

### 1: Animal Farm: Chapter 1 Summary & Analysis | CliffsNotes

*Get free homework help on George Orwell's Animal Farm: book summary, chapter summary and analysis, quotes, essays, and character analysis courtesy of CliffsNotes. >Animal Farm is George Orwell's satire on equality, where all barnyard animals live free from their human masters' tyranny.*

Snowball and Napoleon two characters who will become the focus later. The first and seemingly only dictatorship the animals must overcome is the rule of Mr. Jones and the other humans. The boar asserts, "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. Jones blasts the side of the barn with a shotgun. Perhaps even the old sow himself is too caught up in emotion to understand the complexities of the solution he submits. Old Major does know a few things though. He boldly warns all of them, "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 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. The future only seems optimistic; even old Major seems content. Little does he know, the foreshadowing of his comments seem almost too obvious to the mindful reader. Toward the end of the section the animals vote on whether wild animals, like rats and rabbits, are going to be considered their friends or foes. Perhaps this is a mistake-- the first step to the overtaking of their revolution. Only time will tell for the animals.

### 2: SparkNotes: Animal Farm: Chapter 1: Quick Quiz

*A summary of Chapter 1 in George Orwell's Animal Farm. Learn exactly what happened in this chapter, scene, or section of Animal Farm and what it means. Perfect for acing essays, tests, and quizzes, as well as for writing lesson plans.*

Jones, drunk as usual, goes to sleep without properly securing the animals. Active Themes Word had spread among the animals during the day that Old Major, an old and respected prize boar, had a strange dream and wants to speak to them. As their leader weakens, the privileged citizens see the chance for revolution. Active Themes The animals gather in the barn to hear what Old Major has to say: Next come the hens, pigeons, sheep, and cows; two cart horses, the enormous Boxer, and the motherly Clover who lets some orphaned ducklings shelter between her legs; Muriel the goat and Benjamin the donkey; Mollie, a white horse showing off the red ribbons in her hair; and finally, the cat. Only Moses, the tame raven, fails to come. Notice the solidarity and sense of mutual concern among the animals. Yet the seating position of the pigs and dogs hints at the existence of class divisions among the animals, despite their united stance against Mr. Active Themes Old Major addresses the animals, calling them "comrades. He answers his own question: Men, who produce nothing, but take whatever they want from the animals. All animals, Old Major concludes, are comrades. The rats barely escape. Old Major calls for a vote: The animals vote unanimously: Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations Old Major says that whatever goes on four legs or has wings is a friend, that no animal should ever kill another animal, that no animal should ever act like a man, and that the ultimate goal for animals, whether in this lifetime or the future, must be the overthrow of humans. Old Major describes his dream of a future without men, in which the words and melody came to him of a song called "Beasts of England. With "Beasts of England" Old Major gives the animals something they can feel. Active Themes The sound wakes Mr. Jones, who fires his gun into the wall of the barn. The animals scatter to their sleeping-places. Retrieved November 4,

### 3: Animal Farm / George Orwell

*This is chapter 1 of Animal Farm by George Orwell. This audio recording is from Blackstone Audio Inc. Orwell, George, Simon Prebble, and Ralph Cosham.*

Chapter 10 Chapter 1 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. 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 tusks 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 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 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. 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. 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: 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. Let us face it: 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: 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. 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 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? 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 the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond. 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: 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. 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. 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 swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence. 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: There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. 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.

