

POWER

HOW TO GET IT AND KEEP IT

A step-by-step guide by our Magnificent Leader

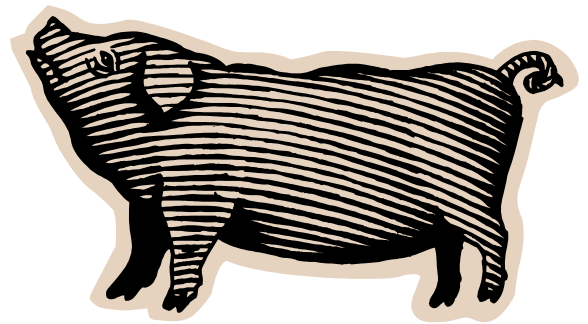
Napoleon Pig O.G.B.

As I approach the evening of my years and surrounded as I am by so many little piglets, I have been begged to pass on my wisdom and tell how I managed to change 'Animal Farm' into the ultra modern, highly efficient concern that we now enjoy and which you have begged me to re-christen

'Napoleon's Nirvana'

To do it I needed POWER but POWER should only be in the hands of certain pigs and I am that pig. How I was able to seize that power and use it for the benefit of all is, I believe, an object lesson to all you little piglets and other animals who wish to free your fellow animals from drudgery, as I have done.

I planned my path with great care and intelligence, some would say brilliance, and I call it my



Mess with me and you go hungry!

SIX PATHS TO POWER

1. Controlling the food supply. - *'Grab their bellies and their bodies follow'*

From the beginning I knew that the way to control the troublesome animals who lived at 'Manor Farm' as it was called, was by their stomachs. They were lazy and greedy and this was the only way to make them work. The animals would remember who gave them their biscuits and corn long after they had forgotten that fool Snowball and what he did.

During the Revolution, Snowball took all the glory that should have been mine, I didn't mind, instead I made sure that it was I who issued the rewards of victory. Everyone naturally accepted that I should be in charge of the keys to the storehouses. Snowball never realised the trick until it was too late.

Like the big-headed fool that he was, he also agreed when I suggested that that first milk from the cows should be solely for the pigs as should all the windfall apples. His greed got the better of him and from then on, how could he persuade the other animals that I was the greedy pig when he was one himself.

Once I had got rid of him I could manipulate those stupid animals as I wanted to. If they didn't work hard enough on my windmill they got less rations and sometimes they got less rations anyway, after all they were only the muscle, I was the brains!