Prosperity Farm

A tribute to the George Orwell's immortal classic 'Animal Farm'

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Voices of the
Voiceless seldom
remain
unheard!

Chapter - I

Somewhere in the 20th century, animals of the Manor Farm of England got fascinated with the idea of animal sovereignty. They rebelled against Mr. Jones, their human master and a tyrant in their eyes and declared — "All that goes on four legs or has wings are friends; all that goes on two legs are enemies." They declared all animals as equal, established comradery and made all farm animals literate. They changed the name of the farm from Manor Farm to Animal Farm and started working towards its prosperity. Pigs being more intelligent than most of the farm animals got into managerial role and all others became workers, all being equal though. How and when the transition from manager to dictator happened and when the whole farm became the hegemony of pigs with Napoleon as their President, no body could realize.

But slowly and gradually it did happen. So from "All that goes on four legs or has wings are friends; all that goes on two legs are enemies" to "Four legs good, two legs bad" to "Four legs good, two legs better", the wheel of time moved a full circle. The pigs started walking on two legs. The Animal Farm was renamed as Manor Farm. The ruler class of animals had adopted all the characteristics of Mr. Jones, their previous ruler and started behaving in a 'human' way. Ordinary farm animals were as hungry, oppressed, exploited and poor as they were ever before, probably even more. The quest for equality had made a selected few more equal than others!

Nothing is permanent in this transient world and Napoleon was no exception. Death put a full stop to his rule one day and Jack, a highly educated white pig was elected as the new President of Manor Farm. All the pigs

on the farm were millionaires by now and were well conversant with the ways of politics. All the enjoyment of amassing wealth is with reference to less privileged peers only. Beyond a point, the whole joy of getting richer and richer starts waning. Then the quest for something more fulfilling begins — something like fame — the last infirmity of noble minds.

Tom, Dick and Harry, the three millionaire pigs got frustrated with their lives one day. They had amassed too much money to remain fascinated by it and they had considerable influence in the newly formed government. They could not see their lives getting any better than this and they still had more than half of their lives to live. What a misery!!

One day they were drinking whisky in Millionaires' Pub at Manor Farm. Whisky made Dick a bit emotional,

"What a miserable life I have! So much money but so little name! All pigs are millionaires here and hence there is hardly any sense of achievement in my being so. I am fed up with this life."

"Me too." — nodded Harry — "I also want to do something on my own. The world should know me as a distinct entity and not as just another millionaire pig of Manor Farm. Ah...I hate it..I hate it!" In frustration he kicked the air. Tom was there too. He also found himself in the same league and then all the three decided to do something about it. Thus began the association of the three white, round and fat pigs. Under the influence of whisky, the future plan was also prepared on the spot.

"We can't get more recognition by amassing more wealth, because Napoleon and Jack's clans are a thousand times

richer than us. We can never compete with them in politics either. What else can we do?" — lamented Harry.

"Hummm....(thinking deeply) I think there is still one field which doesn't excite those powerful pigs." — Tom quipped while taking a sip of whisky.

"What is that???" — both Dick and Harry squealed together.

"Social Sector! There is a lot to be done and there is hardly any one to do." — Tom was enjoying his whisky.

"What!!! And I though that you were going to suggest some new business venture. Who wants to be a social worker leaving a luxurious life?" — Dick was really desperate and a bit angry too.

"Social sector is a big business my dear and you get a big name too! Soon you will be as well known as Jack. What else do you want!!" — Tom was pretty relaxed.

"**N**ow..**No**w..**Now** it's making some sense! Tell me more about **It**." — there was a sparkle in Dick's eyes.

"Listen! Welfare of animals catches the attention of media. There is no other animal farm in the world and hence it is a great business opportunity. We can go anywhere and start some social work and we will get very famous soon. We will have the opportunity to earn money and fame together. We will get a lot of social recognition and respect too. Probably, that would increase our stature here also, who knows!!" — Tom was successful in selling his ideas.

"So what do you suggest?" — Harry's patience was waning.

