

Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA**0411/11**

Paper 1

May/June 2026

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

EXTRACT 1

Adapted from Martin Crimp's modern version of Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull*

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the extract.

Chekhov's play premièred in 1896, and the modern version was first performed in 2006 at the National Theatre, London.

The play is in four acts and the extract is adapted from Act One.

Act One is set in the country estate of PIOTR SORIN, a retired civil servant. His sister, IRINA ARKÁDINA, is an actress who has arrived at the estate with her friend ALEKSEI TRIGORIN, a writer.

Chekhov uses the device known as a play-within-a-play and the characters gather around an outdoor stage to watch a play written by ARKÁDINA's son, KONSTANTIN TREPLIEV.

KONSTANTIN's play features NINA ZARÉCHNAYA, a young woman who lives with her controlling father on a neighbouring estate. KONSTANTIN's play turns out to be incomprehensible to the audience and provokes ridicule, although it receives some praise from the doctor, EVGENYI DORN.

Chekhov referred to the play as a comedy and there are some comic elements in it.

CHARACTERS

IRINA ARKÁDINA	an actress
KONSTANTIN TREPLIEV	her son
PIOTR SORIN	her brother, and owner of the estate
NINA ZARÉCHNAYA	a young woman, daughter of the rich landowner of the neighbouring estate
ILYA SHAMRAEV	a retired lieutenant who manages SORIN's estate
POLINA SHAMRAEV	his wife
MASHA SHAMRAEV	their daughter
ALEKSEI TRIGORIN	a successful writer of fiction
EVGENYI DORN	a doctor
SEMYON MEDVIEDENKO	a teacher
YAKOV	a workman

ACT ONE

Evening. A terrace at the back of the house on SORIN's estate. Upstage is the rest of the house. Downstage – in the space occupied by the auditorium – must be imagined a lake. On the terrace, YAKOV and other servants are making arrangements to stage KONSTANTIN's play. This involves curtaining off part of the terrace, and bringing out a grand piano. The audience for KONSTANTIN's play will face the lake – and therefore face the auditorium.

5

MEDVIEDENKO: [off] And the way you dress –
 MASHA: [off] What d'you mean: the way I dress?

Enter MASHA and MEDVIEDENKO.

10

MEDVIEDENKO: In black – why d'you always go round in black?
 MASHA: I'm in mourning for my life. I'm unhappy.
 MEDVIEDENKO: Oh? [*Slight pause.*] Then I'm confused. You're healthy – your father's got money – not much money but money all the same – while after deductions I take home less than two hundred and fifty a month. I lead a much harder life than you do, but I don't go round in black.
 MASHA: It's nothing to do with money. You can be poor and still happy.
 MEDVIEDENKO: Well maybe in theory – but in practice it goes like this: there's me, my mother, my two sisters and my baby brother living on less than two hundred and fifty a month. So what are you suggesting? Give up smoking? Stop drinking tea? Or perhaps we could just not eat.
 MASHA: The play should be starting soon.
 MEDVIEDENKO: Oh yes. Konstantin's play. Which Nina is going to act in. They're obsessed with each other and doing a play together is going to cement their relationship. Whereas the two of us don't even *have* a relationship. I love you, Masha, which is why I can't just sit at home vegetating. I walk here every day – two hours here, two hours back – and what's my reward? – total indifference. But of course, nobody wants to marry a man who can't provide.
 MASHA: Rubbish. I'm touched by your love but I can't reciprocate, that's all.

15

20

25

30

Pause.

It's close – feels like there'll be a storm tonight.
 It's just you're always picking away at things or talking about money. I know you think poverty's the biggest disaster in the world, but there are worse things in life than wandering the streets begging – believe me.
 I'm sorry. I know that's hard for you to understand.

35

Enter SORIN and KONSTANTIN.

KONSTANTIN: I'm afraid we're not quite ready for you yet. I'm going to have to ask you both to leave. We'll call you when it's time.
 SORIN: Masha – sweetheart – would you please please ask that father of yours to untie the dog so it doesn't howl. My sister spent the whole night awake again.
 MASHA: Talk to my father yourself – it's not my job. And I'm not your sweetheart. [*to MEDVIEDENKO*] Come on – let's go.
 MEDVIEDENKO: [*to KONSTANTIN*] You will tell us when it's going to start, yes?

40

45

SORIN:	Of course we will.	
	MEDVIEDENKO and MASHA go out.	
YAKOV:	So now that dog will be howling all night again.	
KONSTANTIN:	Excuse me, sir – we're going to get changed.	50
YAKOV:	Alright – but I want you in position ... [<i>Looks at watch.</i>] ... ten minutes from now.	
	You're the boss.	
	YAKOV and workmen go out.	
KONSTANTIN:	So – what d'you think – empty space – no scenery – just the lake and the horizon. Pure theatre. The moon's due up at exactly half past eight – which is when we start.	55
SORIN:	Excellent.	
KONSTANTIN:	And if Nina's late – which she looks like being – then the whole effect's ruined. [<i>rearranging</i> SORIN] You're a mess. Can't you do something about this hair?	60
SORIN:	It's the tragedy of my life. Even when I was young I looked like an alcoholic. Complete failure with women.	
KONSTANTIN:	What's wrong with your mother?	
	Wrong? She's bored. And she's jealous. She's got it in for me and she's got it in for my play because I've given the part to Nina and not to her. She hasn't read my play of course but she already hates it.	65
SORIN:	[<i>laughs</i>] Come on: you're overreacting.	
KONSTANTIN:	She can't bear the thought of Nina not her getting all the attention – even in something so small scale. Because it's not as if my mother isn't a sensitive and intelligent person who genuinely cares about the world – but try saying something nice to her about another actress ... big mistake. Nice things can be said <i>only about her</i> . Magazine features written <i>only about her</i> . She needs to have people constantly raving about her heartbreaking Cordelia or her 'waif-like' Juliet – and because out here in the country she's no way of feeding her addiction she gets bored and angry – we're all her enemies – we're all to blame. And talk about mean. We both know for a fact she's got a good seven hundred thousand stashed away in a Black Sea bank account – but ask her for money and she has a fit.	70
SORIN:	Come on – your mother worships you.	75
KONSTANTIN:	[<i>laughs</i>] Worships me? I don't think so. She still sees herself as some kind of party-going <i>femme fatale</i> – but the problem is she's got a twenty-five-year-old son. When I'm not around she's only thirty-two – but when I'm here she's forty-three – and she hates me for it. Plus she knows I detest her darling theatre. She loves it – imagines it's her sacred contribution to society – but if you ask me this theatre of hers is death. When the curtain goes up on yet another adapted novel or some piece of vapid social commentary masquerading as art – when shouting and banging the scenery is mistaken for good acting – when writers think that dialogue means the fluent exchange of platitudes – when I see people churn out the same theatrical clichés time after time after time after time after time, then I want to scream and scream – like the man in Munch's picture.	80
SORIN:	We still need theatre.	85
KONSTANTIN:	But we need to start again – if we can't start again from scratch – start again, make new forms – better to completely stop. [<i>Looks</i>	90
		95

