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Animal Farm Chapter 9: Boxer continues to work on the windmill as best as he can with his split hoof despite Clover and Benjamin trying to convince him to take it easy. Food supplies appear to be cut, but Squealer continues to say that they actually have more food now than in Mr. Jones' time. Napoleon starts teaching 41 piglets that have recently been born. Spontaneous Demonstrations are held on a weekly basis, not really being spontaneous at all. They include songs, speeches and processions and help remind the animals of all that they are accomplishing. Napoleon becomes the first President after Animal Farm is declared a Republic. He had no opponents. Moses returns after a long time away and talks about Sugarcandy Mountain like he had never left. Boxer finally succumbs to all of his hard work, and his lung is damaged. Squealer announces that he will be worked on at a hospital. However, the van that takes him away says, "Horse Slaughterer," on the side, causing panic amongst the animals, and Boxer attempts to escape but is unable to. Squealer reveals that Boxer died in the hospital and that the van used to belong to a horse slaughterer but no longer does, and the new owner hasn't had a chance to repaint it. A sense of relief is felt amongst the animals. A case of whisky arrives, to be enjoyed by the pigs. No one knows where the money came from to pay for it. Animal Farm Chapter 9 Boxer's split hoof does not heal easily, but he continues to work on the windmill, refusing to reveal how much pain he's feeling other than to Clover after the day's work has been completed. She treats it as best as she can, and she and Benjamin try to convince him to take it easy, but he refuses. He wants to ensure that the windmill's construction is well under way before he retires, which is expected to occur in a year's time. Food rations for all animals besides the pigs and dogs are further cut. However, Squealer describes this as a "readjustment," not a "reduction," and says that they aren't actually short of food despite how it may appear. In fact, they have more food now than when Mr. Jones was around. He adds that equality of rations between the animals does not coincide with Animalism's principles. Forty-one piglets join the farm, and a schoolroom will be built for them. In the meantime, Napoleon teaches them in the kitchen. Around this time, it's announced that all non-pig animals must stand aside to allow a pig to pass whenever they meet on the path. Soon thereafter, in the midst of tough times financially, beer is brewed for the first time, and all pigs will now receive a pint of it every day with Napoleon receiving half a gallon on a daily basis. Around this time, Spontaneous Demonstrations start to be held on a weekly basis, providing the animals with dignified celebrations that include processions, speeches and songs. The animals enjoy the reminder that all of the work that they are doing is for their own benefit and not to benefit humans. The celebrations also serve to help them forget that they are hungry. In April, Napoleon is elected as Animal Farm's first President. He ran unopposed. On the same day, it's revealed that Snowball had not attempted to lose the Battle of the Cowshed while appearing to fight with the animals. Instead, he had actually been the humans' leader. In addition, Napoleon had caused the wounds on Snowball's back by biting him. Moses reappears and once again talks about Sugarcandy Mountain. Although the pigs outwardly say that they don't agree with this vision, they allow him to remain and even provide him with beer. Boxer continues to work hard, but, on one summer evening, something happens to his lung, and he collapses, unable to get up. He's happy with the work that he had done to that point, knows that the rest of the animals can finish the windmill without him and looks forward to his retirement. The pigs are informed, and Squealer arrives with a sympathetic and concerned look on his face. He states that Boxer will be sent to a hospital to be worked on by humans. The rest of the animals are uneasy about this plan, Boxer leaving the farm, but Squealer puts them at ease, saying that the veterinary surgeon can treat him better there than would be possible on the farm. A few days later, he's put in a van that says, "Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler," on the side of it, known after Benjamin reads it and passes on the information. Boxer attempts to escape but is unable. Three days after Boxer is taken away, Squealer announces that he died at that hospital. He adds that the van used to belong to a horse slaughterer but was purchased by the surgeon who hasn't had time to repaint it. The animals are relieved when they hear that piece of news. Before long, the pigs receive a case of whisky. It's unknown where the money came from to purchase it. Analysis The novella up to this point has really shown how Animal Farm has gradually gone from views of a utopian future to the present situation, a process that has made a mockery of the commandments as they were originally written. In particular, the last commandment, "No animals are equal," appears to not even remotely be true anymore. An example of this occurred in this chapter when it was decreed that all non-pig animals must stand to the side when coming across a pig on the path. Squealer's use of the word, "readjustment," instead of, "reduction," when talking about how the food rations are changing is similar to how politicians today and throughout history have used different words to create more neutral images in the recipients' minds than the negative images that would result otherwise. For example, talking of increasing funding for government programs sounds better than increasing taxes even though both phrases essentially mean the same thing. It should be noted that Napoleon doesn't even bother to go see Boxer after he is injured. Then again, why would he? It's clear that he doesn't really care