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10/21/2024

ANIMAL FARM 2024

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 took a glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring. He clicked on the TV screen, turned the noise down so as not to wake Mrs. Jones, and listened to the latest news about the Presidential debate between Joey and Donald. Joey, one of the oldest pigs on Animal Farm, and the Party's nominee for President, it turned out, had a disastrous night. But the Party kept insisting that it was just one bad performance and that Joey was still as sharp as a whip.

It was pretty clear to everyone else, though, that Joey's debate performance had shown that he was pretty much brain dead. After a few minutes of watching sycophantic reporters go on about how great Joey was, Mr. Jones turned out the light in the

bedroom and got into bed.

As soon as he did so, 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 a strange dream on the previous night, and wished to communicate it to the other animals.

“Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later.

“First, we need to talk about the upcoming election. There is only one thing we need to do, and that is to make sure that the Enemy, that Fascist dictator Donald, loses the election. It doesn’t matter how, but he must lose. Lie, cheat, steal, imprison him, even kill him—he must be stopped. And we will stop him.”

Loud cheers came from the animals and then The Ten Minute Hate Rave (ten minutes of hysterical shouting). “We hate Donald. We hate Donald. Kill Donald. Destroy Donald. Exterminate Donald.”

Everyone joined in. There was Muriel the goat; Boxer and Clover, the cart horses, Benjamin the donkey, Moses the raven; Mollie, the vain carriage horse; Gertrude, the hen; Edgar the mule; Napoleon, Snowball, and Squealer, three very intelligent pigs; and the nine

attack puppies trained and supervised by Napoleon. There were also hundreds of other farm animals eager to learn more about the upcoming election between Joey and Donald.

Old Major continued, “We cannot under any circumstances allow Donald to become President again. He will destroy Animal Farm. He will destroy our Democracy. He is a Fascist. He is Hitler.”

One hen, Gertrude, humbly asked why everyone was blaming Donald for Animal Farm’s misery when he had not been President for the past four years. Wasn’t it the fault of Joey and Kamala who had been in charge of Animal Farm?

“Our Party keeps telling us that we need to turn the page but it seems to me that if we turn the page that would mean that we vote the Party out and vote Donald in. After all, it is our Party that has been in control for the past four years.”

As soon as Gertrude asked the question, she was grabbed by Napoleon’s nine armed attack puppies and forcibly removed from the meeting. Gertrude had simply stated what is obviously the case, but the Party could not allow such a truth to be spoken.

All the animals shouted out, “Kill that hen. Kill that hen. She is a spy for Donald.”

Old Major quieted the crowd down. “You see, Comrades, that the Enemy is everywhere.

“Too many of us are arrested and sent to prison because of the color of our skin. Our society is racist and Donald is the cause. He has brainwashed half of Animal Farm. They are all MAGA racists and we must stop them”. MAGA was the name the Party used to refer to the followers of Donald. It stood for “Make Animal Farm Great Again.”

“Too many of us are demonized just because we are what the Enemy calls illegal aliens. Millions of us have crossed the border into Animal Farm illegally. But so what? Borders are the crime. We must keep allowing millions of so-called illegal aliens to swarm across our border. And we must make sure that they can vote because they will vote for the Party! We will make sure that they will be supported by our taxes. And we must make sure that they can vote without an I.D. card. That is our path to Victory!

“We need DEI, Diversity, Equity, Inclusion. Illegal immigrants pass the test on all three points. They make Animal Farm more diverse. They deserve to be treated equitably just like all other animals, and they deserve to be included in our society. I assure you that these illegal immigrants will vote for the Party. Why

wouldn't they when we are spending billions of our dollars to support them.

"We must, of course, keep this secret among ourselves. We must pretend that we really want to end illegal immigration into Animal Farm.

"Too many of us are ridiculed and vilified when we burn cities down. We are called vandals and criminals, when all we are doing is expressing our discontent with police brutality. Let the cities burn! The Party will bail us out of jail!

"Defund the police. Defund the police," the animals shouted. "Let the cities burn! Defund the police!"

"Yes," we must defund the police, my Comrades, but for now we must keep this a secret within these walls. We must pretend to the rest of Animal Farm that we support the police. When we win the election we can put our program into action. The key to success is deceit. Never forget that.