"Let us venture into education sector. Most of them are illiterates any way. Let us become their savior to deliver them from their burden of ignorance. "

"I suggest India as our destination as it has the largest number of cattle and other such farm animals in the world. Indian animals are usually curious about anything that goes in the name of West. So they are more likely to accept us." — Tom's business acumen was at its best.

"Done!!!" — All the three were partners in a business that they were going to start in India.

Chapter - II

The three pigs bought a 1000 - acres farm in India, named it as 'Prosperity Farm' and declared it a 'Not for Profit' Company. There were lush green fields, beautiful trees and clean water bodies in the farm. There was a centrally located park, where the pigs used to enjoy the sunset. Their office was adjacent to the park. It was a beautiful multistoried building with intricate exotic interior design. All its floors and walls were tiled with Italian marbles. There were provisions for natural lighting and it was centrally cooled by a powerful air conditioner. The glass fittings and the well decorated walls were enough to bedazzle any spectator. The whole campus of that building was surrounded by beautiful vegetation. Its serene environment was an apt place to think about education. In front of this building, a well-decorated sign-

board was proudly standing with **Prosperity Farm** written on it in bold letters and the farm's *Vision Statement* written below — "Ensuring quality education for all animals for a better world". If someone from the ground tried to see the sign-board, he would also at once spot the beautiful window of Tom's chamber as it was just in line with the board. On the three corners of the farm, there were big, pompous mansions for the three pigs. They used to go for their work in their Rolce Royce cars. They always needed packaged mineral water to drink and branded food to eat. They could always be seen in their Manor Farm shirts that made them look totally distinct from others.

Seeing their life-style, no Indian animal ever dared to pass by the farm and that frustrated Tom, "These Indian animals! They don't recognize the importance of

education. It's high time now. We have to do something about it."

Next morning he was walking on the road to meet any animal present there. He met a pig sleeping in the mud. "Oh my God! You dirty pig, you sleep in mud..pooh..pooh!! You got to have a good house to sleep, don't you?" — yelled Tom. The pig got frightened first but he got what Tom was saying. Seeing him bewildered, Tom cajoled, "Poor pig! The power of education can reform lives. You must join our farm to ensure a quality life for yourself and for others." The pig got fascinated and he offered Tom some water, which he promptly declined — "I drink only mineral water. Education will give you manners too. Would you mind collecting as many animals as you can for tonight's meeting? We will meet at my Prosperity Farm to make all of you

understand the importance of education." The pig squealed in affirmation and immediately ran to inform other animals.

It was the night of full moon and the moon too looked curious about the historic meeting. At around 10 O' Clock in the night, animals started coming and gathering in front of a large platform behind the farm's office. First cows took their place followed by dogs, pigs, horses, goats, sheep, hens, pigeons and ducks. In the end arrived the three pigs in their cars. The animals were amazed by the sight of those dazzling cars and got more receptive towards the pigs. Tom sat on the raised platform leaving Dick and Harry below. There was a confused noise going on as each animal was busy speculating about the proceedings. Dick shouted, "**Silence** Please! We are here to listen to Mr. Tom. He is going to enlighten you about

your capabilities. Please give him a thunderous applause."

The whole ground resonated with the applause and after that Tom started his much awaited speech, "Friends, before I say what I have to say, let me tell you something about us. A great old pig called Mr. Major dreamt of a land where animals would be sovereign; a land that would be free of any malicious human influence; a land where animals would be free, a land where all would be equal and where all virtues of animality would manifest to the fullest. At Manor Farm, England, this vision caught the animals and led to the great rebellion. Manor Farm was transformed into the Animal Farm. Understanding knowledge as power, we encouraged mass literacy. All animals at the farm were able to read and write to varying extents and that helped us to realize our

potentials. Now at the Animal Farm, also known as Manor Farm, we animals are all happy, prosperous and satisfied. We are among the richest animals in the world.