about him. Boxer's naivety in believing that the pigs have the farm's best interests at heart combined with his impressive work ethic and loyalty all contribute to his downfall. By the end of this chapter, it becomes even more clear that the pigs value the animals more for their material worth and do not really have any care for them as living beings. This is no different than how Mr. Jones saw the animals, and this is reminiscent of how some governments get everything that they can out of their workers but leave them with nothing once they are of no use to the state. The pigs don't chase Moses off of the farm when he returns, talking about Sugarcandy Mountain. This is probably because, in the past, he undermined the rebellion that the pigs were trying to organize, but now the pigs are trying to quell any talks of a rebellion since they are now the ones in power, and Moses can help with that. Cite This Work APAMLAHarvardVancouverChicagoEEwww.Animal.Farm (May 26, 2025) Animal Farm Chapter 9. Retrieved from Animal Farm Chapter 9." www.Animal.Farm - May 26, 2025, September 5, 2020 Animal Farm Chapter 9, viewed May 26, 2025.< www.Animal.Farm - Animal Farm Chapter 9. [Internet]. [Accessed May 26, 2025]. Available from: Animal Farm Chapter 9." www.Animal.Farm - Accessed May 26, 2025. Animal Farm Chapter 9." www.Animal.Farm [Online]. Available: . [Accessed: May 26, 2025] Previous: Animal Farm Chapter 8 Next: Animal Farm Chapter 10 Animal Farm Chapter 9 Questions and Answers Who attempted to talk Boxer into taking it easy as he recovered from his split hoof? Clover and Benjamin. Did Boxer take it easy after it was suggested to him? No. How old is Boxer, and when is the expected retiring age for horses? Eleven and 12, respectively. Which animals did not experience food-ration cuts when the rest of them did? The pigs and the dogs. Instead of a "reduction," what word did Squealer use to describe how the food rations had changed. "Readjustment." How many piglets were born to the four sows? Forty-one. Who started teaching the piglets in the kitchen? Napoleon. What now must he do when a non-pig animal comes across a pig on the path? The other animal must step to the side. How much beer is each pig other than Napoleon being rationed now? How much does Napoleon receive? A pint and half a gallon, respectively. What was the name of the weekly celebration of Animal Farm's triumphs and struggles called? Spontaneous Demonstration. Were these celebrations spontaneous? No. Did the animals enjoy the Spontaneous Demonstrations? Why? Yes. They appreciated the reminder that they were in charge of the farm and that what they did was for the benefit of animals not humans. They also allowed them to forget how hungry there were. Why was there an election for President? Animal Farm was declared a Republic. Who ran for President? Napoleon. Who won the election? Napoleon. He was elected unanimously after running unopposed. What revelation was revealed about Snowball's role in the Battle of the Cowshed? He had actually led the humans, yelling, "Long live Humanity!" as he did so. Which animal suddenly and unexpectedly returned to Animal Farm. Moses. Which body part did Boxer hurt as he was dragging a load of stone? His lung. Which pig came to Boxer's side after he was hurt? Squealer. According to Squealer, how would Boxer be taken care of? He would be taken to a hospital to be treated by humans. How many more years did Boxer expect to live if he made a good recovery from what had happened to him? Three. Which mental goal did Boxer want to achieve during his retirement? Learn the final 22 letters of the alphabet. Why were Benjamin and Clover not by Boxer's side when he was taken away? It was during the day, and they were working. Who understood what the words on the side of the van said? Benjamin. What did the words on the van's side say? "Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied." According to Squealer, what were Boxer's final four words? "Napoleon is always right." According to Squealer, why should the animals not worry about what the van said? It was under new ownership, and the new owners hadn't had a chance to repaint it yet. Did the animals believe Squealer's explanation for the words on the van? Yes. In fact, they were "enormously relieved." What did the pigs receive at the end of the chapter? A case of whisky. Led by Boxer, the workers celebrate their battle "victory" and begin building a new windmill. Even though Boxer is severely injured, he continues to work, partly because he is excited to retire, aged 12, as was agreed before. Contrary to Squealer's claims, food supplies continue to diminish. The pigs grow fatter while the other animals grow yet more hungry. However, Squealer continues to provide statistics that show that they all still receive more food than under Mr. Jones. The four sows have 31 piglets, all fathered by Napoleon. Napoleon orders that a school be built for his children, despite the farm's dwindling funds. Napoleon also orders that events take place called Spontaneous Demonstrations, where the animals march around the farm, listen to speeches and praise Animal Farm's glory. The sheep drown out those who complain with chants of 'four legs good, two legs bad!' Animal Farm is proclaimed a Republic, and Napoleon is elected President by unanimous vote. The same day, the leadership reveals that the treacherous Snowball cried 'Long live Humanity!' at the beginning of the fight. Moses comes back to the farm and starts talking about Sugarcandy Mountain. Though the pigs denounce Moses' teachings, they do allow him to live in peace on the farm. One day, Boxer collapses because of a lung ailment. Squealer tells the animals that Napoleon has sent for the vet. However, when the van arrives, Benjamin reads the side and sees that it says it is actually a knacker. Boxer is too weak to kick his way out of the van, which drives away. Boxer is never seen again. Squealer tells the animals that the vet had bought the knacker's truck and