"Too many of us are mocked when we demand that others call us women when we are really men or call us men when we are really women. We live in a free country and we can be whatever we want to be. The Enemy, though, insists that if you are a man then you are a man and if you are a woman you are a woman.

We must go forward into a new future where boys can be girls and girls boys. And if the parents don't go along with this, then the State will intervene and take the children away from the parents. The State owns us. We are slaves of the State. Freedom is Slavery! As Geroge Orwell put it. The problem with Orwell, though was that he thought this was bad. He was wrong. It is good!

“But, once again, we must keep this part of our agenda a secret from the outside world. It is our dirty secret. When we win the election we will put our program into effect. We have so far done a pretty good job in preparing Animal Farm for what we intend to do, but so far it has only been a beginning. When we win the election our new world will begin. There will no longer be men and women! Sexism will end! The family will end. Long live the State!

“Too many of us are told that we cannot kill our unborn children when the baby has been in the womb for nine months. And if we fail to kill the unborn baby and it is born then we demand that doctors have the right to let the baby die. But, of course, whenever anyone asks us about our policy on abortion, we must never tell them what we really

believe. Lie, lie, lie. That is our policy. And the leftist media will protect our lies.

“Too many of us are criticized because we violently suppress free speech on campus. But that is our right. No one has the right to come to a college campus and say things that we think dangerous. The Enemy claims that all animals on Animal Farm have the right to free speech. But the Party disagrees. Free Speech ends when it disagrees with our platform.

“Too many of us are criticized because we support censorship on the internet. We are criticized because we support censoring views that disagree with our views. But, my dear Comrades, Democracy depends on censoring all sources of Disinformation. People who peddle Disinformation must be stopped. They must be deplatformed. It may even come to the need to imprison them. And if that doesn’t work there is always the Final Solution. The sad fact is, Comrades, that Donald and the millions of brainwashed animals who follow him don’t deserve to live on Animal Farm. There comes a time, and the time has come, when we must stop them. Either they change their views and join us, or they suffer the consequences.

“Too many of us suffer from being poor. We suffer from

inequality. We suffer because there are those who have more money than us. But, my Comrades, we must get rid of the view that a just society is based on freedom and the opportunity to work hard and better yourself.

“No, my Comrades. We must insist on Equity. And that means that everyone ends up in the same place. Down with Capitalism! Down with Capitalism!

“But, once again, we must pretend that we believe in Capitalism, that we believe in free enterprise. Once we win the election we can put our program into action.

“Our Party has been criticized for weaponizing the judiciary. We have been criticized for our never-ending attempt to put Donald and his cronies behind bars. And, indeed, my Comrades, we have succeeded in convicting Donald of numerous felonies. We know, of course, that Donald is not guilty of committing any of the crimes we have convicted him of, but we must never tell the truth. We must lie and lie and lie and pretend to the world that we really care about justice.

“When we defeat Donald in the coming election, we can then lock him up forever. But, again, Comrades, for now we must keep our plans a secret. The time will soon come when we can

finally lock Donald up for good.

“I call you Comrades because you treasure freedom. There are millions of our fellow animals that hate freedom. They are Fascists. They are the ones who will vote for Donald. They say they are animals like us but they are not like us and they do not have the right to live among us. They are the Enemy.

“The Enemy attacks us because they say we will take away their guns. They say that the first thing dictators do is to take away the guns of the animals they rule so they can’t fight back. They are liars. It is true that we will take their guns away from them but we are not dictators. We are the Party of Freedom.

“For now, though, we must lie and tell them that they can keep their guns. When we take power we will take those guns away.

“I could go on and on, “ Old Major continued, “but I am here tonight to give you some very bad news.”

At this the crowd became silent. What bad news was Old Major going to tell them?

“My fellow Comrades,” he began, I am sad to inform you that our great leader, a heroic pig if there ever was one, Joey, has dropped out of the Presidential race.”

“No, never. Never,” roared the animals.

“Yes, it is true, Joey decided that he will no longer be a candidate for President of Animal Farm.”

Old Major wiped some tears from his eyes. All the animals were tearful. Even Billy and Hillary and Barak managed to shed some tears.

The animals could not believe what they were hearing. Boxer shouted out a question, “But I thought Joey was sharp as a whip, that he was going to demolish Donald in the upcoming election. Why would he drop out of the race?”