	<i>at watch.</i>] I love my mother – love her to death – but her life's meaningless – trailing round after her novelist friend – name all over the papers – I'm sick of it. Yes, I realise some of it's egotistical: when I find myself thinking how much happier I'd be if she wasn't famous, if she was just a run-of-the-mill mother blah blah blah. And of course I used to feel so stupid when all her celebrity artist people turned up at her flat and I'd be the only nonentity – tolerated simply because I was her son. Because what could I say about myself? No special skills. No money. And because I'd been stupid enough to play politics at university, not even a degree. So when all these artists and writers deigned to show an interest I always knew that what they were actually doing was putting me in my place.	100
SORIN:	So what d'you make of this novelist friend? He doesn't say much.	105
KONSTANTIN:	He's a nice enough person – hugely successful but hardly a major talent. Put it this way – if you've read Tolstoy, you don't need to read Trigorin.	
SORIN:	I'd be happy to settle for a minor talent – or any talent at all come to think of it.	110
KONSTANTIN:	Listen! [<i>Hugs his uncle.</i>] She's incredible. Even her footsteps sound beautiful – don't you think?	115
	<i>NINA enters.</i>	
NINA:	Nina ... You look amazing.	
KONSTANTIN:	Am I late? Promise me I'm not late –	120
NINA:	No no no no no ... I've been worrying all day – I was so scared. I thought my father would stop me coming – then he and my stepmother went out. The sky's red – the moon's already rising – and there's me driving the horse on and on and on ... [<i>Laughs.</i>] I'm so happy. [<i>Squeezes SORIN's hand.</i>]	125
SORIN:	Those pretty eyes look more like they've been crying.	
NINA:	It's nothing – just out of breath – in half an hour I need to get back – so please let's hurry – please – please don't make me late – my father doesn't know I'm here.	130
KONSTANTIN:	Then let's call everyone and start.	
SORIN:	Let me. [<i>He moves off, humming.</i>]	
NINA:	I shouldn't be here. They think I'll be corrupted. But I'm drawn here to the lake – like a seagull. [<i>Looks around.</i>]	
KONSTANTIN:	We're alone.	135
NINA:	Somebody's there.	
KONSTANTIN:	No one.	
	<i>They kiss.</i>	
NINA:	What's that tree?	
KONSTANTIN:	An elm.	140
NINA:	Why's it so dark?	
KONSTANTIN:	It's evening – everything's dark. Please stay for longer.	
NINA:	No.	
KONSTANTIN:	Or I could come to your house.	
NINA:	No.	145
KONSTANTIN:	I love you.	
NINA:	Shh ...	

Enter YAKOV.

KONSTANTIN:	Yakov.	
YAKOV:	Yes sir?	150
KONSTANTIN:	Final checks, please. We're about to start.	
YAKOV:	Yes sir.	
KONSTANTIN:	And remember: the sulphur and the splashing noise have the same cue. [to NINA] Nervous?	
NINA:	Very. It's not so much your mother – but acting in front of Aleksei Trigorin – the writer – I'm terrified. He's so famous. Is he young?	155
KONSTANTIN:	Yes.	
NINA:	His stories are wonderful.	
KONSTANTIN:	[cold] Are they? I've never read them.	
NINA:	Your play's so difficult to act. My character's not real.	160
KONSTANTIN:	Not real? I've told you: the material world is an illusion – what counts is the world of dreams.	
NINA:	And nothing really happens – it's all talking.	

They move off.

And I'm not sure a play's really a play unless it has some kind of message ... Don't you think? ...	165
---	-----

They go out.

KONSTANTIN:	[off] A message?	
NINA:	[off] Yes. About love or ... I don't know ... people's feelings ... relationships.	170

KONSTANTIN *laughs*.

Why's that funny? ...

Enter POLINA and DORN.

POLINA:	It's getting damp. Go back and get your overcoat.	
DORN:	I'm hot.	175
POLINA:	Why won't you look after yourself? You're so stubborn. You know damp air's bad for you, but you just like making me worry. Yesterday you spent the whole evening out on this terrace quite deliberately ...	

DORN *hums a little tune*.

... but I suppose you found your little conversation with Irina Arkádina so totally fascinating you didn't notice the cold. Am I right?	180	
DORN:	I'm fifty-five.	
POLINA:	So? That's not old for a man. You certainly don't look old and women still find you attractive – as you very well know.	
DORN:	So what are you suggesting I do?	185
POLINA:	Why're men all so obsessed by actresses? Mmm?	
DORN:	[hums a little tune, then] If people idealise performers and tend to treat them differently from – say – farmers, then that's just how the world operates. It's outside of our control.	
POLINA:	Women have always been all over you – I suppose you can't control that either.	190

