

Dear comrades:

I want to address an issue that has come to my attention. I sincerely thank Clover and Muriel for voicing their concerns about, what may seem to some of you, an increase in workload or a decrease in rations. I have also heard, on occasion, our friend Benjamin uttering words of disapproval under his breath. I look at you now, Benjamin, not with hatred but with sincerity in order to say that I will mitigate your concerns with my words now or by some other means in the near future.

Comrades, if you remember things being better under Jones' reign of tyranny, you must not be remembering to the best of your abilities. It is simply not the case that you all are increased labour hours now or that we have a temporary food supply deficit. I have the figures written down in our books to prove it. When I look to the accounting books of Jones and compare them with our own, I see no increase in hours--only an increase in production. So, well done, comrades. That is quite an accomplishment. It is a fact, however, that the only time you have worked more hours than those difficult days just after the revolution are the hours many of you so graciously have volunteered for, of your own will, in order to benefit the farm and those of us living on it. We thank you sincerely for this sacrifice for the glory and honor of Animal Farm. However, comrades, to say that more work is demanded of you now than in the time of that dictator Jones is an error in remembering, as I have just proven.

Yet, friends, I do not mean to disparage your honor or to demean your integrity or devalue your efforts. Some of you feel that working on the farm is difficult. I will say only this: it is challenging. It is challenging to maintain a way of life that is free--free of tyranny, free of discomfort, and free of danger. That two-legged beast drove each and every one of you almost to your untimely graves. Perhaps your minds desperately want to forget the trauma. I know of this disorder because I have read about it in books--books available to any of you if you have the will or capacity to read them. But I believe that if you think hard enough, you will remember the abuses of that brutish Mr. Jones and all other tyrants who walk on two legs.

And if you do remember these abuses, surely you won't want that brutal way of life to return. That is why you must keep on working hard. We must work hard to ensure that we never have to depend on Man. Boxer, would you step up to the podium next to me? You all know Boxer for his work ethic and for his love of Animal Farm and all it stands for. Boxer, say those famous words for us. (Boxer: *I will work harder!*) Very good Boxer. Yes, please applaud, comrades. And Moses, will you fly our new banner to the top of the pole behind me here? For those that can't read it, it says "All Honor and Glory to Animal Farm."

Now, do we need to ask Man to feed us? No! We can feed ourselves. Do we need to ask Man to repair our buildings or to construct our windmill? No! We can do all of these things ourselves. But only, and I mean only, if we put our snouts and beaks to the grindstone. I know you can and I know you will.

Thank you for listening, comrades, and have a glorious day of work.