### 4: Top Animal Farm Quizzes, Trivia, Questions & Answers - ProProfs Quizzes

*ANIMAL FARM - CHAPTER SUMMARIES Chapter 1 Old Major calls a meeting of all the animals. We meet all the main characters as they enter the barn. The.*

Chapter I Summary As the novella opens, Mr. Jones, the proprietor and overseer of the Manor Farm, has just stumbled drunkenly to bed after forgetting to secure his farm buildings properly. As soon as his bedroom light goes out, all of the farm animals except Moses, Mr. Sensing that his long life is about to come to an end, Major wishes to impart to the rest of the farm animals a distillation of the wisdom that he has acquired during his lifetime. As the animals listen raptly, Old Major delivers up the fruits of his years of quiet contemplation in his stall. Jones and his ilk have been exploiting animals for ages, Major says, taking all of the products of their labor—eggs, milk, dung, foals—for themselves and producing nothing of value to offer the animals in return. Old Major relates a dream that he had the previous night, of a world in which animals live without the tyranny of men: He urges the animals to do everything they can to make this dream a reality and exhorts them to overthrow the humans who purport to own them. A brief conversation arises in which the animals debate the status of rats as comrades. Major then provides a precept that will allow the animals to determine who their comrades are: He reminds his audience that the ways of man are completely corrupt: Jones, thinking that the commotion bespeaks the entry of a fox into the yard, fires a shot into the side of the barn. The animals go to sleep, and the Manor Farm again sinks into quietude. Analysis Although Orwell aims his satire at totalitarianism in all of its guises—communist, fascist, and capitalist—Animal Farm owes its structure largely to the events of the Russian Revolution as they unfolded between and , when Orwell was writing the novella. Much of what happens in the novella symbolically parallels specific developments in the history of Russian communism, and several of the animal characters are based on either real participants in the Russian Revolution or amalgamations thereof. In fact, however, Orwell intended to critique Stalinism as merely one instance of the broader social phenomenon of totalitarianism, which he saw at work throughout the world: Other details refer to political movements in other countries as well. In order to lift his story out of the particularities of its Russian model and give it the universality befitting the importance of its message, Orwell turned to the two ancient and overlapping traditions of political fable and animal fable. Because of their indirect approach, fables have a strong tradition in societies that censor openly critical works: Moreover, by setting human problems in the animal kingdom, a writer can achieve the distance necessary to see the absurdity in much of human behavior—he or she can abstract a human situation into a clearly interpretable tale. By treating the development of totalitarian communism as a story taking place on a small scale, reducing the vast and complex history of the Russian Revolution to a short work describing talking animals on a single farm, Orwell is able to portray his subject in extremely simple symbolic terms, presenting the moral lessons of the story with maximum clarity, objectivity, concision, and force.

**5: Animal Farm Chapter Summaries From 1 to 5**

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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. 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 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? 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 the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond. 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: 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. 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. 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 swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence. 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: There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. 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.

### 6: Animal Farm: Summary: Chapter 1 | Novelguide

*Old Major says that whatever goes on four legs or has wings is a friend, that no animal should ever kill another animal, that no animal should ever act like a man, and that the ultimate goal for animals, whether in this lifetime or the future, must be the overthrow of humans.*