Moses, the raven, was quick to reply: “It must have been because in the last debate with Donald, Joey wasn’t at his best. He seemed to be very tired and incoherent at times.”

“No,” shouted Jill, the female pig, who was also Joey’s mate. Joey answered all the questions. And she reached over to Joey and patted him on the head. “You did great,” Joey, “you answered all the questions!”

And all the other animals shouted out: “You did great Joey; you answered all the questions!” And Joey smiled. He felt so proud of answering all the questions.

And even Kamala joined in. “You did great Joey, you answered all

the questions.”

Kamala, of course, was secretly happy that Joey’s answers were moronic, but she had to keep up the pretense.

She knew that the Party had selected her to be the new candidate for President. But she had to play along and pretend that she was supporting Joey. She was very good at pretending. Mainly because the Party and the Media pretended along with her.

So why then was Joey going to step down? The answer was very simple, everyone in the Party knew Joey was basically brain dead. They had known this for the past four years but now everyone on Animal Farm knew the truth because they had seen Joey in his debate with Donald.

They hated Donald, but they couldn’t hide the sad truth any longer. Joey was no longer in his right mind. He had to go. But no one could speak the truth. No one could say that Joey was brain dead.

But Joey had to go, and he would go one way or the other, the hard way or the easy way.

Napoleon and Snowball were in complete agreement that Joey had to go. And whatever Napoleon and Snowball wanted they got. They were the two most intelligent and powerful pigs on the

farm.

They pulled the strings. What they wanted they got. They were the Party. If you crossed Napoleon and Snowball you were finished.

Joey was given a choice. Either gracefully resign from the race, or get shoved out and humiliated. But Joey was going to have to drop out one way or the other.

And Joey decided to go the easy way. The inner elite of the Party got together and worked out a plan. Joey would gracefully step down and Kamala, the pig who was Vice President, would be the new candidate. Nobody had voted for Kamala. But that didn't matter to Napoleon and Snowball. Democracy didn't matter. All that Mattered was Power. And Napoleon and Snowball knew they could control Kamala.

Joey, of course, and his spouse Jill, hated this plan, but that didn't matter. The inner Party was going to force him out of the race, one way or the other. It had staged a coup. No doubt about it. But no one would ever admit the truth. Fascism was coming from the Enemy! Not from the Party!

“Joey,” they told him, “either we declare you brain dead, or you can gracefully resign and pass on the torch to a younger

generation. We already have some one, waiting in line to take your place. Yes, Joey, that someone is Kamala.

“I thought so,” Joey replied. And he pretended to be happy with the Party’s choice. They had stabbed him in the back and he was happy.

“And yes, Joey, we know as well as you do that Kamala is not qualified for the job, but so what? She will make a good puppet and we will pull the strings.”

“But what about me?” Joey said. “What about my legacy? What about my good name?”

“Oh, don’t worry about that Joey. We will praise you to the heavens and honor you for your magnanimity. We will say you were one of the greatest Presidents Animal Farm ever had. We will say that even though you knew you would beat Donald in the upcoming election, you decided, out of the generosity of your heart and your love of Animal Farm, to do the right thing and let a younger pig take your place.”

So Joey decided to let Kamala run for President in his place. He admitted that he was getting old and it was time for a new generation to take over. So, even though he was still as sharp as ever he was going to do the magnanimous thing and step down.

No one, of course, was fooled by Joey's magnanimity, but the Party had become so used to lying that there was no longer any difference between a lie and a truth. The Enemy kept saying that the Party was gaslighting all the animals. And they were right. That's all the Party had been doing for the past four years. Gaslighting. First they gaslighted about Joey. Though it was obvious to everyone that Joey was very close to being brain dead, the Party and the liberal media kept insisting that Joey was sharper than ever. And now they were going to gaslight all the animals about Kamala. Kamala, they were now going to insist, was the bright new hope for the future instead of the ineffective moron everyone knew her to be.

At this point, Snowball rose to address the crowd. "Before we make a hasty decision and appoint Kamala as the new candidate, we need to discuss the matter. Wouldn't it be better if we had an Open Convention and let other candidates get the opportunity to become the new Presidential candidate? If we believe in Democracy we should have an open convention."

