD NOBLE IDEAL: PROGRESS AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Those were wonderful times for the Republic of Social Animals. Life was easy - there was no work to be done. Just relaxation in the sun, talking about politics - a subject that was just being discovered. Especially about what the new policies ought to be. There would be plenty of time for action!

Although the last days of the Oppression had been meagre ones, the animals found plenty of food. The pigs had been storing all the best of the products and hidden it so that there would always be plenty for them - so all the animals (or most of them) now lived off the stores of the Oppression. It was much easier to do that than continue to toil in the fields.

In the meantime parliament set about improving the lot of the animals. Several animals felt that there were difficulties in obtaining food from the stores. They felt that the entire process ought to be streamlined, suggesting that a position of *'storekeeper'* be created. To implement this idea one of the animals was appointed to serve in this capacity.

The motion was put forward by the The Coalition of Animal Collectivists member of Parliament Hm. Magno Bovis. [You may have noticed that certain more formalities had crept quite surreptitiously, into both the nomenclature and behaviour of the animals.] Mr Bovis suggested that the appointment of a full time storekeeper

would facilitate the outward movement of food. This would mean animals would wait less time in queues, if indeed, at all; and that, subsequently, they would have more time.

There was great argument as to whether the idea suggested would constitute any form of improvement. One member facetiously asked what there would be more time *for*. He felt that, since the animals had nothing to do all day, a half hour's wait to get food was hardly a great sacrifice.

Another member reminded the house that they were there to represent animals and that it was extremely dishonest, to say the least, to ignore any animals requests, irrespective of how irrelevant they, themselves, felt it was. While he could agree that half an hour's wait was not, by any standards, a long wait, they had no right to sit in judgement, especially considering the fact that members of parliament had the privilege of not standing in queues for food.

This sparked off a great row, for many of the parliamentarians had not been aware of this privilege and condemned it outright as "outrageous and a prostitution of the sacred rights invested in representatives". The honourable Robert Hehr defended the policy most vigorously, arguing that nothing was further from the truth. He explained that being a parliamentarian was a far more difficult task than many could appreciate. Being engaged in this way meant there was little time to stand in queues, as well as the fact that any time they wasted

by standing in queues would be to the detriment of all the animals, for instead of waiting they would be serving the needs of the animals. He further asserted that while it was essential for no animal, irrespective of his position to, as he put it, "have things easier", it was necessary for Parliamentarians to have a dignity conferred on them that would set them slightly apart from other animals, so that there would be more respect for their rulings.

"Lets face it" he said, "there will be times when we have to make unpopular rulings, and it will be then that our familiarity with the animals will be most devastating, because they're not going to listen unless they have been made aware of our dignity and importance. While it is greatly undesirable that they should fear us, a healthy respect is essential for us to maintain our function. Privileges such as the 'food privilege' is something that will establish such respect."

The debate continued to rage around the concept of parliamentary privileges but, to the surprise of the members, the All Sheep Solidarity, which had made no entry into the proceedings, suddenly made a collective statement. They felt that sheep had to be given special rights, as there were so many of them. "Besides", they agreed, "sheep were sheep and that alone was enough to warrant them being given special rights."

This brought agitated rebuke from leaders of all the other parties, with the Government coalition standing firm and opposing the amendment, maintaining the view that

government policy should favour the spirit of equality for all animals.

Hms. Chick Burd put the point succinctly: "We take it as self-evident that all animals have the same rights. It is the very kernel of this Republic's existence."

The All Sheep Solidarity pointed out that the issue had nothing to do with the 'same rights' question as suggested by the Coalition and that their demands for better facilities for sheep was, in fact, merely an attempt to correct historical deficiencies in the system. The sheep, by their very nature, needed better facilities than they other animals. It was incomprehensible that the Coalition should have such difficulty in understanding such a simple statement of facts as 'same rights.'

After further argument back and forth, the Speaker of the house decided that the matter should be resolved by a vote. Two motions were presented; the first was passed by eight votes to seven after a division. Two members of the smaller parties expressed their concern that they were forced to vote in favour of the motion to prevent the All Sheep Solidarity from getting its own way.

The Equality before the Law and Parliamentary Privileges bill thus became law:

Article 1: We take it as self-evident that all animals have the same rights.

Article 2: That, notwithstanding this framework, to uphold the principle of effectiveness, parliamentarians may adopt certain privileges if it is reasonably in the interests of the Republic of Social Animals.

Needless to say, debate followed debate. Three weeks passed quickly, but still no decision had been taken about appointing a storekeeper or streamlining the waiting time taken in the queues, which were getting longer each day. As time went on, the problem had been aggravated by greater and greater numbers of animals joining the queues rather than finding their own food. When some of the animals asked rather irately what parliament had done about alleviating the difficulties, it was pointed out to them that the matter was far more complex than one might superficially be led to believe, but that the matter had been getting urgent attention from parliament for three weeks. If there was a seeming lack of action, it should be interpreted as indicative of the tremendous difficulty involved in solving the problem, and a pointer to the work that was necessary to find solutions.

Parliament did finally decide that it was, after thoughtful consideration, definitely in the interests of the animals to establish a parliamentary storekeeper, whose duties were defined as follows:

"He shall mind the store, keeping it orderly and in a manner proper to the Republic.

He shall see to it that as little time as reasonable is wasted by queue formation.

He shall initiate a programme to eliminate waiting altogether.

He shall treat all animals with the 'same rights', but grant parliamentarians easy access for the good of the republic. Endorsed this day by the governing coalition."