With this background, let me tell you what I have to say. Listen friends! My experience says that there is no enemy except your own uneducated mind. How many of you know how to count? You cows! Can you tell me how many litres of milk the milkman milks from your udders? You sheep! Can you tell me how many kilograms of wool your master fleeces from you? Can you hens tell me how many eggs you produce every month? Can you dogs tell me how many hours of vigil you have to keep every night? If not, then how are you going to ask for your right? You have to keep on believing whatever your human master tells you. He underfeeds you and makes you overwork, but you can never substantiate your point

because you simply **don't know**! There are some who live, some others die but the rest neither live nor die — they just survive. Tell me for how long are you going to survive this misery? An unexamined life is not worth living and education gives you the power to examine yourself and others. No animal can even dream of a lasting happiness if he leaves himself vulnerable to the great misery by remaining uneducated.

I understand that my dream of a fully educated and 'animale' society may not be realised in my lifetime, but it doesn't matter. When it comes to fight against the evil of ignorance, we must be ready to fight till eternity. It's an incessant struggle that every generation must undergo and there is no respite from it. Those who dare to work for their dreams are sure to realize it. Probably generations and generations of you animals would pass

away before we realize our dream of universal education, probably we may never realize it even in the earth's lifetime but it is a goal well worth the effort. If you now realize the importance of education, then I am sure you will not leave any stone unturned to make yourself educated.

We believe that all animals are equal and all have equal rights to happiness, prosperity and satisfaction. That's why; we have established 'Prosperity Farm' here. It will work, not for its profit but for your welfare. Every animal should show the zeal to first get education and then elevate others. Remember, only a burning lamp can light up another lamp. Prosperity Farm is the harbinger of a new era, an era of peace, prosperity and justice to all animals and I solemnly appeal to you to work for its

success." With that Tom stopped and looked at the audience with a penetrating gaze.

There was a pin-drop silence in the audience, as if the speech had arrested their thoughts. No body was able to decide anything and precisely at this point Dick swung into action," Friends! What is there to think! We have nothing to lose except our burden of ignorance." Seeing his zeal, the pig that Tom met in the morning squealed," Go ahead! I am with you." Five sheep, three goats and one horse also put their voices together — "We will get education and educate the rest." The enthusiastic sheep burst into a tremendous bleating — "Get Education, Give Education" and it continued for few more minutes.

Seeing his meeting reasonably successful, Tom left the stage and with him Dick and Harry also went away in their pricy cars. Other animals slowly dispersed, but now

with a difference. Before the speech, their eyes were blank, after it they were twinkling with a vision, a vision of a better society!

Chapter - III

Tom, Dick and Harry had a very busy schedule for past several months. They always found themselves educating one or other animal. They never wanted to open a school as school was not a part of their business. They had also employed some old animals who were recently educated, but these animals were limited by their age and experiences. So pigs had to bear the tremendous workload, but for how long?

Harry was spitting fire one day, "I never thought that I would be reduced to a teacher of so many idiots. Is this our business? Is this the way to success and fame? These dirty animals forced me to drink their dirty water and that got me diarrhea. I could have died! Their company always reminds me that I am also an animal...ah...what could be the worse than that! Now why are you silent

TOM?" Dick was equally worried and listening to Harry's remarks; he also started lamenting Tom. Breathing his cigarette's smoke out from his openings, Tom finally broke his silence, "Don't get *harried* Dick! We need to run the company like a company. We have enough educated animals now. We should go for recruitment, launch programs and manage them. The farm already has a huge corpus in its account and it can sustain all the costs even by its interest."

"Sounds plausible, but how to go about it?" —Harry was a bit calm now.

"Look, there are only a few ways to intervene in the education sector. We can go for opening educational institutions, but that is extravagance. Our prime concern is to get fame at the lowest possible cost. We are not here to increase the productivity of the sector and hence this

option is ruled out. We can develop effective pedagogical practices but that would require hiring intellectuals, which in turn, would increase our cost. After all, only monkeys come after throwing peanuts! So it is also gone. That leaves only three areas for us - Advocacy, Assessment and Technology. Research and Communication any way come handy and can be fitted any where. So we need workers for these three main areas. We will keep a nominal presence in the Academics and Pedagogy related areas to keep outsiders' comments at bay. That's it." — Tom explained with a serious outlook.

"Will you mind elaborating your plans?" — Dick was marveling Tom's mind.