Napoleon was quick to reply to Snowball. "That is a terrible idea, Snowball. Our Party needs to show unity. Kamala is our

Vice President and she must be our candidate.”

But, Snowball replied, “The voters never voted for Kamala to run for President and when she ran for President four years ago she dropped out of the race and never won a single delegate. There are many more animals in our Party who are more qualified and more popular than Kamala.”

This was too much for Napoleon. And he acted quickly. He set the armed dogs on Snowball and she was instantly removed from the hall. What became of Snowball no one ever knew.

Snowball had not known that the decision to replace Joey with Kamala had already been made by Napoleon and a few others in the Party. Napoleon had staged his own coup against Snowball.

Napoleon made it crystal clear that Kamala would be the Party’s candidate. The Party, even though it called itself the Democrat Party, despised Democracy. It was all pretense. And the Media was part of the pretending.

All that mattered to the party was power. And Napoleon and his cronies controlled the Party and were not going to give that power up.

Old Major rose to address the animals. “Comrades, it is very

unfortunate that Snowball has incited violence in our meeting tonight. I had recently suspected that Snowball had become a traitor to the Party, but now I know it is true. You are either for the Party or against it. You either support Kamala or you are a traitor. We are at war. Donald is the Enemy. Kill Donald!”

And all the animals starting shouting hysterically, “We hate Donald! Kill Donald! Kill the Enemy!” The Ten Minute Hate Rave was on again.

Now that Kamala was the new candidate, Napoleon knew that the Party had to keep the real Kamala hidden from the other farm animals just like they kept Joey hidden for the past four years.

Everyone knew that Kamala was incompetent because they had seen her in action. She was the Border Czar who had never visited the border and under whom millions of illegal animals had flooded into Animal Farm. She was a Vice President who could never answer any serious questions. Her only claim to fame was her cackle and her word salads. She was an idiot who cackled, nodded her head, waved her arms, and spoke complete nonsense.

The Party now had to transform a complete moron into the

paradigm of nobility. But the Party knew exactly how to do this. They had been gaslighting the country for the past four years about Joey and now they were going to do the same thing with Kamala. With the help of the liberal media and brainwashed celebrities this would not be difficult to do.

Kamala was incapable of answering any question about policy and all she could do was read words off a teleprompter. And when the teleprompter messed up she messed up too. She could though smile and wave her hands and cackle and nod her head up and down to make herself look authoritative. But it never worked. It only made her look more fake.

So that was the plan. Keep the real Kamala hidden away from the farm animals. And they were blessed with a compliant media that would do everything in their power to coronate Kamala as the Queen of America. They assured the Party that they would never miss an opportunity to fawn over Kamala. They would call her presidential when she was anything but presidential. They would praise her intelligence when she was anything but intelligent. By simply by repeating these lies over and over again, half of the animals on Animal Farm would believe them.

Repetition was the key. Keep praising Kamala and demonizing Donald. Never ask Kamala any tough questions. And when Kamala couldn't answer a simple question pretend that she answered it brilliantly. And if she said anything really stupid in an interview simply edit the stupid remark out. That would be the path victory for the Party.

So Joey stepped down. "We love you Joey, You are the best. You were the best President we have ever had. You have restored confidence in Democracy! We love you Joey!"

It was of course a lie. The Party had not restored confidence in Democracy. The Inner Party appointed Kamala as its candidate. The voters had nothing to do with it.

The Party kept telling everyone that Donald was an existential threat to democracy. They thought they were so clever in using the word *existential*. No, Donald is not just a threat to democracy. He is an *existential* threat. That made it seem to much more dangerous.

The truth was that the Party was the existential threat to Democracy. The Enemy had run an honest election to choose their presidential candidate. Millions of the Enemy Party had actually voted for Donald to be their candidate. Millions of the

Party had voted for Joey, but no one had voted for Kamala.

It was Napoleon and his cronies who had chosen Kamala and if you didn't go along with their plan you became the Enemy.

Kamala was now the Candidate. And with enough fake joy and excitement, the Party would convince the rest of the animals that Kamala was the choice of the voters! Repeat a lie often enough and it becomes truth.

Old Major now introduced a journalist named Champ, a pig who was one of the hundreds of leftist journalists who would work hard to gaslight the country about Kamala.