DORN:	[<i>shrugs</i>] What if they have? Women've always been very good to me – of course – but mainly because they could trust me professionally. Ten, fifteen years ago, as you very well know, I was the only reliable obstetrician this district had. It doesn't mean I've abandoned you. Or Masha either.	195
POLINA:	[<i>grasps his hand</i>] I'm sorry. I know you haven't.	
DORN:	Don't. Someone's coming. [<i>He frees his hand.</i>]	
	KONSTANTIN <i>enters</i> .	
KONSTANTIN:	Yakov. Hurry up. The moon.	200
	YAKOV <i>closes the curtain, shutting off a portion of the terrace and concealing POLINA and DORN. As NINA prepares to perform the play, enter unseen behind the curtain ARKÁDINA, SORIN, TRIGORIN, SHAMRAEV, MEDVIEDENKO and MASHA.</i>	
SHAMRAEV:	You should've seen her when was it – fifteen – no I tell a lie – twenty – it was twenty years ago I first saw you at the Poltava Agricultural Show. Amazing acting. Even in a place like that. And that colleague of yours – the comic actor – Pavel something – brilliant in Ostrovsky – Pavel Chadin – whatever happened to him?	205
ARKÁDINA:	You keep asking me about dinosaurs. How should I know?	210
SHAMRAEV:	Chadin ... Pavel Chadin. There's no one like that left. The theatre's gone downhill. In the past there were mighty oaks – now all we see are the stumps.	
DORN:	There may be fewer geniuses about, but the average actor has significantly improved.	215
SHAMRAEV:	I don't agree. Still – it's a matter of taste. For which – as the poet says – there is no accounting.	
	KONSTANTIN <i>pokes his head through the curtain.</i>	
ARKÁDINA:	Aren't you starting?	
KONSTANTIN:	One more minute. Give me a chance.	220
ARKÁDINA:	'What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?'	
KONSTANTIN:	'Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.'	
	YAKOV <i>makes a sound cue.</i>	225
	KONSTANTIN <i>goes through the curtain, leaving only NINA and the servants who are stage-managing the play visible to the audience.</i>	
	Ready everyone? Then let's begin. Spirits night-time spirits of the lake rock us asleep and let us dream of things a hundred million years from now.	230
SORIN:	A hundred million years from now there won't be anything.	
KONSTANTIN:	Then let's see what not anything looks like.	
ARKÁDINA:	Yes let's. We're asleep.	235

Pause.

YAKOV does a lighting effect.

Pause. Sound of the OTHER approaching through the water. A cloud of gas is released.

NINA turns to face the lake.

And now my enemy approaches:
the violent Other – 280
origin of material brutality.

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2026 0411/11/PRE/M/J/26 **[Turn over**

ARKÁDINA:	You're right – but no more talking about plays or atomic levels. What a beautiful evening. Is someone playing music?	
	<i>They listen.</i>	335
POLINA:	How lovely. It's on the other side.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
ARKÁDINA:	[to TRIGORIN] Ten, fifteen years ago – here – on this lake – there was always music and singing – almost every evening. On that shore opposite, there were six big houses – people laughing – noise – guns going off – and love affairs, endless love affairs ... And the young man most in demand – in fact idolised at all six – was none other than ... [Indicates DORN.] my good friend the doctor here. Today still highly attractive – but in those days irresistible.	340
	Why did I upset poor Konstantin like that?	345
	[Calls.] Konstantin! Kostya! Konstantin!	
MASHA:	I'll go and look for him.	
ARKÁDINA:	Would you?	
MASHA:	[going off, calling] Hello? Konstantin? Hello?	350
	<i>NINA comes out.</i>	
NINA:	We're obviously not going on – I might as well come out. [Kisses ARKÁDINA and POLINA.]	
SORIN:	Bravo! Bravo!	
ARKÁDINA:	Bravo! Bravo! We thought you were wonderful the way you look – that gorgeous voice – it's criminal to be stuck out here in the country. You have real talent. I'm serious. You owe it to yourself to act.	355
NINA:	That's my dream. But it will never happen.	
ARKÁDINA:	Who can say?	
	There's someone I'd like you to meet: Aleksei Trigorin.	360
NINA:	I'm so thrilled ... I read everything you write.	
ARKÁDINA:	Don't be embarrassed. He's famous but he's still just a normal human being. You see – he's as embarrassed as you are.	
	<i>A gust of wind blows the curtain.</i>	
DORN:	Can we get this curtain hooked up? It's giving me the creeps.	365
SHAMRAEV:	[calls] Yakov – can we hook up this curtain?	
	<i>YAKOV comes and hooks up the curtain.</i>	
NINA:	[to TRIGORIN] Weird play – don't you think?	
TRIGORIN:	Didn't understand a word. But enjoyed watching it. You acted so truthfully. And the scenery was wonderful.	370
	<i>Pause.</i>	
	Must be a lot of fish in this lake.	
NINA:	Yes.	
TRIGORIN:	I love fishing. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than sitting on a river bank at the end of a day just watching the float.	375

NINA:	But doesn't your own creative pleasure make all other pleasures irrelevant?	
ARKÁDINA:	[<i>laughing</i>] Be careful. When people use words like creative he has a tendency to cringe.	
SHAMRAEV:	I remember being at the Moscow Opera when Silva was going for bottom C. One of the basses from our own church choir happened to be up in the gallery and we were suddenly amazed to hear coming from the gallery 'Bravo Silva!' – a whole octave lower. Like this [<i>deep bass voice</i>] Bravo Silva! ... [<i>normal voice</i>] The whole audience froze.	380
	<i>Pause.</i>	385
DORN:	Someone just passed over our graves.	
NINA:	I have to go.	
ARKÁDINA:	Where? It's too early. We won't let you.	
NINA:	My father will be waiting.	
ARKÁDINA:	That man ... hmm ...	390
	<i>They kiss.</i>	
	But what can we do? It's a shame – a real shame to let you go.	
NINA:	If only you knew how hard it is for me to leave.	
ARKÁDINA:	Someone should see you home, you poor thing.	
NINA:	[<i>alarmed</i>] No no.	395
SORIN:	Please stay.	
NINA:	I can't.	
SORIN:	Stay one more hour. Come on. Say yes.	
NINA:	[<i>thinks – and forces herself not to cry</i>] Impossible. [<i>Squeezes his hand and quickly goes out.</i>]	400
ARKÁDINA:	That girl's been so unlucky. Turns out her mother left a vast fortune to her father and now her father's already willed it all to his second wife – leaving her quite literally with nothing. Outrageous.	
DORN:	Yes, I think we can safely say her darling father's a controlling monster.	405
SORIN:	[<i>rubbing hands</i>] Come on friends – let's all go. It's beginning to drizzle. My legs hurt.	
ARKÁDINA:	'The wonder is he hath endur'd so long.' Come on, you old wreck. [<i>Takes his arm.</i>]	
SHAMRAEV:	[<i>offers arm to his wife</i>] Madame?	410
SORIN:	That dog's howling again. [<i>to SHAMRAEV</i>] My dear Ilya, would you please, please get someone to untie that dog.	
SHAMRAEV:	Not possible – sorry – thieves might break into the barn. I've got millet in there. [<i>Walks beside MEDVIEDENKO.</i>] A whole octave lower – 'Bravo Silva!' Just an ordinary member of a church choir.	415
MEDVIEDENKO:	And how much d'you reckon an ordinary member of a church choir gets paid? ...	
	<i>They all go out, except for DORN.</i>	
SHAMRAEV:	[<i>off</i>] I'm not sure they <i>do</i> get paid.	
MEDVIEDENKO:	[<i>off</i>] Well there must be something – an allowance – free meals ...	420
	KONSTANTIN <i>appears.</i>	
KONSTANTIN:	They've all gone, then.	