"Sure! It is easy for me to meet the leaders of various animal groups and convince them about the need for

quality education. That is what I call Advocacy. Some horses, cows, goats and asses have started educating animals across the country. That gives us the opportunity to question its quality. That is what I mean by Assessment. We can use Manor Farm technology to make a Teacher-less classroom possible. That will be our technology intervention. It will also make our presence felt at Manor Farm and may help us making our relations with Jack better."

"Great! What a plan!! But how will we operationalize it?" —now Harry was interested.

"We will first establish the structure of our organisation. I will take care of Advocacy, you may look after Assessment and Dick may look after Technology. Other things we may share. Being the mastermind, I am your natural choice for Chair Animal of the farm and I know

that." — Tom looked at them with soulful eyes. With such faith being shown in them, they could not resist despite their best efforts.

"I will be glad to see you heading various departments." — continued Tom — "By the way, it will be a **flat** organisation."

"What! How can a flat organisation have hierarchy?" — it was beyond the understanding of Harry.

"Precisely that's why my friend, I have made hierarchies and then declared it flat! With that, we need not worry about our positions as no body will have any career progression in a hierarchical way. We need not spend on an Employee Resource Structure as we can cover all sorts of issues under the name of a flat organisation. With no career progression, worries related to compensation

structure would also come to an end. If possible, we can even dispense with increments. Since our job itself is welfare-oriented, so our employees should not expect any additional welfare measure from us." — Tom's mind was working at its full speed.

Dick was still suspicious, "But who would come then?"

"That's the trick!" — continued Tom — "We have hired old educated animals who are hardly required at their own places. They have worked hard without any expectation just to prove a point about their existing capabilities. We have no reason to believe that we won't get some dedicated young animals who are moved by our vision of a better society. In other words, we should be able to create a good name for us with least administrative cost involved. Isn't it great?"

Harry was still confused, "What about salary? We might have to spend a lot in this account."

Tom was unperturbed, "For the new entrants, 30 days of food will suffice. What else does anyone need except a fulfilled stomach!" "But soon they will realize the disparity between our and their life-styles and then it may complicate things." — queried Dick feeling a bit shy about his confusion.

"Young live by hope and NOT by salary, my dear. We will make it illegal to discuss salary in the farm and thus everybody will have to keep on guessing. We will not make the details of career-progression and salary-increments public. This would keep their hopes alive for the future and keep them motivated." — Tom was a great thinker — "There will be only one designation in the farm 'Friend of Education', so that no young employee could

reasonably hope to get a better job outside on the basis of his/her designation."

"I am a great believer in gender equality. Female animals are as dedicated, as qualified and as productive as their male counterparts. Probably they feel more for the society and they may not like to think anything except education. They are more likely to have the additional advantage of family support than their male counterparts. So their chances of leaving us for salary-related reasons are relatively lesser. Males are supposed to look after their families and hence they are more likely to go for better paying jobs, which will be in plenty and I have no doubt about that!!!" — Tom burst into laughter while completing his sentence. Harry and Dick also enjoyed it much but again the bug of confusion was biting Harry, "But still..ah..I am a bit confused! With our limited

knowledge about education, how will we answer the questions of others and for how long?"

"Remember the great Socratic Wisdom — "I don't know." We will keep on making it clear that we don't know anything about education. We are in the process of experimentation and hence we are a learning organisation. Then no body would be able to bother us while we can keep on raising uncomfortable questions. And who remembers what we say after all! Public memory is too feeble to hold us accountable at any point of time." — Tom was really confident about his plans — "We will get a good name only if we are different from others. So we need to have new thoughts, new ideas, new perspectives that a young blood is supposed to bring. But keep it in mind that while *to look* different is necessary, *to be* is not!"

The pigs were amazed at the business acumen of their newly 'elected' Chair Animal and they unanimously accepted the proposals.