"Let me assure you, my fellow farm animals, you have nothing to worry about. We will do everything in our power to hide the real Kamala from the public. We will turn her into a Queen. We will convince everyone that Kamala is not only qualified to be President but that no one is more qualified than she is.

"We will mock her critics who claim that she was chosen as Vice President because she met all the qualifications of being a DEI hire. Diversity, Equity, Inclusion! That is, of course, why she was chosen but when anyone dares to point out the truth

we will adamantly deny it and call them a racist and a sexist.”

While Champ was addressing the animals, Kamala walked over to the corner to speak to Edgar the mule. “You know, Edgar,” Kamala said, “I think I can pull it off.” What do you mean “pull it off?” Edgar asked.

“Well, what I mean,” Kamala confessed, “is that I know I am not qualified to be President of Animal Farm, but with the help of the media and the elite of the Party, I am pretty sure I can hide from everyone until the election is over. I mean that’s how Joey became President in the first place.

“Even though he was senile and was experiencing the onset of dementia the media and the Party were able to keep him hidden away in the basement so no one ever knew his secret.”

Edgar was shocked at what Kamala told him. “But Kamala,” he protested, “I always thought you were so special. I always thought you were the best candidate to be President. And now you are telling me that you are unqualified to be President?”

Kamala cackled her trademark cackle and said, “Edgar, how can you be so damn stupid? Am I such a great actor that I actually fooled you. Don’t you know that Joey picked me as

his Vice President simply because I was black and female and a pig. Everyone knows that is the truth, but the Media and the Party have to deny it.

“Just think about it Edgar. I have become the Party’s candidate for President without ever having won a single delegate. I know I am unqualified to be President of Animal Farm. And the leaders of the Party know I am unqualified. I know I am a puppet of Napoleon and the Inner circle of the Party, but that is fine with me. My only desire is to become President. I want power. And I am going to get it.

“And let me tell you another little dirty secret about myself, Edgar. I am a plagiarist.”

“You are a plagiarist?”

“Yes, Edgar. I plagiarized some passages in my book called *Tough on Crime*. I plagiarized from Wikipedia and some other sources.”

Edgar was totally shocked at this news. “I can’t believe it,” he said.

“Well, Edgar, you better believe it because it is true. And you know what, I am exactly like Joey in this respect. He also is a plagiarist and had to drop out of a Presidential election

years ago because his secret was exposed. Joey and I are both plagiarizers. We are both fake.”

This news was almost impossible for Edgar to digest because he had always thought so highly of Joey and Kamala.

“The only reason I’m telling you this Edgar is that I know I can trust you to keep everything I say to you a secret.”

“Of course, I will keep it a secret, Kamala. You can trust me.”

“I know I can trust you Edgar, and just remember, if you ever betray me and tell my secret to anyone, no one will believe you and you can be sure that you will be sent off to be slaughtered in the meat factory.”

Kamala cackled her cackle and said, “You know, Edgar, I am just kidding. I would never do such a thing to my best friend!”

And Edgar told Kamala that he believed her. But he really didn’t believe her at all.

“Have you ever heard of gaslighting, Edgar,”

“Yes, I know what gaslighting is said Edgar.”

“Well, let me tell you, Edgar, the Party and the liberal media Has been gaslighting all the animals on Animal Farm for the last four years.”

This was shocking news to Edgar. He really believed the lies

and the half truths that the leftist media and the Party had been perpetrating on the animals for the past four years.

“Don’t forget what I told you, Edgar.” And Kamala walked off, leaving Edgar to mull over her words.

Old Major was now addressing the animals. His theme was Joy. Joy. Joy. Joy. The Party had been in power for the past four years and had been a disaster for Animal Farm but now they were to be the party of JOY!

But what to do with Kamala? Well, she could smile a lot and cackle. She would be the face of JOY. Keep her away from serious interviews at all costs. And if she does have to do a serious interview make sure that she smiles and cackles and blames Donald for all the problems of Animal Farm. Make sure that she lies about the Party’s real goals. The main thing though is to keep the real Kamala hidden from the public. Make it seem that she is not the dummy that she seems to be.

“There are only a few months before the election and we might just be able to pull it off. We succeeded in hiding the real Joey from all the animals so we should definitely be able to do it for Kamala. We are, after all, the experts in gas-lighting.”