The literal story features a group of animals on a farm that rise up in rebellion against their human master, Mr. Jones, only to find themselves continuing to have issues with power struggles and abuses of power. In the opening chapter, we are introduced to Manor Farm, where the drunken farmer Mr. Jones has shut the animals in for the night. Once he is safely in bed, the animals all spring to life to meet in the main farm building, where Old Major, a large old boar, has asked them to gather to hear about a strange dream he had the previous night. Old Major goes on to describe how all of the animals in England live miserable lives, enslaved by humans and forced to work for no reward until they are eventually slaughtered, but that the animals continue this way because humans are in control of the goods produced by their labour. He suggests that rebellion against humans, whenever the opportunity should arise, is the only way for the animals to be free from being abused and controlled. Old Major says that even when humans are conquered, no animal should act like a human by sleeping in a bed, wearing clothes, drinking alcohol, or using money to engage in trade. At the end of his speech, Old Major suggests a vote as to whether wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits, are considered comrades. The majority vote that rats are indeed comrades, and Old Major describes his strange dream of the earth when humans have vanished, and sings a song called "Beasts Of England". All of the animals joyfully take up the song, making so much noise they waken Mr. Jones who shoots his gun into the night, which sends all of the animals fearfully back to sleep. Chapter two opens with the news that Old Major dies in his sleep three nights after his rousing speech. Jones has fallen on hard times, and spends most of the day drinking while his men do a poor job of the farm work. One day they neglect to feed the animals, prompting the cows to break into the store shed, where all of the animals then gather to eat. Jones and his men come to whip the animals into submission, they fight back, chasing all of the humans out of the farm and barring the gate behind them. Suddenly liberated, the animals go about destroying symbols of their oppression, but decide that the farmhouse itself will remain untouched as a museum, and that no animal shall live in it. To make the commandments more simply remembered, Snowball teaches the animals the phrase "four legs good, two legs bad". Before the animals get to work harvesting, the cows are milked. While most of the animals express interest in the milk, Napoleon tells them it will be dealt with later, and after the harvest, the milk has disappeared. Chapter three describes how the animals all work to perform different tasks in the harvest, and together they do a far better job than the humans ever have. Assuming the role of leaders, the pigs do not actually work, but direct and supervise the others. Most of the animals work happily throughout the day, although Mollie the horse often leaves work early, the cat disappears when there is work to be done, and Benjamin the donkey continues on as before, doing his work but never volunteering for extra. The animals have a weekly meeting in which the pigs put forth resolutions to be voted on, during which Snowball and Napoleon always disagree with each other. Snowball spends time organizing the other animals into committees, while Napoleon feels the education of the young is most important, and personally oversees the raising of puppies that are born after the rebellion. In the fall, it is discovered by the animals that the missing milk along with extra fallen apples are being given only to the pigs. Squealer explains this by saying it is scientifically proven that milk and apples are necessary for the well-being of pigs, who are the brain-workers, and that if the pigs fail in their duty, Jones will come back to rule the farm.

### 7: Chapter 1 - Animal Farm

*Mr. Jones is drunk. Again. He owns Manor Farm, by the way. Also, the animals talk. Work with it. "Old Major" is a sort of revered, older, wiser boar-pig-dude on the farm. He has a dream, and the others, acknowledging his age, wisdom, and all-around general superiority, gather around (campfire-style).*

### 8: Animal Farm Chapters Summary

*In Chapter 1, What was the deeper meaning of Old Major's description of the equality of animals? Later named "Animalism", it is pretty much the foundation of communism. All animals contribute according to talent and take only what they need.*

### 9: Animal Farm: Chapter 2 Summary & Analysis | CliffsNotes

*Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the popholes. 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.*

*Our uncle and aunt. Human face of God 3rd grade guided ing level q Redefining human, redefining sport : the imago dei and genetic modification technologies Tracy J. Trothen Treasury of Indian Tales What we know about climate change and its interactions with people and ecosystems Naomi counting time Today is another tomorrow Genus in the explanation of change generation, / Doubting Informants, November 18, 1911 Extra/Ordinary Objects Ibm annual report 2009 Anatomy and function How to Listen to Modern Music Interlinking of indian rivers project Test as You Write the Code Modern Painters Part One Care of the wild feathered furred Bankruptcy Stories (Foundations Stories) Access to Health Risk Behavior in the United States Active contract list Lightnings daughter. Uneasy neighbo(u)rs Nikola tesla autobiography My Three Years Working for Michael Jackson Dec 1990-Dec 1993 Isvolsky and the World War Blazing tar barrels standing orders The challenge of the divine human Jesus V. 1. Early prototype and pilot scheme diesel-electrics The Marriage Campaign Jugalbandi : Shubhendra Rao and Saskia Rao-de Haas Qasam us waqt ki by abu yahya Junie B. Jones and a Little Monkey Business (Junie B. Jones) John Dos Passos correspondence with Arthur K. McComb, or, / The mysterious collection of Dr. David Harleyson World Alliance of Reformed Churches and the modern ecumenical movement The history of the Minnesota Twins Christmas Catastrophe (Geronimo Stilton) Search Psycinfo/Instructor Guide Deconstructing experiential processes*