

Animal Farm (La fattoria degli animali)

(con annotazioni in italiano)

George Orwell

L'idea di mettere sul mio sito "**Animal Farm**", **con annotazioni in italiano**, mi è venuta quando stavo leggendo questo libro con un mio brillante alunno,

Vincenzo Vecchio.

Mentre l'aiutavo a leggere il libro, egli prendeva nota di ogni spiegazione.

Questo è il risultato del nostro lavoro, che col vostro aiuto vorremmo migliorare.

Inviatemi i vostri suggerimenti e consigli.

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| Chapter 1 |
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MR. JONES, of the Manor Farm, had locked the **hen-houses** for the night, but was too **drunk** to remember to shut the **pop-holes**. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he **lurched** across the yard, kicked off his **boots** at the back door, **drew** himself a last glass of beer from the **barrel** in the **scullery**, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already **snoring**.

As soon as the light in the bedroom **went out** there was a **stirring** and a **fluttering** all through the farm buildings. 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. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big **barn** as soon as Mr. Jones was safely **out of the way**. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly **regarded** on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep **in order to** hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already **ensconced** on his bed of **straw**, under a lantern which **hung** from a **beam**. He was twelve years old and had lately **grown** rather **stout**, but he was still a **majestic-looking** pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance **in spite of** the fact that his **tushes** had never been cut. **Before long** the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different **fashions**. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and

pollai / ubriaco

***buchi** attraverso cui i polli escono
all'aperto*

barcollò / stivali

attinse

barile / dispensa

russando

si spense

trambusto / svolazzare

1 *** *premio / maiale*

granaio; fienile

“fuori dai piedi”

considerato

per

ad una estremità

sistemato

paglia / pendeva / trave

diventato

robusto / di aspetto maestoso

nonostante

canini / presto

modi

then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens **perched** themselves on the **window-sills**, the pigeons fluttered up to the **rafters**, the sheep and **cows** lay down behind the pigs and began to **chew** the **cud**. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast **hairy hoofs** with great care **lest** there should be some small animal **concealed** in the straw. Clover was a **stout** motherly **mare approaching** middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth **foal**. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A white **stripe** down his nose gave him a **somewhat** stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of **first-rate** intelligence, but he was universally respected for his **steadiness** of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel, the white **goat**, and Benjamin, the **donkey**. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the **worst tempered**. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark - **for instance**, he would say that God had given him a **tail** to keep the **flies** off, but that he would **sooner** have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. **Nevertheless**, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small **paddock** beyond the **orchard**, **grazing** side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a **brood of ducklings**, which had lost their mother, **filed** into the barn, **cheeping feebly** and **wandering** from side to

*si appollaiarono / davanziati
travi / mucche
masticare / bolo*

*pelosi zoccoli / per paura di
nascosto
robusta / giumenta / che si avvicinava*

puledro

*striscia
alquanto
di prim'ordine
stabilità, fermezza*

*capra
asino
"con il peggiore umore"*

*ad esempio
coda / mosche
piuttosto*

ciononostante

*recinto per cavalli
orto / pascolando*

*una nidata di anatroccoli
marciarono in fila
pigolando flebilmente / vagando*

side to find some place where they would not be **trodden** on. Clover made a sort of **wall** round them with her great **foreleg**, and the ducklings **nestled down** inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's **trap**, came **mincing daintily** in, chewing at a **lump** of sugar. She took a place near the front and began **flirting** her white **mane**, hoping to draw attention to the red **ribbons** it was **plaited** with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally **squeezed** herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she **purred** contentedly **throughout** Major's **speech** without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the **tame raven**, who slept on a **perch** behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he **cleared his throat** and began:

"**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. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth **as well as any** animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? **Let us face it**: our lives are miserable,

calpestati / muro

gamba anteriore / si annidarono

calesse / camminando elegantemente

zolletta

civettando / criniera

nastri / intrecciati

si spremette

fece le fusa

durante tutto / discorso

corvo addomesticato / trespolo

si schiarì la (sua) gola

camerati

saggezza

così pure qualsiasi

ammettiamolo

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laborious, and short. We are born, **we are given** just so much food as will keep the **breath** in our bodies, and 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**. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the **plain** truth.