Possibly, the only unfortunate thing about the entire procedure was that, despite there now being a means of regulating 'store-animal transfers' and measuring the 'food-store index' (which by its very essence was tending towards zero), the store ran out of food.

The animals were rather bitter about this. It meant that they had to go out into the fields and orchards to work. Their period of philosophising about the nature of politics was suddenly halted and this they did not like. They were not quite sure why this should be so. After all there had been such extensive parliamentary debates. "Someone is to blame" they thought as they went back into the fields, bitterly disappointed because they had been promised freedom from toil and a carefree life in the sunshine.

It is possibly relevant before we leave the subject, to see what had, in all fairness to parliament, been achieved in these early sittings.

Firstly, laws were promulgated, as we already know, pertaining to the Rights of animals and the necessity to preserve the dignity of parliament. Secondly, laws were

also promulgated to deal with the store, which became an authorised area, defined by parliament. Other laws dealt with the number of times any animal might visit the store and the amount of goods that could be taken from the store.

One of the most profound laws was that which dealt with the question of quantity. It ruled that if strict "same rights" was to be maintained, all animals would have to receive the same amounts of food, irrespective of who they were. If, afterwards, some plan was made, possibly for the smaller animals to share food with the larger, that was a private matter, of no concern to parliament.

There were also some minor concessions to the opposition, in that sheep would be allowed daily portions irrespective of whether they stood and queued or not - a measure adopted so as not to alienate sheep from the general stream of animal opinion.

It was probably a pity that the store closed down, because it meant that parliament did not get a chance to see how effective their legislation would have been in practice - and it can only be assumed that it would have been successful if it had been used, because so much work had gone into it. It was therefore, not considered unfitting, for a motion of congratulations for the work of parliament to be passed, as the final episode in the store saga. This great achievement had provided parliament with its first tangible experience of democratic decision-making.

THE FOURTH NOBLE IDEAL: JUSTICE ALWAYS TRIUMPHS

As the days passed, and life was becoming more difficult, the animals began to wonder about why things were not improving. They began to talk more freely about their feelings in regard to the pigs and were surprised by the considerable consensus that existed. The days of the Second Great Oppression were recalled little by little. As this began to happen, they began to realise that they had been fooled and this made them angry.

Winston, a small grey mongrel, came to speak to Benjamin, who had taken to lying on the river bank soaking up the sun, sleeping as much as he could. He was older now and his time was nearly up. When Winston told him of the mounting anger against the pigs and that something should be done, he smiled curiously. This faded rapidly when it was suggested that, if Benjamin would lead again, the matter could easily be resolved. He loudly brayed his reluctance to do so. The sun was so beautiful and warm - the animals foolish. They would listen only to what they wanted to hear. It made no difference who it was that spoke. But the young dog pleaded and begged for help. "The animals are shouting for Justice", he said. "They want to hear the crack of the whip on the hinds of the pigs and dogs and then for them to be put to death by public stoning."

Eventually, because he could get no respite, the old donkey pulled himself up and followed the younger animal up the path towards the farmhouse.

Outside the farmhouse stood an agitated group of animals: chickens, sheep, ducks, geese and rabbits, all of whom had suffered terribly during the Second Great Oppression. They were bitter and, although they seemed unable to convince the larger animals, the oxen and horses, that action should be taken, they were angry enough to take it themselves. They were at the flagpole lowering the plain green flag of the Revolution and were taking the Oath of New Allegiance, when it suddenly occurred to the crowd that the pigs would be lynched, every last one of them. They should hang, and the dogs should be slaughtered.

When Benjamin appeared, they all clamoured around him, excited that he had come to offer his support. He climbed the steps of the porch against his better judgement and addressed the rowdy group.

"You are dissatisfied with the fate of the pigs," he said. "You are dissatisfied that they have merely been locked out of harm's way in the barn. You are angry at your suffering, and you cannot forgive, so you want to lynch them. Perhaps they have committed crimes, but they have never been tried for their crimes. If you are to have justice, there must be room for justice for all."

So the animals, stirred by this sensible advice, stayed the executions and established a place of Justice instead.

They called it the Yard of the Law, where animals accused of crimes would be summoned, and be given a chance to defend themselves or explain their actions. Some of the wisest of animals were appointed to judge the accusations against the accused, and hear arguments their defence. The animals were happy, and Benjamin went back to his river bank.

A wizened old ox, Horis, who had lived through all the days of the Second Great Oppression, became Chief Judge in the Yard of the Law. He was dutifully advised by Delight, a sober owl, who had received instruction from the pigs and had learned to read.

Altogether, twenty seven pigs and some thirty dogs were brought before the Chief Judge and his assistant.

"I declare the Yard of the Law open," said the Chief Judge solemnly, "Let the evidence begin!".

The pigs, looking concerned, sat before the judge and the prosecuting chicken, who represented the animals of Animal Farm. Slowly he rose from his perch and proceeded to the platform. Incredibly, his address was to the owl who had somehow managed to receive some instructions from the pigs, and had learned to read.

Incredibly, his address was articulate. It was amazing to see how quickly all the animals learned. Perhaps now that there was no longer the necessity to work in the

fields, they had more time to sit and talk and learn the essentials of the civilized world.

The prosecution chicken began. "My learned Chief Judge of the Yard, fellow animals and accused. Today is indeed a great honour for our farm. For the first time in its history true Justice will be exercised. The process may be long but it will be fair. We will examine the facts of all who stand here accused and will weigh up one fact against another, witness for witness, and truth against lies. We will separate black from white, and punish or free accordingly, and so I begin my indictment of these miserable creatures we see before us."

So began a tale you will know well. A tale of revolution and dictatorship, events of cruelty, brutality and mass murder for personal gain.