DORN:	I'm here.	
KONSTANTIN:	Masha's been all over the grounds looking for me. I can't stand her.	
DORN:	Konstantin – I really enjoyed your play. A bit weird – and I don't know how it ends – but it made a real impression. When she was talking like that about being alone ... the ruined houses ... then the thing about steel wire ... my hands were shaking. You're a talented person and you mustn't give up.	425
	KONSTANTIN <i>takes his hand and hugs him.</i>	430
	Come on – stop looking so tense – please don't cry. What is it I'm trying to say? ... What was so good was that you ... weren't afraid to tackle a really big idea. Which I admire.	
	What's wrong?	
KONSTANTIN:	So you think I should carry on?	435
DORN:	Of course. But make sure you focus on the things that really matter. Because look at me – I've had plenty of enjoyment out of life – don't get me wrong – I'm not complaining. But if I'd ever had the chance like you to be truly creative then I'd've lived in a completely different way. D'you know what I mean? Not so material.	440
KONSTANTIN:	Uh-hu. Where's Nina?	
DORN:	The other thing is be clear you've got something to say. Because however talented you are, if you don't have anything to say, you'll end up just drifting, and hating yourself.	
KONSTANTIN:	[<i>more emphatic</i>] Where's Nina?	445
DORN:	She went home.	
KONSTANTIN:	[<i>in despair</i>] What d'you mean, went home? I have to see her. I can't not see her.	
DORN:	Hey hey hey – calm down.	
KONSTANTIN:	I can't not see her. I can't.	450
	<i>Enter MASHA.</i>	
MASHA:	Konstantin, please come indoors. Your mother's waiting. She's worried.	
KONSTANTIN:	Tell her I'm not here. And please will you stop following me around. You make me sick.	455
DORN:	Hey hey hey – don't talk to her like that.	
KONSTANTIN:	[<i>through tears</i>] Goodbye Doctor. Thank you [<i>He goes.</i>]	
DORN:	He doesn't mean it.	
MASHA:	That's what people always say when somebody's telling the truth.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	460
DORN:	D'you think they're dancing? Let's go inside.	
MASHA:	Please wait.	
DORN:	What?	
MASHA:	Can I just talk to you for a moment? Please? [<i>becoming agitated</i>] My father doesn't care. You're the only person I can say this to. Help me. Please help me or I'm going to do something really stupid – mess up my life ...	465
DORN:	What d'you mean? Help you how?	
MASHA:	It hurts so much. Nobody knows how much it hurts. I'm in love with Konstantin.	470
DORN:	What's making you all so tense? And so love-obsessed. Must be the	

lake. [*tenderly*] But what can I do, my poor sweetheart? What can I do?

EXTRACT 2

Adapted from Ian Wooldridge's stage version of George Orwell's novel *Animal Farm*

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the extract.

Ian Wooldridge's stage version of George Orwell's 1945 novel *Animal Farm* was first performed in Glasgow, in March 1982. The extract comes from the first two-thirds of the play.

Orwell's novel has been described as a 'fairy story' – a simple tale that is used to communicate a deeper message. Orwell uses the story of a takeover of a farm by a group of animals as an allegory for the way in which power corrupts in human society. The original rules – made by the animals at the point they took over – gradually get changed to suit the purposes of those in authority.

CHARACTERS

STORYTELLER

The Pigs:

MAJOR

NAPOLEON

SQUEALER

SNOWBALL

MINIMUS

The Horses:

BOXER

CLOVER

MOLLIE

BENJAMIN (*a donkey*)

MOSES (*a raven*)

MR JONES (*the farmer, non-speaking*)

Assorted PIGS, PIGEONS, DOGS, GEESE, SHEEP, HENS

STORYTELLER:	Mr Jones of the Manor Farm locked the hen-houses for the night, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and fell asleep in his armchair, alongside Mrs Jones.	
MAJOR:	As soon as the light went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm. Word had gone round during the day that old Major the prize Middle White boar had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.	5
	Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies. Those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength, and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end, we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty.	15
	No animal is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.	20
	But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no!	
	Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word – Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished forever.	25
	I do not know when the Revolution will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives. And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.	30
	I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs or has wings is a friend. And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannize over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.	40
	Many years ago my mother used to sing an old song of which she knew only the tune and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream – and what is more, the words of the song also came back – words, I am certain, which were sung by animals of long ago and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades, and when	45
		50

I have taught you the tune you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called 'Beasts of England'. 55

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time. 60

Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be o'erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.

The ANIMALS learn the song. 65

The sounds of JONES's gun interrupts the singing.

STORYTELLER: Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. During the next three months there was much secret activity. The work of teaching and organising everybody was done by the pigs, who were the cleverest of the animals. The three most important pigs were Snowball, Napoleon and Squealer who began to develop a system of thought based on what old Major had said. They called it Animalism. And then there was Moses, the tame raven, who was Mr Jones's special pet. 70

MOSES: Yeah, hallelujah, gather round brothers and sisters. We're all gonna live on Sugarcandy Mountain. Up there friends, up there, just on the other side of the dark clouds, there lies Sugarcandy Mountain, that happy country where we poor animals shall rest forever from our labours. After we die, I say after we die, we gonna live in that land, where it's Sunday seven days a week, clover is in season all the year round and lump sugar and linseed cake grow on the hedges. 80

STORYTELLER: And of late Mr Jones had taken to drinking more than was good for him, so that he sat all day in his chair in the kitchen reading the newspapers and neglecting the animals.