had not yet repainted the words on the side, which placates them. The pigs drink lots of newly delivered alcohol and do not rise until noon the following day. Animal Farm, Chapter 9 Full Text Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing. They had started the rebuilding of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were ended. Boxer refused to take even a day off work, and made it a point of honour not to let it be seen that he was in pain. In the evenings he would admit privately to Clover that the hoof troubled him a great deal. Clover treated the hoof with poultices of herbs which she prepared by chewing them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's lungs do not last for ever," she said to him. But Boxer would not listen. He had, he said, only one real ambition left—to see the windmill well under way before he reached the age for retirement. At the beginning, when the laws of Animal Farm were first formulated, the retiring age had been fixed for horses and pigs at twelve, for cows at fourteen, for dogs at nine, for sheep at seven, and for hens and geese at five. Liberal old-age pensions had been agreed upon. As yet no animal had actually retired on pension, but of late the subject had been discussed more and more. Now that the small field beyond the orchard had been set aside for barley, it was rumoured that a corner of the large pasture was to be fenced off and turned into a grazing-ground for supernutrated animals. For a horse, it was said, the pension would be five pounds of corn a day and, in winter, fifteen pounds of hay, with a carrot or possibly an apple on public holidays. Boxer's twelfth birthday was due in the late summer of the following year. Meanwhile life was hard. The winter was as cold as the last one had been, and food was even shorter. Once again all rations were reduced, except those of the pigs and the dogs. A too rigid equality in rations, Squealer explained, would have been contrary to the principles of Animalism. In any case he had no difficulty in proving to the other animals that they were NOT in reality short of food, whatever the appearances might be. For the time being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment of rations (Squealer always spoke of it as a "readjustment," never as a "reduction"), but in comparison with the days of Jones, the improvement was enormous. Reading out the figures in a shrill, rapid voice, he proved to them in detail that they had more oats, more hay, more turnips than they had had in Jones's day, that they worked shorter hours, that their drinking water was of better quality, that they lived longer, that a larger proportion of their young ones survived infancy, and that they had more straw in their stalls and suffered less from fleas. The animals believed every word of it. Truth to tell, Jones and all his stool for had almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare, that they were often hungry and often cold, and that they were usually working when they were not asleep. But doubtless it had been worse in the old days. They were glad to believe so. Besides, in those days they had been slaves and now they were free, and that made all the difference, as Squealer did not fail to point out. There were many more mouths to feed now. In the autumn the four sows had all littered about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. The young pigs were piebald, and as Napoleon was the only boar on the farm, it was possible to guess at their parentage. It was announced that later, when bricks and timber had been purchased, a schoolroom would be built in the farmhouse garden. For the time being, the young pigs were given their instruction by Napoleon himself in the farmhouse kitchen. They took their exercise in the garden, and were discouraged from playing with the other young animals. About this time, too, it was laid down as a rule that when a pig and any other animal met on the path, the other animal must stand aside; and also that all pigs, of whatever degree, were to have the privilege of wearing green ribbons on their tails on Sundays. The farm had had a fairly successful year, but was still short of money. There were the bricks, sand, and lime for the schoolroom to be purchased, and it would also be necessary to begin saving up again for the machinery for the windmill. Then there were lamp oil and candles for the house, sugar for Napoleon's own table (he forbade this to the other pigs, on the ground that it made them fat), and all the usual replacements such as tools, nails, string, coal, wire, scrap-iron, and dog biscuits. A stump of hay and part of the potato crop were sold off, and the contract for eggs was increased to six hundred a week, so that that year the hens barely hatched enough chicks to keep their numbers at the same level. Rations, reduced in December, were reduced again in February, and lanterns in the stalls were forbidden to save oil. But the pigs seemed comfortable enough, and in fact were putting on weight if anything. One afternoon in late February a warm, rich, appetising scent, such as the animals had never smelt before, wafted itself across the yard from the little brew-house, which had been disused in Jones's time, and which stood beyond the kitchen. Someone said it was the smell of cooking barley. The animals sniffed the air hungrily and wondered whether a warm mash was being prepared for their supper. But no warm mash appeared, and on the following Sunday it was announced that from now onwards all barley would be reserved for the pigs. The field beyond the orchard had already been sown with barley. And the news soon leaked out that every pig was now receiving a ration of a pint of beer daily, with half a gallon for Napoleon himself, which was always served to him in the Crown Derby soup tureen. But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset by the fact that life nowadays had a greater dignity than it had had before. There were more songs, more speeches, more processions. Napoleon