"Take the case of one of the accused," continued the prosecution, "Squealer, the pig, the right-hand creature to Napoleon the great traitor. He has, throughout his appointment, deceived the animals and lied with gross untruths. He is a despicable creature, of character as low as is possible for any animal to become."

Each point was validated with witnesses from whose mouths poured the bitterness of the days of oppression.

"Those pigs are guilty of deception, of leading the Revolution, then usurping power granted by the animals to grab more power. To use it against the animals, slaughtering and executing at every whim. Twisted

minds that grabbed the very heart of our endeavour and made it go sour, fooled and forced our animals into believing half truths and total lies by sly and subtle means."

On he went about the duties of leadership and morality, about loving one's neighbour as oneself - putting aside one's evil desire for power for the common good of the Animal Kingdom. He talked of traitors, all the pigs, and the dog squad, which had maintained the force. Each one was guilty, had murdered, and had not cared that there was torture and corruption. They had caused them to fight two wars. Even then, their fallen fellows lay slain on Pilkington's land. They had misled the animals, made them choose evil ways, made them work too hard, and skilfully improved their own positions day by day.

He asked that they be found guilty of all the charges and that, when they were found guilty, that the Animals would punish them with death, as an example to other would-be dictators and criminals. For Justice to be done, they should die.

The pigs were afraid. Their defence rose to speak on their behalf. A murmur rose from the crowd. It was Winston, the grey-black dog, speaking for the pigs and the dogs.

The Chief Judge rose to explain that Winston had been with the other animals, but was never part of the Squad. He was not charged with them, but the crowd did not care much to separate issues.

"If he is guilty," said the Judge, even before the trial commenced, "then so are we all."

"That Sir, is my very point," began Winston. The Pigs we see here before us, and their dogs are guilty - I cannot help them by pretending their innocence when we have all suffered at their hands. But we are all guilty, for we stood while they ruled and did not raise a single word of complaint. I use, as my first example, the Oath of Allegiance. Bring it forward. What animal does not have its footprint on that dreadful document? You all have, except Benjamin the Donkey, who is master to himself. You are all guilty. Your crime is complacency. You did not speak while there was death and pain and now you air your wrath on sins that are of your own doing. Not the pigs alone stand accused here, nor the dogs, but all of us who assisted them as surely as if we were accomplices. I, the Chief Judge, his Delight, and all but one of the animals.

"And you?", shouted the animals.

"Guilty", screamed Winston, "I am as guilty as the fascist pigs".

He sat, and the Judge rose to speak.

"We have heard all the relevant evidence. We have heard the suggestion that seeks to incriminate us all. How can we be blamed for acting under duress? We could not disobey."

"Neither could any of the pigs." interjected Winston.

"You pigs," continued the Judge turning to face the accused, "are heartless and directly to blame. Your excuse that you had orders to obey is insufficient as a reason. I find you guilty of betrayal, criminal massacre and mass murder. You are sentenced to death for your awful crimes"

But because it was a new and civilised Republic, it was all neatly done. No public stoning. The heads were neatly removed, stuffed and kept in a war memorial in the barn that, from that time, would be known as the Hall of the Oppressors. There the stuffed pigs and dogs found their final resting place among other relics of their regime.

THE FIFTH NOBLE IDEAL: NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

It probably came as quite a shock to the Republic of Social Animals that the coming of democracy, law and order did not mean the end of work as some of them had believed. But now that the store no longer contained any food, it was quite evident that someone was going to have to work again. This was not a pleasant prospect. And one should not get the impression that the Animal Parliament regarded this with any less discontent than the animals. This being so, it was not surprising that when the animals gathered in the Yard and demanded an explanation from the government, it did not take long for the honourable Robert Hehr himself to appear on the porch to present a statement to the animals. The answer the animals got was not quite what they had expected. Of course, the eloquence was as polished as ever, but there was a new acrimony which startled them.

He began as always: "Animals of this great Republican Farm, there is indeed bitter news for all of us. 'What is it?' you ask. And I answer: you know what it is! You who have eaten the store dry, know what it is.

We, the government, are placed in a great dilemma. We are chosen democratically as the guardians of your rights and are your elected leaders. As I have said before, I stand humbled that you should confer upon me this great honour, but I would be failing in my duty, if I were not to place the blame fair and square where it is due. On you! Or at least on a great number of you who have

disgraced our Republic by ravaging the stores. Now there is nothing to eat and you come to the House of Parliament, to the porch of the very leader you, yourself, elected not a short time ago. You demand that he provide answers to you, when it is among you, the animals, that lurk those have eaten all the food in our store. But, have no fear, we shall find out who they are; have no fear of that. For, difficult though it may be, it is our duty to do so in terms of the mandate you gave us over this great Republic. We will flush out the culprits. That I can promise you.

It has been decided to establish a Commission of Inquiry to investigate the strange occurrences that led to the utter depletion of the stores. It will be given a comprehensive terms of reference. No matter will be too great or too small to be left unturned. And when The Commission has completed its work, it shall report to the Animal Parliament, and those who are guilty will be brought to book for their crimes. Such gross public negligence and expediency is utterly contemptible. I can only hope that in future it will not again be necessary for the leader of this Great Republic to address in this manner, the very own animals that he held in such high esteem. But, alas, it is not a time for tact.

Fellow animals, democracy is a wonderful idea but we must all work at it. We must return to the fields and feel again the comforting sweat that an honest day's work will bring. Then we shall reap from the pastures of democracy. We shall know of a wonderful life beyond

description. We will know a new freedom born of the riches of our labours."