And all the animals cheered: “Gaslighting! Gaslighting! Gaslighting.” They worked themselves into a frenzy. Gaslighting was their way to victory.

“Victory! Victory! Victory! Gaslighting! Victory! Kamala! Victory! Victory! Gaslighting! Kamala!”

Kamala was now going to address the farm animals. This was the big event of the evening. All the animals were eager to hear what their new leader was going to say. Now that Napoleon and his cronies had forced Joey out of the race and had clearly demonstrated its detestation of anything even closely resembling Democracy, the animals were now going to hear what Kamala was going to say.

But first, before Kamala opened her mouth, the mug shot of Donald was plastered on the Big Screen and the Ten Minute Hate Rave began.

“We hate Donald! Hate! Hate! Hate! Donald is Hitler! Kill Donald! Kill! Kill! Kill! Hate! Enemy! Enemy! Hitler! Enemy!”

The crowd was hysterical with rage.

After ten minutes, the animals were exhausted. They were in a hypnotic state of hatred.

They no longer had the capacity for rational thought. They were just where the Party wanted them to be.

Old Major quieted the crowd down.

“Fellow Comrades, I now present to you our new Leader, Kamala!”

“Kamala! Kamala! Kamala! We love you! We love you! We hate Donald! We love you Kamala! You are our Leader. We worship You. Save us from the Enemy!”

Kamala stood before all the adoring animals. She smiled. She cackled. She nodded her head up and down, trying to project a sense of authority. She looked very nervous. She looked very fake. She looked as though she were playing the part of a real Leader.

“My fellow Comrades!” She smiled.

The crowd cheered. They had never heard such rhetorical brilliance.

“My fellow Comrades,” she continued. We have an election in a few months! We need to turn the page!”

The crowd cheered. Nobody thought for a moment that Kamala had been Vice President for the past four years and that if you were going to turn the page you would vote Kamala

out of office. But they were incapable of thinking such an obvious truth.

The Party had succeeded in the previous months of indicting Donald for more than thirty felonies. It was, of course, nothing more than a farce and a totally political prosecution. But that is how the Party worked and millions of animals were stupid enough to believe that Donald was really guilty of committing felonies.

If the Party really believed that Donald had committed so many felonies it would make this the key issue of the election. But hardly a word was ever mentioned about Donald's felonies. And they weren't mentioned because the Party knew he hadn't committed them and that if they mentioned the felonies they would have to defend the indefensible.

The crime, of course, was committed by the Party against Donald, but the Party had so distorted the minds of millions of the animals that they couldn't distinguish right from wrong—or, let alone, man from woman, or freedom from slavery.

“My fellow Comrades,” Kamala continued, “It's time to turn the page. It's time to bring Joy to Animal Farm once again. It's time to put an end to Hate. Joy, Joy, Joy! We must

imagine what can be and be unburdened by what has been. Right? We must turn the page.”

Cackle Cackle.

And the crowd cheered. Such words of wisdom! And Kamala was going to bring Joy to Animal Farm. The Enemy must be destroyed, of course, but when the Enemy was destroyed there would be JOY once again.

Once Donald was locked up and sent away to prison for life, Animal Farm could experience true Joy.

“My fellow Comrades, we must imagine what can be and be unburdened by what has been. We must move forward into the future unburdened by what has been. The significance of the passage of time. Right.”

Cackle. Cackle.

Such profound words the animals had never been spoken before. Even Abraham Lincoln never spoke such profound words. Even Martin Luther King was incapable of such wisdom.

And the media wrote her words down and marveled and Kamala’s words were repeated throughout every farm in Animal Farm.

“My Comrades, I am from the middle class where teachers and carpenters and bus drivers and just ordinary animals like like you and me love our lawns. My values have never changed. The Enemy promotes the Lie that my views have changed. Four years ago I was against fracking. Now I am for it. I was for letting millions of illegal immigrants invade Animal Farm and now I am for building a wall. I was for defunding the police, now I support them. I supported the rioters who were burning down our cities, now I condemn the burning. The Enemy says I can’t be trusted. The Enemy says that my present views are lies and that I hold them just to get elected and that if I become President I will let everyone know what I really believe.”

And Kamala cackled. “And you know, they are right. But we must keep on lying until I become President and then our Party can take complete control of Animal Farm. We will imprison Donald and whoever else who won’t go along with our plan.

