

ANIMAL FARM

Hexit Edition



Dave

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A bit of Dave added by Steven Vinacour @stevenvinacour

George Orwell's timeless and timely allegorical novel—a scathing satire on a downtrodden society's blind march towards totalitarianism, lovingly butchered and brought up-to-date with the introduction of two new characters Boris, the huge boar and Starmer the indecisive horse with bold visions.

“All animals are expected to follow the rules, but some animals don't have to follow them because no one told them they existed..”

A farm is taken over by its overworked, mistreated animals. With flaming idealism and stirring slogans, something that Starmer the horse loves. The animal plot to leave to become independent from Humans. An exit strategy is planned to get HEXIT done!

Thus the stage is set for one of the most telling satiric fables ever to come out...or stay in, or come out, but don't.

When Animal Farm was first published, Stalinist Russia was seen as its target. Today there's a new target.



Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was buried at the foot of the orchard. This was early in March. During the next three months there was much secret activity. Major's speech had given to the more intelligent animals on the farm a completely new outlook on life. They did not know when the Rebellion predicted by Major would take place, they had no reason for thinking that it would be within their own lifetime, but they saw clearly that it was their duty to prepare for it. The work of teaching and organising the others fell naturally upon the pigs, who were generally recognised as being the cleverest of the animals. Pre-eminent among the pigs were **three** young boars named Snowball, **Boris** and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not considered to have the same depth of character. **Boris was the biggest boar of them all. He bumbled around the sty ordering the other animals to both go out and stay in.**

The only other animal of note was Starmer, the horse, who always felt that they horses were superior to the pigs and should be in charge as they had all the best ideas. Although he had yet to have an idea that anyone actually liked.

All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named Squealer with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some difficult point he had a way of skipping from side to side and whisking his tail which was somehow very persuasive.. The others said of Squealer that he could turn black into white. These three had elaborated old Major's teachings into a complete system of thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism. Several nights a week, after Mr. Jones was asleep, they held secret meetings in the barn and expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they met with much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the duty of loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as 'Master,' or made elementary remarks such as 'Mr. Jones feeds us. If he were gone, we should starve to death.' Others asked such questions as 'Why should we care what happens after we are dead?' or 'If this Rebellion is to happen anyway, what difference does it make whether we work for it or not?', and the pigs had great difficulty in making them see that this was contrary to the spirit of Animalism. **Boris, was the first to ask a question:**

'Shall we be allowed to hold parties, even though no one else is?' asked Boris.

'Comrade,' said Snowball, 'we could always claim that no one told you you weren't allowed parties, or that it was just a meeting with cheese and wine.'

'...and a birthday cake' piped up Squealer

'...and music and balloons and party hats....' chimed in his fellow comrades.

'...and beer' joined in Starmer 'although that's not a party, it's just beer' he quickly added.

Napoleon agreed, but she did not sound very convinced.

"and I have an idea" neighed Starmer." I think things need changing around here and I will bring about those changes in a way that changes things with change and other



things that create change for the things that need changing.

The other animals looked confused.

“I have an idea” called Ed the Duck who was sat on the fence as usual “We need to get rid of all the ugly, ugly animals – but nicely, in a non-aggressive, liberal way.”

The other animals humoured him with a condescending smile and carried on with what they were doing

The pigs had an even harder struggle to counteract the lies put about by Moses, the tame raven. Moses, who was Mr. Jones’s especial pet, was a spy and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker. He claimed to know of the existence of a mysterious country called Sugarcandy Mountain, to which all animals went when they died. It was situated somewhere up in the sky, a little distance beyond the clouds, Moses said. In Sugarcandy Mountain it was Sunday seven days a week, clover was in season all the year round, and lump sugar and linseed cake grew on the hedges. The animals hated Moses because he told tales and did no work, but some of them believed in Sugarcandy Mountain, and the pigs had to argue very hard to persuade them that there was no such place.

“If I found Sugarcandy Mountain” piped up Starmer “I would set out a bold vision and make it better.”