The honourable Robert Hehr ended. The animals were rigid in silence and surprised. They had not suspected that the government blamed them for the calamity. In fact they had thought that the government was minding the store.

The Commission of Enquiry, set up by the State of Stores, as amended Act, took a very long while, as is common with commissions of enquiry, to arrive at a definite conclusion as to who was responsible for the rapid depletion of the store. Obviously, there was much evidence to be heard, and many witnesses had to be called to testify on a wide variety of matters, some of which naturally enough were extremely complex, even delicate. Many animals alleged that the findings were so unfavourable to the government that it was those findings which were delaying a release of the report lest they reflect badly on the administration. This allegation was vehemently (some would say too vehemently) rejected as opposition propaganda, and the government issued a statement declaring that extensive evidence had been uncovered which pointed to the fact that certain animals, having no relation at all to the government, had been responsible. In fact, much evidence had come to light indicating that certain 'other' influences might be responsible, and it was for this reason that information could not be released. It was even leaked that there might have been a 'conspiracy'. However, the Republic of Social Animals could rest assured that soon the full

facts of the case would become known. It was then that the animals would see how wisely the government had acted to preserve the security of the farm.

Had the government not mentioned the fact that there were 'other' influences, there is little doubt that the animals would have been concerned over what were obviously unnecessary delays. But the possibility of outside interference dared not be taken to lightly. The animals remembered only too well the war with Pilkington. This was an issue on which almost all animals and political parties agreed. The security of the Republic was of the utmost importance. Gradually, it became obvious to all why the problem was so serious and, equally, why the government had faced such difficulty in clarifying what was at issue.

It was the question of the rats. The Commission, rather tied up in government rulings on the one hand and the impossibility of finding animals in general guilty of causing the depletion of the store on the other, searched long and hard for some sort of solution that would be acceptable to everyone. Prompted by the new commercial success, they let it be known that they had come to a conclusion as to who was responsible for the so-called 'ravaging of the store.' Both citizens and parliamentarians listened as the head of the Commission laid bare the facts. He pointed out how insidiously those responsible had worked, 'nibbling' as he put it, at the very lifeblood of the farm.

"It is with a great sadness upon my heart," he said, with terrible solemnity written on his face, "that I, as head of the Commission of Enquiry into the State of the Stores, must report and make known who is responsible for this dastardly deed. I wish it were possible to say that it had only been one individual or at the most a small group of individuals that were responsible, but it is, unfortunately, not possible to say such a thing. In point of fact there have been a large group, who, protected by this State's solemn pledge to protect all citizens, misused and betrayed that trust. I speak of course about the rats."

At this stage there was a roar through the audience, as if to say, "Of course! Why had no-one thought of the rats!" Several large rats who had been sitting around the edge of the gathering, twitching their whiskers nervously, glanced at each other in fright, through their pale pink eyes.

After a few moments, the crowd turned round and hissed at them with such venom, they decided to scamper back to their colonies with the terrible news of what was to come, remembering with horror the stories that the elders had told them of the traps and poison that had existed in the Human Age - for since the time of Napoleon they had lived free and unmolested to run through nature's fields, as had it had been ordained for them by the Creator. Even the Guinea Pigs and Hamsters were alarmed by the news. There had been many occasions when they had been mistaken for rats, a resemblance which had always been the cause of much hostility against them.

"Not only," continued the head of the Commission, "have they stolen all our food, creeping through every nook and cranny in the stealth of the night so that they would not be discovered, but they have also riddled us with disease. In fact we have made extensive inquiries into this mysterious creature, the rat, and have learned that this one of the most awful vermin that exists in the world. Unfortunately our farm is riddled with them. There are so many thousands of them, they outnumber us by far and, what is more they have voracious appetites, eating their own weight of food many times more often than the rest of us animals. What is even more startling is the discovery that, in fact, these creatures have no right even to be on this farm. They are not indigenous"

At this point, young Winston, defender of all accused, interrupted the proceedings on a point of order, "But is it not true that all animals on this farm have rights, be they originally wild or farm animals, regardless of *'feather, fur or leather'*? That is the tenet of our State. It is written into the constitution. The fact that the rats have thus far, through ignorance or fear, failed to participate in the political life of this Republic of Social Animals cannot possibly be a factor that removes from them the right to exercise political power."

"My learned friend," continued the head of the Commission, annoyed at the interruption of his rhetoric and the insinuation that the finding would not be just, "There is no question of tampering with the political rights of any of the different species of animals in this

Republic. It is not necessary, surely, for me to enumerate the large number of measures that our government has taken in order to protect these rights. We talk here not of Animals, but of rats. They are vermin, and the government will perhaps forgive me if I state on their behalf, that at no stage were vermin given the protection and rights of citizenship. Certainly the rats do not qualify."

At this solemn moment, as all the animals became aware that they were witnessing the unveiling of a horrible rodent conspiracy, the honourable Robert Hehr, never willing to miss the opportunity to make himself heard, rose suddenly to make an impromptu speech on behalf of the government and cabinet.

What he said will be familiar, of course, to everyone who has been fortunate enough (as some would have it) to have experienced (dare one mention it) democratic government. It is for this reason, much as for the fact the rats subsequently became non-animals, that the question of the rats is not dealt with further at this time. It is common knowledge that a wide range of methods are available for dealing with rats.

THE SIXTH NOBLE IDEAL: VIVA FREE ENTERPRISE!

Satisfying as it was to have uncovered the reasons for the great food shortage that had descended on the farm, it was important that the animals realise that the hard times were, unfortunately, not yet over. It was as if the end of one of the honourable Robert Hehr speeches was merely the preamble to the next. It did seem, however, during the interlude in his speeches, that he might have been speaking to neighbours for he seemed to have developed some unusual ideas.