The Revolution takes place. MR JONES is expelled from Manor Farm. 85

SQUEALER: Silence for Comrade Napoleon!
NAPOLEON: Comrades. Comrades. Jones has gone. The Revolution marks our first step on the road to freedom. The farm, our farm, hitherto known as Manor Farm is now to be called Animal Farm! 90

SQUEALER: Silence for Comrade Snowball!
SNOWBALL: Comrades, during the past three months we have taught ourselves to read and write, and have succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments which from now on will form the law by which we all shall live. 95
The Seven Commandments are as follows:

The Commandments are revealed at the back.

SNOWBALL reads out the Commandments and the ANIMALS recite them.

	1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.	100
	2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.	
	3. No animal shall wear clothes.	
	4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.	
	5. No animal shall drink alcohol.	
	6. No animal shall kill any other animal.	105
	7. All animals are equal.	
SNOWBALL:	Now, comrades, 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.	
	<i>A bucket of milk arrives.</i>	
MOLLIE:	What is going to happen to all that milk? Jones used to mix some of it in our food.	110
NAPOLEON:	Never mind the milk, comrades. That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Boxer will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward comrades!	
STORYTELLER:	So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest. And when Mollie came back in the evening:	115
MOLLIE:	Where's the milk gone?	
STORYTELLER:	Mollie – the white mare who drew Mr Jones's trap.	
MOLLIE:	Will there still be sugar now that the Revolution has happened?	
SNOWBALL:	No, we have no means of making sugar on this farm. Besides, you do not need sugar, you will have all the oats and hay you want.	120
MOLLIE:	And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons?	
SNOWBALL:	Comrade, those ribbons that you are devoted to are the badge of slavery. Can you not understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?	125
MOLLIE:	But can't I keep this pretty blue ribbon I found in the farmhouse?	
SNOWBALL:	Ribbons should be considered as clothes which are the mark of a human being.	
	<i>BOXER flings his hat away.</i>	
STORYTELLER:	Boxer the carthorse – his personal motto:	130
BOXER:	<i>I will work harder!</i>	
MOLLIE:	And what happened to the milk? And what's going to happen to the apples from the orchard that you have said are for your use only?	
NAPOLEON:	Squealer!	
SQUEALER:	Comrades, you do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples, I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples, this has been proved by science comrades, contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brain-workers. The whole management and organisation of this farm depends on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for your sake that we drink the milk and eat the apples.	135
	Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Surely, comrades – surely there is no one among you who would want Jones to come back?	140
BOXER:	What happened at the meeting?	
MOLLIE:	Why weren't you there?	
BOXER:	I was working hard at getting the harvest in. I forgot about the meeting and I didn't realise you had all gone.	145
		150

MOLLIE:	Well, that's a pity. You'll just have to try and be on time in future.	
CLOVER:	Mollie ...	
STORYTELLER:	Clover the mare – Boxer's workmate.	
BOXER:	So, tell me what happened. Did Comrade Napoleon speak?	
MOLLIE:	No, Squealer did.	155
BOXER:	And what did he say? Oh, please, you must tell me.	
CLOVER:	Mollie asked about the milk and the apples, which the pigs are keeping for themselves.	
MOLLIE:	And the lumps of sugar from the farmhouse.	
CLOVER:	And Squealer said the pigs need those things to help them run the farm better.	160
BOXER:	Is that true?	
MOLLIE:	No, of course it isn't. It's absolute rubbish.	
BOXER:	No, really, is that what Squealer said?	
CLOVER:	Yes, if they don't have the milk and apples they won't be able to think properly, and then Jones might come back.	165
MOLLIE:	He always gives me sugar.	
BOXER:	Oh, we don't want that.	
MOLLIE:	And he let me wear pretty ribbons.	
CLOVER:	No. So we all agreed that it was best if all the milk and apples were saved for the pigs.	170
MOLLIE:	One blue, one red, one green ...	
BOXER:	And do you think that's right Clover?	
CLOVER:	Well, everyone agreed so it must be.	
BOXER:	Was Comrade Napoleon there?	175
CLOVER:	Yes.	
BOXER:	And did he agree?	
CLOVER:	Yes, he asked Squealer to speak in the first place.	
BOXER:	Oh, well, if Comrade Napoleon says it then it must be right.	
MOLLIE:	Honestly Boxer, you are stupid, why do you have to agree with everything he says?	180
BOXER:	Well, he's the cleverest animal on the farm, isn't he? So he must ...	
MOLLIE:	Who says so? Benjamin's clever, Moses was clever, and so was Mrs Jones, she used to let me have ribbons all the time.	
CLOVER:	Oh, Mollie, stop going on about your ribbons. You looked silly in them anyway.	185
MOLLIE:	I did not. I'm not silly. At least I'm better at reading and writing than you are Boxer, and you Clover.	
CLOVER:	Boxer works harder than any of us. He doesn't have much time to learn to read and write.	190
MOLLIE:	How much of your A.B.C. can you say, Boxer? I bet you can't get as far as I can. I can get up to M which starts my name.	
BOXER:	I can say a bit	
MOLLIE:	Go on then, let's hear it.	
BOXER:	A.B.C.	195
MOLLIE:	There you are see ...	
CLOVER:	Give him a chance, let him have a think.	
BOXER:	A.B.C ...	
MOLLIE:	A.B.C.D.E.F.G ...	
CLOVER:	Mollie, Mollie!	200
SNOWBALL:	Comrades, since some of you have had difficulty in learning to read and write, we have decided to reduce the Commandments of Animalism to a single easily remembered maxim – FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD	