“How?” asked the crow.

“By setting out a bold vision. Not just a vision but a bold one. Really full of bold things. Like visions and bold things like that”

‘Well I think it’s all Poppycock, hogwash, codswallop and piffle’ chuckled Boris.

“If I was in charge of SugarCandy Mountain” piped up Sturgeon the Badger “I’d make it totally independent and I’d run it. Independently. And you’d have to have a separate passport to go there but I wouldn’t issue them to anyone. So it’d be just me, living independently from everyone else. Let’s have a vote on it?”

“Oh not again” sighed the other animals.

Their most faithful disciples were the two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover. These two had great difficulty in thinking anything out for themselves, but having once accepted the pigs as their teachers, they absorbed everything that they were told, and passed it on to the other animals by simple arguments. They were unfailing in their attendance at the secret meetings in the barn, and led the singing of Beasts of England, with which the meetings always ended. Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected. In past years Mr. Jones, although a hard master, had been a capable farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days. He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit, and had taken to drinking more than was good for him. For whole days at a time he would lounge in his Windsor chair in the kitchen, reading the newspapers, drinking, and occasionally feeding Moses on crusts of bread soaked in beer. His men were idle and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were underfed. June came and the hay was almost ready for cutting. On Midsummer’s Eve, which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and got so drunk at the Red Lion that he did not come back till midday on Sunday. The men had milked the cows in the early morning and then had gone out rabbiting, without



bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones got back he immediately went to sleep on the drawing-room sofa with the News of the World over his face, so that when evening came, the animals were still unfed. At last they could stand it no longer. One of the cows broke in the door of the store-shed with her horn and all the animals began to help themselves from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The next moment he and his four men were in the store-shed with whips in their hands, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being butted and kicked from all sides. The situation was quite out of their control. They had never seen animals behave like this before, and this sudden uprising of creatures whom they were used to thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them almost out of their wits. After only a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels. A minute later all five of them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road, with the animals pursuing them in triumph. Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening, hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her, croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was theirs. For the first few minutes the animals could hardly believe in their good fortune. Their first act was to gallop in a body right round the boundaries of the farm, as though to make quite sure that no human being was hiding anywhere upon it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe out the last traces of Jones's hated reign. The harness-room at the end of the stables was broken open; the bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones had been used to castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. After fervently joining in **Boris then denied he was there and even if he was there doing those things, no one told him that he wasn't supposed to do them anyway.** All the animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames. Snowball also threw on to the fire the ribbons with which the horses' manes and tails had usually been decorated on market days. 'Ribbons,' he said, 'should be considered as clothes, which are the mark of a human being. All animals should go naked.' **Boris was the first to strip. "Now this feels like a proper party!" he shouted. When Starmer heard he staggered to the left a bit and then staggered to the right. Which was ironic as he'd been accused of doing that many times in the past.** When Boxer heard this he fetched the small straw hat which he wore in summer to keep the flies out of his ears, and flung it on to the fire with the rest. In a very little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and served out a double ration of corn to everybody, with two biscuits for each dog. Then they sang Beasts of England from end to end seven times running, and after that they settled down for the



night and slept as they had never slept before. But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembering the glorious thing that had happened, they all raced out into the pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs — everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. **Boris commissioned a double decker bus and had it branded with ‘we send the humans £350 million. Let’s fund our farmyard instead’**

They rode the bus making a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things before, and even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own. Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon butted the door open with their shoulders and the animals entered in single file, walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything. They tiptoed from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with a kind of awe at the unbelievable luxury, at the beds with their feather mattresses, the looking glasses, the horsehair sofa, the Brussels carpet, the lithograph of Queen Victoria over the drawing-room mantelpiece. They were just coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing. Going back, the others found that she had remained behind in the best bedroom. She had taken a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones’s dressing-table, and was holding it against her shoulder and admiring herself in the glass in a very foolish manner. The others reproached her sharply, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen were taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stove in with a kick from Boxer’s hoof, — otherwise nothing in the house was touched. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there. The animals had their breakfast, and then Snowball and Napoleon called them together again. ‘Comrades,’ said Snowball, ‘it is half-past six and we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter that must be attended to first.’