Chapter - IV

The pigs first tried to do a local recruitment but they soon understood that while it might cost less, it was not really sufficient to create the difference in the outlook so critical for getting recognition. So for the first time they went outside for recruitment. With sheer business acumen, they conducted a market survey to find out the prevailing wage structure and offered just that much, which would not make them totally unattractive. The concept of probation period was introduced during which, the salary was a bit lower i.e. 28 days of food. 30 days of food was the *full* salary to be given after probation. Finally, 4 sheep, 1 horse, 1 mare, 3 hens, 2 cows and 1 ass, all young were recruited. With much fanfare they were inducted in the farm. They all had a very high hope from it and they all were thoroughly

motivated to give their very best for the noble cause of quality education. They had heard so much about it that being a part of the farm was like a dream come true for them. From here, their working life began.....

Old workers were totally dedicated to work. They used to eat, drink and sleep education. In their zeal to elevate others, they hardly ever thought about themselves. They had no time to wait for a while and ponder over the way Prosperity Farm was functioning. Pigs never got an opportunity to bother about them. Living with their families and friends, they always viewed work as a way of self-actualization. Their zeal was so infectious that it soon caught the young recruits also. Now everybody was moving in an intellectually charged atmosphere.

At the end of the first month, Bhura, the newly recruited brown colored ass found that he had got the 'full salary'.

He tempted to ask to the accountant but he had too much faith in the farm's integrity to raise such questions. He informed his parents that the farm seems to be very happy with his work and it has raised his salary to the full level. His family was even happier to listen to it. He started working even harder.

All new recruits were really hard workers and hard learners too. Tom would keep on interacting with them and encouraging them to raise questions about almost every thing going on at the farm. Transparency keeps suspicions at bay. One fine day, Badal, the rookie horse became a bit curious about advocacy. "Sir, I feel we are just managing events and not doing advocacy. There cannot be an advocacy without involving community and going to the grassroots." — he asked Tom. "Good

observation dear! Carry on with it. We have to learn a lot!!" — Tom replied after a patient listening.

The next day, Bhura, the ass was asking Harry — "We are not doing proper research. Research should generate issues for advocacy and not just keep on researching our own programs. I am not clear about our technology intervention either." "Good observation dear! Carry on with it. We have to learn a lot!!" — pat came the reply from Harry.

All workers of the Farm were diligently doing their job. Rini and Mini, the rookie hens were very good in mixing with other animals. They soon had informal talks with many of the old workers. Ah...Knowledge! Thy nature is confusion!! They asked Dick, "How our job is contributing towards our vision of a better society? The oldies also seem to be not very clear about it." "Good

observation dear! Carry on with it. We have to learn a lot!!" —Dick said with a grinning smile.

For the inexperienced, each event in life serves as a lesson. These rookies soon came on the hard ground of reality. 28 days of food suddenly looked highly inadequate as the farm was a pretty expensive place to live. For getting a dwelling place itself, they had to pay 10 days of food as rent. Old employees and young locals hadn't faced this problem as they were with their families, but rookies had no other option. Soon the question of food raised its head as not all were rich enough to ask their parents to send food. For all young recruits, the struggle for existence began.

After three months, Bhura was surprised to found that he had received a ration of only 22 days of food towards his salary. He immediately ran to Pussy, the cat who was

working as the accountant for the farm and enquired about it.

"Nothing serious! You see I have started to forget things. Probably old age is showing its symptoms. For the first three months, I have given you 30 days of food which was not supposed to be given. When I remembered my folly, I simply recovered the extra amount from this month's salary." With a cute smile, she got busy with her work living Bhura in a lurch.

The farm was paying 2 days of food towards conveyance allowance as the animals had to burn that much of energy coming and going to the office. One day the pigs hired a cart for picking up the willing employees from their homes and dropping them back after work. They started cutting 5 days of food towards conveyance. Rookies, already weakened by months of underfeeding

had no choice but to accept it. No doubt, that saved much food for the pigs but it also made young recruits' struggle for existence even more vicious.

Durga, the young sheep one day asked Tom, "Sir, we are not getting enough food to eat. Can you please ensure us at least one meal a day?"

After a sympathetic listening, Tom said in a sad, soulful voice, "I fully sympathize with you, but in development sector inner motivation is required. You see, I can't drink ordinary water but at times I have to drink only that. I seldom eat anything except cakes, but once or twice in my life I had to eat bread. Education sector recognizes us only because we can take such vicious troubles. If we complain about that, we won't be able to work. Do you agree with me?" Durga could only nod her head in affirmation after such inspiring discourse.