"The government has given careful consideration to the entire matter of sustainability. From now on, the Republic's animals will have to support themselves on a basis of free enterprise."

The animals nodded in agreement. The word 'free' conjured up some pleasant prospects. It was what followed that they found somewhat puzzling.

"Land for farming on, or for other purposes, will no longer be readily available for every animal. Each will have to buy his own land on which he may undertake any activity that will enable him to live. He may farm and sell any produce or produced implements needed by other animals. But, from now on, there will be no protection of animals by the state. Our motto, '*together we are strong*', takes on new significance. For, to be strong together, it must be every animal for himself.

Unfortunately, through bitter experience, we know that animals cannot be left entirely to themselves and be expected to engage in free enterprise. It is for this reason that you have elected a Parliament to provide some control. If we do not, already we can foresee great difficulties and disputes. Therefore, the government has taken it upon itself to prevent these.

We have also decided that the government will take care of essential services for animals such as the provision of water supplies, etcetera, to prevent the exploitation of some groups by other groups. In this regard it will be necessary for each animal to contribute a small sum towards the upkeep of the Republic. So that it is not a burden, each animal will only be required to fulfil this obligation according to his prosperity. Those animals that have greater success in free enterprise would naturally be in a better position to aid than those who are not.

Among other benefits for these contributions, or what we will call '*takes*', will be education for all the young, so that they may prosper from the wisdom of their parents. There will be roads, which we will build from various parts of the farm to make travel easier. And, who knows to what other ingenious purposes we will put these takes."

The animals were even more silent and confused with the new words. '*Takes*' for education and roads to various parts of the farm? '*Free enterprise*'? What did it all mean? 'We are strong together, while it is every

animal for himself!’ These were new ideas they had not heard before. Where had they come from? There was the old nagging feeling beginning to appear again of hearing very good arguments to explain what one did not know. It was almost as if there were some long forgotten patterns beginning to repeat themselves. A feeling of *deja vu* - of never having seen the place yet feeling sure that one had been there before.

[Had Benjamin been there he might have shaken his head, but the old donkey didn't have time for politics and all the antics that animals are always getting up to. He was down by the river lying in the glorious sunshine and soaking it up. He could eat all the grass around him to his heart's content and, as far as he was concerned, that was all he wanted. Lately he'd begun to regard it rather foolish to think, so he avoided the subject whenever possible, preferring the beautiful sound of lapping water and the drifting scents of the meadows. Although he did not often think about it very much, he *knew* he was contented. And that in itself made him *happy*. That is when he died; not that it is really of any importance to the story, of course. But for what it is worth, he died while he was happy and soaked full of sun. Fortunately, because he was dead, he did not mind the State Funeral he was given]

But we digress from our story. We were, of course, still considering how the animals were reacting to the statement made by the honourable Robert Hehr.

Winston was not at all satisfied with the Prime Animal's statements, so he rose and questioned the leader. "What will the parliamentarians do? How will they support themselves with free enterprise?"

The answer was slow in coming, but polished and eloquent as ever when it came.

"Free enterprise, my young animal, is a difficult term to define but, broadly speaking, it means that an animal must live either by producing its own food, or by performing a service for others. In Parliament, it is true that we produce nothing of value to eat, but we provide a service that is unashamedly in the interests of all animals. Of course, it is not sufficient for us to know that we supply an invaluable service, it is for the animals also. Should it be their wish that we refrain from such invaluable service and go into the fields for ourselves we will. It is, after all, not difficult - in fact I believe that most parliamentarians would gladly yield up Parliament for a more leisurely life in the fields. We do not serve in Parliament for enjoyment but because we, as your elected representatives, now bear great responsibility to you. This is the reason we serve. And when we ask that this be regarded as much a service to you as the ploughing of your fields or any other, we do not feel this is an idle boast. In fact, without us there would be little of this great Republic worth salvaging. But, as I have said before, the choice is yours. Do you want us or not?"

He was sure he heard the animals shouting in unison, "Yes, Yes, Yes," but to any other observer, the din that rose from the crowd was a jumble of confused sounds.

"So is it unfair then to ask that we be fairly paid for our work?" The question was, of course, rhetorical and needed no answer.

The animals left. They knew little more than when they came. Even the statements that they would have to fend for themselves didn't begin to sink in until the hunger began.

And then came the bad times, for there was little food. Even Parliament felt the sting for no-one could pay the *takes*, and weren't in the mood to be forced.

In fact, I cover this period of the Republic rather euphemistically for times became extremely hard. Given this, it is quite incredible that the government managed to hold onto power at all. But one great compliment that must be paid to the Animal Government was its realism and diplomacy. It was well aware that no laws were presently enforceable, and so possibly it applied itself with more vigour than it had ever done before or was likely to do again. For, though the parliamentarians were politicians, as with most animals, they were rather shrewd when it came to avoiding starvation. As they correctly figured, they were less likely to starve if they remained at the centre of organising the food rather than producing it. They mobilised all the political parties, even the all Sheep Solidarity and formed a new coalition

government, declaring a State of Emergency to handle the crisis.

One of the first things that they did was to grant every animal a portion of the land which, they stressed, need only be paid for when the animals were wealthy. And they mustered all their organisational strength to delay catastrophe. As it happened, of course, they could not. But free enterprise had been born. Viva Free Enterprise!