	<i>The ANIMALS recite the maxim.</i>	205
	Can the sheep remember it?	
	<i>The SHEEP recite the maxim.</i>	
STORYTELLER:	Early in October news arrived that Jones and all his men were coming up the track that led to the farm. Snowball ...	210
SNOWBALL:	Who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns.	
STORYTELLER:	Gave his orders quickly.	
	<i>The Battle of the Cowshed takes place.</i>	
SNOWBALL:	Comrades, the enemy has been repelled, we have won a great victory! But let us not forget, comrades, on this joyful occasion that all animals must be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.	215
NAPOLEON:	It has been decided comrades to create a military decoration – 'Animal Hero, First Class' – which we confer on Snowball and Boxer, for their valiant efforts in the Battle of the Cowshed.	
CLOVER:	Mollie, I have something very serious to say to you. This morning I saw you looking over the hedge at the end of the long meadow. There was a man standing on the other side of the hedge and I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this – he was talking to you and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What does that mean Mollie?	220
MOLLIE:	He didn't, I wasn't, it isn't true!	225
CLOVER:	Mollie, look me in the face, do you give me your word of honour that the man was not stroking your nose.	
MOLLIE:	It isn't true!	
STORYTELLER:	Three days later Mollie disappeared. Nothing was heard of her until one day a pigeon reported ...	230
PIGEON:	I saw her, between the shafts of a smart trap painted red and black outside a pub. A fat red-faced man was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar, and she wore a scarlet ribbon round her forelock. She looked as if she was enjoying herself.	235
STORYTELLER:	None of the animals ever mentioned Mollie again.	
NAPOLEON:	That's all very well, Comrade Snowball, but I still maintain sowing a bigger acreage of oats will serve us better through the winter and that the soil on the hillside is more suitable for root vegetables.	
STORYTELLER:	Another meeting, another argument between Napoleon and Snowball.	240
SNOWBALL:	But Comrade Napoleon you still haven't heard the most important part of my plan yet.	
NAPOLEON:	Oh yes, what's that?	
SNOWBALL:	The building of a windmill ...	245
NAPOLEON:	A what?	
SNOWBALL:	A machine operated by the wind to generate electricity and make life easier for all of us. The small hill in the long pasture is the highest point on the farm, right? After surveying the ground I have decided that it's the best place to build a windmill, which could be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power. This could be used to light our stalls and keep them warm in winter. It could also run a circular saw, a chaff cutter, a mangel-slicer and an electrical milking machine. This farm is old-fashioned, we have only	250

	primitive machinery. The power of a windmill would make our work so much easier, and leave us free to pursue more noble tasks.	255
NAPOLEON:	Well, comrades, how do we feel about Snowball's plan?	
SNOWBALL:	I'm not saying it will be easy – we shall have to quarry stone and build walls, make the sails and find dynamos and cables. But I calculate that the whole thing could be finished in a year, and after that so much labour will be saved that we will only need to work three days a week. Think of that, comrades.	260
NAPOLEON:	And I say that the year would be better spent increasing food production. That is our greatest need at the moment. If we waste time building a windmill, we will all starve to death.	265
CLOVER:	Vote for Snowball and the three-day week!	
SQUEALER:	Vote for Napoleon and the full manger!	
	<i>An argument ensues.</i>	
NAPOLEON:	Comrades, comrades – let us not argue. Let us vote on the matter, and abide by the decision of the majority. Now, I think that this windmill idea is a piece of nonsense, and I advise you all to vote against it.	270
SNOWBALL:	Let us rid ourselves of the chains of sordid labour. Electricity can do that for us. Just picture our lives when the wonders of science have freed us from our daily toil. The windmill will operate threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, reapers and binders, besides supplying every stall with light, hot and cold water and a heater. Let us move forward, comrades, to an age of true freedom. Let us forge the future of Animal Farm in the white heat of technology!	275
	<i>At a sign from NAPOLEON, the DOGS expel SNOWBALL from the farm.</i>	280
NAPOLEON:	From now on, comrades, the weekly meetings will come to an end. They are unnecessary and a waste of time. In future, all questions relating to the working of the farm will be settled by a special committee of pigs presided over by myself. The meetings will be held in private, and you will assemble once a week to be given your orders, but there will be no more debates. Minimus, you young porker, come with me.	285
SQUEALER:	Comrades, I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure – on the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decision, comrades, and then where should we be?	290
	Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball with his moonshine of windmills – Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal.	295
BOXER:	He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed.	300
SQUEALER:	Bravery is not enough. Loyalty and obedience are more important. And as to the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for	

	today. One false step and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?	305
BOXER:	If the holding of meetings means that Jones will come back, then there must be no more meetings. Comrade Napoleon says it, so it must be right.	
SQUEALER:	Oh, he does, comrades, he does. And one other thing, comrades, Napoleon has decided to go ahead with the plans to build the windmill. Now this will need a very special effort from all of you, as we will have to carry on running the farm while the windmill is being constructed. It might even be necessary to reduce your rations. I can understand your surprise, comrades, but you see Napoleon has never really been opposed to the building of a windmill. In fact, the idea was his own creation in the first place, and Snowball stole it only to make himself look clever in your eyes.	310
CLOVER:	Why then did Napoleon speak so strongly against it at the meeting?	
SQUEALER:	Ah, that was Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He appeared to oppose the windmill, only to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence. Now that Snowball is out of the way, we can get on with the job. That, comrades, is what is known as tactics. Tactics, comrades, tactics.	315
BOXER:	Napoleon is always right.	320
	<i>The building of the windmill begins.</i>	
NAPOLEON:	All animals will work a sixty hour week, and in future there will be work on Sunday afternoon as well. This work will be strictly voluntary, of course, but any animal not reporting for work will have his rations cut by half.	325
	In addition, comrades, Animal Farm will begin to engage in trade with the neighbouring farm, not, of course, for any commercial purpose, but simply to obtain essential materials such as paraffin oil, nails, string and iron for the horses' shoes. And have no fear, there will be no need for any of you to come into contact with human beings which would be most undesirable. I shall take that burden upon myself, and make all the arrangements.	330
BENJAMIN:	'Ere ...	
STORYTELLER:	Benjamin, the donkey –	
BENJAMIN:	'Ere, didn't we pass a resolution sometime back about not having nothing to do with human beings and not engaging in trade?	335
BOXER:	I can't remember that.	
BENJAMIN:	And about money, we're not supposed to handle money.	
BOXER:	I don't know about that Benjamin, stop being so miserable. Aren't you happier now that Mr Jones has gone?	340
BENJAMIN:	I don't see anything to laugh at. Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever seen a dead donkey. God gave me a tail to keep the flies off, but I'd sooner have no tail and no flies ...	345
CLOVER:	I think Benjamin may be right. I seem to remember when old Major first spoke to us on that historic night he mentioned something about money.	350
BOXER:	Look Clover, I don't remember anything about that. I've told you before, don't listen to Benjamin. He's a nice enough fellow and he does his work alright, but he's always grumbling and going around the place looking gloomy.	355