had commanded that once a week there should be held something called a Spontaneous Demonstration, the object of which was to celebrate the struggles and triumphs of Animal Farm. At the appointed time the animals would leave their work and march round the precincts of the farm in military formation, with the pigs leading, then the horses, then the cows, then the sheep, and then the poultry. The dogs flanked the procession and at the head of all marched Napoleon's black cockerel. Boxer and Clover always carried between them a green banner marked with the hoof and the horn and the caption, "Long live Comrade Napoleon!" Afterwards there were recitations of poems composed in Napoleon's honour, and a speech by Squealer giving particulars of the latest increases in the production of foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were the greatest devotees of the Spontaneous Demonstration, and if anyone complained (as a few animals sometimes did, when no pigs or dogs were near) that they wasted time and meant a lot of standing about in the cold, the sheep were sure to silence him with a tremendous bleating of "Four legs good, two legs bad!" But by and large the animals enjoyed these celebrations. They found it comforting to be reminded that, after all, they were truly their own masters and that the work they did was for their own benefit. So that, what with the songs, the processions, Squealer's lists of figures, the thunder of the gun, the crowing of the cockerel, and the fluttering of the flag, they were able to forget that their bellies were empty, at least part of the time. In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary to elect a President. There was only one candidate, Napoleon, who was elected unanimously. On the same day it was given out that fresh documents had been discovered which revealed further details about Snowball's complicity with Jones. It now appeared that Snowball had not, as the animals had previously imagined, merely attempted to lose the Battle of the Cowshed by means of a stratagem, but had been openly fighting on Jones's side. In fact, it was he who had actually been the leader of the human forces, and had charged into battle with the words "Long live Humanity!" on his lips. The wounds on Snowball's back, which a few of the animals still remembered to have seen, had been inflicted by Napoleon's teeth. In the middle of the summer Moses the raven suddenly reappeared on the farm, after an absence of several years. He was quite unchanged, still did no work, and talked in the same strain as ever about Sugarcandy Mountain. He would perch on a stump, flap his black wings, and talk by the hour to anyone who would listen. "Up there, comrades," he would say solemnly, pointing to the sky with his large beak—"Up there, just on the other side of that dark cloud that you can see—there it lies, Sugarcandy Mountain, that happy country where we poor animals shall rest for ever from our labours!" He even claimed to have been there on one of his higher flights, and to have seen the everlasting fields of clover and the linseed cake and lump sugar growing on the hedges. Many of the animals believed him. Their lives now, they reasoned, were hungry and laborious; was it not right and just that a better world should exist somewhere else? A thing that was difficult to determine was the attitude of the pigs towards Moses. They all declared contemptuously that his stories about Sugarcandy Mountain were lies, and yet they allowed him to remain on the farm, not working, with an allowance of a gill of beer a day. After his hoof had healed up, Boxer worked harder than ever. Indeed, all the animals worked like slaves that year. Apart from the regular work of the farm, and the rebuilding of the windmill, there was the schoolhouse for the young pigs, which was started in March. Sometimes the long hours on insufficient food were hard to bear, but Boxer never faltered. In nothing that he said or did was there any sign that his strength was not what it had been. It was only his appearance that was a little altered; his hide was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches seemed to have shrunk. The others said, "Boxer will pick up when the spring grass comes on"; but the spring came and Boxer grew no fatter. Sometimes on the slope leading to the top of the quarry, when he braced his muscles against the weight of some vast boulder, it seemed that nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At such times his lips were seen to form the words, "I will work harder"; he had no voice left. Once again Clover and Benjamin warned him to take care of his health, but Boxer paid no attention. His twelfth birthday was approaching. He did not care what happened so long as a good store of stone was accumulated before he went on pension. Late one evening in the summer, a sudden rumour ran round the farm that something had happened to Boxer. He had gone out alone to drag a load of stone down to the windmill. And sure enough, the rumour was true. A few minutes later two pigeons came racing in with the news; "Boxer has fallen! He is lying on his side and can't get up!" "About half the animals on the farm rushed out to the knoll where the windmill stood. There lay Boxer, between the shafts of the cart, his neck stretched out, unable even to raise his head. His eyes were glazed, his sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled out of his mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side. "Boxer!" she cried, "how are you?" "It is my lung," said Boxer in a weak voice. "It does not matter. I think you will be able to finish the windmill without me. There is a pretty good store of stone accumulated. I had only another month to go in any case. To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. And perhaps, as Benjamin is growing old too, they will let him retire at the same time and be a companion to me." "We must get help at once," said Clover. "Run, somebody, and tell Squealer what has happened." All