Old sheep would often raise inconvenient questions for the recruits, "Why don't you visit beautiful places in the evening? There are so many tourist spots here; why don't you go for them? Why don't you eat properly? Why don't you....?" Rookies used to smile at such innocent questions. They hardly had any other answer.

Somehow the news of Durga requesting Tom about salary reached the old sheep. They got infuriated. "How dare these rookies vitiate the work-culture of the farm? What do they know about education?" — arguing over such question, they started a tremendous bleating — "Get Education, Give Education". It carried on till Tom, Dick and Harry all arrived to console them. Poor rookies! They could only wish to have answers of such questions!!

The pigs wanted a day off from work and hence they had to make it available for all. Who can withstand the

pressures of democracy! It became a common custom for the workers to enquire about each other's week ends. Week ends were supposed to be meant for enjoyment. Bhura and Badal had only one reply, "We were working on the farm." Old workers were always surprised by this answer. One day, an old horse asked explicitly, "Why do you keep on working even on weekends?" Dick, who was also standing there quipped, "I can't understand what else they can do? If you love your work, you would keep on doing it as much as you can." Bhura could only say in affirmation, "True! What else can we do!!"

The young recruits never got an opportunity to see the beauty of the farm. Often visitors would come to see it but they could never do that as they could not afford going anywhere. Energy is the capacity to do work and they had it only that much, which would suffice for

coming to the office, doing some work and then going back home.

For an intelligent horse, the shadow of whip is enough. Dick sensed the discontent among the young recruits and convened a closed door meeting with Tom and Harry. "The rookies are getting frustrated with their situation. We have to do something to keep them quiet." — Dick put forward the agenda.

"No problem. Give them 31 days of food as salary. We will hardly loose anything and they will also have something to save. Who cares for other things if the stomach is satisfied?" — Harry was in a good mood.

"Hey come on Harry! You are hilarious at times. You expect a cool life after making the tiger taste fresh blood...? Pitiable!!! Salaries build capacity and we don't

need capacitated workers. If we succumb to their demands, what will be our stature in their eyes? Someday even the oldies would ask for more. We are not here to ensure a better life for our employees. We have to work for the masses. Give them loans if they want, so that they get bogged down by the thought of repayment. Being a 'Not for Profit' company, we are not supposed to charge any interest on it. So we will present it as an 'Interest Free Loan' for the welfare of our employees. And please Dick, don't come up with such trivial problems again." — Tom was the boss and boss is always right.

30 days of cereals was offered as the loan living rookies perplexed about the next step. On one hand, the impending shadow of starvation was looming large; on the other, the thought of perpetual bondage was there. For how long can one sustain if consumption loan

becomes the only way of making both ends meet! The situation hardly had any solution and hence without much consideration, some preferred the former while others the latter.

One young sheep Sara, however, found another way to save herself from this dilemma. She quitted the farm and started educating animals at her native place. This information was never made public to ensure that the 'third way' may not show the way to the other recruits.

Simi, the young hen was really worried. Her parents wanted to come to the farm to see her house, but she kept on denying them of this opportunity. She had no place worth showing her parents. Kali, the black cow wanted to visit her home but there was no way for her to go. Her inability to afford a faster transport had made the distance even greater. It was not that Kali had never seen

faster transport. The farm used to send her to different locations by air plane to bolster their overall image in public. The problem of distance would come only if she had to visit her family. After all, what benefit the farm would get by helping a poor employee!

Badal was talking to Dick, "Parents won't say, but they really miss their children. Probably seeing them at least once in a year would console them."

"For bright and sensitive animals like you, the whole world is a family. Don't waste your time thinking on such trivial matters. Think on education instead." — Dick was above petty emotions — "Families are golden chains to bind aspiring youngsters. Farm stands for your liberation. Where else in this world would you get such freedom?"

"What kind of freedom?" — poor Badal couldn't understand.

"Freedom to do whatever we say, what else!" — Dick was overtly generous — "You can hardly find a place as resourceful as Prosperity Farm to realize your dreams." Badal felt as if the whole resource of the farm was at his disposal and expressed his feelings with a smile.

