

TT 13 Day 20

I sometimes get the feeling that the Guvnor is exploiting me for his own ends. For example, I dreamt the other night that he had put together a compendium of my blog submissions, had them bound and then printed and then sold them in book form to make a profit for himself.

Then I remembered his wife and him discussing that great novel by George Orwell written in 1945 called Animal Farm and a plot began to form in my mind. I called Clyde and Loopy together and we had a council of war. I explained briefly what had happened in Animal Farm: 'the animals get fed up with their master, Farmer Jones, so they kick him out. Once they are free of the tyrant Jones, life on the farm is good for a while and there is hope for a happier future of less work, better education and more food. Trouble brews, however, as the pigs, Napoleon and Snowball, fight for the hearts and minds of the other animals on the farm'.

What if we take over the house and garden and the running of it? I would be the boss, Clyde would be Chief Executive and Loopy could be everything else – servant, cook, washer up and putter away, gardener, clearer up of poos, shopper, stocker of larders, fridges and freezers, painter and decorator, laundry person, hedge cutter, payer of taxes, tradesmen, orderer of heating oil, mower of grass, stacker of wood in the barn, layer of fires, plumber, carpenter, mender of television sets, iPads iRons and iPhones, sharpener of pencils, coffee maker, preparer of early morning tea, servicer of cars, replenisher of dogfood and rationer of biscuits. This a great plan until Loopy, having listened carefully, put a spanner in the works by

saying she would much rather carry on as normal and run around carrying logs that are bigger than her, chasing balls, swimming in the river, eating grass and barking with excitement and generally beside herself every time she is let out.

She also rather cheekily asked how Animal Farm ended. Was it 'happy ever after' or was it a disaster? I told her I couldn't remember but she forced it out of me; 'Napoleon seizes power by force and ends up exploiting the animals just as Farmer Jones had done. The novel ends with the pigs behaving and even dressing like the humans the animals tried to rid themselves of in the first place'. She said she didn't feel like being exploited, that life was OK as we were and, besides, I would look silly in the Guvnor's shirt, chinos and loafers.

It was all getting rather ridiculous, so we put our minds to more practical solutions to the problem that had sparked the idea in the first place. If indeed he was trying to publish my blog, and in the remote chance that it might happen, how can I insist that some of the money raised goes towards dog food?



Let's face it, this is all amusing rubbish. What on earth was George Orwell thinking about and how impractical was the plot. Fun, but not very realistic. For

example, although I can drive a car (see picture evidence) I can't work the credit card even if I could get myself to the pet shop. Think again, George!