It was at this stage that it became known that supplies of food were not that low. In fact it was discovered that several animals had vast reservoirs hoarded away on different parts of the farm. So happy that there had been a reprieve from almost certain starvation, both the animals and their government were reluctant to enquire too inquisitively where it had come from. The fact that there was food would benefit all of them.

Although it was not requested of him, one of the animals who had benefited from what he called his 'large legacy' made a statement to the effect that each and every animal would now have a means by which he could feed both himself and his family. Access to his vast inheritance would be denied nobody. What is more, he had it from reliable authority, that other animals, who had similarly benefited from large inheritances, would extend similar privileges to all animals without regard to '*feather, fur or leather*'. Sheep, dog, ox, rabbit, chicken or duck would all be welcome. As if that were not enough, they claimed that they had enough supplies of dried meat to feed the dogs and other carnivorous animals for some years to

come. A fact which immediately, and not without great significance, turned the starving hoards that had once hounded the Animals Farm, into docile Lap Dogs, serving their new-found friends with devotion.

The food would be distributed at the Legacist's expense in accordance with government policy - a move that was immediately supported and endorsed by government circles; that was to say, in the performance of Free Enterprise. In return for some small service rendered to each Legacist, food would be granted without reserve to '*feather, fur or leather*'. This would mean that under the guidance of the Legacists, the animals would slowly gain in wealth, building up the farm, restoring essential services, and introducing, for the first time what the Legacists termed, 'dynamic commercial service to the community.'

Among some of the services rendered by the animals, was the building of several beautiful villas on the river frontage, where the Legacists would live and from where they would direct their 'dynamic commercial service.'

One of the services provided was transport, in the form of wagons, to which several oxen were willingly harnessed and which they dragged with great difficulty across the deteriorating roads of the farm. It would have made their work a great deal easier and, as some might believe, the travels of the Legacists more pleasant had those wealthy animals provided enough resources to enable the roads to be rebuilt. But they all claimed there could not possibly be any profit in doing such a thing;

besides it was felt that the oxen gained a sense of achievement in performing the work the way they did.

It was only when one of the younger Legacists, somewhat poorer than his colleagues, decided that his fortune could be made by utilising the stupidity of others, did things suddenly change. He rebuilt a portion of the old farm road that led from the outside barn wall (which had now become a place where many animals peddled different sorts of wares) to the riverside, where the villas of the wealthy animals were situated. And by way of payment for using this road, he invented the novel idea of extracting not services from the animals, but commodities that were readily available on the farm, such as the various metal implements that were lying uselessly around. This greatly amused the other Legacists and delighted the animals, for the metal implements were freely available, requiring only to be gathered and offered in payment for a road that made the load of work so much lighter, so much so that even the wealthy animals had to admit it benefited the community.

The other Legacists found the metal trading to be quite idiotic. Of course, it must be some idiosyncrasy of this young animal that lead him to throw away his legacy in such a wasteful manner. Of what possible use could the collection of metal into such hoards ever be? It was as if he had forgotten the very lessons they had taught. A few of the poorer animals, taking the example of the road builder, spent much of their time gathering waste metal from every corner of the farm. Very soon a good-spirited

race between them and the original metal collector developed to see who could amass the most.

It was only when metal suddenly started becoming quite scarce that the other Legacists became aware that it was not quite without value. Using the same methods they have previously ridiculed, they employed animals to search for the metal implements, and paid them generously in the form of food. However, despite the generous rations they offered, very little metal could now be collected. They felt cheated. Why was so little metal being found? They suspected that their employees were enriching themselves.

To show their displeasure a large number of animals were fired, even some of those that has honestly handed over all they had ever found. This was an event with no precedent. No-one had ever been fired before.

The fired animals were terrified. Suddenly, for the first time in a long while, the threat of starvation became real again now that their food supply had been cut off. The animals which had been fortunate enough to keep some of the metal they found soon discovered, however, that the young road-builder was more that willing to give supplies of food in exchange for what was relatively small amounts of metal.

Those animals which had the misfortune of being honest, having no metal to trade for food, were forced to beg their previously employers to take them back, which they grudgingly did as soon as it was obvious that these

animals could not have stolen any metal. They were only prepared, however, to give them half the amount of food they given before, partly because they now discovered that, even if they gave less, it was acceptable to the animals, and partly because they knew their supplies would not last for ever.

Unfortunately, a great many of the animals continued starving, something which cannot, apparently, be avoided with a successful state of 'free enterprise'. However, there was no need for despondency for the wealthy new metal mongers had plans to restart vast agricultural production and increase the manufacture and sales of a large number of goods that could add comfort to animal life.

And so it was, that the bright young Legacist, Boris, made his fortune under the name of Road Investment and Chicken Holdings, the latter half of the name being incorporated from his previous enterprise. He had managed the Chicken Run in the belief that there were quick profits to be made in the field of rapid food production. There had been stiff resistance to the idea. Not (strangely enough) by the hens who seemed prepared to do anything for reward. But by several of the old sheep who had taken it upon themselves to be the moral guardians of the farm. They claimed that it was sinful to eat eggs, and accused Boris, who was a horse, of trying to spread humanism, which had been banned even in the time of the Great Dictatorship. They claimed that there was, inherent in a horse's nature, a tendency to support men, and they pressed for new laws in

Parliament banning the sale of eggs, and restricting the rights of horses to promote anything that might even remotely be connected with humanism.