The trials and tribulations of life were taking their toll on the health of some recruits. Rini was not feeling well and she was doubtful about her presence in the farm next day. But she was too dedicated to miss even a single day out, "Sir, can I come around noon tomorrow? I will make up by working late in the evening." — she pleaded to Dick.

"Your working late in the evening is voluntary. No body tells you to do so. To maintain office discipline, you should always come in time." — as usual, Dick was to the point.

Poor Rini! She could not understand how working late is not expected. The workload was too heavy to be handled within the normal working hours. "I definitely agree about the office discipline, but it seems that our output resulted from the time beyond the normal working hours is also accepted. We are not compensated for working extra and hence there should be no problem in allowing us to come late on some exceptional occasions and make it up by working extra."

"This is an issue of efficiency Rini. We expect you to finish all assigned work within the normal working hours. We discourage all such requests as exceptions tend

to become the rule." — Theory X reply came from Harry who was there to discuss some issues with Dick. Now there was no confusion in Rini's mind.

Gauri, the young mare with beautiful tufts was not finding herself very comfortable with her job. She was appalled to see that there was no provision for training at the farm. She enquired to Harry, "Sir, I have noticed that there is no training for workers here. Training is supposed to keep workers equipped with latest skills to increase their productivity significantly. It also provides a chance for personal development."

"My dear, we have a deep and unshakable faith in your capabilities and hence we assume that you already know what you need to know. Then where is the need for training?" — Faith was exuding from Harry's eyes. Faith can move the mountains and Gauri was only a mare.

Work was the opiate for the young recruits. It was their only hope and it was their only means of getting oblivious of their miseries. As far as the pigs were concerned, they got considerable fame in very short time. They even got an "Animal of the Second Order" award, the second highest award of the Manor Farm for their services to the animal world. Prosperity, fame and contacts were just showering on them and there happiness knew no bounds.

Chapter – V

The young recruits were gaining insights into various facets of their work, but the most abstruse question for them was — "What are we doing after all?" They tried their best to understand it. Discussion is the exchange of knowledge and argument is the exchange of ignorance. So they always discussed among themselves to gain at least some insight into this esoteric question.

"I can never understand why they always advocate at the top level. Why don't they go to the community?" — Badal asked in frustration.

"Probably they have deep faith in top-down approach!" — replied Rini.

"What are we doing in the name of assessment?" — grinned Mini.

"That is a transcendental question." — solaced Bhura.

"I never understand the issue of integrating technology to the classroom. When we have conceptualized our technological inputs for a teacher-less situation, how could the question of making teachers ready to integrate it with their class arise?" — Simi was puzzled.

"Well, it's a Zen Koan. That's all I can say" — laughed Kali. She was right. Puzzles like Zen Koans are never meant to be solved; they are impossible puzzles.

"The issue is not that we are not able to understand our programs. Whether we would be able to capitalize on our work-experience should we leave the farm is the bigger

question." — As usual, Bhura was unanswerable. But then who has the answers of all the questions of life?

"Probably someday our conditions would improve." — Badal was a first class optimist.

"I don't feel they are intentionally doing it. They are all corporate animals with no experience in development sector. They are not bad at heart...probably...ah...I don't know..." —Simi's confusion knew no bounds.

"May be....may not be..." — Bhura was no better either. Agnosticism is the simple way to escape dialectic problems.

Again it was the night of full moon and all the recruits were discussing such issues in front of their office. Even the discussions proved useless to make any one more

enlightened about the situation. Perplexity seemed to be directly proportional to discussion. Suddenly they heard some laughter and noises coming from the office. On the window screen, they could see the shadows of the three pigs greatly enjoying their whisky party. It was the celebration for the materialization of their long cherished dreams. In utter perplexity, Rini looked at the sign-board of the farm that was proudly standing just in front of the window — **"Perplexity Farm"** — she cried out in surprise. All rookie eyes got hooked up at the sign - board, but they could not see anything else. They all got stupefied with surprise. When and how the "Prosperity Farm' turned into "Perplexity Farm" remained a mystery for them.

The End