CLOVER:	Yes I know, but he's often right about things. He's older than the rest of us, he can remember everything, and he can read much better than you or I can.	
BOXER:	What's that got to do with it?	
CLOVER:	Well, nothing really.	360
BOXER:	I work as hard as I possibly can. I get up an hour earlier in the morning, and often work in the evening. We've got to get the windmill finished. I haven't got time to look at books, and learn to read and write. It's what you're best at that counts.	
CLOVER:	Yes, of course, Boxer, nobody works harder than you, and we all respect you for it. I didn't mean to upset you. I believe in the Revolution, and the work that Napoleon is doing as much as you do. It's just that sometimes things don't seem to happen the way that Major said they would.	365
BOXER:	We mustn't think too hard about it Clover. We must trust Napoleon, he knows best.	370
CLOVER:	I'm sure you're right.	
SQUEALER:	Penny for them, Comrade Boxer?	
BOXER:	Clover and I were just discussing Comrade Napoleon's speech on trade.	375
SQUEALER:	And what conclusions did you come to?	
BOXER:	Oh, that he's right of course. It's just that old Benjamin, you know how he is, seemed to think we'd passed some resolution about not talking to humans or trading with them. And Clover ...	
CLOVER:	Oh Boxer!	380
BENJAMIN:	I've seen them!	
CLOVER:	What?	
BENJAMIN:	I said I've seen them.	
BOXER:	Who?	
BENJAMIN:	Napoleon, Squealer and all the other pigs. They've moved into the farmhouse. They're living there.	385
BOXER:	I don't believe you.	
BENJAMIN:	But it's true I tell you. I looked through the kitchen window, and there was Squealer sitting in a chair with his legs up on the table, reading a newspaper.	390
BOXER:	I simply don't believe you.	
BENJAMIN:	I saw it. And all the other pigs were sitting around the table, munching apples and drinking milk.	
CLOVER:	Are you sure?	
BENJAMIN:	Of course I'm sure. I know what I've seen.	395
CLOVER:	Well, I think that's going a bit too far, don't you Boxer?	
BOXER:	Well, maybe they need to be in the farmhouse, so that ...	
BENJAMIN:	But that's not all, one of the pigeons flew past the upstairs windows of the farmhouse yesterday, and you'll never guess what she saw – Go on, tell them what you saw ...	400
PIGEON:	Well, in the big room where Mr and Mrs Jones used to sleep in the big bed – Napoleon was stretched out on the bed fast asleep and snoring very loudly.	
BENJAMIN:	There, you see.	
BOXER:	How could you see all this if you flew past the window?	405
PIGEON:	I didn't only fly past, comrade, I perched on the windowsill and had a good look.	
CLOVER:	And saw Napoleon asleep in the bed and heard him snoring?	
PIGEON:	Yes, comrade, the window was open.	
CLOVER:	When was this?	410

PIGEON:	About two hours ago, comrade.	
BOXER:	Napoleon needs to rest. He works very hard for all of us. He'd probably been working late last night and got tired.	
BENJAMIN:	But he was sleeping in a bed.	
BOXER:	Well, so what?	415
BENJAMIN:	The Fourth Commandment!	
BOXER:	What?	
CLOVER:	Yes, of course, Boxer, Benjamin's right. The Fourth Commandment says, 'No animal shall sleep in a bed.' So, if Comrade Napoleon's sleeping in one, it's only right that we should tell the others.	420
BOXER:	Oh, I don't know about that.	
BENJAMIN:	Stop being so stubborn Boxer.	
BOXER:	Well, you leave me out of it, I don't want to cause any trouble. I just want to get on with my work. You talk to them Clover, if you like. Nobody ever listens to me. You bring it up at the next meeting.	425
CLOVER:	I'm not very good at talking in front of all the others. Benjamin, it would be best if you did it.	
BENJAMIN:	No, they'll listen to you. If you start it off, I'll support you.	
BOXER:	You be careful Clover, don't get mixed up in something which is going to upset things ...	430
CLOVER:	Benjamin read the Fourth Commandment.	
BENJAMIN:	It says – 'No animal shall sleep in a bed ... with sheets.'	
SQUEALER:	So, comrades, you have heard that we pigs are now sleeping in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against beds. A bed merely means a place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was against sheets which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable they are too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you, comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties. Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back? Well?	435
CLOVER, BENJAMIN and BOXER:	No, comrade.	445
SQUEALER:	Very well then. Because he will come back, I assure you, if we are not left to get on with our work in peace and quiet. Oh, one other thing, from now on we'll be getting up one hour later in the mornings than the rest of you, OK?	
BOXER:	There you see, I told you not to meddle.	450
STORYTELLER:	November came with strong winds and torrential rains. Finally there came a night when the gale was so violent that the main buildings rocked on their foundations and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. In the morning, when the animals woke up, a terrible sight met their eyes.	455
	<i>The ANIMALS gather at the ruined windmill.</i>	
SQUEALER:	Comrades, do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill? Snowball. Snowball has done this thing, to set back our plans and avenge himself for his ignominious expulsion. This traitor has crept here under cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence upon	460