Parliament received, sympathetically, the plea to restrict the sale of eggs, not so much for moral reasons as for the fact that other Legacists saw this move as weakening their own holdings. On the issue of restricting horses, however, Parliament came out in strong criticism of the sheep and their parliamentary representatives, stating that it was the sacred duty of the government to protect the rights of all animals, 'regardless,' as the Honourable Robert Hehr put it, of '*feather, fur or leather.*' It was felt by many that this firm declaration by the Animal Parliament had once and for all established the 'moral, just and non-discriminatory tradition of a free government.' In fact, it was only when the Chicken population rose to such an extent that they threatened to become a powerful political force, spearheaded by the dynamic female deputy, Chick, that the ban on the sale of chicken eggs was revoked and a compulsory quota of egg *takes* imposed on all hens laying eggs that were allowed to hatch into chicks. This move almost caused the Kingdome of Free Chickens party to split away from the governing coalition, which they were not able to do before due to threat of the All Sheep Solidarity rule. In any event almost all chickens now were of reproductive age and confident that their offspring would soon be earning them income again. And so, it while the various manoeuvres took place behind the scenes, that Boris and a few other clever animals made their fortunes.

Unquestionably Animal Farm had made a great success of free enterprise. Great amounts of metal were vigorously traded. No one could quite understand, therefore, why more and more metal was needed to purchase each cup of grain. Not until the food was nearly at an end did the animals begin to remember that once upon a time, grain could be harvested from the fields, if seed had been planted earlier in the season.

THE SEVENTH NOBLE IDEAL: NEVER LOSE FAITH

Crops do not grow overnight, nor even over a period of a few weeks. They require the passing of several months before anything substantial can be obtained. And that, of course, applies only to the best of conditions. Needless to say, conditions were not of the best.

The animals starved. Not all of them, but certainly many of the animals who could not digest the cellulose of wild grasses and plants.

One of the first poor animals to suffer greatly in the early days of the depression was Winston - the bright intellectual of the farm. Unfortunately, depressions do not treat philosophers well under the best of circumstances and he was forced to leave the farm in search of material sustenance after vainly trying to digest grass, straw and wild roots, among other things. It came as a great shock to the animals, who later learned from a bird passing on a migratory flight, that Winston had become a pest to farmers several farms away. The shocking thing was that, according to the bird, he had taken to hunting down helpless chickens. The animals shook their heads in shame. A dog was a dog as a pig is a pig.

Then there were other animals who had a hard time of it. The chickens, especially, were not suited to such a rough type of existence and, although there was food if one scavenged, it was certainly not sufficient to provide

for the large numbers that there were. They died off in great numbers and it was quite pitiful to see the thin fowls pecking at the same dirt they had pecked a myriad times before.

The government did its best to mitigate the effects of the great ravishing hunger - but they were powerless against time and the elements. Gradually, they came to realise that there was nothing to be done except sow the crops, and eke out an existence as best they could in the meantime.

Many other animals deserted the farm and became scavengers around the other farms, or sometimes even joined the animals of other farms. At one stage, the government became extremely worried about mass migration - but there was little to be done except to give idle promises. And they knew that when the time came for the Republic to flourish again, the animals would flock back.

Strangely, the only animals that hardly ever seemed to suffer were the sheep. They were not very bright, most of them, some not even realising there was a depression. The wild grass of the fields, as far as they were concerned were as ample for their needs as ever.

It did not take the other animals long, however, to realise that something was terribly wrong, since they had to take to the wild pastures to survive. However, for the moment there was sufficient.

The sheep thrived, oblivious in the main of all but the tiny patches of grass in which they grazed.

Time passed slowly, and for an agonizing period it seemed as if the Animal Farm was about to revert to nature. The government was having the greatest difficulty in asserting any control over the animals. It was even having difficulty in keeping itself together. There was great dissent in its ranks, especially as time wore on. And every crisis threatened to split the coalition into many splinter parties.

The Honourable Robert Hehr, who had eloquently guided the Republic from the hands of the dictator and had led it through the stormy and tricky hours of its birth was looking haggard and old. His vice Prime Animal, the once beautiful Chick, was thin and scrawny, alive only because of her sharp wits and position in the government. She was hardly in a suitable condition to help the Prime Animal with his duties in the animal Parliament. The Yard of the Law became a mere symbol of the justice that the new state once proclaimed. At first there was petty rivalry, then annoyance, which finally led to open hostility. There was nothing the government could do but stand back and allow the various parties to settle their differences in any way they cared to. The Yard of the Law fell into disuse. The fact that the Chief Judge, Horis, the old ox, became involved in one of the most notorious incidents of the depression, and was a key figure in a vicious civil war, which nearly destroyed the entire Republic. For a time it remained an embarrassing fact that the Republic's first judge was also

one of its most notorious criminals. At first, everyone had assumed it was the All Sheep Solidarity that had been responsible.

The incident started, (it was eventually learned,) when Horis, fearing the tremendous success of the sheep, had assembled all the bovine and related creatures and warned them of the consequences this would have. He explained that the government, which already was nearly dominated by the sheep, would be due (to an even greater extent, once an end to the depression occurred,) to the massive emigration and deaths of other animals. In addition to this he had learned that some of the sheep were showing disquiet about the number of animals using the pastures. [The government hadn't yet wised-up to the stage of allocating any of the pastures.]

Somehow the sheep got to hear of the meeting. Probably, one of the smaller animals, hoping to win some reward had, overheard what was being discussed and conveyed the news to the sheep. Before Horis had even got to the end of his speech the incident started. Suddenly there was a great bleating from all directions as the sheep charged into the attack. The bovines were quite thunderstruck by the prophesy of old Horis.

It was, in fact, a foolish act to attack the bovines in their aggressive state of mind. But sheep are wont to do foolish things.

