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English Language

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A Cynical Donkey's Thoughts

Old Major's speech ends silently. Not a single animal utters a word from their mouth. But despite the fact that everything is quite, I believe that it catches the attention of every animal that is present in the barn. In his speech, Major proposes a solution to our desperate lives under Jones' administration when he inspires a rebellion among the animals to overthrow the humans from the farm to gain their rights and freedom. The prospect of a new farm; an animal-governed farm where all animals work according to their capacity and receive according to their needs, delight the minds of each animal. As for myself, I simply think that it is a futile effort. I am a donkey and "donkeys live a long time. None of you have seen a dead donkey" (Orwell, 47). I have witnessed and remembered every detail of my long life, but never have I seen any difference nor will there be any difference. However, a change will surely be made soon. What will happen to this farm and me? I do not want to care. This rebellion will just end as a piece of my life's memory.

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One morning under the warmth of the sunshine, Old Major was found lying perfectly still in his bed of straw. Yes, he had died peacefully in his sleep. He left us all behind without a goodbye and his only legacy was the tune of *Beasts of England* and his ideology; two simple things with great meaning. Ever since his death, the more intelligent animals elaborate Old Major's teachings into a complete system of thought named Animalism. Indeed, Major's speech has given them a completely new outlook on life. The pigs are busy convincing the animals to follow Animalism, planting the principles of Animalism and preparing for the upcoming rebellion. Soon, the animals are consuming the ideology of Animalism, thus making them longing and enthusiastic for the

animal-governed farm. They truly expect a lot of things from this so-called ideal farm. But unlike every animal, I personally do not expect anything positive from it. What difference will this animal-governed farm make? Nothing. We will all still be working as hard as always. The only difference is that we will be working for ourselves instead for the humans. But is that really counted as a difference? Anyways, why do the pigs even bother preparing the rebellion, feeling that it is their responsibility? Well, what'll happen next I do not know and I do not care. I will not interfere with the plan.

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On Midsummer's Eve where the day supposes to be peaceful, I find myself fighting alongside with the other animals to expel Jones and his men from the farm. Yes, the rebellion is here. I can't believe that I must join this fight. If I can choose, I will not fight because it is obviously not my fight. Whose idea was it to rebel? It ain't mine, so it ain't my responsibility. I never even intended on joining any side. Besides, why should this old body of mine risk in getting hurt? Well, actually I don't care about what will happen to me. Even if die, I have no regrets. I've seen enough of this life already. However, it'll be even troublesome for myself if I do not join this fight. Good grief! After all, no matter how hard I try to not be interested or care about anything that is happening in the farm, I cannot deny the fact that I am still attached to the farm and its animals.

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Since Jones' expulsion, all the animals work according to their capacity and receive according to their need, just like the basic principle of Animalism. All the animals are proud of this but I think they're too naive. They may be proud of all the work they've done but yet, in spite of everything, we persevere. Everyday we work extra hard to produce food. Squealer keeps on reporting that the figures are increasing but yet, we are requested to increase our food productivity. Strange and suspicious isn't it? But as long as I just have to work like the same old me, I don't care what Squealer says.

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One day, Snowball proposes his idea to create a windmill in which he said would provide electricity to help run the farm easier. All animals took interest in that idea. They are really enthusiastic when Snowball finishes his blueprint and comments on the greatness of the windmill. But again, I have no interest in such things. To me, I think that building this windmill is suicide. Those pigs foolishly send doves to spread news about Animalism to other farms in hope other animals would join Animal Farm and follow Animalism. However, the pigs do not realize that their actions are threatening the human's authority over their own farm. With the building of the windmill, it will make the humans even more jealous and give them enough reason to hate Animal Farm. I don't know what actions will the humans take but I bet they're plotting something. But as long as it doesn't affect me, it's none of my concern.

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Life in Animal Farm becomes harsher than ever. The peace and equality that was promised was never achieved. In fact, there are too many unreasonable things going on. After Snowball's expulsion, many mysterious secret documents suddenly appear to prove Snowball's guilt, the vicious guard dogs, the dealings with Mr. Whymper, Squealer busted changing the commandments, it is suspicious. I believe that Napoleon is pulling the strings in the shadows. But since most animals are stupid, they won't understand what's happening. If one of us tries to question Napoleon's authority, Squealer will step in and convince that Napoleon is right through his persuasive speech. Of course the animals believe in Napoleon. But unlike them, I'm not stupid. I am not sucked in by Napoleon's propaganda. However, already knowing the whole truth I still refuse to tell anyone for it is not worth sharing. Our lives had always been the same, nothing different at all. It has always been the same old.

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Late one evening in the summer during the rebuilding of the windmill, Boxer collapses after over exerting himself. Surely, that friend of mine is really foolish. He should've known that a horse's lungs do not last forever. Clover and I help him out in his healing process but things don't

go well. We call Squealer to help him and he says that he would bring Boxer to the vet. To me, this basically shows how foolish the pigs are. They are the ones who establish the commandment: “Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy” (Orwell, 43) but they’re also the ones who break it. However, this is not an important matter compared to my friend’s health. But, can I really trust Napoleon after knowing the whole truth? No, I can’t but I’ll just see things as how it goes. But when I know that Boxer is taken by the knackers through the writing on the truck, I regret for not being able to help Boxer. I regret my inaction all these times. If only I acted just for this one time, I could’ve saved Boxer. Because of my foolishness, I lost a dear friend of mine, Boxer – the strong, mighty, faithful and admirable horse in Animal Farm. Farewell Boxer, I’m truly sorry. Your death is my fault after all. All I can do to atone for my mistake is to bear the guilt for a lifetime.

In the end, I get what I wanted: an ending. The revolt was indeed a temporary change and things always end the way they were before. “Things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse - hunger, hardship, and disappointment, the unalterable law of life” (Orwell, 130). In the initial moments of the rebellion, Animal Farm may seem a paradise, but in time it may come to be another form of the same tyranny at which we rebelled.