"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! The **soil** of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is **capable of affording** food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now **inhabit it**. This single farm of ours would **support** a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep - and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost **beyond** our imagining. 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 for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too **weak** to pull the **plough**, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. **Yet** he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to

*ci è dato**respiro**capaci**preciso**macellati / orribile crudeltà**semplice**permettere / abitano**suolo, terra**capace di permettersi**la abitano**dare da vivere**oltre**prodotto / rubato / esseri umani**riassunto**causa principale (root = radice)**debole / aratro**tuttavia*

them the **bare minimum** that will prevent them from **starving**, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour **tills** the soil, our **dung** fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that **owns** more than his **bare skin**. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of **gallons** of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been **breeding up sturdy calves**? Every **drop** of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever **hatched** into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four **foals you bore**, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old-you will never see one of them again. In return for your four **confinements** and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your **bare rations** and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we **lead** are not allowed to reach their natural **span**. For myself I **do not grumble**, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young **porkers** who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will **scream** your lives out at the **block** within a year. To that horror we all must come-cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the **very** day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the **knacker**, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the **foxhounds**. **As for**

*minimo indispensabile**morir di fame**coltiva / sterco**possiede / sola**pelle**unità di misura (4 litri)**allevare robusti vitelli**goccia**schiusa**puledri che portasti alla luce**ricoveri per parto**sole**(lett. conduciamo) viviamo**lunghezza**non mi lamento**maialini**gridare / ceppo**preciso**macellaio**cani da caccia / in quanto ai*

the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones **ties** a brick round their necks and **drowns** them in the nearest **pond**.

"Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the **evils** of this life of ours **spring from the** tyranny of human beings? Only **get rid of Man**, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost **overnight** we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the **overthrow** of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw **beneath** my feet, 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.

"And remember, comrades, your resolution must never **falter**. No argument must **lead you astray**. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. **It is all lies**. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals **let there be** perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades."

At this moment there was a tremendous **uproar**. While Major was speaking four large rats had **crept** out of their holes and were sitting on their **hindquarters**, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a

lega / annega

stagno

mali / scaturiscono dalla

sbarazzatevi dell'uomo

in una sola notte (immediatamente)

rovesciamento

sotto / prima o poi

continueranno

lotta

vacillare / portarvi fuori strada

sono tutte bugie

che ci sia

frastuono

strisciati

"parti posteriori"

swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his **trotter** for silence.

"Comrades," he said, "here is a point that must be **settled**. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits—are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?"

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an **overwhelming** majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

"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 tyrannise 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.

"And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has **vanished**. But it reminded me of something that I had

movimento veloce

zampa

chiarito

preponderante

semplicemente

assomigliare

toccare

cattive

debole

scomparso

long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other **sows** used to sing an old song of which they 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 the animals **of long ago** and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is **hoarse**, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called Beasts of England."

Old Major cleared his **throat** and began to sing. As he had said, his voice was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a **stirring** tune, something between Clementine and La Cucaracha.

The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
 Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my **joyful tidings**
 Of the golden future time.
 Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be **overthrown**,
 And the **fruitful fields** of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.
 Rings shall **vanish** from our noses,
 And the **harness** from our back,
Bit and spur shall **rust** forever,
 Cruel **whips** no more **shall crack**.
 Riches more than mind can **picture**,
Wheat and **barley**, **oats** and **hay**,

scrofe

tuttavia

di molto tempo fa

rauca

gola

emozionante

ascoltate / allegre notizie

tiranno / rovesciato

fertili campi

saranno "calpestati"

scompariranno

bardatura

morso e sperone arrugginiranno

fruste / schioccheranno

immaginare

frumento / orzo / avena / fieno

Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels

Shall be ours upon that day.

Bright will shine the fields of England,

Purer shall its waters be,

Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes

On the day that sets us free.

For that day we all must labour,

Though we die before it break;

Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,

All must toil for freedom's sake.

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,

Beasts of every land and clime,

Hearken well and spread my tidings

Of the golden future time.

The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. Almost before Major had reached the end, they had begun singing it for themselves. Even the stupidest of them had already picked up the tune and a few of the words, and as for the clever ones, such as the pigs and dogs, they had the entire song by heart within a few minutes. And then, after a few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into Beasts of England in tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not been interrupted.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot into the darkness. The pellets buried

trifoglio / fagioli / barbabietole

“upon = on”

brillanti

ancora più dolci / soffieranno

ci libera

lavorare

oche / tacchini

lavorare

ascoltate / diffondete le mie notizie

lanciò

più selvaggio

imparato

a memoria

prove

esplose

muggirono / guairono

belarono / nitrirono

schiamazzarono

completamente

baccano

balzò

afferrò / fucile

sparò / scarica

palline si conficcarono

themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly. Everyone **fled** to his own sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals settled down in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep in a moment.

scappò

1 *** You use **prize** to describe things that are of such good quality that they win prizes or deserve to win prizes.

...a prize bull.

Collins Cobuild Dictionary

(Si usa "prize" per descrivere cose che sono di così buona qualità che vincono premi o meritano di vincere premi.)