The attack was brief - but ugly. The bovines were greatly outnumbered but, nevertheless, dealt viciously with their

attackers. Instead of running off as the sheep had foolishly expected because of the promises of their leaders, they stood their ground. And, by the time the attack was over, several tens of sheep lay gored to death, while others lay slowly dying from the loss of blood. It was a terrible massacre. Very brief - the animals hardly had time to grasp it before it was over – but undoubtedly it was the most terrible event that had ever happened on Animal Farm. Never before had so many animals died so violently in civil disturbances. How could this be happening in their precious democracy?

The government ordered immediate evacuation of all survivors, who were taken into the Parliament house to be treated as best they could. They appealed to the sheep and bovine factions to stay calm and not precipitate any further fighting. But they were powerless to do anything more than appeal.

It was deeply disturbing. The animals filed passed the battlefield where the carcasses lay upturned in the moonlight, symbolic of the tremendous difficulties that lay ahead of the Republic.

As if things were not bad enough, there began a period of throat-slitting and robbery. Although everyone seemed to disapprove of it, more and more animals became adept at the techniques and proficient in the art. Even the politicians were having difficulty in keeping their heads above water now that many more of the animals were copying their methods. [No, that is a most beastly and unfair statement, because there were some

politicians - it is probably safe to say - who did not use these methods, probably because they were using some other methods.]

Apart from the civil war led by the Chief Judge, and the constant throat slitting, robbery, etcetera, things were very peaceful in the Republic of Social Animals. In fact many began to enjoy life far more than they ever had before. There was no need for manners any longer, nor did anyone have to apologise for hurting other animal's feelings. In fact, those who succeeded hurting other animals for their own advantage were thought of as rather smart. To add to this, a variety of other entertainments developed. Seeing there wasn't any work to be done, it was as well to fill the time with as much fun as possible. It is always astonishing to see the creative capacity that exists in the animal spirit. There was, for example the amazing gambling game, called 'Tickle-my-belly.' For some, gripped in the throws of a depression themselves, such a game was too much of a distraction. But for others it seemed terribly, terribly funny.

To play the game, a groups of six animals would have to throw all their most prized possessions into a central pool. An old revolver, still perfectly serviceable would be passed around and each animal in turn would get a chance to have his/her belly tickled by the muzzle as the trigger was pulled. Five times out of six, it was a funny experience for everyone. One time out of six it was funny for everyone except the animal being tickled. Which meant, statistically speaking, that there was 5 to 6

odds of all the players, apart from the victim, finding it funny. That's why they played. Because the pool was shared at the end of every round, and the losers were dead. No-one ever complained. What was even funnier was that, roughly every six rounds or so, there was a complete turnover of contestants and so the prizes became larger and larger. In this manner some of the wealthiest, most influential and established members of the community passed away. There was one last and further embellishment of the game that clinched its place as the funniest game of the depression. This was when it was suggested that the carcasses of past contestants be sold as dog's meat on neighbouring farms and the gains used to swell the pool even more. [A strange twist to the story is that the animal who first made the suggestion was also the first to be utilised in this manner.]

By the end, the pool was enormous and it contained valuable articles from polished horseshoes to large bags of split peas; but, unfortunately, fewer and fewer animals were keen to bid for the grand prize. Eventually, the government seeing a golden opportunity took a healthy proportion of the prize in the form of *takes*. The rest they used to establish a wonderful charitable development foundation that, annually, arranged a glittering gala event to present an award to some noble animal. The Animal Peace Prize – an award held in high esteem by every animalarian of succeeding generations was born.

But what of faith?

One early spring morning several sheep were wandering across the lands desperately searching for food. There was hardly any dry winter grass left for sustenance and, even for sheep, times were hard. When that grass was finished there would be nothing.

Suddenly one of the sheep stopped and looked intently at the ground pouting his lips in a most strange fashion. Then the other sheep stopped and soon all were gathered in a circle around the object that held their gaze.

Communally, they bent their forelegs to the knees and adopted an attitude of reverence, chanting together in the first song of praise that had been heard on the farm for many years. They sang in bleating tones that came so naturally to sheep. A miracle had occurred.

They had been waiting patiently and now it had come. The very first green shoot of grass signifying the coming of summer and plentiful fields of grass. Next to it was a Curved Horn, a message from the great-departed ancestral sheep that signified that the sacrifice of the lamb of old had been accepted as payment for all the sins of the land. Now the animals would prosper and vibrant life would return.

Sure enough, in the next few days the grass began to grow and the animals rejoiced in their happiness. A communal Thanksgiving was held. The horn was venerated and placed in an alcove in the attic of the barn,

which became the most holy site in all of Animal Farm. It was here that it all began and here that it would be closest to the souls of the great departed.

As a tribute to George Orwell, this little story looks at how different things could have been if only the animals had believed in the seven noble ideals

- Fighting the just war
- Democracy, equality & fraternity
- Progress and enlightenment
- Justice always triumphs
- Nothing but the truth
- Viva free enterprise
- Never lose faith



Irwin Friedman wrote this story in 1971 when he was twenty one years old. He was studying medicine immersed in the insanity of the Apartheid world of South Africa. The government of the day was becoming become increasingly schizophrenic. The story lay dormant as a 'manuscript in the drawer', its angry ending, which has been edited out, was a launch pad for his own personal brand of existentialism. In 1984 he re-wrote and edited it on his Radio Shack TRS 80 personal micro-computer as a tribute to the 'world-gone-mad' predictions of George Orwell. In 1996 after the miraculous transition of South Africa in the democratic elections of 1994, he re-edited it on his IBM PC. In 1998 he printed two copies. Finally in 2008 it has come out of the drawer. Why? The world is so different, but has anything changed?