‘Ahh, brilliant’ piped up Boris ‘leaving the humans is what you voted for.

“I didn’t vote!” chimed in Sturgeon the Badger “We should have another vote!” She cried

“Oh not again” sighed the other animals turning their backs on her.

Boris continued “We should draw up a bill, slash red tape, boost trade. We need to be independent!”

“Now you’re talking my language!” interrupted Sturgeon “Let’s take a vote!”

Boris smiled and carried on, ignoring her “We don’t need the humans making decisions for us. We need to leave them and to do this we need an exit strategy—preferably with a zingy name! Come on! Let’s take back control!” The other animals



cheered

“Yes!” said Starmer, agreeing with Boris. “But also, no...,” he swiftly continued, remembering that he wasn’t supposed to agree with Boris, “Wouldn’t that affect the grain supply? And what about the Custard Creams?!”

But it was too late, Boris was already bumbling around the farmyard shouting ‘GET HEXIT DONE!’

The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which had belonged to Mr. Jones’s children and which had been thrown on the rubbish heap. Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter,

Painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar of the gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was to be the name of the farm from now onwards. **‘How much are you charging us to replace that sign?’ asked Boris ‘£250,000’ answered Snowball.**

‘£250,000? That’s chicken feed’ replied Boris which sent the chickens into a squawking frenzy.

‘Now, comrades,’ cried Snowball, throwing down the paint-brush, ‘to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do.’ But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy for some time past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders were almost bursting.

After a little thought, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows fairly successfully, their trotters being well adapted to this task. Soon there were five buckets of frothing creamy milk. **‘What is going to happen to all that milk?’ said Ed the duck, “I feel a strongly worded but non-aggressive letter would help. I should write it as I’m head of postal affairs.”**

“Postal affairs?” muttered one of the animals from the back “I’ve been caught sexting a few times but never considered one by post. I’ll give that some thought.”

‘Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash,’ said one of the hens. ‘Never mind the milk, comrades!’ cried Napoleon, placing himself in front of the buckets. ‘That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward, comrades! The hay is waiting.’ So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest, **and when they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared and so had Boris and Starmer. Notes were found saying Boris had gone on a freebie holiday to a private villa in Marbella, whilst Starmer relocated to Devon where he penned a series of successful children’s books called The Magic Grandpa, featuring a confused, yet do-gooding wizard putting the world to rights but never quite succeeding.**

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Years passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by and Hexit got done. A time came when there was no one who remembered the old days before the Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the pigs.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones too was dead — he had died in an inebriates' home in another part of the country. Snowball was forgotten. Squealer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. He was two years past the retiring age, but in fact no animal had ever actually retired. **They invariably went on to write longwinded self-congratulatory autobiographies, host phone-in shows on ineffectual talk radio stations or occasionally appear on reality TV shows to prove they are still relevant which of course, they weren't.**

The talk of setting aside a corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been dropped. Squealer, was so fat that he could with difficulty see out of his eyes. Only old Benjamin was much the same as ever, except for being a little greyer about the muzzle, and, since Boxer's death, more morose and taciturn than ever. There were many more creatures on the farm now, though the increase was not so great as had been expected in earlier years. Many animals had been born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, passed on by word of mouth, and others had been bought who had never heard mention of such a thing before their arrival. The farm possessed three horses now besides Clover. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good comrades, but very stupid. **However, like all the new animals, especially the chickens, were welcomed in, given positions of great power and left to their own devices. Even when a ban was brought in forbidding the animals to go outside, one cock, decided to take the opportunity to hide from his wife, find a hen and have a quick kiss and cuddle.**

None of them proved able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. **Which was fine as they were all still able to make the words balls-up, beyond belief, blame, blooper, boob, blunder, botch, bumble and bull.**

“We need a better education” piped up Ed the duck, still sat on the fence “and if I had my way it would be totally free...or £9000 one or the other, probably the latter.” The other animals stared at him.