	Snowball. 'Animal Hero, Second Class' to any animal who brings him to justice.	
NAPOLEON:	No more delays, comrades, there is work to be done. This very morning we begin re-building the windmill and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We will teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily. Remember, comrades, there must be no alteration in our plans; they shall be carried out to the day. Forward, comrades – Long live the windmill. Long live Animal Farm!	465 470
ANIMAL 1:	He visits the farm at night. I've seen him.	
ANIMAL 2:	Who?	
ANIMAL 3:	Snowball, of course. He must have stolen all that corn which went missing two days ago.	475
ANIMAL 1:	Yes, and broken all those eggs, which were ready for market.	
ANIMAL 3:	He's taken the key to the store-shed and thrown it down the well.	
ANIMAL 1:	He's stolen the apples from the orchard.	
ANIMAL 2:	Broken windows.	
ANIMAL 3:	Destroyed fences.	480
ANIMAL 1:	Poisoned the milk.	
ANIMAL 2:	Blocked the drains.	
ANIMAL 3:	Uprooted the crops.	
ANIMAL 1:	Throttled the chickens.	
SQUEALER:	And generally proved himself to be the swine that he always was. Comrades! A most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start. He was Jones's secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted, fortunately without success, to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?	485 490
BOXER:	I do not believe that. Snowball fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed – I saw him myself. Did we not give him 'Animal Hero, First Class' immediately afterwards?	495
SQUEALER:	That was our mistake, comrade, for we now know, it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found, that in reality he was trying to lure us to our doom.	
BOXER:	But he was wounded. We all saw him running with blood.	
SQUEALER:	That was all part of the arrangement. I could show you this in his own writing if you were able to read it, but you can't, so I won't. He would have succeeded if it had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled and many animals followed him? And do you remember too, that it was just at that moment when panic was spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of 'Death to Humanity', and sank his teeth in Jones's leg – surely you remember that, comrades?	500 505
BOXER:	I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning. What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the Battle of the Cowshed, he was a good comrade.	510
SQUEALER:	Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, has stated categorically – categorically, comrade – that Snowball was Jones's agent from the very beginning – yes, and from long before the Revolution was ever thought of.	515

BOXER:	Ah, that is different. If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.	
SQUEALER:	That is the true spirit, comrade. I warn every animal on the farm to keep their eyes very wide open, for we have reason to think that some of Snowball's agents are lurking among us at the moment.	520
NAPOLEON:	And we shall seek out those traitors in our midst, comrades. They will confess their crimes and be punished accordingly. Have you anything to confess?	
FOUR PIGS:	We have secretly been in touch with Snowball ever since his expulsion. We collaborated with him to destroy the windmill, and were planning to help him hand over Animal Farm to a neighbouring farm.	525
NAPOLEON:	And ...	
FOUR PIGS:	Snowball admitted to us that he had been Jones's secret agent for four years.	530
	<i>The FOUR PIGS are executed.</i>	
NAPOLEON:	Does any other animal have anything to confess?	
THREE GEESE:	Snowball persuaded us to steal corn and hand it over to him.	
	<i>Execution.</i>	
TWO SHEEP:	Snowball visited us at night and encouraged us to poison the drinking water.	535
	<i>Execution.</i>	
ONE HEN:	Snowball appeared to me in a dream and incited me to disobey your orders.	
	<i>Execution.</i>	540
	<i>CLOVER begins to sing 'Beasts of England'.</i>	
	<i>SQUEALER 'adjusts' the Sixth Commandment.</i>	
BOXER:	I do not understand it. I would not have believed that such things could happen on our farm. It must be due to some fault in ourselves. The solution, as I see it, is to work harder.	545
SQUEALER:	By a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, 'Beasts of England' has been abolished. It is now forbidden to sing it.	
CLOVER:	Why?	
SQUEALER:	It is no longer needed, comrade. 'Beasts of England' was the song of the Revolution. But the Revolution is now completed. The execution of the traitors was the final act. The enemy both external and internal has been defeated. In 'Beasts of England' we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. Clearly this song has no longer any purpose. In its place, Minimus the poet has composed a new song which begins:	550
MINIMUS:	Animal Farm, Animal Farm, Never through me shalt thou Come to harm!	555
BENJAMIN:	Well, I don't think much of that, the tune's not the same somehow.	
CLOVER:	The Sixth Commandment. 'No animal shall kill any other animal.'	560
	Benjamin read me the Sixth Commandment.	

BENJAMIN:	No!	
CLOVER:	Oh, please, it's important.	
BENJAMIN:	No, I read you the fourth one last time and that didn't help.	
CLOVER:	But I'm sure I'm right this time. I can remember seeing Snowball write it up there.	565
BENJAMIN:	Who?	
CLOVER:	Snowball, oh you remember. It comes after 'No animal shall drink alcohol'. I've said them to myself often enough. Oh, please read it for me. After what happened I'm very confused now. Comrade Napoleon is always right of course, but I thought we were working together and ...	570
BENJAMIN:	'No animal shall kill any other animal ... without cause.'	
CLOVER:	Oh.	
	<i>The building of the windmill continues as MINIMUS recites his poem.</i>	575
MINIMUS:	Friend of the fatherless! Fountain of happiness! Lord of the swill-bucket! Oh, how my soul is on Fire when I gaze at thy Calm and commanding eye, Like the sun in the sky, Comrade Napoleon!	580
	Thou art the giver of All that thy creatures love, Full belly twice a day, clean straw to roll upon; Every beast great or small Sleeps at peace in his stall, Thou watchest over all, Comrade Napoleon!	585
BOXER:	Please inform our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, that the windmill is now completed.	590
NAPOLEON:	It is fitting, comrades, that on this historic day we should proclaim that Animal Farm is now a Republic.	
SQUEALER:	And announce that our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, has been unanimously elected as its first President. A new decoration, The Order of the Green Banner, has been created to mark the occasion and President Napoleon is its first recipient.	595
	<i>A 'Spontaneous Demonstration' takes place.</i>	
NAPOLEON:	We have won a great victory, comrades, and are now truly our own masters. The building of the windmill, which will be marked by an anniversary each year, serves to remind us that through our own efforts we can control our destiny. But this wonderful effort should not give rise to complacency. The struggle must go on, we must work even harder. The windmill will not be used to generate electricity, but to grind corn, which should yield a handsome profit. We shall build another windmill, comrades, and when that one is finished, we shall install the dynamos. But the changes which the traitor Snowball – who as we all know was Jones's agent before the Revolution, and fought on Jones's side at the Battle of the Cowshed – the changes which he talked about, namely electric light and heat, will not take place, because they are contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest	600 605 610

happiness lies in working hard and living frugally. Each animal will receive a special gift of a slice of apple in recognition of his efforts. Forward, comrades, forward in the name of the Revolution. LONG LIVE ANIMAL FARM!

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (Cambridge University Press & Assessment) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in our Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge International Education is the name of our awarding body and a part of Cambridge University Press & Assessment, which is a department of the University of Cambridge.