

I'm a farmer who owns a very big farm situated in the land of England. My name is Mr. Jones and I'm known as Farmer Jones. I have a farm named Manor Farm. My wife and I are the ones managing the farm. We had to wake up early in the morning milked the cows, collect the chicken eggs, slaughter the pige and feed the animals daily in order to earn a living. This is my daily routined in life and I hated it. I'm bored of all this workload that I have . The only time that I can enjoy is when midsummer's time come. All the farmers around the place will gather together to drink, smoke and have fun. It's all night long. To my disbelies, it is already Midsummer has come. I was so excited and can wait no longer to meet my friends. In the evening, my wife and I hurriedly get on the car and was so excited that we never bothered to feed the animals. We drove off and only came back early in the morning, drunken and holding my lamp dancing side to side. I went up my bed without cleaning up. Suddenly, I heard the a very loud commotion in the barn and get up to see what was going on. I fired my When



I got up, I could barely hear a single voice. So I went back to bed. After awhile, a louder commotion outburst and I was very angry and disturbed so I took my gun and fired it in the air. All the animals quickly remained silent. I went out to the barn and checked out but and suddenly most of the animals in my farm so released and they came attacking me. I shouted for my wife but it is all in vain. There were too many of them. Boxer raised his two front legs and gave me a kicked in my clust. I was in pain. My wife quickly get into the car and I managed to escape from the terror attacks of my own form animale. I was saddened by the incident and for a Imp time I didn't go back to my farm. From afar, I saw the my farm has been taken over by the animals.

I was not satisfied and planned a second attacked Since then, that day to the animals but I failed. Therefore, from that day onwards, my wife and I to to never step in that

farm anymore.