“OK it would definitely be £9000 but I want you to know that I 100% oppose that fee. I would however charge it. Which is not easy for me to do but, still £9000 please.”

They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they understood very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organised: It had even been enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington, **They saw this land and immediately built a small mound on it at a cost of £2million which they said would attract tourists who are looking to 1) climb up a mound, 2) look at things from the top of a mound and 3) climb down a mound. No tourists came.**

The windmill had been successfully completed at last, and the farm possessed a threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings had been added to it. Whymper had bought himself a dogcart. The windmill, however, had not after all been used



for generating electrical power. It was used for milling corn, and brought in a handsome money profit. The animals were hard at work building yet another windmill; when that one was finished, so it was said, the dynamos would be installed. But the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream, the stalls with electric light and hot and cold water, and the three-day week, were no longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally. Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer — except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. Perhaps this was partly because there were so many pigs and so many dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the supervision and organisation of the farm”

Much of this work was of a kind that the other animals were too ignorant to understand. For example, Squealer told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day upon mysterious things called ‘files,’ ‘reports,’ ‘minutes,’ and ‘memoranda.’ These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered, they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said. But still, neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites were always good. As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones’s expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer’s lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on such things now.

Only old Boris, his hair long, shaggy and unkempt, professed to remember every detail of his long life, when it suited him, and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse — hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life. **Starmer thought that Hunger, Hardship and Disappointment would make a great slogan but feared it may come across as a bit negative.**

And yet the animals never gave up hope. More, they never lost, even for an instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. They were still the only farm in the whole county — in all England! — owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the youngest, not even the newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever ceased to marvel at that. And when they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their hearts swelled with imperishable pride, and the talk turned always towards the old heroic days, the expulsion of Jones, the writing of the Seven Commandments, the great battles in which the human invaders had been defeated. None of the old dreams had been abandoned. The Republic of the Animals which Major had foretold, when the green fields of England should be untrodden by human



feet, was still believed in. Someday it was coming: it might not be soon, it might not be within the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming.

Even the tune of Happy birthday was perhaps hummed secretly here and there whilst they washed their paws, hooves and trotters for a minimum of 20 seconds: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of their hopes had been fulfilled; but they were conscious that they were not as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical human beings; if they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves. No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other creature 'Master.' All animals were equal. One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer's supervision. In the evening he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told the sheep to stay where they were. It ended by their remaining there for a whole week, during which time the other animals saw nothing of them. Squealer was with them for the greater part of every day.

He was, he said, teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.

It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover's voice. She neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen. It was a pig walking on his hind legs. Yes, it was **Boris**. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him. He carried a whip in his trotter. There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything — in spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened — **and they got little thanks for it, not even a round of applause at 5pm once a week. That would've been nice but most of the animals, if they tried to clap, would just fall over which, although amusing, would not have given the sheep the accolade they deserved** and they might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into **song**. It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs had



marched back into the farmhouse. Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the tatted wall with its white lettering. 'My sight is failing,' she said finally. 'Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?' For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran: **ALL ANIMALS MUST FOLLOW THE RULES BUT SOME ANIMALS DON'T NEED TO FOLLOW THE RULES AS LONG AS THEY CLAIM THAT THEY DIDN'T REALISE THERE WERE RULES IN THE FIRST PLACE.**

Starmer was disgusted and said that Boris 'Must go!' But the other animals misheard and thought he said Moscow which didn't make any sense to them. He was ignored and crept silently away.

But he had not gone twenty yards when he stopped short. An uproar of voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed back and looked through the window again. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. There were shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously. Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. 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. **When the dust settled, the animals realised that getting Hexit done meant quite a few changes around the farm. "It says here" muttered Ed that Hexit means better welfare for animals..." The animals all cheered "...during the slaughtering process." "Wait! What?" cried the animals. But by then, it was too late.**



Dave

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