the other animals immediately raced back to the farmhouse to give Squealer the news. Only Clover remained, and Benjamin who lay down at Boxer's side, and, without speaking, kept the flies off him with his long tail. After about a quarter of an hour Squealer appeared, full of sympathy and concern. He said that Comrade Napoleon had learned with the very deepest distress of this misfortune to one of the most loyal workers on the farm, and was already making arrangements to send Boxer to be treated in the hospital at Willingdon. The animals felt a little uneasy at this. Except for Mollie and Snowball, no other animal had ever left the farm, and they did not like to think of their sick comrade in the hands of human beings. However, Squealer easily convinced them that the veterinary surgeon in Willingdon could treat Boxer's case more satisfactorily than could be done on the farm. And about half an hour later, when Boxer had somewhat recovered, he was with difficulty got on to his feet, and managed to limp back to his stall, where Clover and Benjamin had prepared a good bed of straw for him. For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet. However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited—indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. "Quick, quick!" he shouted. "Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!" Without waiting for orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver's seat. And Boxer's stall was empty. The animals crowded round the van. "Good-bye, Boxer!" they chorused, "good-bye!" "Fools! Fools!" shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. "Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?" That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words, but Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read: "Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied." Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker's!" A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. "Boxer!" she cried. "Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!" And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer's face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van. "Boxer!" cried Clover in a terrible voice. "Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They're taking you to your death!" All the animals took up the cry of "Get out, Boxer, get out!" But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer's hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In desperation the animals began appealing to the two horses which drew the van to stop. "Comrades, comrades!" they shouted. "Don't take your own brother to his death!" But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace. Boxer's face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never seen again. Three days later it was announced that he had died in the hospital at Willingdon, in spite of receiving every attention a horse could have. Squealer came to announce the news to the others. He had, he said, been present during Boxer's last hours. "It was the most affecting sight I have ever seen!" said Squealer, lifting his trotter and wiping away a tear. "I was at his bedside at the very last. And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered in my ear that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill was finished. 'Forward, comrades!' he whispered. 'Forward in the name of the Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is always right.' Those were his very last words, comrades." Here Squealer's demeanour suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he proceeded. It had come to his knowledge, he said, that a foolish and wicked rumour had been circulated at the time of Boxer's removal. Some of the animals had noticed that the van which took Boxer away was marked "Horse Slaughterer," and had actually jumped to the conclusion that Boxer was being sent to the knacker's. It was almost unbelievable, said Squealer, that any animal could be so stupid. Surely, he cried indignantly, whisking his tail and skipping from side to side, surely they knew their beloved Leader, Comrade Napoleon, better than that? But the explanation was really very simple. The van had previously been the property of the knacker, and had been bought by the veterinary surgeon, who had not yet painted the old name out. That was how the mistake had arisen. The animals were enormously relieved to hear this. And when Squealer went on to give further graphic details of Boxer's death-bed, the admirable care he had received, and the expensive medicines for which Napoleon had paid without a thought as to the cost, their last doubts disappeared and the sorrow that they felt for their comrade's death was tempered by the thought that at least he had died happy. Napoleon himself appeared at the meeting on the following Sunday morning and pronounced a short oration in Boxer's honour. It had not been possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade's remains for interment on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath to be made from the laurels in the farmhouse garden and sent down to be placed on Boxer's grave. And in a few days' time the pigs intended to hold a memorial banquet in Boxer's honour. Napoleon ended his speech with a reminder of Boxer's two favourite maxims, "I will work harder" and "Comrade Napoleon is always right"—maxims, he said, which every animal would do well to adopt as his own. On the day appointed for the banquet, a grocer's van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate at the farmhouse. That night there was the sound of uproarious singing, which was followed by what sounded like a violent quarrel and ended at about eleven o'clock with a tremendous crash of glass. No one stirred in the farmhouse before noon on the following day, and the word went round that from somewhere or other the pigs had acquired the money to buy themselves another case of whisky. 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