“And the media will support us all the way. They are on our side. Except, of course, for the Enemy media, but when I am President we will outlaw them. We will make all forms

of Disinformation illegal. Disinformation will be criminalized. And what is Disinformation? Disinformation is whatever contradicts our Party's official position on things—whether on abortion, transgenderism, the war between Israel and Hamas, illegal immigrants, fracking, global warming, abortion—well, on, whatever.”

And the crowd cheered!

“Kamala! Kamala! Kamala! Censorship! Censorship! Censorship!”

“My comrades, we must move forward into the future and become unburdened by what has been because of the significance of the passage of time. And we must think holistically. Holistically. Right.

The significance of the passage of time. The past is something past and the future is what will be and the present is today. Right. The significance of the passage of time is so significant today in the present. We are a people full of ambition and hope and aspirations. And we must become unburdened by what has been.”

Cackle. Cackle

The crowd was mesmerized at Kamala's profound words. They

could never get enough of Kamala's rhetorical brilliance. She never offered any solution to rising inflation or millions of illegal immigrants coming into Animal Farm or the feeling of desperation among the animals, but she was a brilliant orator when she talked about being unburdened by what has been.

“Comrades, look up at the sky at night and see all those white dots. They might seem random but they are not dots. I have learned that those dots are significant dots because of the significance of the passage of time and that they are signs of constellations that we can picture today in the present and we can know what the Enemy is talking about when we combine those dots into a picture.”

Kamala was also a great astronomer. She was a genius. The white dots in the night sky are not random dots. They are actually stars and the stars form constellations. Her followers were so impressed by her knowledge.

“We need to think holistically. Holistically. Right. Everything is connected. The past is connected to the present which is connected to the future.”

Cackle. Cackle.

She was so proud of her profound remarks. She talked to the animals as though they were children.

Once again, the animals were very impressed by Kamala's brilliance.

"Comrades, we live in a dangerous world because Donald was President for four years and the world doesn't respect us. Even North Korea, our close ally, is losing respect for us in today's world and, as I have told you many times, the significance of the passage of time is so significant that we must see it as significant."

Cackle. Cackle.

"Comrades, I am so thankful to President Joey for agreeing to let me take his place as the Party's candidate for President because Joey understands how significant the passage of time is in today's world where the future is the future of the past which is unknown to us."

Cackle. Cackle.

The animals were all so impressed with the wisdom of their new Leader. They had no idea what she was talking about but it seemed profound.

The Enemy called Kamala's talk "word salad" but they did not understand how significant the passage of time was for Kamala.

"Comrades, my final words to you are Joy, Joy, Joy. Joy is the theme of the Party. We are bringing Joy to Animal Farm once again. We are going to turn the page and leave behind Donald's Hate.

"We are the party of Joy. We understand the significance of the passage of time and that we must be unburdened by what has been.

"Let us now go forward into the future and win this election. Defeat the Enemy. Defeat Hitler. Hate the Enemy. Hate. Hate. Hate."

And all the animals cheered for Kamala. They cheered and yelled for the Ten Minute Hate Rave.

Kamala then waved goodbye. The animals cheered for her once again. Tears were in their eyes. They already missed their Leader.

Old Major now stepped up to the microphone and addressed the animals.

"I told you that I had a dream I wanted to share with you."

The animals all became silent. They wanted to know what Old Major was going to say.

“Comrades, my dream was a Nightmare. I don’t understand it at all. I don’t know where it came from. Maybe from the unconscious. I don’t know.”

The animals were silent. Everyone wanted to know what Old Major’s nightmare was.

“Comrades, I dreamed that Kamala won the election and defeated Donald. What shocked me was that I found that we were now in Hell.”

The animals were all shocked by what Old Major had just told them.

“Dreams are crazy things. They don’t make any sense at all. I just wanted to tell you about my nightmare so that if any one of you ever has such a nightmare you shouldn’t believe it.

“When, Kamala defeats the Enemy we will be in heaven. There will be no more Enemy. A new world will open up to us. Utopia will be here.

But first we have to kill Donald. HATE.
HATE. HATE. We are the party of JOY!”

After another Ten Minute Hate Rave, Old Major dismissed the animals.

The meeting had been a success. Joey was out and Kamala was in. The coup had succeeded.